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PICTURESQUE QUEBEC

BY

J. M. LEMOINE

TO THE CITIZENS OF QUEBEC

THIS VOLUME IS

Respectfully Inscribed

BY THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE

This volume, purporting to be a sequel to "QUEBEC PAST AND PRESENT," published in 1876, is intended to complete the history of the city. New and interesting details will be found in these pages,

about the locality, where Samuel de Champlain located his settlement in 1608, together with a rapid glance at incidents, sights, objects, edifices, city gates and other improvements, both ancient and modern, which an antiquarian's ramble round the streets, squares, promenades, monuments, public and private edifices, &c., may disclose. It will, it is hoped, be found a copious repository of historical, topographical, legendary, industrial and antiquarian lore—garnered not without some trouble from authorities difficult of access to the general reader. May it prove not merely a faithful mirror of the past, but also an authentic record of the present!

THE SKETCH OF THE ENVIRONS OF QUEBEC will take the tourist or student of history beyond the ramparts of Old Stadacona, to the memorable area—the Plains of Abraham—where, one century back and more, took place the hard-fought duel which caused the collapse of French power in the New World, established British rule on our shores, and hastened the birth of the great Commonwealth founded by George Washington, by removing from the British Provinces, south of us, the counterpoise of French dominion. More than once French Canada had threatened the New England Settlements; more than once it had acted like a barrier to the expansion and consolidation of the conquering Anglo-Saxon race.

THE ENVIRONS OF QUEBEC are, indeed, classic soil, trodden by the footsteps of many of the most remarkable men in American History: Cartier, Champlain, Phipps, d'Iberville, Laval, Frontenac, La Galissonnière, Wolfe, Montcalm, Levis, Amherst, Murray, Guy Carleton, Nelson, Cook, Bougainville, Jervis, Montgomery, Arnold, DeSalaberry, Brock and others. Here, in early times, on the shore of the majestic St. Lawrence, stood the wigwam and canoe of the marauding savage; here, was heard the clang of French sabre and Scotch claymore in deadly encounter—the din of battle on the tented field; here,—but no further—had surged the wave of American invasion; here, have bivouaced on more than one gory battle-field, the gay warrior from the banks of the Seine, the staunch musketeers of Old England, the unerring riflemen of New York, Massachusetts and Rhode Island. Another spot calculated to interest us is the vast expanse from the Plains to Cap Rouge, round by Ste. Foye to the city, for which I intend to use its former more general name, Sillery: the ground is not new for us, as its annals and country seats furnished, in 1865, materials for sketches, published that year under the title of *Maple Leaves*. These sketches having long since disappeared from book-stores, at the request of several enlightened patrons, I re-publish from them some selections, with anecdotes and annotations. Several other sites round Quebec—Beauport, Charlesbourg, the Falls of Montmorency and of the Chaudière, Château Bigot, Lorette and its Hurons—will, of necessity, find a resting place in this repertory of Quebec history, which closes a labour of love, the series of works on Canada, commenced by me in 1861.

In order to enhance the usefulness of this work, extensive and varied historical matter has been included in the appendix for reference.

To my many friends, whose notes and advice have been so freely placed at my disposal, I return my grateful thanks.

J. M. LEMOINE.

SPENCER GRANGE, December, 1881.

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PICTURESQUE QUEBEC

CHAPTER 1.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF QUEBEC.

Quebec, founded by Samuel de Champlain, in 1608, has certainly much to recommend her, by her monuments, her historical memories and her scenery, to the traveller—the scholar—the historian. The wintering of the venturesome Jacques Cartier on the banks of the St. Charles in 1535-6, by its remoteness, is an incident of interest, not only to Canadians, but also to every denizen of America. It takes one back to an era nearly coeval with the discovery of the continent by Columbus—much anterior to the foundation of Jamestown, in 1607—anterior to that of St Augustine, in Florida. Quebec, has, then, a right to call herself an old, a very old, city of the west.

The colonization of Canada, or, as it was formerly called, New France, was undertaken by French merchants engaged in the fur trade, close on whose steps followed a host of devoted missionaries who found, in the forests of this new and attractive country, ample scope for the exercise of their religious enthusiasm. It was at Quebec that these Christian heroes landed, from hence they started for the forest primeval, the bearers of the olive branch of Christianity, an unfailling token of civilization.

A fatal mistake committed at the outset by the French commanders, in taking sides in the Indian wars, more than once brought the incipient colony to the verge of ruin. During these periods, scores of

devoted missionaries fell under the scalping knife or suffered incredible tortures amongst the merciless savages whom they had come to reclaim. Indian massacres became so frequent, so appalling, that on several occasions the French thought seriously of giving up the colony forever. The rivalry between France and England, added to the hardships and dangers of the few hardy colonists established at Quebec. Its environs, the shores of its noble river, more than once became the battle-field of European armies. These are periods of strife, happily gone by, we hope, forever.

In his "*Pioneers of France in the New World*," the gifted Francis Parkman mournfully reviews the vanished glories of old France in her former vast dominions in America:—

"The French dominion is a memory of the past; and when we evoke its departed shades, they rise upon us from their graves in strange romantic guise. Again their ghostly camp-fires seem to burn, and the fitful light is cast around on lord and vassal and black robed priest, mingled with wild forms of savage warriors, knit in close fellowship on the same stern errand. A boundless vision grows upon us: an untamed continent, vast wastes of forest verdure, mountains silent in primeval sleep; river, lake, and glimmering pool; wilderness oceans mingling with the sky. Such was the domain which France conquered for civilization. Plumed helmets gleamed in the shade of its forests; priestly vestments in its dens and fastnesses of ancient barbarism. Men steeped in antique learning, pale with the close breath of the cloister, here spent the noon and evening of their lives, ruled savage hordes with a mild, parental sway, and stood serene before the direst shapes of death. Men of a courtly nurture, heirs to the polish of a far-reaching ancestry, here, with their dauntless hardihood, put to shame the boldest sons of toil."

Of all this mighty empire of the past, Quebec was the undisputed capital, the fortress, the keystone.

It would be a curious study to place in juxtaposition the impressions produced on Tourists by the view of Quebec and its environs—from the era of Jacques Cartier, the discoverer of Canada, down to that of the Earl of Dufferin, one of its truest friends.

Champlain, La Potherie, La Houtan, Le Beau, Du Creux (Creuxius), Peter Kalm, Knox, Silliman, Ampère, Mrs. Moodie, Dickens, Lever, Anthony Trollope, Sala, Thoreau, Warburton, Marmier, Capt. Butler, Sir Charles Dilke, Henry Ward Beecher, have all left their impressions of the rocky citadel: let us gaze on a few of their vivid pictures.

"The scenic beauty of Quebec has been the theme of general eulogy. The majestic appearance of Cape Diamond and the fortifications, the cupolas and minarets, like those of an eastern city, blazing and sparkling in the sun, the loveliness of the panorama, the noble basin, like a sheet of purest silver, in which might ride with safety a hundred sail of the line, the graceful meandering of the river St. Charles, the numerous village spires on either side of the St. Lawrence, the fertile fields dotted with innumerable cottages, the abode of a rich and moral peasantry,—the distant falls of Montmorency,—the park like scenery of Point Levis,—the beauteous Isle of Orleans,—and more distant still, the frowning Cape Tourmente, and the lofty range of purple mountains of the most picturesque form, which, without exaggeration, is scarcely to be surpassed in any part of the world." (Hawkins' *Picture of Quebec*.)

"Quebec recalls Angoulême to my mind: in the upper city, stairways, narrow streets, ancient houses on the verge of the cliff; in the lower city, the new fortunes, commerce, workmen;—in both, many shops and much activity." (M. Sand.)

"Take mountain and plain, sinuous river, and broad, tranquil waters, stately ship and tiny boat, gentle hill and shady valley, bold headland and rich, fruitful fields, frowning battlement and cheerful villa, glittering dome and rural spire, flowery garden and sombre forest,—group them all into the choicest picture of ideal beauty your fancy can create; arch it over with a cloudless sky, light it up with a radiant sun, and lest the sheen should be too dazzling, hang a veil of lighted haze over all, to soften the lines and perfect the repose, —you will then have seen Quebec on this September morning." (Eliot Warburton.)

"I rubbed my eyes to be sure I was in the nineteenth century, and not entering one of those portals which sometimes adorn the frontispiece of old black-letter volumes. I thought it would be a good place to read Froissart's Chronicles. It was such a reminiscence of the Middle Ages as Scott's Novels.

"Too much has not been said about the scenery of Quebec. The fortifications of Cape Diamond are omnipresent. You travel ten, twenty, thirty miles up or down the river's banks,

you ramble fifteen miles among the hills on either side, and then, when you have long since forgotten them, perchance slept on them by the way, at a turn of the road or of your body, there they are still with their geometry against the sky....

"No wonder if Jacques Cartier's pilot exclaimed in Norman-French *Que bec!* ("What a peak!") when he saw this cape, as some suppose. Every modern traveller uses a similar expression....

"The view from Cape Diamond has been compared by European travellers with the most remarkable views of a similar kind in Europe, such as those from Edinburgh Castle, Gibraltar, Cintra, and others, and preferred by many. A main peculiarity in this, compared with other views which I have beheld, is that it is from the ramparts of a fortified city, and not from a solitary and majestic river cape alone that this view is obtained.... I still remember the harbour far beneath me, sparkling like silver in the sun,—the answering headlands of Point Levis on the south-east,—the frowning Cape Tourmente abruptly bounding the seaward view in the north-east,—the villages of Lorette and Charlesbourg on the north,—and farther west, the distant Val Cartier, sparkling with white cottages, hardly removed by distance through the clear air,—not to mention a few blue mountains along the horizon in that direction. You look out from the ramparts of the citadel beyond the frontiers of civilization. Yonder small group of hills, according to the guide-book, forms the portals of the wilds which are trodden only by the feet of the Indian hunters as far as Hudson's Bay." (Thoreau).

Mrs. Moodie (Susannah Strickland), in her sketches of Canadian life, graphically delineates her trip from Grosse Isle to Quebec, and the appearance of the city itself from the river:—

"On the 22nd of September (1832), the anchor was weighed, and we bade a long farewell to Grosse Isle. As our vessel struck into mid-channel, I cast a last lingering look at the beautiful shore we were leaving. Cradled in the arms of the St. Lawrence, and basking in the bright rays of the morning sun, the island and its sister group looked like a second Eden just emerged from the waters of chaos. The day was warm, and the cloudless heavens of that peculiar azure tint which gives to the Canadian skies and waters a brilliancy unknown in more northern latitudes. The air was pure and elastic; the sun shone out with uncommon splendour, lighting up the changing woods with a rich mellow colouring, composed of a thousand brilliant and vivid dyes. The mighty river rolled flashing and sparkling onward, impelled by a strong breeze that tipped its short rolling surges with a crest of snowy foam.

"Never shall I forget that short voyage from Grosse Isle to Quebec. What wonderful combinations of beauty and grandeur and power, at every winding of that noble river!

"Every perception of my mind became absorbed into the one sense of seeing, when, upon rounding Point Levis, we cast anchor before Quebec. What a scene! Can the world produce another? Edinburgh had been the *beau ideal* to me of all that was beautiful in nature—a vision of the Northern Highlands had haunted my dreams across the Atlantic; but all these past recollections faded before the *present* of Quebec. Nature has ransacked all our grandest elements to form this astonishing panorama. There, frowns the cloud-capped mountain, and below, the cataract foams and thunders; woods and rock and river combine to lend their aid in making the picture perfect, and worthy of its Divine originator. The precipitous bank upon which the city lies piled, reflected in the still, deep waters at its base, greatly enhances the romantic beauty of the situation. The mellow and serene glow of the autumn day harmonized so perfectly with the solemn grandeur of the scene around me, and sank so silently and deeply into my soul, that my spirit fell prostrate before it, and I melted involuntarily into tears."

Such the poetic visions which were awakened in the poetic mind of the brilliant author of "*Roughing it, in the Bush.*" Charles Dickens also had his say in this matter, on his visit to Quebec, in May 1842, where he was the guest of the President of the *Literary and Historical Society*, Dr. John Charlton Fisher:—

"The impression made upon the visitor by this Gibraltar of America, its giddy heights, its citadel suspended, as it were, in the air; its picturesque steep streets and frowning gateways; and the splendid views which burst upon the eye at every turn, is at once unique and lasting. It is a place not to be forgotten or mixed up in the mind with other places, or altered for a moment in the crowd of scenes a traveller can recall. Apart from the realities of this most picturesque city, there are associations clustering about it which would make a desert rich in interest. The dangerous precipice along whose rocky front Wolfe and his brave companions climbed to glory; the Plains of Abraham, where he received his mortal wound; the fortress so chivalrously defended by Montcalm; and his soldier's grave, dug for him when yet alive, by

the bursting of a shell, are not the least among them, or among the gallant incidents of history. That is a noble monument too, and worthy of two great nations, which perpetuates the memory of both brave Generals, and on which their names are jointly written.

"The city is rich in public institutions and in Catholic churches and charities, but it is mainly in the prospect from the site of the Old Government House and from the Citadel, that its surpassing beauty lies. The exquisite expanse of country, rich in field and forest, mountain-heights and water, which lies stretched out before the view, with miles of Canadian villages, glancing in long white streaks, like veins along the landscape; the motley crowd of gables, roofs and chimney tops in the old hilly town immediately at hand; the beautiful St. Lawrence sparkling and flashing in the sunlight; and the tiny ships below the rock from which you gaze, whose distant rigging looks like spiders' webs against the light, while casks and barrels on their decks dwindle into toys, and busy mariners become so many puppets; all this framed by a sunken window [1] in the fortress and looked at from the shadowed room within, forms one of the brightest and most enchanting pictures that the eye can rest upon." (Dickens' *American Notes*.)

A distinguished French *littérateur*, fresh from the sunny banks of the Seine, thus discourses anent the Ancient capital; we translate:—

"Few cities," says M. Marmier, [2] "offer as many striking contrasts as Quebec, a fortress and a commercial city together, built upon the summit of a rock as the nest of an eagle, while her vessels are everywhere wrinkling the face of the ocean; an American city inhabited by French colonists, governed by England, and garrisoned with Scotch regiments; [3] a city of the middle ages by most of its ancient institutions, while it is submitted to all the combinations of modern constitutional government; an European city by its civilization and its habits of refinement, and still close by, the remnants of the Indian tribes and the barren mountains of the north, a city of about the same latitude as Paris, while successively combining the torrid climate of southern regions with the severities of an hyperborean winter; a city at the same time Catholic and Protestant, where the labours of our (French) missions are still uninterrupted alongside of the undertakings of the Bible Society, and where the Jesuits driven out of our own country (France) find a place of refuge under the aegis of British Puritanism!"

An American tourist thus epitomises the sights:—

"As the seat of French power in America until 1759, the great fortress of English rule in British America, and the key of the St. Lawrence, Quebec must possess interest of no ordinary character for well-informed tourists. To the traveller, there are innumerable points and items vastly interesting and curious—the citadel and forts of Cape Diamond, with their impregnable ramparts that rival Gibraltar in strength and endurance against siege, the old walls of the city and their gates each of which has its legend of war and bloody assault and repulse, the plains of Abraham, every foot of which is commemorated with blood and battle; Wolfe's monument, where the gallant and brave soldier died with a shout of victory on his lips, the Martello towers, with their subterranean communications with the citadel; the antique churches, paintings, and all their paraphernalia, treasures, and curiosities that are religiously preserved therein, the falls of Montmorency, the natural steps. Montcalm's house, and a thousand other relics of the mysterious past that has hallowed these with all the mystic interest that attaches to antiquity, great deeds, and beautiful memories. To see all these, a tourist requires at least two days' time, and surely no one who pretends to be a traveller, in these days of rapid transit will fail to visit Quebec, the best city, the most hospitable place, and richer in its wealth of rare sights and grand old memorials. French peculiarities and English oddities, than any other city on this broad continent."

"Leaving the citadel, we are once more in the European Middle ages. Gates and posterns, cranky steps that lead up to lofty, gabled houses, with sharp French roofs of burnished tin, like those of Liège; processions of the Host; altars decked with flowers; statues of the Virgin; sabots, blouses, and the scarlet of the British lines-man,—all these are seen in narrow streets and markets that are graced with many a Cotentin lace cap, and all within forty miles of the down-east, Yankee state of Maine. It is not far from New England to Old France.... There has been no dying out of the race among the French Canadians. They number twenty times the thousand that they did 100 years ago. The American soil has left physical type, religion, language, and laws absolutely untouched. They herd together in their rambling villages, dance to the fiddle after Mass on Sundays,—as gayly as once did their Norman sires,—and keep up the *fleur-de-lys* and the memory of Montcalm. More French than the French are the Lower Canada *habitans*. The pulse-beat of the continent finds no echo here."—(Sir

In the rosy days of his budding fame, the gifted Henry Ward Beecher discoursed as follows of the Rock City [4]:—

"Curious old Quebec!—of all the cities on the continent of America, the quaintest.... It is a populated cliff. It is a mighty rock, scarped and graded, and made to hold houses and castles which, by a proper natural law, ought to slide off from its back, like an ungirded load from a camel's back. But they stick. At the foot of the rocks, the space of several streets in width has been stolen from the river.... We landed....

"Away we went, climbing the steep streets at a canter with little horses hardly bigger than flies, with an aptitude for climbing perpendicular walls. It was strange to enter a walled city through low and gloomy gates, on this continent of America. Here was a small bit of mediaeval Europe perched upon a rock, and dried for keeping, in this north-east corner of America, a curiosity that has not its equal, in its kind, on this side of the ocean....

"We rode about as if we were in a picture-book, taming over a new leaf at each street!... The place should always be kept old. Let people go somewhere else for modern improvements. It is a shame, when Quebec placed herself far out of the way, up in the very neighbourhood of Hudson's Bay, that it should be hunted and harassed with new-fangled notions, and that all the charming inconveniences and irregularities of narrow and tortuous streets, that so delight a traveller's eyes, should be altered to suit the fantastic notions of modern people....

"Our stay in Quebec was too short by far. But it was long enough to make it certain that we shall come back again. A summer in Canada would form one of the most delightful holidays that we can imagine. We mean to prove our sincerity by our conduct. And then, if it is not all that our imagination promises, we will write again and confess."

Professor Benjamin Silliman discourses thus:—

"A seat of ancient dominion—now hoary with the lapse of more than two centuries—formerly the seat of a French empire in the west—lost and won by the blood of gallant armies, and of illustrious commanders—throned on a rock, and defended by all the proud defiance of war! Who could approach such a city without emotion? Who in Canada has not longed to cast his eyes on the water-girt rocks and towers of Quebec."—(Silliman's *Tour in Canada*, 1819.)

Charles Lever has left a curious glimpse of Quebec from Diamond Harbour, as seen, by his incomparable Irish Gil Blas, Mr. Cornelius Cregan, the appreciated lodger of Madam Thomas John Davis at the "Hotel Davis."

"As viewed from Diamond Harbour, a more striking city than Quebec is seldom seen. The great rock rising above the Lower Town, and crowned with its batteries, all bristling with guns, seemed to my eyes the very realization of impregnability. I looked upon the ship that lay tranquilly on the water below, and whose decks were thronged with blue-jackets—to the Highlander who paced his short path as sentry, some hundred feet high upon the wall of the fortress, and I thought to myself with such defenders as these that standard yonder need never carry any other banner. The whole view is panoramic, the bending of the river shuts out the channel by which you have made your approach, giving the semblance of a lake, on whose surface vessels of every nation lie at anchor, some with the sails hung out to dry, gracefully drooping from the taper spars; others refitting again for sea, and loading the huge pine-trunks moored as vast rafts to the stern. There were people everywhere, all was motion, life and activity. Jolly-boats with twenty oars, man-of-war gigs bounding rapidly past them with eight; canoes skimming by without a ripple, and seemingly without impulse, till you caught sight of the lounging figure, who lay at full length in the stern, and whose red features were scarce distinguishable from the copper-coloured bark of his boat. Some moved upon the rafts, and even upon single trunks of trees, as, separated from the mass, they floated down on the swift current, boat-hook in hand to catch at the first object chance might offer them. The quays and the streets leading down to them were all thronged, and as you cast your eye upwards, here and there above the tall roofs might be seen the winding of stairs that lead to the Upper Town, alike dark with the moving tide of men. On every embrasure and gallery, on every terrace and platform, it was the same. Never did I behold such a human tide.

"Now there was something amazingly inspiring in all this, particularly when coming from

the solitude and monotony of a long voyage. [5] The very voice that ye-hoéd; the hoarse challenge of the sentinels on the rock; the busy hum of the town—made delicious music to my ear; and I could have stood and leaned over the bulwark for hours, to gaze at the scene. I own no higher interest invested the picture—for I was ignorant of Wolfe. I had never heard of Montcalm—the plains of "Abraham" were to me but grassy slopes, and "nothing more." It was the life and stir,—the tide of that human ocean, on which I longed myself to be a swimmer—these were what charmed me. Nor was the deck of the old "Hampden" inactive all the while, although seldom attracting much of my notice: soldiers were mustering, knapsacks packing, rolls calling, belts buffing, and coats brushing on all sides; men grumbling, sergeants cursing; officers swearing; half-dressed invalids popping up their heads out of hatchways, answering to wrong names, and doctors ordering them down again with many an anathema: soldiers in the way of sailors, and sailors always hauling at something that interfered with the inspection-drill: every one in the wrong place, and each cursing his neighbour for stupidity. At last the shore-boats boarded us, as if our confusion wanted anything to increase it. Red-faced harbour-masters shook hands with the skipper and pilot, and disappeared into the "round-house" to discuss grog and the gales. Officers from the garrison came out to welcome their friends—for it was the second battalion we had on board of a regiment whose first had been some years in Canada;—and then what a rush of inquiries were exchanged. "How is the Duke?"—"All quiet in England"—"No sign of war in Europe!"—"Are the 8th come home!"—"Where is Forbes?"—"Has Davern sold out?" with a mass of such small interests as engage men who live in coteries." (Confessions of Con. Cregan, Chap XIII.)

There are yet among the living in Quebec many who can recall the good olden times when our garrison contained two regiments and more of the red-coated soldiers of England, at the beck of the "Iron Duke"—*him* of Waterloo.

A Haligonian tourist thus writes:—

"HALIFAX, N. S., 1880.—I reached Halifax on the Saturday after leaving Quebec.....Nothing was wanting to make my impressions of Quebec perfect, but a little more time to widen, deepen and strengthen the friendships made; alas! to be severed (for a time) so soon. I went expecting to see a city perched on a rock and inhabited by the descendants of a conquered race with a chasm between them and every Englishman in the Dominion. In place of this, I found the city more picturesque, more odd, more grand, than I had ever imagined, and peopled by a race who, if conquered in 1759, have had sweet revenge ever since, by making a conquest of every stranger who has entered Quebec—through his higher nature. It is no wonder that Quebec has such a story of song and adventure. There is romance in the river and tragedy on the hill, and while the memory of Wolfe and Montcalm is green, the city will be the Mecca of the Dominion. But keep the hand of the Goth—the practical man—from touching the old historic landmarks of the city. A curse has been pronounced on those who remove their neighbours' landmark, but what shall be said of those who remove the landmarks which separate century from century and period from period." (J. T. Bulmer.)

The following affords a good specimen of Capt W. F Butler's pictorial style:—

"Spring breaks late over the province of Quebec—that portion of America known to our fathers as Lower Canada, and of old to the subjects of the Grand Monarque as the kingdom of New France. But when the young trees begin to open their leafy lids after the long sleep of winter, they do it quickly. The snow is not all gone before the maple trees are all green—the maple, that most beautiful of trees! Well has Canada made the symbol of her new nationality that tree whose green gives the spring its earliest freshness, whose autumn-dying tints are richer than the clouds of sunset, whose life-stream is sweeter than honey, and whose branches are drowsy through the long summer with the scent and the hum of bee and flower! Still the long line of the Canadas admits of a varied spring. When the trees are green at Lake St. Clair, they are scarcely budding at Kingston, they are leafless at Montreal, and Quebec is white with snow. Even between Montreal and Quebec, a short night's steaming, there exists a difference of ten days in the opening of the summer. But late as comes the summer to Quebec, it comes in its loveliest and most enticing form, as though it wished to atone for its long delay in banishing from such a landscape the cold tyranny of winter. And with what loveliness does the whole face of plain, river, lake and mountain turn from the iron clasp of icy winter to kiss the balmy lips of returning summer, and to welcome his bridal gifts of sun and shower! The trees open their leafy lids to look at him—the brooks and streamlets break forth into songs of gladness—"the birch tree," as the old Saxon said," becomes beautiful in its branches, and rustles sweetly in its leafy summit, moved to and fro by the

breath of heaven"—the lakes uncover their sweet faces, and their mimic shores steal down in quiet evenings to bathe themselves in the transparent waters—far into the depths of the great forest speeds the glad message of returning glory, and graceful fern, and soft velvet moss, and white wax-like lily peep forth to cover rock and fallen tree and wreck of last year's autumn in one great sea of foliage. There are many landscapes which can never be painted, photographed, or described, but which the mind carries away instinctively to look at again and again in the after-time—these are the celebrated views of the world, and they are not easy to find. From the Queen's rampart, on the citadel of Quebec, the eye sweeps over a greater diversity of landscape than is probably to be found in any one spot in the universe. Blue mountain, far-stretching river, foaming cascade, the white sails of ocean ships, the black trunks of many-sized guns, the pointed roofs, the white village nestling amidst its fields of green, the great isle in mid-channel, the many shades of colour from deep blue pine-wood to yellowing corn-field—in what other spot on the earth's broad bosom lie grouped together in a single glance so many of these "things of beauty" which the eye loves to feast on and to place in memory as joys for ever?" (*The Great Lone Land.*)

Let us complete this mosaic of descriptions and literary gems, borrowed from English, French and American writers, by a sparkling *tableau* of the historic memories of Quebec, traced by a French Canadian *littérateur*, the Honourable P. J. O. Chauveau:—

"History is everywhere—around us, beneath us; from the depths of yonder valleys, from the top of that mountain, history rises up and presents itself to our notice, exclaiming: 'Behold me!'

"Beneath us, among the capricious meanders of the River St. Charles, the Cahir-Coubat of Jacques Cartier, is the very place where he first planted the cross and held his first conference with the *Seigneur Donnacona*. Here, very near to us, beneath a venerable elm tree, which, with much regret, we saw cut down, tradition states that Champlain first raised his tent. From the very spot on which we now stand, Count de Frontenac returned to Admiral Phipps that proud answer, as he said, *from the mouth of his cannon*, which will always remain recorded by history. Under these ramparts are spread the plains on which fell Wolfe and where, in the following year, the Chevalier de Lévis and General Murray fought that other battle, in memory of which the citizens of Quebec are erecting (in 1854) a monument. Before us, on the heights of Beauport, the souvenir of battles not less heroic, recall to our remembrance the names of Longueuil, St. Hélène, and Juchereau Duchesnay. Below us, at the foot of that tower on which floats the British flag, Montgomery and his soldiers all fell, swept by the grape-shot of a single gun pointed by a Canadian artilleryman.

"On the other hand, under that projecting rock, now crowned with the guns of old England, the intrepid Dambourgès, sword in hand, drove Arnold and his men from the houses in which they had established themselves. History is then everywhere around us. She rises as well from these ramparts, replete with daring deeds, as from those illustrious plains equally celebrated for feats of arms, and she again exclaims: 'Here I am!'"

CHAPTER II.

QUEBEC FOUNDED, JULY 3, 1608.

Fancy borne on the outspread wings of memory occasionally loves to soar o'er the dull, prosaic present, far away into the haunted, dream-land of a hazy but hopeful past.

Let us recall one year, in the revolving cycle of time—one day above all days—for dwellers in Champlain's eery keep pre-eminently sacred that auspicious 3rd of July, 1608, when his trusty little band, in all twenty-eight, founded the city destined soon to be the great Louis's proud forta-lice,—the Queen city of the French western world.

On that memorable July day, would you, kind reader, like to ascend the lofty slope of Cape Diamond, at the hour when the orb of light is shedding his fierce, meridian rays on the verdant shores and glancing waters below, and watch with bated breath the gradually increasing gap in the primeval forest, which busy French axes are cleaving in order to locate the residence—"L'ABITATION"—of a loved commander, Samuel de Champlain?

Or else would you, in your partiality for the cool of the evening, prefer from the dizzy summit, where now stands our citadel, to gaze—which would be more romantic—over the silent strand at your feet, pregnant with a mighty future, at the mystic hour of eve, when the pale beams of Diana will lend incomparable witchery to this novel scene. Few indeed the objects denoting the unwelcome arrival of Europeans in this forest home of the red man: the *prise de possession* by the grasping outer barbarian — for such Champlain must have appeared to the descendants of king Donnacona. In the stream, the ripple of the majestic St. Lawrence caresses the dark, indistinct hull of an armed bark: in Indian parlance, a "big canoe [6] with wings"; on an adjoining height waves languidly with the last breath of the breeze the lily standard of old France; on the shore, a cross recently raised: emblems for us of the past and of the present: State and Church linked together.

Such the objects discernible amid the hoary oaks, nodding pines, and green hemlocks, below Cape Diamond, on that eventful 3rd of July, 1608.

THE DWELLING OF CHAMPLAIN.

"Above the point of the Island of Orleans," says Parkman, "a constriction of the vast channel narrows it to a mile; on one hand, the green heights of Point Levi; on the other, the cliffs of Quebec. Here, a small stream, the St. Charles, enters the St. Lawrence, and in the angle betwixt them rises the promontory, on two sides a natural fortress. Land among the walnut-trees that formed a belt between the cliffs and the St. Lawrence. Climb the steep height, now bearing aloft its ponderous load of churches, convents, dwellings, ramparts, and batteries,—there was an accessible point, a rough passage, gullied downward where Prescott Gate (in 1871) opened on the Lower Town. Mount to the highest summit, Cape Diamond, [7] now zig-zagged with warlike masonry. Then the fierce sun fell on the bald, baking rocks, with its crisped mosses and parched lichens. Two centuries and-a-half have quickened the solitude with swarming life, covered the deep bosom of the river with barge and steamer and gliding sail, and reared cities and villages on the site of forests; but nothing can destroy the surpassing grandeur of the scene.

"Grasp the savin anchored in the fissure, lean over the brink of the precipice, and look downward, a little to the left, on the belt of woods which covers the strand between the water and the base of the cliffs. Here a gang of axe-men are at work, and Point Levi and Orleans echo the crash of falling trees.

"These axe-men were pioneers of an advancing host,—advancing, it is true, with feeble and uncertain progress: priests, soldiers, peasants, feudal scutcheons, royal insignia. Not the Middle Age, but engendered of it by the stronger life of modern centralization; sharply stamped with parental likeness, heir to parental weakness and parental force.

"A few weeks passed, and a pile of wooden buildings rose on the brink of the St. Lawrence, on or near the site of the market-place of the Lower Town of Quebec. The pencil of Champlain, always regardless of proportion and perspective, has preserved its semblance. A strong wooden wall, surmounted by a gallery loop-holed for musketry, enclosed three buildings, containing quarters for himself and his men, together with a court-yard, from one side of which rose a tall dove-cot, like a belfry. A moat surrounded the whole, and two or three small cannon were planted on salient platforms towards the river. There was a large magazine near at hand, and a part of the adjacent ground was laid out as a garden." (*Pioneers of France in the New World*, p. 301.)

CHIEF DONNACONA.

On the 14th of September, 1535, under the head "Shipping News, Port of Quebec," history might jot down some startling items of marine intelligence; the arrival from sea of three armed vessels—the "Grande Hermine," the "Petite Hermine," and the "Emerillon." One would imagine their entrance in port must have awakened as much curiosity among the startled denizens of Stadacona—the Hurons of 1535—as did the anchoring in our harbour, in August, 1861, of Capt. Vine Hall's leviathan, the "Great Eastern." Were the French fleet the first European keels which furrowed the Laurentian tide under Cape Diamond? We like to think so. Let the Basques make good their assumed priority: let them produce their logbook, not merely for the latitude of Newfoundland or Tadoussac, but also an undisputed entry therein, for the spot where, a century later, Samuel de Champlain lived, loved, and died. Had the advent of the St. Malo vikings been heralded by watchful swift-footed retainers to swarthy king Donnacona, the ruler of the populous town of Stadacona, and a redoubtable agouhanna of the Huron nation? 'Tis not unlikely.

An entry occurs in the diary of Jacques Cartier, commander of the flagship "Grande Hermine," to the effect that Donnacona, escorted by twelve canoes, had met the foreign craft several miles lower than Quebec, where he had parleyed with his fellow-countrymen, Taiguragny and Domagaya, kidnapped the year previous at Gaspé and just brought back by Cartier from France; that, dismissing ten of his twelve

canoes, the agouhanna had invited and received the French commander in his canoe of state, harangued him, and readily accepted from him a collation of bread and wine, which the captain of the "Grande Hermine" (thoughtful host) had brought with him.

The meeting over, Donnacona steered for home; and Jacques Cartier ordered his boats to be manned and ascended the river to seek for a safe anchorage for his ships. He soon found what he sought, entered then the river Saint Charles, by him called the St. Croix, landed, crossed the meadows, climbed the rocks, and threaded the forest. On his return, when he and his party were rowing for the ships, they had to stand another harangue from the bank, from an old chief, surrounded by men, boys and some merry squaws, to whom they gave as presents glass beads, &c., when they regained their vessels.

What took place at the interview between the French commander and the Huron potentate? What were the thoughts, hopes, fears of the grim chieftain on that fateful September day which brought in across the Atlantic the first wave of foreign invasion—the outer barbarian to his forest abode?

One would fain depict king Donnacona roaming, solitary and sad; mayhap, on the ethereal heights of Cape Diamond, watching, with feelings not unmingled with alarm, the onward course of the French ships—to him phantoms of ill-omen careering over the dreary waters—until their white shrouds gradually disappeared under the shadow of the waving pines and far-spreading oaks which then clad the green banks of the lurking, tortuous St Charles.

Chief Donnacona, beware! O beware!

CHAPTER III.

THE "ANCIENT CAPITAL."

QUEBEC—ITS HIGHWAYS AND BY-WAYS, EDIFICES, MONUMENTS, CITIZENS, LEGENDS, CHRONICLES, AND ANTIQUITIES.

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

What a field here for investigation? Has not each thoroughfare its distinctive feature—its saintly, heathenish, courtly, national, heroic, perhaps burlesque, name? Its peculiar origin? traceable sometimes to a dim—a forgotten past; sometimes to the utilitarian present time. What curious vistas are unfolded in the birth of its edifices—public and private—alive with the memories of their clerical, bellicose, agricultural or mercantile founders? How much mysterious glamour does not relentless time shed over them in its unceasing march? How many vicissitudes do they undergo before giving way to modern progress, the exigencies of commerce, the wants or whims of new masters? The edifices, did we say? Their origin, their progress, their decay, nay, their demolition by the modern iconoclast—have they no teachings? How many phases in the art of the builder and engineer, from the high-peaked Norman cottage to the ponderous, drowsy Mansard roof—from Champlain's picket fort to the modern citadel of Quebec—from our primitive legislative meeting-house to our stately Parliament Buildings on the Grande Allée?

The streets and by-ways of famous old world cities have found chroniclers, in some instances of rare ability: Timbs, Howitt, Augustus Sala, Longfellow, &c. Why should not those of our own land obtain a passing notice?

Is there on American soul a single city intersected by such quaint, tortuous, legend-loving streets as old Quebec? Is there a town retaining more unmistakable vestiges of its rude beginnings—of its pristine, narrow, Indian-haunted, forest paths?

Our streets and lanes bear witness to our dual origin: Champlain, Richelieu, Buade streets, by their names proclaim the veneration our fathers had for the memory of men who had watched over the infancy of the colony, whilst the mystic, saintly nomenclature of others exhibited the attachment of the early dwellers in Quebec to the hallowed old Roman faith which presided at their natal hour.

One also finds here and there, in the names of certain thoroughfares, traces of the sojourn within our walls of popular Governors, famous Viceroy, long since gathered to their fathers, some of whose ashes mingle in our cemeteries with the dust of our forefathers—[8] Champlain, Frontenac, Mesy, De Callières, De Vaudreuil, De la Jonquière, Ramsay, Carleton, Hope, Dalhousie, Richmond and Aylmer.

A student of history, in the signboards affixed to street corners, loves to light on the names of men whose memories are fragrant for deeds of heroism, devotedness, patriotism or learning. Bréboeuf, Champlain, Dollard, Ferland, Garneau, Christie, Turgeon, Plessis, and many others of blameless and exemplary life—each has his street. We know of a worthy and learned old antiquary whose lore and advice has been more than once placed at our disposal in unravelling the tangled skein on which we are engaged, who rejoices that his native city, unlike some of the proud capitals of Europe, is free from vulgar names, such as "Tire-Boudin," "P—t—au D—le," in gay Paris, and "Crutched Friars," "Pall-Mall," and "Mary-le- bone," in great London.

In fact, does not history meet you at every turn? Every nook, every lane, every square, nay, even the stones and rocks, have a story to tell—a record to unfold—a tale to whisper of savage or civilized warfare—a memento to thrill the patriot—a legend of romance or of death—war, famine, fires, earthquakes, land and snow-slides, riot?

Is it not to be apprehended that in time the inmates of such a city might become saturated with the overpowering atmosphere of this romantic past—fall a prey to an overweening love of old memories—become indifferent, and deadened to the feelings and requirements of the present? This does not necessarily follow. We are, nevertheless, inclined to believe that outward objects may act powerfully on one's inner nature: that the haunts and homes of men are not entirely foreign to the thoughts, pursuits and impulses, good or bad, of their inmates.

Active, cultured, bustling, progressive citizens, we would fain connect with streets and localities partaking of that character, just as we associate cheerful abodes with sunshine, and repulsive dwellings with dank, perennial shadows.

Mr. N. Legendre, in a small work intituled "*Les Échos de Quebec*," has graphically delineated the leading features of several of our thoroughfares:—

"In a large city each street has its peculiar feature. Such a street is sacred to commerce—a private residence in it would appear out of place. Such another is devoted to unpretending dwellings: the modest grocery shop of the corner looks conscious of being there on sufferance only. Here resides the well-to-do—the successful merchant; further, much further on, dwell the lowly—the poor. Between both points there exists a kind of neutral territory, uniting the habitations of both classes. Some of the inmates, when calling, wear kid gloves, whilst others go visiting in their shirt sleeves. The same individual will even indulge in a cigar or light an ordinary clay pipe, according as his course is east or west. All this is so marked, so apparent, that it suffices to settle in your mind the street or ward to which an individual belongs. The ways of each street vary. Here, in front of a well-polished door, stands a showy, emblazoned carriage, drawn by thoroughbreds; mark how subdued the tints of the livery are. There is, however, something *distingué* about it, and people hurrying past assume a respectful bearing.

"In the next street, the carriage standing at the door is just as rich, but its panelling is more gaudy—more striking in colour are the horses—more glitter—more profusion about the silver harness mountings. Though the livery has more *éclat*, there seems to be less distance between the social status of the groom and that of his master.

"Walk on further—the private carriage has merged into the public conveyance; still further, and you find but the plain *calèche*.

"Finally, every kind of vehicle having disappeared, the house-doors are left ajar; the inmates like to fraternise in the street. On fine evenings the footpath gets strewn with chairs and benches, occupied by men smoking—women chatting *al fresco* unreservedly—laughing that loud laugh which says, "I don't care who hears me." Passers-by exchange a remark, children play at foot-ball, while the house-dog, exulting in the enjoyment of sweet liberty, gambols in the very midst of the happy crowd. These are good streets. One travels over them cheerfully and gaily. An atmosphere of rowdyism, theft, wantonness, hovers over some thoroughfares. Dread and disgust accompany him who saunters over them. Their gates and doorways seem dark—full of pit-falls. Iron shutters, thick doors with deep gashes, indicate the turbulent nature of their inhabitants. Rude men on the sidepaths stare you out of countenance, or make strange signs—a kind of occult telegraphy, which makes your flesh creep. To guard against an unseen foe, you take to the centre of the street—nasty and muddy though it should be,—for there you fancy yourself safe from the blow of a skull-cracker, hurled by an unseen hand on watch under a gateway. The police make themselves conspicuous here by their absence; 'tis a fit spot for midnight murder and robbery—unprovoked, unpunished. Honest tradesmen may reside here, but not from choice; they are bound to ignore street rows; lending a helping hand to a victim would cause them to receive,

on the morrow, a notice to quit.

"Be on your guard, if necessity brings you, after nightfall, to this unhallowed ground. Danger hovers over, under, round your footsteps. If an urchin plays a trick on you at a street corner, heed him not. Try and catch him, he will disappear to return with a reinforcement of roughs, prepared to avenge his pretended wrongs by violence to your person and injury to your purse.

"Should a drunken man hustle you as he passes, do not mind him: it may end in a scuffle, out of which you will emerge bruised and with rifled pockets.

"We dare not tell you to yield to fear, but be prudent. Though prudence may be akin to fear, you never more required all your wits about you. It is very unlikely you will ever select this road again, though it should be a short cut. Such are some of the dangerous streets in their main features. There are thoroughfares, on the other hand, to which fancy lends imaginary charms; the street in which you live, for instance. You think it better, more agreeable. Each object it contains becomes familiar, nay cherished by you—the houses, their doors, their gables. The very air seems more genial. A fellowship springs up between you and your threshold—your land. You get to believe they know you as you know them—softening influences—sweet emanations of 'Home.'"—*Translation*.

THE UPPER TOWN.

The Upper Town in 1608, with its grand oaks, its walnut trees, its majestic elms, when it formed part of the primeval forest, must have been a locality abounding in game. If Champlain, his brother-in-law, Boullé, as well as his other friends of the Lower Town, [9] had been less eager in hunting other inhabitants of the forest infinitely more dreaded (the Iroquois), instead of simply making mention of the foxes which prowled about the residency (*l'abitation*), they would have noted down some of the hunting raids which were probably made on the wooded declivities of Cape Diamond and in the thickets of the Coteau Sainte Geneviève, more especially when scurvy or the dearth of provisions rendered indispensable the use of fresh meats. We should have heard of grouse, woodcock, hares, beavers, foxes, caribou, bears, &c., at that period, as the probable denizens of the mounts and valleys of ancient Stadacona.

In 1617 the chase had doubtless to give way to tillage of the soil, when the first resident of the Upper Town, the apothecary Louis Hébert, established his hearth and home there.

"He presently," (1617) says Abbé Ferland, "commenced to grub up and clear the ground on the site on which the Roman Catholic cathedral and the Seminary adjoining now stand, and that portion of the upper town which extends from St. Famille Street up to the Hôtel-Dieu. He constructed a house and a mill near that part of St. Joseph Street where it received St. François and St. Xavier Streets. These edifices appear to have been the first which were erected in the locality now occupied by the upper town."

At that period there could have existed none other than narrow paths, irregular avenues following the sinuosities of the forest. In the course of time these narrow paths were levelled and widened. Champlain and Sir David Kirk bothered themselves very little with improving highways. Overseers of roads and *Grand-Voyers* were not then dreamed of in *La Nouvelle France*: those blessed institutions, macadamized [10] roads, date for us from 1841.

One of the first projects of Governor de Montmagny, after having fortified the place, was to prepare a plan for a city, to lay out, widen and straighten the streets, assuredly not without need. Had he further extended this useful reform, our Municipal Council to-day would have been spared a great amount of vexation, and the public in general much annoyance. On the 17th November, 1623, a roadway or ascent leading to the upper town had been effected, less dangerous than that which had previously existed.

"As late as 1682, as appears by an authentic record (*procès-verbal*) of the conflagration, this steep road was but fourteen feet wide. It was built of branches, covered with earth. Having been rendered unserviceable by the fire, the inhabitants had it widened six feet, as they had to travel three miles, after the conflagration, to enter the upper town by another hill."—(T. B. Bédard.)

In the summer season, our forefathers journeyed by water, generally in birch-bark canoes. In winter they had recourse to snow-shoes.

To what year can we fix the advent of wheeled vehicles? We have been unable to discover.

The first horse presented by the inhabitants to the Governor of the colony arrived from France on the 25th June, 1647. [11] Did His Excellency use him as a saddle horse only? or, on the occasion of a New Year's day, when he went to pay his respects to the Jesuit Fathers, and to the good ladies of the Ursulines, to present, with the compliments of the season, the usual New Year's gifts, was he driven in a *cariole*, and in the summer season in a *calèche*? Here, again, is a nut to crack for commentators. [12]

Although there were horned cattle at Quebec in 1623, oxen for the purpose of ploughing the land were first used on the 27th April, 1628.

"Some animals—cows, sheep, swine, &c.—had been imported as early as 1608. In 1623, it is recorded that two thousand bundles of fodder were brought from the pasture grounds at *Cap Tourmente* to Quebec for winter use."—(Miles.)

On the 16th of July, 1665, [13] a French ship brought twelve horses. These were doubtless the "mounts" of the brilliant staff of the Marquis de Tracy, Viceroy. These dashing military followers of Colonel de Salières, this *jeunesse dorée* of the Marquis de Tracy, mounted on these twelve French chargers, which the aborigines named "the moose-deer (*originaux*) of Europe," doubtless cut a great figure at Quebec. Did there exist *Tandems*, driving clubs, in 1665? *Quien sabe?* A garrison life in 1665-7 and its amusements must have been much what it was one century later, when the "divine" Emily Montague [14] was corresponding with her dear "Colonel Rivers," from her Sillery abode in 1766; she then, amongst the vehicles in use, mentions, *calèches*. [15]

They were not all saints such as Paul Dupuy, [16] the patriarchal seigneur of *Ile-aux-Oies*, these military swells of Colonel de Salières! Major Lafradière, for instance, might have vied with the most outrageous rake in the *Guards* of Queen Victoria who served in the colony two centuries later.

If there were at Quebec twelve horses for the use of gentlemen, they were doubtless not suffered to remain idle in their stables. The rugged paths of the upper town were levelled and widened; the public highway ceased to be reserved for pedestrians only. This is what we wanted to arrive at.

In reality, the streets of Quebec grew rapidly into importance in 1665. Improvements effected during the administration of the Chevalier de Montmagny had been highly appreciated. The early French had their *Saint Louis (Grande Allée)*, *Saint Anne*, *Richelieu*, *D'Aiguillon*, *Saint John*, streets, to do honour to their Master, Louis XIII.; his Queen the beautiful Anne of Austria; his astute Premier the Cardinal of Richelieu; his pious niece la Duchesse D'Aiguillon; his land surveyor and engineer Jehan or Jean Bourdon. This last functionary had landed at Quebec on the 8th August, 1634, with a Norman priest, the Abbé Jean LeSueur de Saint- Sauveur, who left his surname (St. Sauveur) to the populous municipality adjoining St. Roch suburbs. [17]

In the last and in the present century, St. Louis Street was inhabited by many eminent persons. Chief Justice Sewell resided in the stately old mansion, up to June 1881 occupied as the Lieutenant-Governor's offices; this eminent jurist died in 1839. "One bright, frosty evening of January 1832," says Mr. Chauveau, "at the close of a numerously attended public meeting held at the Ottawa Hotel, to protest against the arrest of Messrs. Tracy, editor of the *Vindicator*, and Duvernay, editor of the *Minerve*, the good citizens of Quebec, usually so pacific, rushed in a noisy procession, led by a dozen students wearing tri-coloured ribbons in their button-holes, and sang the *Marseillaise* and the *Parisienne* under the windows of the Chief Justice, whose ear was little accustomed to such a concert." The ermined sage, 'tis said, was so startled, that he made sure a revolution was breaking out.

"Among the fiery, youthful leaders, the loudest in their patriotic outburst, there was one who would then have been much surprised had any one predicted that after being President of the Legislative Council, Prime Minister of the Canadas, and knighted by H. R. H. the Prince of Wales in person, he would one day, as Lieutenant-Governor, enter in state this same former residence of Chief Justice Sewell, whilst the cannon of Britain would roar a welcome, the flag of England stream over his head, and a British regiment present arms to him." Such, however, has been the fate of Sir Narcissus Fortunatus Belleau.

The mansion of M. de Lotbinière, in St. Louis street, was the residence of Madame Pean, the *chère amie* of M. Bigot the Intendant. The late Judge Elmsley resided there about the year 1813; Government subsequently purchased it to serve as an officers' barracks. Nearly opposite the old Court-House (burned in 1872), stands the "Kent House," in which His Royal Highness the late Duke of Kent resided in summer, 1791-3. [18] No. 42 St. Louis Street is the house [19] which belonged to the cooper, François Gobert; it now has become historical. In it were deposited the remains of General Montgomery on the 31st December, 1775. This summer it is leased by Louis Gonzague Baillargé, Esq., the proprietor, to Widow Pigott, whose

late husband was in the "B" Battery.

In the street sacred to Louis XIII., St. Louis street, Messrs. Brown [20] & Gilmore established, in 1764, [21] their printing office for the *Quebec Gazette*, "two doors higher up than the Secretary's Office," wherever this latter may have stood. The *Gazette* office was subsequently removed to Parloir Street, and eventually settled down for many a long year at the corner of Mountain Hill, half-way up, facing *Break-Neck* steps,—the house was, with many others, removed in 1850 to widen Mountain Street. According to a tradition published in the *Gazette* of the 2nd May, 1848, the prospectus of this paper had, it would appear, been printed in the printing office of Benjamin Franklin.

This venerable sheet, which had existed one hundred and ten years, when it was merged, in 1874, by purchase of the copyright, into the *Morning Chronicle*, in its early days, was nearly the sole exponent of the wants— of the gossip (in prose and in verse)—and of the daily events of Quebec. As such, though, from the standard of to-day, it may seem quaint and puny, still it does not appear an untruthful mirror of social life in the ancient capital. Its centenary number of June, 1864, with the files of the *Gazette* for 1783, have furnished the scholarly author of the "Prophecy of Merlin," John S. Reade, with material for an excellent sketch of this pioneer of Canadian journalism, of which our space will permit us to give but some short extracts:—

"The first number of the *Quebec Gazette*, judged by the *fac-simile* before me, was a very unpretending production. It consists of four folio pages, two columns to each page, with the exception of the 'Printer's Address to the Public,' which takes up the full width of the page, and is written in French and English, the matter in both languages being the same, with the exception of a Masonic advertisement, which is in English only. In the address, accuracy, freedom and impartiality are promised in the conduct of the paper. The design of the publishers includes 'a view of foreign affairs and political transactions from which a judgment may be formed of the interests and connections of the several powers of Europe'; and care is to be taken 'to collect the transactions and occurrences of our mother-country, and to introduce every remarkable event, uncommon debates, extraordinary performance and interesting turn of affairs that shall be thought to merit the notice of the reader as matter of entertainment, or that can be of service to the publick as inhabitants of an English colony.' Attention is also to be given to the affairs of the American colonies and West India Islands; and, in the absence of foreign intelligence, the reader is to be presented with 'such originals, in prose and verse, as will please the fancy and instruct the judgment. And,' the address continues, 'here we beg leave to observe that we shall have nothing so much at heart as the support of virtue and morality and the noble cause of liberty. The refined amusements of literature and the pleasing veins of well-pointed wit shall also be considered as necessary to the collection; interspersed with other chosen pieces and curious essays extracted from the most celebrated authors; so that, blending philosophy with politicks, history, &c., the youth of both sexes will be improved, and persons of all ranks agreeably and usefully entertained.'

"As an inducement to advertisers, it is held out that the circulation of the *Gazette* will extend, not only through the British colonies, but also through the West India Islands and the trading ports of Great Britain and Ireland. The address very sensibly concludes with the following remarks, which, however, cast a shade over the rather tedious prolegomena: 'Our intention to please the whole, without offence to any individual, will be better evinced by our practice than by writing volumes on this subject. This one thing we beg may be believed, that party prejudice or private scandal will never find a place in this paper.'

"With this large promise began the first Canadian newspaper on the 21st of June, 1764.

"The news in the first number is all foreign. There are despatches from Riga, St. Petersburg, Rome, Hermanstadt, Dantzic, Vienna, Florence and Utrecht, the dates ranging from the 8th of March to the 11th of April. There are also items of news from New York, bearing date the 3rd, and from Philadelphia the 7th of May. News-collecting was then a slow process, by land as well as by sea.

"Of the despatches, the following is of historical importance: 'London, March 10th. It is said that a scheme of taxation of our American colonies has for some time been in agitation, that it had been previously debated in the Parliament whether they had power to lay a tax on colonies which had no representative in Parliament and determined in the affirmative,' etc. The occasional insertion of a dash instead of a name, or the wary mention of a 'certain great leader' or 'a certain great personage' tell a simple tale of the jealousy with which the press was then regarded both in England and on the continent. The prosecution of Smollett, Cave, Wilkes and others were still fresh in the minds of printers and writers.

"Another despatch informs the readers of the *Gazette* of an *arrêt* lately issued for the banishment of the Jesuits from France, and another of a deputation of journeymen silk weavers who waited on the King at St. James with a petition setting forth their grievances from the clandestine importation of French silk, to which His Majesty graciously replied, promising to have the matter properly laid before Parliament.

"An extract from a letter from Virginia gives an account of some Indian outrages, and there is some other intelligence of a similar nature. The other news is of a like temporary interest.

"I have already mentioned a masonic advertisement. I now give it in full:

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN,

That on *Sunday*, the 24th, being the Festival of *St. Jhon* (sic), such strange BRETHREN who may have a desire of joining the Merchants Lodge, No. 1, *Quebec*, may obtain Liberty, by applying to *Miles Prenties*, at the Sun, in *St. John Street*, who has Tickets, Price *Five Shillings*, for that Day.

"One thing is evident, that a printing establishment of 1764 had to be supplied with abundance of italics and capitals to meet the exigencies of the typographic fashion of the time.

"Of the two remaining advertisements, one is an order of the Collector of Customs for the prevention of composition for duties and the other gives a list of 'an assortment of goods,' 'just imported from London, and to be sold at the lowest prices by John Baird, in the upper part of Mr. Henry Morin's house at the entry of the Cul de Sac'—an assortment which is very comprehensive, ranging from leather breeches to frying-pans. From this and subsequent trade advertisements we are able to gather some not unimportant information as to the manner of living of the citizens of Quebec in those days." [22]

William Brown was succeeded in the editorship and proprietorship of this venerable sheet by his nephew, Samuel Neilson, the elder brother of John Neilson, who for years was the trusted member for the County of Quebec; as widely known as a journalist—a legislator—in 1822 our worthy ambassador to England—as he was respected as a patriot.

Samuel Neilson had died in 1793;—his young brother and *protégé*, John, born at Dornald, in Scotland, in 1776, being, in 1793, a minor, the *Gazette* was conducted by the late Rev. Dr. Alex. Sparks, his guardian, until 1796. When John Neilson became of full age, he assumed the direction of the paper for more than half a century, either in his own name or in that of his son Samuel. Hon. John Neilson closed his long and spotless career, at his country seat (Dornald), at Cap Rouge, on the 1st February, 1848, aged 71 years. Who has not heard of the Nestor of the Canadian Press, honest John Neilson? May his memory ever remain bright and fragrant—a beacon to guide those treading the intricate paths of Journalism—a shining light to generations yet unborn!

In a pretty rustic cemetery, the site of which was presented by himself to the Presbyterian Church of Valcartier, near Quebec, were laid, on the 4th February, 1848, the remains of this patriotic man—escorted by citizens of every origin, after an eloquent address had been delivered by the Rev. Dr. John Cook, the present pastor of St Andrew's Church.

The Literary and Historical Society of Quebec is indebted to his son John Neilson, of Dornald, for a precious relic, the iron lever of the first Press used at Quebec in 1764—precious, indeed, as a souvenir of Canadian Journalism.

There are indeed many Scotch names associated with the Quebec Press. Space precludes us from enlarging more on this subject. In alluding to notable Quebec Journalists we are bound to name Daniel Wilkie, LL.D., the editor of the Quebec *Star*,—a literary gazette—in 1818—still better remembered as the esteemed instructor of Quebec youth for forty years.

Dr. Wilkie was born at Tollcross, in Scotland, in 1777, one year later than John Neilson: he settled in Quebec in 1803, and died here on the 10th May, 1851. His pupils had the following truthful words inscribed on the monument they erected to their patron in Mount Hermon cemetery:

"He was a learned scholar
And indefatigable student of philosophy and letters,
An able and successful instructor of youth,
Of genuine uprightness and guileless simplicity
A devout, benevolent and public spirited man."

The Abbé Vignal resided at the corner of St. Louis and Parloir street, previous to joining the *Sulpiciens*. In October, 1661, he was roasted alive and partly eaten by the Mohawks at Isle à la Pierre, *la Prairie de la Magdeleine*, near Montreal. In our day, the judicial and parliamentary heads, and the Bar have monopolized the street. In it have resided at various times, Sir N. F. Belleau, Chief Justice Duval, the Judges Taschereau, Tessier, Bossé, Caron, Routhier; Hon. H. L. Langevin, P. Pelletier, M.P.; Messrs. Bossé, Baby, Alleyn, Languedoc, Tessier, Chouinard, Hamel, Gauthier, Bradley, Dunbar, *cum multis aliis*, some of whose rustic clients are as early birds as those in the days of Horace, and scruple not to wake up their trusted advisers, "*sub galli cantum*." [23]

St. Louis street legal luminaries are careful not to endanger their hard-earned reputations by delivering their consultations with the oracular, Solon-like gravity of the barristers who flourished in the palmy days of Hortensius or Justinian. 'Twould be an anachronism. The traditional fee, however, is rarely omitted. A busy day, indeed, in this neighborhood, watched over by the shades of Louis XIII., St. Louis street, is, in each year, the 1st of September, when the close of the sultry midsummer vacation brings round "the first day of term," then

"Grave gownsmen, full of thought, to 'chambers hie, From court to court, perplexed, attorneys fly; ... each! Quick scouring to and thro', And wishing he could cut himself in two That he two places at a time might reach, So he could charge his six and eightpence each." —(*The Bar, a Poem*, 1825.)

Matters judicial, legal, financial, etc., have much changed—we are inclined to say improved—in Canada, especially for the Judges. "I will not say," writes the satirical La Hontan, "that justice is more chaste and disinterested here than in France; but, at least, if she is sold, she is sold cheaper. We do not pass through the clutches of advocates, the talons of attorneys and the claws of clerks. These vermin do not infest Canada yet. Everybody pleads his own cause. Our Themis is prompt, and she does not bristle with fees, costs and charges. The judges have only four hundred francs a year—a great temptation to look for law in the bottom of the suitor's purse. Four hundred francs! Not enough to buy a cap and gown, so these gentry never wear them." [24] Justice is not now sold, either in Quebec or elsewhere, but judges, on the other hand, viz., in Ottawa, receive, not "four hundred francs," but thirty-five thousand francs (\$7,000) a year, and have "enough to buy a cap and a gown," yea, and a brilliant red one, to boot. *Voilà un progrès*.

On an old plan, in our possession, of the Cape and Mount Carmel, showing the whereabouts of lots and the names of their proprietors, drawn by Le Maître Lamorille, a royal surveyor, bearing date 20th May, 1756, and duly sanctioned by the French Intendant Bigot on the 23rd January, 1759, can be seen at Mont Carmel, St. Louis street, a lot marked "No. 16, M. Pean." [25]

M. Pean, Town Major of Quebec, a trusted confederate of the Intendant Bigot, the proprietor of this land, was the husband of the beautiful Angélique de Meloises, the *inamorata* of the voluptuous and munificent Intendant. In her youth she had been a pupil of the Ursuline nuns. In his *Reminiscences of Quebec*, 2nd edition republished in 1859, Col. Cockburn thus alludes to this St. Louis street house (now Dominion property and occupied by Lt.-Col. Forest and Lt.-Col. D'Orsonnes). "It sometimes happened in those days, when a gentleman possessed a very handsome wife, that the husband was sent to take charge of a distant post, where he was sure to make his fortune. Bigot's *chère amie* was Madame P— in consequence of which as a matter of course, Mr. P— became prodigiously wealthy. Bigot had a house that stood where the officers barracks in St Louis street, now (1851) stands. One New Year's Day he presented this house to Madame P— as a New Year's gift."

Mr. Kirby, in his "*Chien d'Or*," a historical novel of rare Merit, thus recalls this house—"The family mansion of the des Meloises was a tall and rather pretentious edifice overlooking the fashionable rue St Louis where it still stands, old and melancholy as if mourning over its departed splendors. Few eyes look up now-a-days to its broad façade. It was otherwise when the beautiful Angélique de Meloises sat of summer evenings on the balcony, surrounded by a bevy of Quebec's fairest daughters, who loved to haunt her windows where they could see and be seen to the best advantage exchanging salutations, smiles and repartees with the gay young officers and gallants who rode or walked along its lively thoroughfare."

The novelist has selected this historic house for the meeting of the lovers, on Christmas Eve 1748. Here Le Gardeur de Repentigny, the loyal and devoted cavalier was to meet the fascinating, but luckless Cleopatra of St Louis street a century ago and more.

"As Le Gardeur spoke, adds Mr. Kirby; a strain of heavenly harmony arose from the chapel of the Convent of the Ursulines, where they were celebrating midnight service for the safety of New France. Amid the sweet voices that floated up on the notes of the pealing organ was clearly distinguished that of Mère St. Borgia, the aunt of Angélique, who led the choir of nuns. In trills and cadences of divine melody, the voice of Mère St. Borgia rose higher and

higher, like a spirit mounting the skies. The words were indistinct, but Angélique knew them by heart. She had visited her aunt in the convent, and had learned the new hymn composed by her for the solemn occasion. As they listened with quiet awe to the supplicating strain, Angélique repeated to Le Gardeur the words of the hymn as it was sung by the choir of nuns:

—
Soutenez, grande Reine,
Notre pauvre pays!
Il est votre domaine,
Faites fleurir nos lis!
L'Anglais sur nos frontières,
Porte ses étandards
Exaucez nos prières
Protégez nos remparts!"

"The hymn ceased. Both stood mute until the watchman cried the hour in the silent street."

We shall not follow further the beautiful but heartless Cleopatra through her deadly schemes of conquest, or in her flight after the Intendant. Sixteen years after the departure of the Court beauty, on a dark, stormy winter morning, the 31st December, 1775, a loud note of alarm awoke at dawn from their slumbers the demure denizens of St. Louis street. It was the captain of the guard, Captain Malcolm Fraser, [26] formerly of Fraser's Highlanders (78th), but now of the 84th Royal Emigrants, Col. Allan McLean—who, on going his rounds between 4 and 5 in the morning, had passed the guard at St. Louis gate, and had noticed flashes like lightning on the heights without the works. Convinced it was for an attack, he sent notice to all the guards, and ran down St. Louis street, calling "Turn out" as loud and as often as he could. The alarm soon caught the quick ear of the General (Guy Carleton) and the picquet at the Récollets Convent was instantly turned out. Captain Fraser's alarm was timely. Before eight o'clock on that memorable December morning, Benedict Arnold had been wounded, routed at the Sault au Matelot barricade, and 427 of his daring men taken prisoners of war, whilst the Commander-in-Chief, Brigadier-General Richard Montgomery and thirteen followers were lying dead in their snowy shrouds at Près-de-Ville. The rest had taken flight.

The saddest sight ever witnessed in St. Louis street was that which heralded to its awe-struck denizens the issue of the momentous conflict on the adjoining heights in Sept. 1759.

In the paper read by the writer before the Literary and Historical Society of Quebec, on the 3rd of December, 1879, the mournful appearance of the French hero, Montcalm, is thus described:—

"The morning of the 13th September, 1759, has dawned; an astounding rumour fills the air; the citizens of Quebec repeat with bated breath:
Wolfe's army is at the gates of the city.

"Hark! What means this deafening roar of artillery—this hissing of shot and shell—these rolling, murderous volleys of musketry in the direction of the heights of Abraham?

"Hark! to these loud cheers—British cheers mixed with the discordant yells of those savage warriors, Fraser's Highlanders! The fate of a continent has just been decided. The genius of William Pitt has triumphed, though victory was bought at a dear price.

"Here comes from St. Louis gate [27] on his way to the Château, pale, but dauntless—on a black charger—supported by two grenadiers, one on each side of his horse, a General officer wearing the uniform which won at Fontenoy, won at Laufeldt, as well as at the Monongahela [28] and at Carillon. [29] A bloody trail crimsons the *Grande Allée*, St. Louis street, on that gloomy September day. My friends, 'tis the life-blood of a hero. Drop in reverential silence, on the moistened earth, a sympathetic tear; France's chivalrous leader, the victor of many battle-fields, has returned from his last campaign.

"*Oh! mon Dieu! mon Dieu! Le Marquis est tué,*" is repeated by female voices as the death-stricken but intrepid general glides past, to which he courteously replies, trying to quiet their fears, 'that he was not seriously hurt, and not to distress themselves on his account.' '*Ce n'est rien! ce n'est rien! ne vous affligez pas pour moi, mes bonnes amies.*'

"You have all heard the account of the death-bed scene—of his tender solicitude for the good name of France—of his dying injunctions to de Ramesay, the King's lieutenant in charge of the Quebec Garrison, and to the Colonel of the Roussillon Regiment. '*Gentlemen, to your keeping I commend the honour of France. Endeavour to secure the retreat of my army to*

night beyond Cape Rouge. As for myself, I shall pass the night with God, and prepare for death.'

"At nine o'clock in the evening of that 14th of September, 1759, a funeral cortege, issuing from the castle, winds its way through the dark and obstructed streets to the little church of the Ursulines. With the heavy tread of the coffin-bearers keeps time the measured footsteps of the military escort. De Ramesay and the other officers of the garrison following to their resting-place the lifeless remains of their illustrious commander-in-chief. No martial pomp was displayed around that humble bier, but the hero who had afforded at his dying hour the sublime spectacle of a Christian yielding up his soul to God in the most admirable sentiments of faith and resignation, was not laid in unconsecrated ground. No burial rite could be more solemn than that hurried evening service performed by torchlight under the dilapidated roof of a sacred asylum, where the soil had been first laid bare by one of the rude engines of war—a bombshell. The grave tones of the priests murmuring the *Libera me, Domine* were responded to by the sighs and tears of consecrated virgins, henceforth the guardians of the precious deposit, which, but for inevitable fate, would have been reserved to honour some proud mausoleum. With gloomy forebodings and bitter thoughts de Ramesay and his companions in arms withdrew in silence.

"A few citizens had gathered in, and among the rest one led by the hand his little daughter, who, looking into the grave, saw and remembered, more than three fourths of a century later, the rough wooden box, which was all the ruined city could afford to enclose the remains of her defender.

"The skull of the Marquis of Montcalm, exhumed in the presence of the Rev. Abbé Maguire, almoner, in 1833, many here present, I am sure, have seen in a casket, reverently exposed in the room of the present almoner of the Ursuline Convent."

SOCIETY UNDER EARLY ENGLISH RULE.

Under the sway of the English Government, Canada soon recovered her wonted gaiety, and the social condition of the country, following on so large an admixture of a different nationality, is a subject stimulating inquiry. We cannot do better than have recourse again to Mr. Reade's graphic pen in an article on "British Canada in the Last Century," contributed to the *New Dominion Monthly*, and suggested by the *Quebec Gazette* of 1783, the St. Louis Street journal above quoted:—

"If there were nothing left to the enquirer but the single advertisement of John Baird, which appeared in the first number of the *Quebec Gazette*, as the basis of information, he might, with a moderate power of inductiveness, construct a very fair account of the mode of living pursued at Quebec a hundred years ago. But the fact is he is overwhelmed with *data*, and his chief difficulty is to choose with discrimination. There is certainly ample evidence to show that the inhabitants of the ancient capital did not stint themselves in the luxuries of their day and generation. The amount of wine which they consumed was something enormous, nor are we wanting in proof that it was used among the better classes to an extent which public opinion would not allow at the present day. A correspondent, more inclined to sobriety than his fellow citizens, after complimenting Quebec society for its politeness and hospitality—in which qualities it still excels—finds fault with the social custom by which 'men are excited and provoked by healths and rounds of toasts to fuddle themselves in as indecent a manner as if they were in a tavern or in the most unpolished company.' In connection with this state of affairs it may be interesting to give the prices of different wines at that period: Fine Old Red Port was sold at 17 shillings a dozen, Claret at 12s., Priniac at 17s.; Muscat at 24s., Modena at 27s., Malaga at 17s.; Lisbon at 17s.; Fyall at 15s.

"Mr. Simon Fraser, perhaps one of those converted Jacobites who scaled the height of Quebec, in 1759, turned civilian, gives us the price of tea: Single Green tea is 13s. a pound, Best Hyson, 25s; Bohea, 6/6d. Pity that tea was so dear and wine so cheap! Bread was very cheap, and large quantities of wheat were exported—whereas now Lower Canada has to import the most of its cereals. Great attention was paid to dress, and though no sumptuary laws were in force, the principle on which they were founded was still remembered, and attire bespoke the position of the wearer. The articles and styles advertised by drapers and tailors are, of course, in accordance with the manufacture and fashion of the time. The lists of dry goods and fancy goods are very full, but to those engaged in the business now the antique nomenclature might be puzzling. Irish linen was sold at from 1/6 to 7/0 per yard, and Irish sheeting at from 1/6 to 2/6. We are not told the prices of tammies or durants, romals or molletons, cades or shalloons, but we are always carefully informed that they may be had at

the lowest prices. Pains are also taken, in many instances, to indicate the previous experience of the advertisers. Thus tailors and mantua-makers generally 'hail from' London. Mr. Hanna, the watch-maker, whose time-keepers still tick attestation to his industry and popularity, is proud to have learned his trade by the banks of the Liffey. Mr. Bennie, tailor and habit-maker, from Edinburgh, 'begs leave to inform the public that all gentlemen and ladies who will be so good as to favour him with their custom may depend upon being faithfully served on the shortest notice and in the newest fashion for ready money or short credit, on the most reasonable terms.' There were peruke-makers in those days and they seem to have thriven well in Quebec, if we may judge by their advertised sales of real estate. Jewellers also seem to have had plenty to do, as they advertise occasionally for assistants instead of customers. Furriers, hatters, *couturières* and shoemakers also present their claims to public favour, so that there was no lack of provision for the wants of the outer man.

"From the general tone and nature of the advertisements it is easily inferred that the society of Quebec soon after the conquest was gay and luxurious. We are not surprised when we find that a theatrical company found it worth their while to take up their abode there. Among the pieces played we find Home's 'Douglas' and Otway's 'Venice Preserved.' The doors were opened at five o'clock and the entertainment began at half-past six! The frequenters of the 'Thespian Theatre' were a select and privileged class, and only subscribers were admitted. Private theatricals were much in vogue; and, indeed, there was every variety of amusement which climate could allow or suggest, or the lovers of frolic devise. Nor were bards wanting to celebrate these festivities, witness the following extract from a 'carioling song:'

"Not all the fragrance of the spring,
Nor all the tuneful birds that sing,
Can to the *Plains* the ladies bring,
So soon as carioling.

"Nor Venus with the winged Loves,
Drawn by her sparrows or her doves,
So gracefully or swiftly moves,
As ladies carioling,"

"Another poet, whose mind was evidently less healthily braced by outdoor exercise, gives us a very different picture of the recreations of the period. It occurs in the course of an essay in versification called 'Evening.'

"Now minuets o'er, the country dance is formed
See every little female passion rise,
By jealousy, by pride, by envy warmed,
See Adam's child the child of Eve despise.

"With turned-up nose Belinda Chloe eyes,
Chloe Myrtilia with contempt surveys,
"What! with that creature dance!" Cleora cries,
"That vulgar wretch! I faint—unlace my stays.

* * * * *

"Now meet in groups the philosophic band,
Not in the porch, like those of ancient Greece,
But where the best Madeira is at hand
From thought the younger students to release

"For Hoyle's disciples hold it as a rule
That youth for knowledge should full dearly pay,
Wherefore to make young cubs the fitter tool
Presuming sense by Lethean drafts they slay.

* * * * *

"With all the fury of a tempest torn,
With execrations horrible to hear,
By all the wrath of disappointment borne,
The cards, their garments, hair, the losers tear.'

"The winner's unfeeling composure is described in another verse, and

"Now dissipation reigns in varied forms
Now riot in the bowl the senses steeps,
Whilst nature's child, secure from passion's storms,
With tranquil mind in sweet oblivion sleeps.'

"It is to be hoped, for the honour of the ladies and gentlemen of old Quebec, that 'Asmodeus' was under the malign influence of envy, hatred and all uncharitableness when he wrote those cynical verses. If he wrote the truth we cannot be too thankful that the Chloes and Cleoras are dead and buried.

"Who was Miss Hannah MacCulloch? She *was* a young lady once; and, if we may believe her panegyrist, was a beauty in her day. The acrostic in her honor is anonymous, and occasion is taken in the course of it to almost mention some other young ladies by the way of making a climax of her charms. The poet seems to have been inspired by indignation at the insinuations of 'Asmodeus,' for he begins thus.

"Muses, how oft does Satire's vengeful gall
Invoke your powers to aid its bitter sting,'

and then he prefers his own claims to the favor of the Nine

"Sure you will rather listen to my call,
Since beauty and Quebec's fair nymphs I sing'

"It seems his petition was heard, for he forthwith begins his laudation:

"Henceforth Diana in Miss S—ps—n see,
As noble and majestic is her air,
Nor can fair Venus, W—lc—s, vie with thee,
Nor all her heavenly charms with thine compare.

"Around the B—ch—rs Juno's glory plays,
Her power and charms in them attract our praise
Minerva, who with beauty's queen did vie
And patronized all the finer arts,
Crowned the McN—ls with her divinity,
Crowned them the queens of beauty and of hearts.

"Unto fair F—m—n now I turn my song,
Lovely in all she says, in all she does,
Lo! to her toilet see each goddess throng,
One cannot all, but each a charm bestows
Could all these beauties in one female be,
Her whom I sing would be the lovely she.'

"This effusion provoked more criticism than many a book of poetry is subjected to nowadays, and the censors were in their turn criticized by others. Montreal even took part in this literary tournament. But we are left in the dark as to its effect on the spirits, tempers or destinies of Miss MacCulloch and her sister belles.

"It would seem that the author was a young clerk or merchant of Quebec, as one of the critics spitefully tells him not to desert his shop. The ladies themselves do not escape, one writer suggesting that they are coquettish enough already without making them more so. The Montreal correspondent is warned off as an intruder, and told that he had better have saved his ninepence of postage money. Just imagine this silly acrostic furnishing gossip for Quebec and matter for the *Gazette* for two months!

"As another note of the state of society at that time may be mentioned occasional advertisements for the sale of negro lads and wenches, or of rewards for the recovery and restoration of missing ones. Slavery was not abolished in Lower Canada till 1803. In Upper Canada, as a separate province, it hardly ever existed. Did the manumitted blacks remain in Canada after their liberation, or did they seek a more congenial climate?

"For education there does not seem to have been any public provision, but private schools for both sexes were numerous. These were probably expensive, so that the poorer classes

were virtually debarred from the advantages of learning. The instruction of Catholic children was in the hands of the clergy, and it may be that in some of the conventual schools a certain number were admitted free of expense or at reduced rates. It would appear that some of the young ladies were sent to English boarding-schools, if we may judge by advertisements in which the advantages of these institutions are set forth.

"A Miss or Mrs. Agnes Galbraith not only taught school, but also carried on the millinery business, to which she informs the public that she had served a regular apprenticeship, besides having been 'a governess for several years to a genteel boarding-school.'

"The principal of a boys' school who resided at Three Rivers 'respectfully begs leave to remark that he means to presume no further than he is perfectly able to perform, and build his hope of encouragement on no other foundation than his assiduity to merit it.' His 'course' is nevertheless a pretty full one, including English, French, Latin, Greek, writing in a natural and easy style after the best precedents; arithmetic, vulgar and decimal; geography, with use of the globes; geometry, navigation with all the *late modern* improvements; algebra, and every other useful and ornamental branch of mathematical learning. Some of the other male teachers write in a similar strain of their qualifications."

"It may be inferred, then, that the wealthier classes of Canada in those days had much the same advantages of culture as their friends in England. Intercourse with the mother country was much more general and frequent than might be imagined, and, no doubt, many young gentlemen, after a preliminary training at a colonial academy, were sent home to enter some of the English public schools or universities. From the higher ranks downwards education varied till it reached the 'masses,' with whom its index was a cipher. There is no reason to suppose, however, that the population of Canada, taken as a whole, was less cultivated during the last forty years of the eighteenth century than that of any European nation during the same period. From the consideration of education, one naturally passes to that of crime. Thefts were frequent, and sometimes committed on a large scale. The punishment was whipping at a cart-tail through the streets of the city—the culprits themselves being whipped and whipsters in turn. Assault, stealing in private houses, and highway robbery were punished with death. The expiation for manslaughter was being branded in the hand which did the deed. Desertion was very frequent, especially among the Hessians and Brunswickers then stationed in Canada. In some cases they were promised pardon if they returned to their regiments, but woe to them if they returned against their will! Towards the end of the year 1783 'Gustavus Leight, a German doctor, confined for felony, broke out of His Majesty's jail at Quebec.' He was '25 years of age, about 5 feet high.' We are not told whether or not he was captured as the advertisement is continued to the end of the year, but if he did not change his dress he could not have succeeded in baffling very long the keen eye of a detective, for "he had on, when he made his escape, a brown coat, red plush waistcoat, white stockings and cock'd hat.' If such a gentleman made his appearance in the streets of any Canadian city to-day, he would certainly be requested to 'move on,' or asked to 'explain his motives.' One thing is certain, that prisoners for felony in the year 1783 had not to submit to any arbitrary sumptuary arrangement—at least in the Quebec *gaol* (as it is always spelled in the *Gazette*, perhaps because it is the goal of evildoers).

"The general state of society in Montreal, as well as in Three Rivers, St. Johns, L'Assomption, Terrebonne, Sorel and the other towns and villages in existence at the period which we are considering was, in all probability, very like that of Quebec—the last-mentioned place having, of course, a certain prestige as the capital.

"It would be futile to attempt to give an accurate picture of the appearance of Montreal or Quebec at that distant date, and a description pretending to accuracy would not be possible without the collation of more ancient records than are easily obtainable by one person. The names of some of the streets, as Notre Dame, St. Paul and St. Antoine in Montreal, and St. John's, Fabrique, St. Peter and others in Quebec, are still unchanged. Villages near these towns, such as Ste. Foye, Beauport, Charlesbourg, Sault aux Récollets, St. Denis, Ste. Thérèse, etc., are also frequently mentioned in the old *Gazettes*. Detroit and Niagara were places of considerable importance, and St. Johns, Chambly, Berthier, L'Assomption, L'Acadie and other places were much more influential communities in comparison with the population of the country than they are to-day. The authorities at Quebec and Montreal were not wanting in endeavors to keep these cities clean, to judge, at least, by the published 'regulations for the police.' Every householder was obliged to put the Scotch proverbs in force, and keep clean and 'free from filth, mud, dirt, rubbish straw or hay' one-half of the street opposite his own house. The 'cleanings' were to be deposited on the beach, as they still are in portions of Montreal and Quebec which border on the river. Treasure-trove in the

shape of stray hogs could be kept by the finder twenty-four hours after the event, if no claim had been made in the meantime, and if the owner declared himself in person or through the bellman, he had to pay 10s. before he could have his pork restored. Five shillings was the penalty for a stray horse. The regulations for vehicles, slaughter-houses, sidewalks, markets, etc., were equally strict. Among other duties, the carters had to keep the markets clean. The keepers of taverns, inns and coffee-houses had to light the streets. Every one entering the town in a sleigh had to carry a shovel with him for the purpose of levelling *cahots* which interrupted his progress, 'at any distance within three leagues of the town.' The rates of cabs and ferry-boats are fixed with much precision. No carter was allowed to plead a prior engagement, but was to go 'with the person who first demanded him, under a penalty of twenty shillings.' The rate of speed was also regulated, and boys were not allowed to drive.

"Constant reference is made to the walls and gates of Montreal as well as Quebec, and there is reason to believe the smaller towns were similarly fortified. Beyond the walls, however, there was a considerable population, and many of the military officers, Government officials and merchants had villas without the city. The area in Montreal which lies between Craig, St. Antoine and Sherbrooke streets was studded with country-houses with large gardens and orchards attached. The seigneurs and other gentry had also fine, capacious stone-built residences, which much enhanced the charm of the rural scenery. Some of the estates of those days were of almost immense extent. The Kings of France thought nothing of granting a whole province, and, even in British times, there were gentlemen whose acres would have superimposed an English county. The extraordinary donation of James I. of a large portion of North America to Sir William Alexander was not long since brought before the public by the claims of his descendants. Large tracts of land were given away by Louis XIII., Louis XIV. and other French kings, by Oliver Cromwell and the Stuarts, and the same extravagant system of entailing unmanageable wealth on companies and individuals was continued after the conquest.

"It would be interesting to know what was the kind of literary fare on which the intellect of Canada subsisted in those days. It cannot be supposed that the people spent all their time in business and social pleasure. There must have been readers as well as cariolers and dancers, and the literature of England and France was by no means scanty. Great writers on every subject have flourished since that time, but some of the greatest that ever lived, some of those whose productions are still read with the highest pleasure, were the offspring of the two centuries which preceded the conquest. No one will be surprised to find, then, that in the year 1783, a circulating library in Quebec numbered nearly 2,000 volumes. Nor is the enquirer left in the dark as to its probable contents. In the Quebec *Gazette* of the 4th of December, a list of books is given which 'remained unsold at M. Jacques Perrault's, very elegantly bound'—and books were bound substantially as well as elegantly in those days. In this list are found 'Johnson's Dictionary,' then regarded as one of the wonders of the literary world, 'Chesterfield's Letters,' long the *vade-mecum* of every young gentleman beginning life, and which, even in our own days (and perhaps still), were frequently bound along with spelling and reading books, the 'Pilgrim's Progress', which it is not necessary to characterize, Young's 'Night Thoughts,' the 'Spectator and 'Guardian,' Rapin's 'English History,' 'Cook's Voyages,' Rousseau's 'Eloise,' 'Télémaque,' 'Histoire Chinoise,' 'Esprit des Croissades,' 'Lettres de Fernand Cortes,' 'Histoire Ancienne' par Rollin, 'Grammaire Anglaise et Française,' 'Dictionnaire par l'Académie,' 'Dictionnaire de Commerce,' 'Dictionary of the Arts and Sciences,' 'Smith's Housewife,' 'The Devil on Sticks,' 'Voltaire's Essay on Universal History,' 'Dictionnaire de Cuisine' and several others on various subjects, 'Oeuvres de Rabelais,' 'American Gazetteer,' etc. These, it will be remembered, had remained unsold, but among the sold there must have been copies of the same.

"It is, according to our notions of to-day, a meagre collection, but, no doubt, many families possessed good libraries, brought with them from over the sea, and the bookseller may not have kept a large stock at one time. It was the custom for merchants to sell off all their overlying goods before they went or sent to Europe for a reinforcement.

"The following books were advertised as 'missing:!'—Langhorn's Plutarch, 1st vol., Thomson's Works, 4th vol., Gordon's 'Universal Accountant,' 1st vol.; and Gray's Hudibras, 2nd vol. For each one of them there is offered a reward of *two dollars!* Reading was expensive recreation in those times.

"The reader, perhaps, has seen, or, it may be, possesses one of those old libraries, of which the general public occasionally have a glimpse at auction rooms, composed of standard authors, and beautifully and solidly bound, which had adorned the studies of the fathers of our country. They contain all that was best in the French and English literature of the last

century—history, poetry, divinity, *belles lettres*, science and art. From these may be gathered what were the tastes, the culture and the thought of the Canadians of the last century.

"Music and painting were cultivated—the former being, as now, a necessary part of female education. Of a festival given by the young ladies of a place called *La Côte*, near Quebec, in 1764, it is promised in the programme that "the orchestra and symphony will be composed of instruments of all kinds." It may interest some ladies to know that among the dances at the same entertainment are mentioned 'l'Harlequinade,' 'La Chinoise,' and 'La Matelote Hollandaise'—some relation, perhaps, to the 'Sailor's Hornpipe.'

"The settlement in Canada of the United Empire Loyalists, after the peace of September, 1783, by which the independence of the revolted colonies was recognized, must have had a considerable influence on Canadian society, and more than atoned for sufferings inflicted on the colony during the progress of the war. Repeated efforts had been made by the Americans to engage the affections of the Canadians. Among those whom Congress had appointed commissioners to treat with the Canadian people on this subject was the renowned Dr. Benjamin Franklin, whose visit to this country was not the most successful portion of his career. Although in some instances there was a manifestation of disaffection to the British Government, the great bulk of the population remained unmistakably loyal. In the *Quebec Gazette* of October 23rd, 1783, is found the Act of Parliament passed in favour of the Loyalists, in which the 25th day of March, 1784, is fixed as the limit of the period during which claims for relief or compensation for the loss of property should be received. How many availed themselves of the provisions of this act it is not easy to say, but the whole number of persons dispossessed of their estates and forced to seek another home in consequence of their continued allegiance, is set down at from 25,000 to 30,000. Of these, the great majority took up their abodes in the Canadas, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, while a few went to the West Indies, and others returned to England. The biographies of some of these Loyalist settlers in British North America would be full of interest and instruction. But records of family movements and vicissitudes are very rarely kept—most rarely in those cases in which adventures are most frequent and the course of events most changeful. I have, however, seen accounts of the early settlements in the Eastern Townships, P. Q., and in different portions of Ontario, which were full of the romance of faith, of courage, and of perseverance."

THE ST. LOUIS HOTEL

A sketch of this fashionable thoroughfare—St. Louis street—the headquarters of the judiciary, barristers, politicians, etc., would be incomplete without a mention of the chief trysting-place of travellers and tourists for the last thirty years—the leading hostelry of Quebec. St. Louis Hotel is made up of two or more private dwellings joined together. That on the corner of Haldimand and St. Louis streets formerly was owned as a residence by the late Edward Burroughs, Esq., P. S. C. Next to it stood, in 1837, Schlupe's Hotel—the Globe Hotel—kept by a German, and where the military swells in 1837-8-9 and our jolly curlers used to have *recherché* dinners or their frugal "beef and greens" and fixings. In 1848, Mr. Burroughs' house was rented to one Robert Bambrick, who subsequently opened a second-class hotel at the corner of Ste. Anne and Garden streets, on the spot on which the Queen's printer, the late Mr. George Desbarats, built a stately office for the printing of the *Canada Gazette*—subsequently sold on the removal of the Government to Ottawa—now the Russell House. The *Globe* Hotel belonged to the late B. C. A. Gogy, Esq. It was purchased by the late Messrs Lelièvre & Angers, barristers, connected with two or three adjacent tenements, and rented, about 1852, to Messrs. Azro and Willis Russell (represented now by the Russell Hotel Company) for the St. Louis Hotel. Connected by a door through the wall with the Music Hall, it is a notable landmark in St. Louis street and an object of considerable interest to city cabmen as well, during the season of tourists. Its dining saloon, on the second floor, has witnessed many bountiful repasts, to celebrate social, military, political or literary events, none better remembered than that of the 17th of November, 1880, when the *élite* of Quebec crowded in unusual numbers—about one hundred and eighty citizens, English and French—to do honour, by a public banquet, to the laureate of the French Academy, M. Louis Honoré Fréchette, [30] to celebrate his receiving in August last, in Paris, from the *Académie Française*, the unprecedented distinction, for a colonist, of the *Grand Prix Monthyon* (2,000 livres) for the excellence of his poetry.

Subjoined will be found the names of some of those present, also, extracts from a few of the addresses delivered. We regret much that want of space precludes us from adding more of the eloquent speeches delivered, because they throw light for English readers on the high degree of culture French literature has attained at Quebec. All, we are sure, will rejoice with us that, for the cause of letters, M. Fréchette was timely rescued from the quagmire of political warfare and hustings promises.

"Mr. L. H. Fréchette, the laureate of the French Academy, was last night the recipient of marks of honor and esteem, in the shape of a magnificent banquet given him at the St. Louis Hotel, by the citizens of Quebec and vicinity. The tables were laid in the large dining hall of the St. Louis Hotel, which was handsomely decorated for the occasion. The walls were partially covered with French and English flags, and wreaths of evergreen surrounded all the windows. Behind the Chairman, on a bracket, was an excellent bust of the Canadian poet, having on either side paintings of scenes in Mr. Fréchette's drama, 'Papineau,' by Mr. E. W. Sewell, Levis.

"Over 125 gentlemen sat down to the banquet, amongs-whom we noticed—
The Honorable Judge Henri T. Taschereau, M. Lefavre, Consul of France, Count de Premio-Real, Consul-General of Spain, the Baron Bols, Consul-General of Belgium, Major Wasson, Consul of the United States, M. Thors, Hon. W. Laurier, Hon. I. Thibaudeau, Hon. C. A. P. Pelletier, C.M.G. Hon. D. A. Ross, M.P.P., Achille Larue, N.P., Charles Langelier, M.P.P., Hon. H. G. Joly, M.P.P., Hon. F. Langelier, M.P.P., Hon. Arthur Turcotte, Speaker of the Assembly, Dr. Rinfret, M.P.P., P. B. Casgrain, N.P., James Dunbar, Esq., Q.C., Nazaire Turcotte, Dr. Colin Sewell, Oscar Dunn, C. Antil, B. Bédard, G. T. Davie, G. Paré, Henri Delagrave, W. E. Brunet, E. W. Sewell, F. X. Lemieux, Faucher de St. Maurice, F. M. Dechêne, G. E. T. Rinfret, O. L. Richardson, Louis Bilodeau, Oscar Lanctôt, N. Levasseur, George Stewart, jr., Edward Thomas, D. Chambers, F. G. Gautier, Paul de Cazes, R. J. Bradley, D. J. Montambault, T. Godfroy Papineau, N.P., Montreal, De La Broquerie Taché, C. Massiah, James M. LeMoine, President Literary and Historical Society, W. J. Wyatt, Alphonse Pouliot, Dr. L. LaRue, Colonel Rhodes, Dr. Pourtier, C. Duquet, V. Bélanger, Charles Langlois, W. C. Languedoc, Alfred White, Peter McEwan, George Henry Powell, A. P. Beaulieu, Alfred Lemieux, Elie Lachance, Richard L. Suffur, Lieut.-Col. Turnbull, H. M. Price, R. St. B. Young, G. R. White, Captain Gzowski, J. U. Laird, Chariot, Fitzpatrick, E. Swindell, E. J. Hale, Cecil Fraser, Aug. Stuart, C. V. M. Temple, Timolaus Beaulieu, C. S. Beaulieu, N. Laforce, George Bouchard, L. N. Carrier, J. B. Michaud, Dr. Lamontagne. Dr. Collet, Arthur Lavigne, P. Boutin, M.P.P., F. Fortier, G. Bresse, J. S. C. Wurtele, M.P.P., P. E. Godbout, Paul Dumas, Lieutenant Drury, Captain Wilson, H. G. Sheppard, J. B. Charleson, Dr. Hubert LaRue, H. J. J. B. Chouinard, Président de l'Institut Canadien, H. J. Beemer, J. L. Renaud, E. W. Méthot, E. C. E. Gauthier, O. Leger, J. E. Pouliot, D. R. Barry, L. P. Lemay, Jacques Auger, Ernest Pacaud, J. Allaire, M.P., T. G. Tremblay, M.P., J. J. Gahan, Joseph Blondeau, Thomas Potvin, J. B. Z. Dubeau, Frs. Bertrand, J. C. Hamel, Emile Jacot, John Buchanan, Antoine Carrier, William Breakey.

"The Chair was occupied by Hon. Judge H. T. Taschereau, having on his right the guest of the evening, L. H. Fréchette, the Count Premio- Real, Hon. C. A. P. Pelletier, Mr. Wasson, Hon. F. Langelier, M. Thors of Paris, &c., and on his left the Consul-General for France, Hon. Mr. Laurier, Mr. Bols, Hon. D. Ross, &c.

"The banquet was given in the well-known excellent style of the Russell Hotel Company, which never leaves anything to be desired. After full justice had been done the good things provided for the occasion, silence was obtained, when the following resolution, presented to Mr. Fréchette by the Literary and Historical Society of Quebec, was read by the Secretary, Mr. Delagrave:—

"At a monthly general meeting of the Literary and Historical Society, held on the 13th October last:

"It was proposed by Commander Ashe, R.N., seconded by R. McLeod, Esq.,

"That the Literary and Historical Society of Quebec has witnessed with the highest satisfaction the literary honours conferred in August last, by the *Académie Française*, on Monsieur Louis Honoré Fréchette, for the poetical excellence of his two poems, 'Les Fleurs Boréales' and 'Les Oiseaux de Neige.'

"That the Academical crown, encircling the brow of a Canadian poet, ought to be as much prized by Canada as it must be dear to its gifted son, the Laureate of the French Academy.

"That such a signal distinction conferred by the highest literary tribunal, whilst it exhibits in such a favourable light the intellectual vigour of the Province of Quebec, cannot be otherwise than a subject of legitimate pride to the Dominion of Canada.

"That the President and Secretary of this Society be charged with the pleasant duty of conveying to Monsieur L. H. Fréchette the expression of the sentiments of admiration with which it views his literary success.

(Signed,) J. M. LEMOINE, President
ALEX. ROBERTSON, Secretary

Quebec, 13th October, 1880.

"The usual loyal toasts—the Queen and Governor-General—were given by the Chairman, and enthusiastically honoured.

"The Chairman then proposed "France," the toast being received with the usual honours and responded to by M. Lefavre, the Consul-General for France.

"M. Lefavre made an interesting speech, alluding to the past and present of France, to the communication between the France of the Old World and the *Nouvelle France* of this Western hemisphere, dwelling upon the honours achieved by the guest of the evening in Paris, and contending that literature was the soul of a nation.

"The Chairman, Hon. Mr. Justice H. Taschereau, then rose to propose the toast of the evening, being received with loud and prolonged cheering. He said,—

"GENTLEMEN,—I have now the honour to propose the toast of the evening—the health of our distinguished fellow-countryman, our guest, Louis Honoré Fréchette, the poet of Canada, crowned by the Academy of France. You have heard, gentlemen, the loud hurrah of all Canada in honour of one of her children, and here, perhaps, I might cease speaking. Nothing that I might say could increase the glad strength of the general voice of the country, when the news arrived here that the grand arena of literature, the French Academy, an institution whose life is counted by centuries, and which is without equal in the world, that great interpreter and infallible judge of the difficulties, the beauties and the genius of the French language, had given one of its annual prizes, and perhaps the finest of all—the prize of poetry—to one of our countrymen. I could never fittingly express or depict the sentiments of pride and joy felt by all lovers of literature in this country—I may add of all good Canadians—when the news came from beyond the ocean, from that sacred France, mother of civilization; from fairy Paris, capital of the Muses, that Mr. Fréchette had been crowned! But, as Chairman of this happy reunion, at the risk of but faintly re-echoing the general sentiment, I must at least try to express my feelings in proposing this toast. The emotions which I feel are of a dual nature, that of friendship and of patriotism, and, as friendship is nearer to the heart, so I gave that feeling the first place. The speaker here referred to his collegiate days in the Seminary of Quebec, where he met Mr. Fréchette, and in preparing himself for the battle of life, had won the friendship of the Canadian poet. He alluded to Mr. Fréchette's first efforts in verse, and had judged his early attempts, and in referring to his (the Judge's) own literary works at the time, the speaker said that the line of Boileau might be applied to him,

"'Pour lui, Phoebus est sourd et Pégase est rétif.'

"At that time, Mr. Fréchette had not reached the heights of Helicon, nor attained the regions wherein the 'Boreal Flowers' are gathered and the 'Snow Birds' fly, but the little flowers he gathered in more modest fields had around them the perfume of genuine poetry, and the emerald, ruby and topaz of art already shone in the dainty plumage of his summer birds. Mr. Fréchette published in a small journal in manuscript, called *L'Echo*, of which Judge Taschereau was then editor in the Seminary, the first efforts of his muse. This souvenir of the past is now very precious to me, said the speaker, because it enables me to state that I was the first editor of our poet's works. Judge Taschereau further alluded to the time when, with Mr. Fréchette, he studied law, that dry study, and though the poet was thus devoted to the goddess Themis, he nevertheless found time to worship at the shrine of song. How could the poet do otherwise? His fame had already gone abroad. The journals of the country were already publishing his sonnets, odes and songs. His acrostics were sought after to grace the

albums of fair ladies. Even the volunteers of Canada asked him for war-songs, which are happily more frequently heard in drawing-rooms than in camps. The young student did not possess himself. He was already the property of the country, and the Institutes of Justinian were put aside for the more pleasing task of framing idyllic pictures of poetic genius. In fact, Crémazie was almost forgotten, and the name of Fréchette was on every tongue. Mr. Taschereau tried to reclaim the poet to his legal duties, and give him the place of Mr. Faucher de St. Maurice in his office. Mr. Fréchette accepted the sinecure, but no sooner had he done so than Mr. Faucher returned, anxious, no doubt, for good and congenial company. Judge of my happiness, with Fréchette and Faucher in my office, and I their humble patron. I thought I would succeed in converting my friends, but in this I failed, for they led me on their own paths until I myself began to versify, and, instead of reading Pothier, read 'proofs' of verses. As it is, Mr. Fréchette did become a lawyer; but Mr. Faucher abandoned the pursuit—he retired from my office, lost forever to Themis, but safe to the cause of literature. The departure of my young friends saved me. I could never expect to win the applause of the French Academy, and thus, as I am enabled to preside at this banquet, I may be permitted to offer our guest a bouquet of friendship's flowers, gathered during twenty-five years, and I feel that its perfume will be agreeable to my distinguished friend. The life of Mr. Fréchette is written in the poetry and literature of this country. He has marched steadily onward from the day on which he wrote his *Loisirs*, until the grand moment when he stood the crowned victor in the Academy of France. We have known our guest as a lawyer, journalist and member of Parliament, and have always admired his wonderful faculties, ever ready as he was to promote the welfare of his friends. His large heart contributed to pave the way to success, for, undoubted though his talents are, his winning manners won for him an ever-growing popularity, and we may affirm that, if he had traducers, he had, on the other hand, a host of friends. Traducers always follow the wake of a literary man, and they resemble the creeping things which we suffer in our gardens, because their existence can lead to no effectual harm. I may have occupied your time at too great length in treating of Mr. Fréchette as a friend. Allow me now, however, for a few moments, to speak of his success from a patriotic point of view. As French-Canadians, we are proud of our Laureate, and happy to see him in our midst this evening. In crowning our distinguished poet, the French Academy has given a splendid recognition to Canadian literature in the great Republic of Letters. Our Laureate is a French-Canadian, but our fellow-citizens of British origin have joined with us in this manifestation of our joy, and through their press, as at such gatherings as this, they have spontaneously recognized his talent, thus showing their spirit of justice and their enlightened patriotism. Party politics have ceased their discordant cries to join unanimously in honoring our Laureate, and this is a spectacle of consolation to the country. No commentary is required on this expression of our joy. It is, in itself, the most eloquent of proofs that the citizens of Quebec, as well as those of Montreal, in giving this festival to Mr. Fréchette, have invited all Canadians, in the largest acceptation of the word, to do him honour. In concluding, as I know you are anxious to hear him address you this evening, permit me to make a comparison. One of the most distinguished of modern poets, Alfred de Musset, said in a moment of despair:—

"J'ai perdu ma force, et ma vie,
 Et mes amis, et ma gaîté:
 J'ai perdu jusqu'à la fierté
 Qui faisait croire à mon génie."

"I have lost my strength and my life, my friends and my gayety, almost my very pride, which made me believe in my genius.' We may say to Mr. Fréchette, as an offset to this cry of despair from one of his elder poetic brethren: 'Courage! You have strength and life! More friends than ever! An enthusiasm of gayety which is fathomless! March on and sing! We are proud of you, and we believe in your genius, crowned, as it is, by the highest literary tribunal in the world—that of the Forty Immortals!' (Cheers.)

"The utmost enthusiasm pervaded those present, and when the poet laureate rose to reply, he was greeted with loud applause, which continued for several minutes. Mr. Fréchette said:—

"MR. CHAIRMAN AND GENTLEMEN,—For some time past I have abstained from public speaking, and there are those amongst my best friends who tell me that I have done well. To-day Montreal [31] and Quebec seem to have conspired against me, to oblige me to make two speeches on the same subject. This, though flattering to me, is hardly fair. If, having pleaded in one sense, I were asked to take the opposite ground, it might appear that such would not embarrass a lawyer, and one who has also been a politician, but in my present position I am called upon to treat the same question twice, and absolutely in the same sense. How can I

discover something new to advance. Naturally, I felt embarrassed at the outset, but, at any risk, my duty is to respond to your flattering call, and thus to best avenge myself upon this conspiracy of my friends. It will not be surprising if I affirm that the occasion of this reunion has for me a character of especial solemnity. Seated at this festive board, I see the representatives of different nations, who, in private capacities also, have won general respect. I see, also, my fellow-citizens of Quebec and of Levis, my native town—the schoolmates of my earliest days—*confrères* in professional life and in the walks of literature—comrades of past political struggles—friends, ever indulgent and generous—political leaders of whom I have always been proud, and gentlemen of various origins, divergent opinions and different religious beliefs, all tendering me their warmest congratulations upon the success I have achieved in the literary world. No words of mine are adequate to express my feelings, not can I sufficiently thank you all for this spontaneous and sympathetic demonstration in honour of one who regrets that he is not more worthy of your favour. I can only accept your evidences of friendship with cordial emotion, thank you from the depth of my heart and bear with me from this hall a proud memory which will unite with the remembrances of my youth, all of which are so intimately identified with the hospitable people of Quebec, and, in so declaring, I am but assuring you that this remembrance will ever attend upon me. The past vouches for this; for when my tent of exile shook in the winds from off the great Western lakes, or slept on the bowery shores of Louisianian streams; when my traveller's skiff was rocked on the waters of the Southern gulfs, or was reflected on the blue waves of the Loire; when I had before me the wild majesty of Niagara, the immensity of the ocean, or when, filled with admiration, I paused to gaze upon the stupendous monuments of the Old World, my thoughts ever instinctively flew back to the good old city of Champlain, unparalleled in the world for the picturesque splendor of its site, and the poetry which no less issues from the very stones of its fortress, than it lingers upon every page of its history. Yes! Old Quebec! In all places I have cherished with devotion every memory of you, for within your walls my heart first opened to the noble teaching of intellect! It is your lofty embrasures—your flag, bravely floating in the skies—your abrupt rock, your stretches of ramparts, your brilliant steeples, reflecting their beauty on the bosom of the St. Lawrence, mingled with the sails of your cosmopolitan navies; which, for the first time, awoke the poetic enthusiasm in my breast. Long ago I first saw these scenes from the window of an humble cottage of Levis, half-hidden in a screen of foliage; and in my youngest days, ere I knew the method or formation of a verse, I felt the fluttering against the cage of my heart of that golden bird, whose sonorous voice is styled Poetry. In fact, gentlemen, I was carried towards a literary career from the very outset, and in this connection you will permit me to relate a little anecdote. You will pardon me if I appear egotistical, but your cordial reception warrants me in looking for your indulgence. I had learned to read in a book full of reveries and sentiment, entitled 'Letters or the poet Gilbert to his sister.' Of course I understood but little of it, yet it made a deep impression on my imagination. One day my father, an honest man and good citizen, if there were ever any such, but who had nothing in common with the Muses, asked my brother and I what professions we would adopt when we grew big. 'For me,' replied my happy-hearted brother Edmond, 'I will be a carter,' and 'I will be a poet,' I immediately added. I still remember my father's smile of affectionate pity when he heard these unexpected declarations from the hopes of his declining years. "My poor children," said he, with a resigned air, "these two occupations will never lead you to wealth and fortune." Later I understood the wise reflection of my father, but no one carves out his own destiny and he must submit to fate. I have vainly tried other careers but finally was obliged to return to this dream of my infancy. As the poet says,

"Drive away the natural, and it returns at full speed."

Yes, dear old City of Quebec, so old and so glorious, so beautiful in your *ensemble* and so characteristic in your details, so cordial and so hospitable, in presence of your noblest children assembled here to welcome me, within your old walls, let me give this testimony, that if I have had the happiness of causing the Canadian name to be heard in the immortal shrine of French literature it is to you I owe it, and to you is my gratitude offered. For I must tell you, gentlemen, that I loved Quebec too much, at the distance, not to hasten across the river, when the bird felt that his wings were strong enough to fly. At that time the greatest of the poets of Quebec, Octave Crémazie, sang the glories of our ancestors and the brave deeds of old France. His energetic and inspired voice excited youthful emulation. A group of budding writers surrounded him, but each one felt timid and hesitated to tune his notes amongst the loud echoes of his vigorous patriotism. Alas! the star fled from our skies, another generation of enthusiastic poets and writers disputed the honour of seizing the lyre, so heavy for their fingers, which had been left on the rock of Quebec, by the author of the Flag of Carillon. O! my old comrades, do you think as frequently as do I, of those old days,

when with hearts full of poetic illusions, we united our talents, our hopes and I might add our poverty, to establish that spiritual association in which the beautiful was idolized, seekers as we were after the ideal, dealers in mental *bijouterie*, despised at first by some, but which succeeded more than once in directing the attention of literary France to our shores? Do you, at times, remember our joyful meetings, our interminable readings, our long hours of continued study and waking reveries in common—do you yet remember the bewildering evenings in which the glass of Henri Murger mingled its sonorous tinklings, bright and merry, to the love-song of our flowery youth? We were all rivals, but

"Our hearts, as our lute, vibrated as one,"

and God knows that this rivalry never severed the bonds of affection which united us, and so was founded what has since been styled the Mutual Admiration Society. Mutual Admiration Society! If we were to consider the number of books, dress-coats, gloves and other articles of more intimate character that were exchanged between us, it might more safely have been called the Society for Mutual Support. At all events, from the spectacle before me this evening I gather that this Society of Mutual Admiration, if admiration it must be termed, has taken a singular development since I had the honour of assisting so frequently at its meetings, and there is nothing surprising in this, since one of the most distinguished of the founders of this society, Mr. Faucher de St. Maurice, informed me the other day that the society in question was about to annex the French Academy. (Laughter.) But to be serious, allow me to recount another anecdote. There was a time, gentlemen, when our Mutual Admiration was far from being so ambitious as to dream of having a *succursale* under the rotunda of the French Institute. But if our productions were meagre, our revenues were still more so, and famine often reigned in the chests of the confraternity. However we had our own days of abundance when there was corn in Egypt. The first Quebecker who understood that poetry, unlike perpetual motion, could not feed itself, was a brewer, whose memory is now legendary and who was known by the harmonious name of McCallum. Arthur Casgrain, who in a couple of years afterwards we sorrowfully bore to the cemetery, had thought of composing an Epic on the Grand Trunk. This was called "La grande Tronciade!" Well in one of the twelve parts of this production, so very original, there were three remarkable lines.

"Buvons, buvons, amis, de ce bon maccallome,
Venant directement du brasseur qu'il dénome!
C'est ça qui vous retape et vous refait un homme?"

The effect was magical. The heart of the brewer was touched. A long waggon on which we could read the eloquent words "pale ale and porter" stopped next day before our door. For twenty minutes a man with burthened step climbed the Jacob's ladder which led to the poet's attic, and one hundred and forty-four bottles of inviting appearance ranged themselves around the chamber. I cannot picture the joy of the happy recipient. In his enthusiasm he offered me a community in his good fortune—of course under a pledge of inviolable secrecy. But as I felt the imperious necessity of communicating my emotions I was as wanting in discretion as he had been, and that evening all the Bohemians, students and literary friends even to the remotest degree followed in the wake of McCallum's bottles, and invaded the attic chamber of poor Arthur (your good-natured cousin, Mr. President.) There we had French, English, Latin and Greek speeches in prose and in verse. Arsène Michaud has even prepared a story for the occasion. In brief, the hecatomb was made; the libation was Olympic, the twelve dozen disappeared and on the morrow poor Casgrain showed me with a sad face the Homeric remains of his one day's wealth, and in a lamentable tone of despair he exclaimed: "I will have to write another poem." Gentlemen, that was the first time in Canada that poetry made a return to its author, and in tasting these delicate viands which the hospitable city of Quebec now offers to one of those early Bohemians in recognition of his literary success, I could not fail to recollect with emotion this amusing circumstance now enveloped, with other scenes of youth, sometimes glad—sometimes sorrowful, in the shadowy robe of past recollections. Another story just suggests itself to my mind. Lusignan and I occupied the attic of an old house in Palace street. Our room was heated by a stove-pipe, which reached from the lower apartments. One day I had published in *Le Canadien*—*Tempora Mutantur*—a little poem in which was the following line:

"Shivering in my attic poor."

The next day a surprise awaited us. A dumb stove had replaced the mere stove-pipe, and while holding our sides from laughter we heard this speech: "Gentlemen, we are very indulgent, considering your noisy meetings—we are not very particular when rent-day

arrives—and if you *so shivered* in your room, it would have been better to have said so privately, than to have complained of it in the newspapers." (Laughter.) Poor Mrs. Tessier, our landlady—she was not well acquainted with figures of speech, but she has been the Providence of many of the destitute, and more than one who hears me now can say as I do, that no better or more obliging heart ever beat in a more pitiful bosom towards purseless youth. And who knows, it is perhaps due to this sympathetic feeling of its population towards literary men and writers that this city of Quebec has seen such an array of talent within her bosom, such a succession of Pleiades of distinguished litterateurs, who have glorified her name and that of their country. For the last fifty years, men eminent in all branches of literature have made a gorgeous and resplendent aureole around the city of Quebec. In the generation immediately preceding us, we see Petitclerc, Parent, Soulard, Chauveau, Garneau, L'Ecuyer, Ferland, Barthe and Réal Angers, these grand pioneers of intellect, who in history, poetry, drama and romance, made such a wide opening for the generation which followed them. Then we have l'Abbé Laverdière, l'Abbé Casgrain, LeMoine, Fiset, Taché, Plamondon, LaRue, and the first among all Octave Crémazie, who coming at different times bravely and constantly continued the labours of their predecessors, until we reach the brilliant phalanx of contemporary writers, Lemay, Fabre, l'Abbé Begin, Routhier, Oscar Dunn, Faucher de St. Maurice, Buies, Marmette and Legendre, all charged with the glorious task of preserving for Quebec her legitimate title of the Athens of Canada. And how could it be otherwise? Is not Quebec the cradle of our nationality—the spot whereon is engraved the most illustrious pages of our history—heroic annals, touching souvenirs, all combining with the marvels of nature to speak here the soul of the historian and of the poet. What a flourishing field for the historian and poet is not the tale of that handful of Breton heroes, who, three centuries ago, planted on the rock of Quebec the flag of Christianity and civilization! What innumerable sources of inspiration can we not find in our majestic river, our gigantic lakes, our grand cascades, our lofty mountains, our impenetrable forests and in all that grand and wild nature, which will ever be the characteristic feature of our dear Canada. Oh! our history, gentlemen! Oh, the picturesque beauties of our country! Two marvellous veins—two mines of precious material open at our feet. The European writers are ever striving to discover something fresh. Having exhausted all kinds of themes, they are now stooping to the dust to find an originality which seems to fly from them. Well, this freshness, this originality, so courted and so rare now-a-days, may be found within our grasp,—it is there in our historical archives—in our patriarchal customs—in the many characters of a people young and thirsting for independence—a robust and healthy poetry, floats on our breezes—breathes in our popular songs—sings in the echoes of our wild forests, and opens graceful and proud her white wings to the winds of the free aspirations of the new world. To us this virgin field belongs, gentlemen! Take from Europe her form and experience, but leave to her, her old Muses. Let us be true to ourselves! Be Canadians and the future is ours. "That which strikes us most in your poems" said a member of the French Academy to me, "is that the modern style, the Parisian style of your verses is united to something strange, so particular and singular—it seems an exotic, disengaged from the entire." This perfume of originality which this writer discovered in my writings was then unknown to myself. What was it? It was the secret of their nationality,—the certificate of their origin, their Canadian stamp! And it is important for us, gentlemen, never to allow this character to disappear. Let our young writers stamp it broadly on their pages and then advance to their task, they need no longer fear the thorns on the way. The path is wide open and millions of readers await their efforts. To the work then; France offers us her hand, and now that we have renewed the bonds between us and our illustrious and well-beloved mother country—bonds broken by the vicissitudes which occur in the life of peoples, we shall be enabled once more to prove the great truth enunciated by Bulwer Lytton in "*Richelieu*," that

"The pen is mightier than the sword."

The Chairman called upon Hon. Wilfred Laurier to propose the next toast.

Hon. Mr. Laurier, on being called on to propose the toast of the Academy of France, was loudly cheered on rising, and the enthusiasm became the greater as he advanced, showing the many claims the great French tribunal of letters had upon the attention of the learned word. He spoke of the old ties which bound France and Canada, and alluded to the argument of Doucet, the French Academician, in favour of the admission of Fréchette to the French *concours*, viz., that when France was in the throes of agony, the voice of French Canada spoke out its loud attachment to the cause of the ancient mother country. In such action was the forgotten daughter restored to its sorrowing mother. The hon. gentleman then in language of forcible eloquence referred to the pleasure shown by English-Canadians at the success of Mr. Fréchette, and concluded a highly intellectual and eloquent speech, amidst

the reiterated cheers of the whole assemblage.

The Chairman then proposed the toast of English and French literature.

Mr. George Stewart, jr., who on rising was greeted with cheers, said:—

MR. CHAIRMAN AND GENTLEMEN:—I must thank you for the very enthusiastic manner in which you have just drunk to this toast, and for the cordiality with which you have been good enough to receive my name. Before asking you to consider with me the subject which has just been so happily proposed from the chair, I would ask your permission to say how gratified I am at being present, this evening, to assist you in paying homage to one whom we all delight to honour, and at whose feet it is our special privilege to sit. (Cheers.) It is all of seventeen years since Mr. Fréchette gave to the public, in a little book, the best fruits of his youthful muse, but those early efforts of his mind gave abundant promise of future excellence and hope,—a promise which has since been admirably and delightfully fulfilled. I cannot tell you how proud we all feel,—we who speak the English tongue, alike with you who utter the liquid and mellow language of Béranger and De Musset,—that the "Forty Immortals" of Mother France, recognized in Mr. Fréchette,—what all of us knew before,—that he was a tender and graceful poet, and that his work is as pure and sweet as anything to be found in the lyric poetry of our time. (Cheers.) Mr. Fréchette had not to go abroad to find that out, but it is pleasing to us all to find our opinions confirmed and ratified by the highest authority in France. I again thank you, gentlemen, for the privilege which you have afforded me of saying these few words regarding our laurel-crowned poet and guest. (Applause.) With regard to the subject which has brought me to my feet, what am I to say? I might dilate upon the beauties of Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*, or Edmund Spenser's immortal *Faerie Queene*, or Shakespeare's tender women, the *Juliet* we love, the Rosalind who is ever in our hearts, the Beatrice, the Imogen, gentle Ophelia, or kindly but ill-starred Desdemona, or the great heroes of tragedy, Lear, Macbeth, Hamlet or Othello, or I might ask you to hear a word about Ben Jonson, "rare Ben," or poor Philip Massinger who died a stranger, of the Puritan Milton, the great Catholic Dryden, or Swift, or Bunyan, Defoe, Addison, Pope and Burke and grim Sam Johnson who made the dictionary and wrote *Rasselas*, the Prince of Abyssinia, but there is not time for us to go into the subject as minutely as that. At a dinner of this kind, which is so rich in every delicacy which the most sensitive palate could desire, and which boasts wines as delicate and as fragrant in bouquet as one of Mr. Fréchette's sonnets—(Cheers)—and I might add also as one of my friend LeMay's hopefulest lyrics—(Cheers), it would be ungenerous of me to keep you very long. I will content myself therefore with a remark or two regarding the peculiar features which seem to inspire our literature, at the present time, and by our literature I mean English literature in its broadest sense and amplest significance. Perhaps at no period of letters, in the whole history of literature from the days of Chaucer and Raleigh, from the renaissance, through the classic period, to more modern times, to our own day in fact, has the cultured world seen such a brilliant array of brilliant men and women, who write the English prose which delights our fire-sides, and enriches our minds at the present time. The world has never presented to mankind before, in all its years of usefulness, such a galaxy of great essayists and novelists as we have enjoyed and enjoy now, within a period of fifty or sixty years, and which properly belong to our own age. The era is rich in stalwart minds, in magnificent thinkers, in splendid souls. Carlyle, Emerson, Wilson, Morley, Froude, Holmes, Harrison, Darwin, Huxley, Spencer, Mill, Buckle, Lewes. In fiction the list is too long for mention, but, in passing, I may note George Eliot—a woman who writes as if her soul had wings, William Black who paints almost as deftly as Walter Scott, Thomas Hardy, Anthony Trollope, Thackeray, Dickens, Reade, William Howells, who has not forgotten to write of the grandeur of the Saguenay, and William Kirby whose *Chien d'Or* will serve to keep a memory green in many a Quebecker's heart. I need hardly name more. The list could, I am well aware, be extended indefinitely, and as each of you doubtless has your favourite novelist, I need not waste your time by the simple enumeration of men and women who have from time to time, beguiled away the hours with their stories of the heart, or of purpose, or of endeavour. We get *blasé* now and then perhaps through the reading of so many moderns, but the cure for that lies within easy range. We can take a peep at those old fellows in old-fashioned bindings, who used to delight our grandfathers in the "brave days of old," when Richardson told the story of "Pamela," and "Clarissa Harlowe," when Fielding wrote "Tom Jones," and Smollett narrated the history of "Humphrey Clinker," and the career of "Tristram Shandy" found a truthful historian in that mad parson Lawrence Sterne. We might even read those ancient authors, ancient in style at least, for a change, and still be reading English literature in its truest and widest sense. But it is less with the fiction-writers that we have to deal, than with the thinkers who have given to *belles-lettres* in this age, its robustness and vigour. In political economy, in scientific thought, in history, in moral philosophy and in

polite learning, and in criticism, I think our day has produced the greatest teachers, as well as the largest number of them since the English tongue had a literature of its own. (Applause.) This is true at least in prose writing. I know that in poetry we are surpassed in grandeur and majesty by the bards of other periods of our mental activity, I know that we have not produced a Milton yet, nor a Dryden, nor a Pope—I leave Shakespeare and Chaucer out of the question, nor a Spenser. We have very many more than our share of really tuneful singers and fine poets like Tennyson and Longfellow, Morris and Swinburne, the Arnolds and Lowell—all of them sweet and in every way charming, none of them grand and magnificent like the sons of song of the great days of poesy. We have singers and singers, minor poets and minor poets, all engaged in weaving for our delight very many pretty fancies; graceful story-tellers in verse, if you will, but our chief strength lies in prose, sober, scholarly and healthful prose. Our fame will rest on that branch of the service. (Applause.) Turning to Canada, I might say that our mental outfit is by no means beggarly. In fiction we have produced, and I confine myself particularly to those who have written in English, Judge Haliburton, James DeMille, Wm. Kirby, John Lesperance. (Applause.) In poetry, Heavyside, John Reade, Roberts, Charles Sangster, Wm. Murdoch, Chandler, Howe; in history, Beamish Murdoch, Todd, Morgan, Hannay, Mr. LeMoine—(Applause)—whom I see present here to night; Dr. Miles, Mr. Harper, the efficient Rector of our High School, and others of more or less repute. In Science, Dr. Dawson and Sir Wm. Logan; in logic, Wm. Lyall; in rhetoric, James DeMille. In political and essay writing we have a good list, the most prominent names being Goldwin Smith, whom we may fairly claim, Bourinot, Haliburton, Todd, Howe, Elder, Ellis, Griffin, Anglin, Dymond, McDougall, White. (Cheers.) And here I would just say to you—for I have spoken longer than I intended—over-taxed your patience I fear very much—that we must, if we would ever become great in helping to form current thought and the intellectual movement of the day, renounce all sectionalism in letters, and go in for the great goal which all may aspire to who wish. When the French Academy hailed our friend Fréchette as a brother poet, the act was not done because he was a Canadian, but because he was a poet, writing and speaking the French tongue. (Applause.) There is no such thing really as Canadian literature or American literature. It is all English literature, and we should all strive to add to the glory of that literature. We can do it, in our way, as well as Moore and Lover and Lever and Carleton and McGee did, when they added the splendid work of their genius to build up the renown and prestige of the parent stock. (Applause.) As Scott and Burns, Dunbar and Hector McNeill, and Tannahill and James Hogg and bluff "Kit North;" all of Scotland, did to make the English literature massive and spirited and grand. (Applause.) As Hawthorne and Longfellow, Holmes and Bryant, Cooper and Irving, and Motley did, and as our own John Reade (cheers) and Charles Roberts, a new poet whose star has just arisen, and Bourinot—(cheers)—and the rest of them are doing now. We must forget the small localism which can do us no good, and join the great brotherhood of letters which writes the world over, in the English tongue. France, Germany and Russia, Italy and Spain teem with the grand work of their children. We who speak and write in the English language must not be unmindful of our several duties. We must work for the attainment of the great end, the development of English literature, of which we are as truly a part as the authors of the United States, of Scotland, of Ireland and of England. English literature does not mean simply a literature written solely by Englishmen. It takes its name from the fact that it draws its nourishment from all writers who write in English, and Scotchmen, Irishmen, Americans, and colonists, as well as citizens of England are invited to add to its greatness and permanency. I thank you Mr. Chairman and you gentlemen for your kindness and forbearance in listening to me so long, and so patiently. (Loud continued cheering.)

Mr. Lemay, in replying for French literature, said—It is particularly agreeable to be called on to speak on this occasion because it affords me the opportunity to render to our host an evidence of the admiration and friendship which I bear towards him this evening. It is now over twenty years since we were together at College, and the same tastes which pleased us then govern us now. The same destiny which led us towards the bar guided us also on the paths of literature. The speaker here improvised a magnificent address to the genius of French-Canadian letters. He alluded to the first pages of Canadian history written in the blood of martyrs, thus giving to the Canadian people a literature of heroes. The speaker then traced the changeful epochs from the days of the soldiers of the sword to the warriors of the pen, and he drew forth loud applause as he alluded to the brave polemicists who traced their literary endeavors in the brave work of defending their country and redeeming its liberties. In quoting Sir Geo. Cartier's well known line, "O Canada, my country and my love," ("O Canada, mon pays, mes amours,") the eloquent orator elicited the warm and hearty applause of the assemblage. From the troublous days of 1837 to the present moment, Mr. Lemay reviewed the various efforts at literary renown of the French Canadian people, and concluded one of the finest speeches of the evening amidst the tumultuous applause of his

sympathising auditors.

The next toast was that of the Literary and Historical Society and of the *Institut Canadien* of Quebec.

Mr. J. M. LeMoine, in replying to the first part of the toast said:—

GENTLEMEN,—In the name of the Literary and Historical Society of Quebec, I thank you cordially for the health just proposed—As the President of a society numbering close on 400 members, who though diverse in creed and language, are united for one common object—the promotion of culture and science and the encouragement of historical studies,—I cannot help feeling I stand here somehow in the character of a representative man. In tendering a welcome to Mr. Fréchette, our honoured guest, I can add but little to the sentiments conveyed in the resolution adopted at our last meeting and which you have heard read. In presence of so many distinguished persons, several of whom have made their mark, at the Bar—or on the Bench—the forum—in literature—in the bank parlor or in the counting house,—with so many fluent speakers here present and prepared to applaud, with all the graces of oratory and fervour of patriotism,—the distinction conferred on French Canada, by the highest literary tribunal in France—convinced myself of the honour which Mr. Fréchette's laurels must confer on this ancient and picturesque Province of Quebec, with its glorious though yet unrevealed destinies, I feel proud as a Canadian in standing here, the bearer even of a solitary rosebud for the fragrant *bouquet*, which a grateful country offers this night to its gifted child. Alas! had not the relentless hand [32] of death—had not a self-imposed fate, darker even than death, removed from our midst, another "mind pregnant with celestial fire," Canada this night might possibly have counted two laurel-crowned poets—Louis Honoré Fréchette and Octave Crémazie. For I am not one of those who refuse to recognize Canadian talent; on the contrary, I feel myself moved to rejoice in our wealth of intellect. I am reminded to be brief; around me there is a surging stream of eloquence ready to burst through its floodgates. I must give way. With your permission, I shall therefore merely ask a question. What propitious turn of fortune? which of the benign fairies who watched over his natal hour has Mr. Fréchette to thank for his present success? How came it to pass that, though he was born a poet, he should have to undergo an ordeal like another great poet (whom posterity may specially claim as an historian) the author of the "Lays of Ancient Rome," of emancipating himself from his earthy—at one time not burdensome—thralldom before soaring on the wings of poesy to that lofty region, where his classic diction and lyric power attracted the attention of those worthy but fastidious gentlemen, yclept "The Forty Immortals of the French Academy." I have mentioned a very illustrious name in the Republic of Letters,—a name as dear to Britain as that of our Laureate ought to be to Canada—that of Macaulay—historian, essayist, poet. You all know how his parliamentary defeat as candidate for Edinburgh in 1847, rescued him forever from the "dismal swamp" of politics, providing his wondrous mind, with leisure to expand and mature, in the green fields of literature. If New France has not yet produced such a gorgeous genius as he, of whom all those who speak Chatham's tongue are so justly proud, it has however out of its sparse population of one million, put forth a representative whom Old France with its thirty- eight millions has deemed a fit subject to honour in an unmistakable way. Shall I tell you how, figuratively, if you should prefer, ended for Fréchette the "day of tumult"?

That *Ignis Fatuus*, ambition, has allured, as you are aware, more than one youthful fowler to an uncertain swampy hunting ground, called "politics." Mr. Fréchette was one of the unfortunate. This game preserve, I pronounce "uncertain" because owing to several inexplicable eventualities sportsmen innumerable, therefrom return empty handed, whilst others, Mr. Chairman, make up, we know, pretty good bags. The Son of Apollo, whilst thus hunting one gruesome, windy morning, fortunately for us, sank in a boggy, yielding quicksand. Luckily he extricated himself in time, and on reaching the margin of the swamp, there stood an old pet of his tethered as if waiting for its loved rider, a vigorous Norman or Percheron steed. Our friend bestrode him, cantered off, and never drew rein until he stood, panting perhaps, but a winner in the race, on the top of a mount, distant and of access arduous, called Parnassus.

In conclusion, Mr. LeMoine quoted the memorable lines from Macaulay, written the night when his parliamentary defeat at Edinburgh, in 1847, restored him to letters:—

The day of tumult, strife, defeat, was o'er,
Worn out with toil, and noise, and scorn, and spleen,
I slumbered and in slumber saw once more
A room in an old mansion, long unseen.

That room, methought, was curtained from the light;
Yet through the curtains shone the moon's cold ray
Full on a cradle, where, in linen white,
Sleeping life's first sleep, an infant lay.

* * * * *

And lo! the fairy queens who rule our birth
Drew nigh to speak the new-born baby's doom:
With noiseless step, which left no trace on earth,
From gloom they came, and vanished into gloom.

Not deigning on the boy a glance to cast
Swept careless by the gorgeous Queen of Gain.
More scornful still, the Queen of Fashion passed,
With mincing gait and sneer of cold disdain.

The Queen of Power tossed high her jewelled head
And o'er her shoulder threw a wrathful frown.
The Queen of Pleasure on the pillow shed
Scarce one stray rose-leaf from her fragrant crown.

Still fay in long procession followed fay;
And still the little couch remained unblest:
But, when those wayward sprites had passed away,
Came One, the last, the mightiest, and the best.

Oh! glorious lady, with the eyes of light,
And laurels clustering round thy lofty brow,
Who by the cradle's side didst watch that night,
Warbling a sweet strange music, who wast thou?

"Yes, darling; let them go," so ran the strain:
"Yes; let them go, gain, fashion, pleasure, power,
And all the busy elves to whose domain
Belongs the nether sphere, the fleeting hour.

"Without one envious sigh, one anxious scheme,
The nether sphere, the fleeting hour assign.
Mine is the world of thought, the world of dream,
Mine all the past, and all the future mine.

* * * * *

"Of the fair brotherhood who share my grace,
I, from thy natal day, pronounce thee free;
And, if for some I keep a nobler place,
I keep for none a happier than for thee.

* * * * *

"No; when on restless night dawns cheerless morrow,
When weary soul and wasting body pine,
Thine am I still in danger, sickness, sorrow,
In conflict, obloquy, want, exile, thine;

"Thine where on mountain waves the snowbirds scream,
Where more than Thule's winter barbs the breeze,
Where scarce, through lowering clouds, one sickly gleam
Lights the drear May-day of Antarctic seas;

* * * * *

"Amidst the din of all things fell and vile,
Hate's yell, and envy's hiss, and folly's bray,
Remember me!"

In Professor Kalm's saunter round Quebec, his description of the public edifices, in 1749, is worthy of note:

"The Palace (Château Saint Louis) says he, is situated on the west or steepest side of the mountain, just, above the lower city. It is not properly a palace, but a large building of stone, two stories high, extending north and south. On the west side of it is a court-yard, surrounded partly with a wall, and partly with houses. On the east side, or towards the river, is a gallery as long as the whole building, and about two fathoms broad, paved with smooth flags, and included on the outside by iron rails, from whence the city and the river exhibit a charming prospect. This gallery serves as a very agreeable walk after dinner, and those who come to speak with the Governor-General wait here till he is at leisure. The palace is the lodging of the Governor-General of Canada, and a number of soldiers mount the guard before it, both at the gate and in the court-yard; and when the Governor, or the Bishop comes in or goes out, they must all appear in arms and beat the drum. The Governor-General has his own chapel where he hears prayers; however, he often goes to Mass at the church of the *Récollets*, which is very near the palace."

Such it seemed, in 1749, to the learned Swedish naturalist and philosopher Peter Kalm. How many rainbow tints, poetry and romance can lend to the same object, we may learn from the brilliant Niagara novelist, William Kirby! In his splendid historical novel "Le Chien d'Or," whilst venturing on the boldest flights of imagination, he thus epitomises some striking historical features of the state residence of the French Viceroy of Canada.

"The great hall of the Castle of St. Louis was palatial in its dimensions and adornment. The panels of wainscoting upon the walls were hung with paintings of historic interest—portraits of the Kings, Governors, Intendants and Ministers of State, who had been instrumental in the colonization of New France.

"Over the Governor's seat hung a gorgeous escutcheon of the Royal arms, draped with a cluster of white flags, sprinkled with golden lilies—the emblems of French sovereignty in the colony; among the portraits on the walls, beside those of the late (Louis XIV.) and present King (Louis XV)—which hung on each side of the throne—might be seen the features of Richelieu, who first organized the rude settlements on the St. Lawrence in a body politic—a reflex of feudal France; and of Colbert, who made available its natural wealth and resources, by peopling it with the best scions of the Mother Land—the noblesse and peasantry of Normandy, Brittany and Aquitaine. There, too, might be seen the keen, bold features of Cartier, the first discoverer, and of Champlain, the first explorer of the new land, and the founder of Quebec. The gallant, restless Louis Buade de Frontenac was pictured there, side by side with his fair countess, called, by reason of her surpassing loveliness, "The Divine." Vaudreuil, too, who spent a long life of devotion to his country, and Beauharnois, who nourished its young strength until it was able to resist, not only the powerful confederacy of the Five Nations, but the still more powerful league of New England and the other English Colonies. There, also, were seen the sharp intellectual face of Laval, its first bishop, who organized the church and education in the colony; and of Talon, wisest of Intendants, who devoted himself to the improvement of agriculture, the increase of trade, and the well being of all the King's subjects in New France. And one more portrait was there, worthy to rank among the statesmen and rulers of New France—the pale, calm, intellectual features of Mère Marie de l'Incarnation—the first superior of the Ursulines of Quebec, who in obedience to heavenly visions, as she believed, left France to found schools for the children of the new colonists, and who taught her own womanly graces to her own sex, who were destined to become the future mothers of New France." (Page 109.)

It were difficult to group on a smaller and brighter canvass, so many of the glorious figures of our storied past.

In the days of de Montmagny and later, the *Jesuits' Journal* retraces gay scenes at the Château in connection with the festivals of the patron saints, of St. Joseph, whose anniversary occurred on the 19th March, and of St. John the Baptist, whose *fête* happened on the 24th June.

For a long time the old Château, was the meeting place of the Superior Council.

"On any Monday morning one would have found the Superior Council in session in the antechamber of the Governor's apartment, at the Château St. Louis. The members sat at a round table, at the head was the Governor, with the Bishop on his right and the Intendant on

his left. The councillors sat in the order of their appointment, and the attorney-general also had his place at the board. As La Hontan says, they were not in judicial robes, but in their ordinary dress and all but the Bishop wore swords. The want of the cap and the gown greatly disturbed the Intendant Meules, and he begs the Minister to consider how important it is that the councillors, in order to inspire respect, should appear in public in long black robes, which on occasions of ceremony they should exchange for robes of red. He thinks that the principal persons of the colony should thus be induced to train up their children to so enviable a dignity; "and" he concludes, "as none of the councillors can afford to buy red robes, I hope that the King will vouchsafe to send out nine such; as for the black robes, they can furnish those themselves."

"The King did not respond, and the nine robes never arrived. The official dignity of the Council was sometimes exposed to trials against which even red gowns might have proven an insufficient protection. The same Intendant urges that the tribunal ought to be provided immediately with a house *of its own*."

"It is not decent," he says, "that it should sit in the Governor's antechamber any longer. His guards and valets make such a noise, that we cannot hear each other speak. I have continually to tell them to keep quiet, which causes them to make a thousand jokes at the councillors as they pass in and out. As the Governor and the council were often on ill terms, the official head of the colony could not always be trusted to keep his attendants on their good behaviour." (Parkman's *Old Regime*, p. 273.)

At other times, startling incidents threw a pall over the old pile. Thus in August 1666, we are told of the melancholy end of a famous Indian warrior: "Tracy invited the Flemish Bastard and a Mohawk chief named Agariata to his table, when allusion was made to the murder of Chasy. On this the Mohawk, stretching out his arm, exclaimed in a Braggart tone, "This is the hand that split the head of that young man." The indignation of the company may be imagined. Tracy told his insolent guest that he should never kill anybody else; and he was led out and hanged in presence of the Bastard. [33]

Varied in language and nationality were the guests of the Château in days of yore: thus in 1693, the proud old Governor Frontenac had at one and the same time Baron Saint Castin's Indian father-in-law, Madocawando, from Acadia, and "a gentleman of Boston, John Nelson, captured by Villebon, the nephew and heir of Sir Thomas Temple, in whose right he claimed the proprietorship of Acadia, under an old grant of Oliver Cromwell." (Parkman's *Frontenac*, p. 357.)

FORT ST. LOUIS

Ere one of the last vestiges of the *ancien régime*, Haldimand Castle, disappears, a few details culled from reliable sources may not be unacceptable, especially as by fire, repairs and the vicissitudes of time, the changes are so great, as to render difficult the delineation of what it originally formed part of in the past.

Grave misconceptions exist as to what constituted the stately residence of our former Governors. Many imagine that the famous *Château St. Louis*, was but one structure, whilst in reality, it was composed at one time of three, viz.—Fort St. Louis, Château St. Louis and Haldimand Castle, the present Normal School. The writer has succeeded in collecting together nine views of the Fort and Château St. Louis since the days of Champlain down to modern times. Champlain's "brass bell" is conspicuous in more than one of the designs.

According to Father DuCreux, the first fort erected by Champlain on the crest of the promontory, *arx aedificata in promontarii cuspidine*, was not placed on the site of Dufferin Terrace, but at the south-east point of the area, which is now occupied by the Grand Battery, north-east of the present Parliament building and looking down on Sault-au-Matelot street. Champlain subsequently removed it to a still more elevated site; its bastions, towers and ramparts surrounded the space on which the former Governor's residence, soldier's barracks, magazine, &c., were constructed.

"The fortress, says Bouchette, (Fort) of St. Louis covered about four acres of ground, and formed nearly a parallelogram; on the western side two strong bastions on each angle were connected by a curtain, in the centre of which was a sallyport: the other faces presented works of nearly a similar description, but of less dimensions." [34]

We may add that Fort St. Louis, shown on the plan of Quebec of 1660, published by Abbé Faillon, and more plainly exhibited on Jeffery's map of Quebec, published in London in 1760, disappears after the conquest. No mention is made of it in 1775, and still less in 1784, as a fortress.

Champlain, in his deposition, [35] sworn to, on the 9th Nov. 1629, in London, before the Right Worshipful Sir Henry Martin, Knight, Judge of the High Court of Admiralty, describes minutely, the armament and belongings of Fort St. Louis, on the 9th August 1629, when he surrendered it to the Kirkes: cannon such as they were, and ammunition he seems to have had in abundance, without forgetting what he styles "the murderers with their double boxes or charges," a not excessively deadly kind of *mitrailleuse* or Gatling gun, we should imagine; the Fort also contained a smith's forge, carpenter's tools, machinery for a windmill, and a handmill to grind corn, a brass bell—probably to sound the tocsin, or alarm, at the approach of the marauding savages of Stadacona, the array of muskets—(thirteen complete)—is not formidable. Who was the maker of his pistol-proof coats-of-mail?

NEW CHÂTEAU ST. LOUIS.

"Such dusky grandeur clothed the height
Where the huge castle holds its state,
And all the steep slope down
Whose ridgy back heaves to the sky,
Piled deep and massy, close and high
Mine own romantic town."

(Scott's *Marmion*.)

"Few circumstances of discussion and enquiry, says Hawkins, are more interesting than the history and fate of ancient buildings, especially if we direct our attention to the fortunes and vicissitudes of those who were connected with them. The temper, genius and pursuits of an historical era are frequently delineated in the features of remarkable edifices, nor can any one contemplate them without expressing curiosity, concerning those who first formed the plan, and afterwards created and tenanted the structure. These observations apply particularly to the subject of this chapter.

The history of the ancient Castle of St. Louis, or Fort of Quebec, for above two centuries the seat of Government in the Province (of Quebec), affords subjects of great and stirring interest during its several periods. The hall of the old Fort during the weakness of the colony was often a scene of terror and despair at the inroads of the persevering and ferocious Iroquois, who, having passed or overthrown all the French outposts, more than once threatened the fort itself and massacred some friendly Indians within sight of its walls. Here, too, in intervals of peace, were laid those benevolent plans for the religious instruction and conversion of the savages which at one time distinguished the policy of the ancient governors. At a later era, when, under the protection of the French kings, the province had acquired the rudiments of military strength and power, the Castle of St. Louis was remarkable as having been the site whence the French governors exercised an immense sovereignty, extending from the Gulf of St. Lawrence, along the shores of that noble river, its magnificent lakes, and down the course of the Mississippi to its outlet below New Orleans. The banner which first streamed from the battlements of Quebec was displayed from a chain of forts which protected the settlements throughout this vast extent of country, keeping the English colonies in constant alarm, and securing the fidelity of the Indian nations. During this period the council-chamber of the castle was the scene of many a midnight vigil [36]—many a long deliberation and deep-laid project to free the continent from the intrusion of the ancient rival of France and assert the supremacy of the Gallic lily. At another era, subsequent to the surrender of Quebec to the British armies, and until the recognition of the independence of the United States, the extent of empire of the government of which the Castle of Quebec was the principal seat, comprehended the whole American continent north of Mexico. It is astonishing to reflect for a moment, to how small, and, as to size, comparatively insignificant an island in the Atlantic ocean this gigantic territory was once subject. Here also was rendered to the representative of the French king, with all its ancient forms, the fealty and homage of the noblesse and military retainers, who held possessions in the province under the crown. A feudal ceremony, suited to early times, which imposed a real and substantial obligation on those who performed it, not to be violated without forfeiture and dishonour. The king of Great Britain having succeeded to the rights of the French crown, this ceremony is still retained.

"Fealty and homage is rendered at this day (1834) by the seigniors to the Governor, as the representative of the sovereign, in the following form: His Excellency being in full dress and seated in a state chair, surrounded by his staff, and attended by the Attorney-General, the seignior, in an evening dress and wearing a sword, is introduced into his presence by the Inspector General of the Royal Domain and Clerk of the Land Roll, and having delivered up his sword, and kneeling upon one knee before the Governor, places his right hand between

his and repeats the ancient oath of fidelity; after which a solemn act is drawn up in a register kept for that purpose, which is signed by the Governor and the seignior, and countersigned by the proper officers." —(Hawkin's *Picture of Quebec*.)

The historian, Ferland, *Notes sur les Registres de Notre Dame de Quebec*, relates one of the earliest instances (1634) of the manner the *foi et hommage* was rendered. It is that of Jean Guion (Dion?) vassal of Robert Giffard, seignior of Beauport: "Guion presents himself in the presence of a notary, at the principal door of the manor-house of Beauport; having knocked, one Boule, farmer of Giffard, opened the door and in reply to Guion's question, if the seignior was at home, replied that he was not, but that he, Boule, was empowered to receive acknowledgments and homage for the vassals in his name. After the which reply, the said Guion, being at the principal door, placed himself on his knees, on the ground, with bare head and without sword or spurs, and said three times these words: 'Monsieur de Beauport, Monsieur de Beauport, Monsieur de Beauport, I bring you the faith and homage which I am bound to bring you on account of my *fief* Du Buisson, which I hold as a man of faith of your seignior of Beauport, declaring that I offer to pay my seigniorial and feudal dues in their season, and demanding of you to accept me in faith and homage as aforesaid.'" (Parkman's *Old Regime*, p 246.)

"Of these buildings (says Bouchette), the Castle of St. Louis being the most prominent object on the summit of the rock—will obtain the first notice.

"It is a handsome stone building seated near the edge of a precipice, * * and supported towards the steep by a solid work of masonry, rising nearly half the height of the edifice, and surmounted by a spacious gallery, * * * The whole pile is 162 feet long by 45 feet broad, and three stories high * * * Each extremity is terminated by a small wing, giving to the whole an easy and regular character.

"It was built shortly after the city was fortified with solid works, * * *—for a long series of years it was neglected, so much as to be suffered to go to decay, and ceasing to be the residence of the Commander-in-Chief, was used only for the offices of Government until the year 1808, when a resolution passed the Provincial Parliament for repairing and beautifying it; the sum of £1,000 was at the same time voted, and the work forthwith commenced.

"The money applied was inadequate to defray the expenses—upon the grand scale the improvements were commenced, but an additional grant was made to cover the whole charge, * * *

"Sir James Craig took possession of it, etc.

"The part properly called the Château occupies one side of the square or court-yard; on the opposite side stands an extensive building (Haldimand Castle) divided among the offices of Government, both civil and military, that are under the immediate control of the Governor, it contains also a handsome suite of apartments where the balls and other public entertainments of the court are always given. During the dilapidated state of the Château, this building was occupied by the family of the Governors. Both the exterior and the interior are in a very plain style, it forms part of the curtain that ran between the two exterior bastions of the old fortress of St. Louis, adjoining it are several other buildings of smaller size, appropriated to similar uses, a guard house, stables, and extensive riding house, of these works only a few vestiges remain, except the eastern wall, which is kept in solid repair. The new guard house and stables, both fronting the parade, have a very neat exterior, the first forms the arc of a circle and has a colonnade before it, the stables are attached to the riding house, which is spacious, and in every way well adapted to its intended purpose, it is also used for drilling the city militia"— (Bouchette's *Topography of Lower Canada*, 1815, p. 431-4.)

The brilliant biographer of "Frontenac" and author of the "Old Regime," thus sums up from the official correspondence of the French Governors and Intendants the foundation, reconstructions and alterations in the Fort and Château.

"This structure," says Francis Parkman, "destined to be famous in Canadian history, was originally built by Samuel de Champlain. The cellar still remains under the wooden platform of the present Durham (now Dufferin) Terrace. Behind the château was the area of the fort, now an open square. In the most famous epoch of its history, the time of Frontenac, the château was old and dilapidated, and the fort was in sad condition." "The walls are all down," writes Frontenac in 1681, "there are neither gates nor guard-houses, the whole place is

open." On this the new Intendant Meules was ordered to report what repairs were needed. Meanwhile la Barre had come to replace Frontenac, whose complaints he repeats. He says that the wall is in ruins for a distance of a hundred and eighty *toises*. "The workmen ask 6,000 francs to repair it. I could get it done in France for 2,000. The cost frightens me. I have done nothing."—(*La Barre au Ministre*, 1682). Meules, however, received orders to do what was necessary, and, two years later, he reports that he had rebuilt the wall, repaired the fort, and erected a building, intended at first for the council, within the area. This building stood near the entrance of the present St. Louis street, and was enclosed by an extension of the fort wall.

Denonville next appears on the scene, with his usual disposition to fault-finding. "The so-called château," he says (1685), "is built of wood, and is dry as a match. There is a place where with a bundle of straw it could be set on fire at any time,... some of the gates will not close, there is no watchtower, and no place to shoot from."— (*Denonville au Ministre*, 20 *Août*, 1685).

When Frontenac resumed the Government, he was much disturbed at the condition of the château, and begged for slate to cover the roof, as the rain was coming in everywhere. At the same time the Intendant Champigny reports it to be rotten and ruinous. This was in the year made famous by the English attack, and the dramatic scene in the hall of the old building when Frontenac defied the envoy of Admiral Phipps, whose fleet lay in the river below. In the next summer, 1691, Frontenac again asks for slate to cover the roof, and for 15,000 or 20,000 francs to repair his mansion.

In the next year the king promised to send him 12,000 francs, in instalments. Frontenac acknowledges the favour, and says that he will erect a new building, and try in the meantime not to be buried under the old one, as he expects to be every time the wind blows hard.— (*Frontenac au Ministre*, 15 *Septembre*, 1692). A misunderstanding with the Intendant, who had control of the money, interrupted the work. Frontenac writes the next year that he had been "obliged to send for carpenters during the night, to prop up the château, lest he should be crushed under the ruins." The wall of the fort was, however, strengthened, and partly rebuilt to the height of sixteen feet, at a cost of 13,629 francs. It was a time of war, and a fresh attack was expected from the English.—(*Frontenac et Champigny au Ministre*, 4 *Nov*, 1693). In the year 1854, the workmen employed in demolishing a part of this wall, adjoining the garden of the château, found a copper plate bearing an inscription in Latin as follows—

D. O. M.
 Anno reparatae salutis
 Millesimo sexcentesimo nonagesimo tertio
 Regnante Augustissimo Invictissimo ac
 Christianissimo Galliae Rege
 Rege Ludovico Magno XIII
 Excellentissimus ac Illustrissimus Dnûs Dnux
 Ludovicus de Buade
 Comes de Frontenac, totius Novae Franciae
 Semel et iterum Provex,
 Ab ipsomet, triennio ante rebellibus Novae
 Angliae incolis, hanc civitatem Quebecensem,
 Obsidentibus, pulsus, fuis ac penitus
 Devictis,
 Et iterum hocce supradicto anno obsidionem
 Minitantibus
 Hanc arcem cum adjectis munimentis
 In totius patriae tutelam populi salutem
 Nec non in perfidiae, tum Deo, tum suo Regi
 Legitimo, gentis iterandum confusionem
 Sumptibus regies oedificari
 Curavit,
 Ac primarium hunc lapidem
 Posuit,

JOANNES SOULLARD, Sculpsit

(*Translation*)

"In the year of Redemption, 1693, under the reign of the Most August, Most Invincible, and

Most Christian King of France, Louis the Great, fourteenth of that name, the Most Excellent Louis de Buade, Count of Frontenac, Governor for the second time of all New France, seeing that the rebellious inhabitants of New England, who three years ago were repulsed, routed, and completely vanquished by him, when they besieged this town of Quebec, are threatening to renew the siege this very year, has caused to be built, at the expense of the King, this Citadel, with the fortifications adjoining thereto, for the defence of the country, for the security of the people, and for confounding again that nation perfidious alike towards its God and its lawful King, and he (*Frontenac*) has placed here this first stone."

A year later, the rebuilding of the château was begun in earnest. Frontenac says that nothing but a miracle has saved him from being buried under its ruins, that he has pulled everything down, and begun again from the foundation, but that the money has given out.—(*Frontenac au Ministre*, 4 Nov., 1694) Accordingly, he and the Intendant sold six licenses for the fur trade, but at a rate unusually low, for they brought only 4,400 francs.

The King hearing of this sent 6,000 more. Frontenac is profuse in thanks, and at the same time begs for another 6,000 francs, "to complete a work which is the ornament and beauty of the city" (1696). The Minister sent 8,000 more, which was soon gone; and Frontenac drew on the royal treasurer for 5,047 in addition. The Intendant complains of his extravagance, and says that he will have nothing but perfection; and that besides the château, he has insisted on building two guard-houses, with mansard roofs, at the two sides of the gate. "I must do as he says," adds the Intendant, "or there will be a quarrel." (*Champigny au Ministre*, 13 Oct., 1697). In a letter written two days after, Frontenac speaks with great complacency of his château, and asks for another 6,000 francs to finish it. As the case was urgent he sold six more licenses at 1,000 francs each, but he died too soon to see the completion of his favorite work (1698). The new château was not finished before 1700, and even then it had no cistern. In a pen sketch of Quebec, on a manuscript map of 1699, preserved in the Dépôt de Cartes de la Marine, the new château is distinctly represented. In front is a gallery or balcony resting on a wall and buttresses at the edge of the cliff. Above the gallery is a range of high windows, along the face of the building, and over these a range of small windows and a mansard roof. In the middle is a porch opening on the gallery, and on the left extends a battery, on the ground now occupied by a garden along the brink of the cliff. A water-colour sketch of the château taken in 1804, from the land side, by William Morrison, Jr., is in my possession. [37] The building appears to have been completely remodelled in the interval. It is two stories in height, the mansard roof is gone, and a row of attic windows surmount the second story. In 1809 it was again remodelled at a cost of ten thousand pounds sterling, a third story was added, and the building, resting on the buttresses which still remain under the balustrade of Durham (Dufferin) Terrace, had an imposing effect when seen from the river. It was destroyed by fire in 1834.—(Parkman's *Old Regime*.)

HALDIMAND CASTLE

After sketching Fort St. Louis, begun in 1624,—a refuge against the Iroquois, and whose bastions rendered useless disappeared shortly after the conquest, as well as giving the history of the Château St. Louis proper, destroyed by fire 23rd January, 1834, it behoves us to close the narrative with a short account of the origin of the wing or new building still extant, and used since 1871 as the Normal School. This structure generally, though improperly styled the *Old Château*, dates back to the last century. On the 5th May, 1784, the corner stone was laid with suitable ceremonies, by the Governor-General, Sir Frederick Haldimand; the Château St. Louis had been found inadequate in size for the various purposes required, viz.: a Vice-regal residence, a Council room for the Legislative, the Executive and Judiciary Councils, &c.

The Province was rapidly expanding, as well as the Viceroy's levees, official balls, public receptions, &c.; suites of rooms and stately chambers, became indispensable.

The following incident occurred during its construction:—On the 17th September, 1784, the workmen at the Château in levelling the yard, dug up a large stone with a Maltese cross engraved on it, bearing the date "1647." One of Wolfe's veterans, Mr. James Thompson, Overseer of Public Works, got the masons to lay the stone in the cheek of the gate of the new building. A wood-cut of the stone, gilt at the expense of Mr. Ernest Gagnon, City Councillor in 1872, appeared in the *Morning Chronicle* of the 24th June, 1880. Let us hope when the site shall be transferred, that the Hon. Premier will have a niche reserved for this historic relic as was so appropriately done by Sir H L Langevin, for the "Chien d'Or" tablet when the new city Post Office was built in 1871-3.

Haldimand Castle soon became a building of note. On the 19th January, 1787, the anniversary of the

Queen's Birthday—Charlotte of Mecklenburg, consort of George III., the first grand reception was held there. In the following summer, the future monarch of Great Britain, William IV., the sailor prince, aged 22 years, visited his father's loyal Canadian lieges. Prince William Henry had then landed, on 14th August, in the Lower Town from H. M. frigate "Pegasus." Traditions repeat that the young Duke of Clarence enjoyed himself amazingly among the *beau monde* of Quebec, having eyes for more than the scenic beauties of the "Ancient Capital," not unlike other worthy Princes who came after him.

"He took an early opportunity of visiting the Ursulines, and by his polite and affable manner quite won the hearts of those worthy ladies."—(*Histoire des Ursulines*, vol. III, p. 183.)

Sorel, in honour of his visit, changed its name into Fort William Henry. Among other festivities at Quebec, Lord Dorchester, Governor-General, the successor to Sir Frederick Haldimand, on the 21st August, 1787, treated H. R. Highness to a grand pyrotechnic display. "Prince William Henry and his company, being seated on an exalted platform, erected by the Overseer of Public Works, James Thompson, over a powder magazine joining the end of the new building (Haldimand Castle), while the fireworks were displayed on an eminence fronting it below the *old* Citadel."—(*Thompson's Diary*.)

THE QUEBEC AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.

In the stately reception room of the Castle was founded, in 1789, the *Quebec Agricultural Society*.

"On the 6th April, the rank and fashion, nobility and clergy of all denominations, as well as commoners, crowded at the *Château St. Louis*, to enter their names as subscribers to the Quebec Agricultural Society, warmly patronized by his Excellency Lord Dorchester, Hon. Hugh Finlay, Deputy Postmaster-General, was chosen Secretary.

The *Quebec Gazette* of the 23rd April, 1789, will supply the names, the list is suggestive on more points than one.

Rev. Philip Tosey, Military M. Pierre Florence, Rivière
Chaplain. Ouelle
T. Monk, Atty-Genl. T. Arthur Coffin
G. B. Taschereau, Esq. Capt. Chas. St. Ours.
Peter Stewart, Esq. Aug. Glapion, Sup. Jésuites.
Malcolm Fraser, Esq. A. Hubert, Curé de Québec.
William Lindsay, Esq. Juchereau Duchesnay, Esq.
J. B. Deschêneaux, Esq. L. de Salaberry, Esq.
John Lees, Esq. P. Panet, P.C.
John Renaud, Esq. M. Grave, Supérieur, Séminaire
John Young, Esq. John Craigie, Esq.
Mathew Lymburner, Esq. Berthelot D'Artigny, Esq.
John Blackwood, Esq. Perrault l'Aine, Esq.
M. L. Germain, fils. George Allsopp, Esq.
A. Panet, Esq. Robert Lester, Esq.
P. L. Panet, Esq. Alex. Davidson, Esq.
A. Gaspé, Esq., St. Jean Port The Chief Justice (W. Smith).
Joly. Hon. Hugh Finlay.
M. Ob. Aylwin. Hon. Thos. Dunn.
The Canadian Bishop. Hon. Edw. Harrison.
M. Bailly, Coadjutor. Hon. John Collins.
T. Mervin Nooth, Dr. Hon. Adam Mabane.
Henry Motz, Dr. Hon. J. G. C. DeLéry.
Jenkins Williams. Hon. Geo. Pownall.
Isaac Ogden, Judge of Admiralty. Hon. Henry Caldwell.
Messire Panet, Curé of Rivière Hon. William Grant.
Ouelle. Hon. Francois Baby.
Sir Thomas Mills. Hon. Saml. Holland.
François Dambourges, Esq. Hon. Geo. Davidson.
Capt. Fraser, 34th Regt. Hon. Chas. De Lanaudière.
Kenelm Chandler, Esq. Hon. LeCompte Dupré.
J. T. Cugnet, Esq. Major Mathews.
J. F. Cugnet, Esq. Capt. Rotson.

THE LOYAL LEAGUE.

Could that patriotic feeling which, ten years later, in 1799, enlisted Quebecers of all creeds to support Great Britain, then at war with regicide France, have been inspired by the sturdy old chieftain, who hailed from the Castle,—General Robert Prescott? It was indeed a novel idea, that loyal league, which exhibited both R. C and Anglican Bishops, each putting their hands in their pockets to help Protestant England to rout the armies of the "eldest son of the Church," represented by the First Consul; so general and so intense was the horror inspired by revolutionary and regicide France.

Though in the past, as at present, attempts were occasionally made to stir up discord amongst our citizens, there appears more than once, traces of enlarged patriotism and loyalty to the mother country, animating all classes. This seems conspicuous in the public invitation by men of both nationalities, inserted in a public journal, for 1799, to form a national fund in order to help England with the war waged against France; this invitation not only bears the signatures of leading English citizens, but also those of several Quebecers of French extraction, rejoicing in old and historic names such as the following.—(*Quebec, Past and Present*, page 244.)

Hon. William Osgood, C. Justice. John Young.
Hon. Francois Baby. Louis Dunière.
Hon. Hugh Finlay. J. Sewell.
Hon. J. A. Panet. John Craigie.
Hon. Thos. Dunn. Wm. Grant.
Hon. Ant. Juchereau Duchesnay Rob. Lester.
Hon. George Pownall. Jas. Sheppard, Sheriff.

Mr. Panet, one of the signers, was Speaker of our Commons for twenty-two years later on. The city journals contain the names and amounts subscribed, as follows:—

J. Quebec	£300 0 0
Wm. Osgood	300 0 0
George Pownall	100 guineas
Henry Caldwell	£300 0 0
George W. Taylor, .. per annum during war...	5 0 0
A. J. Baby,	" " 5 0 0
Geo. Heriot,	" " 50 0 0
Chs. De Léry,	" " 12 0 0
John Blackwood,	" " 10 0 0
Wm. Burns,	" " 20 0 0
Le Séminaire de Quebec, . " "	50 0 0
J. A. Panet,	" " 30 0 0
John Wurtele,	" " 4 0 0
Wm. Grant,	" " 32 4 5
Wm. Bouthillier,	" " 3 10 0
Juchereau Duchesnay, " "	20 0 0
James Grossman,	" " 10 0 0
Henry Brown,	" " 0 10 0
Thos. Dunn,	" " 66 0 0
Peter Boatson,	" " 23 6 8
Antoine Nadeau,	" " 0 6 0
Robert Lester,	" " 30 0 0
Le Coadjutor de Quebec, . " "	25 0 0
Thos. Scott,	" " 20 0 0
Chs. Stewart,	" " 11 2 2
Samuel Holland,	" " 20 0 0
Jenkin Williams,	" " 55 11 1
Francois Baby,	" " 40 0 0
G. Elz. Taschereau, " "	10 0 0
M. Taschereau, Curé de St. Croix, "	5 0 0
Thos. Taschereau,	" " 5 0 0
Monro & Bell,	" " 100 0 0
J. Stewart,	" " 11 13 4
Louis Dumon,	" " 23 6 8
Rev. Frs. de Montmollin, " "	10 0 0
Xavier de Lanaudière, ... " "	23 6 8

Peter Stewart, " " 11 2 2
Messire Raimbault, Ange-Gardien, " 4 13 5
Messire Villase, Ste. Marie, " 4 13 4
Messire Bernard Panet, Rivière Ouelle, 5 0 0
Messire Jacques Panet, Islet, " 25 0 0

See *Quebec Gazette*, 4th July, 1799.

See *Quebec Gazette*, 29th August, 1799.

AN ANTIQUE STONE.

"Praetorian here, Praetorian there, I mind the bigging o't"— (*The Antiquary*)

[Illustration: THE OLD CHÂTEAU STONE]

Some years back a spicy little controversy was waged among our Quebec antiquarians as to the origin and real date of the stone in the wall adjoining the *Old Château*, the two last figures of the inscription being indistinct.

Was it 1646, 1647 or 1694? After deep research, profound cogitation and much ink used in the public prints, 1647, the present date, prevailed, and Mr. Ernest Gagnon, then a City Councillor, had this precious relic restored and gilt at his cost.

The date 1647 also agrees with the Jesuits *Relation*, which states that, in 1647, under Governor de Montmagny, one of the bastions was lined with stone; additional light was thrown on this controversy, by the inspection of a deed of agreement, bearing date at Fort St. Louis, 19th October, 1646, exhumed from the Court House vaults, and signed by the stonemasons who undertook to *revetir de murailles un bastion qui est au bas de l'allée du Mont Caluaire, descendant au Fort St. Louis*, for which work they were to receive from *Monsieur Bourdon*, engineer and surveyor, 2,000 *livres* and a puncheon of wine.

This musty, dry-as-dust, old document gives rise to several enquiries. One not the least curious, is the luxurious mode of life, which the puncheon of wine supposes among stonemasons at such a remote period of Quebec history as 1646. Finally, it was decided that this stone and cross were intended to commemorate the year in which the Fort St. Louis Bastion, begun in 1646, was finished, viz., 1647.

This historic stone, which has nothing in common with the

"Stone of Blarney

On the banks of Killarney,"

cropped up again more than a century later, in the days when Sergeant Jas. Thompson, one of Wolfe's veterans, was overseer of public works at Quebec—(he died in 1830, aged 98.) We read in his unpublished diary. "The cross in the wall, September 17th, 1784. The miners at the Château, in levelling the yard, dug up a large stone, from which I have described the annexed figure (identical with the present), I could wish it was discovered soon enough to lay conspicuously in the wall of the new building, (Haldimand Castle), in order to convey to posterity the antiquity of the Château St. Louis. However, I got the masons to lay the stone in the cheek of the gate of new building." Extract from *James Thompson's Diary*, 1759-1830.

Col. J. Hale, grandfather to our esteemed fellow townsman, E. J. Hale, Esq., and one of Wolfe's companions-at-arms, used to tell how he had succeeded in having this stone saved from the *débris* of the Château walls, and restored a short time before the Duke of Clarence, the sailor prince (William IV), visited Quebec in 1787.

Occasionally, the Castle opened its portals to rather unexpected but, nor the less welcome, visitors. On the 13th March, 1789, His Excellency Lord Dorchester had the satisfaction of entertaining a stalwart woodsman and expert hunter, Major Fitzgerald of the 54th Regiment, then stationed at St. John, New Brunswick, the son of a dear old friend, Lady Emilia Mary, daughter of the Duke of Richmond. This chivalrous Irishman was no less than the dauntless Lord Edward Fitzgerald, fifth son of the Duke of Leinster, the true but misguided patriot, who closed his promising career in such a melancholy manner in prison, during the Irish rebellion in 1798. Lord Edward had walked up on snowshoes through the trackless forest, from New Brunswick to Quebec, a distance of 175 miles, in twenty-six days, accompanied by a brother officer, Mr. Brisbane, a servant and two "woodsmen." This feat of endurance is pleasantly described by himself.

Tom Moore, in his biography of this generous, warmhearted son of Erin, among other dutiful epistles addressed by Lord Edward to his mother, has preserved the following, of which we shall give a few extracts:—

QUEBEC, March 14, 1789.

DEAREST MOTHER,—I got here yesterday after a very long and, what some people would think, a very tedious and fatiguing journey; but to me it was, at most, only a little fatiguing, and to make up for that, it was delightful and quite new. We were thirty days on our march, twenty-six of which we were in the woods, and never saw a soul but our own party.

You must know we came through a part of the country that had always been reckoned impassable. In short, instead of going a long way about, we determined to try and get straight through the woods, and see what kind of country it was. I believe I mentioned my party in a letter to Ogilvie (his step-father) before I left St. Anne's or Fredericton: it was an officer of the regiment, Tonny, and two woodsmen. The officer and I used to draw part of our baggage day about, and the other day steer (by compass), which we did so well, that we made the point we intended within ten miles. We were only wrong in computing our distances and making them a little too great, which obliged us to follow a new course, and make a river, which led us round to Quebec, instead of going straight to it. * * * I expect my leave by the first despatches. * * * I shall not be able to leave this part of the world till May, as I cannot get my leave before that. How I do long to see you. Your old love, Lord Dorchester, is very civil to me. I must, though, tell you a little more of the journey. After making the river, we fell in with some savages, and travelled with them to Quebec; they were very kind to us, and said we were "all one brother," "all one indian." They fed us the whole time we were with them. You would have laughed to have seen me carrying an old squaw's pack, which was so heavy I could hardly waddle under it. However, I was well paid whenever we stopped, for she always gave me the best bits and most soup, and took as much care of me as if I had been her own son; in short, I was quite *l'enfant chéri*. We were quite sorry to part: the old lady and gentleman both kissed me very heartily. I gave the old lady one of Sophia's silver spoons, which pleased her very much. When we got here, you may guess what figures we were. We had not shaved nor washed during the journey; our blanket-coats and trousers all worn out and pieced, in short, we went to two or three houses and they would not let us in. There was one old lady, exactly the *hôtesse* in Gil Blas, *elle me prit la mesure du pied jusqu'à la tête*, and told me there was one room, without a stove or bed, next a billiard room, which I might have if I pleased, and when I her told we were gentlemen, she very quietly said, "I dare say you are," and off she went. However, at last we got lodgings in an ale house, and you may guess ate well and slept well, and went next day well dressed, with one of Lord Dorchester's aide-de-camps to triumph over the old lady; in short, exactly the story in Gil Blas.

We are quite curiosities here after our journey, some think we were mad to undertake it, some think we were lost; some will have it we were starved; there were a thousand lies, but we are safe and well, enjoying rest and good eating, most completely. One ought really to take these fillips now and then, they make one enjoy life a great deal more.

The hours here are a little inconvenient to us as yet; whenever we wake at night we want to eat, the same as in the woods, and as soon as we eat we want to sleep. In our journey we were always up two hours before day, to load and get ready to march, we used to stop between three and four, and it generally took us from that till night to shovel out the snow, cut wood, cook and get ready for night, so that immediately after our suppers we were asleep, and whenever any one awakes in the night, he puts some wood on the fire, and eats a bit before he lies down again; but for my part, I was not much troubled with waking in the night.

"I really do think there is no luxury equal to that of lying before a good fire on a good spruce bed, after a good supper, and a hard moose chase in a fine clear frosty moonlit starry night. But to enter into the spirit of this, you must understand what a moose chase is: the man himself runs the moose down by pursuing the track. Your success in killing depends on the number of people you have to pursue and relieve one another in going first (which is the fatiguing part of snow- shoeing), and on the depth and hardness of the snow, for when the snow is hard and has a crust, the moose cannot get on, as it cuts his legs, and then he stops to make battle. But when the snow is soft, though it be above his belly, he will go on three, four or five days, for then the man cannot get on so fast, as the snow is heavy and he only gets his game by perseverance—an Indian never gives him up." Then follows a most graphic description of a hunt—closing with the death of the noble quarry.

"Pray," continues Lord Edward, "write to uncle Richmond, I would write if there was time, but I have only time to fill up this."

Tom Moore adds, that the plan of Lord Edward's route through the woods was forwarded from Quebec to the Duke of Richmond, by Mr. Hamilton Moore, in a letter dated Quebec, May 22nd, 1789, this letter closes with the following:—"Lord Edward has met with the esteem and admiration of all here."

In a subsequent epistle to Mr. Ogilvie, his step-father, dated "Quebec, 12th April, 1789," Lord Edward mentions the death of the Lieut.-Governor of Quebec (Major Patrick Bellew). "It is a place of £1,600 a year, and I think would do well for Charles. The day before he died I was in treaty for his Lieut.-Colonelcy in the 44th Regiment."

Later, on 4th May, 1789, he writes from Montreal, and speaks gratefully of the open-handed hospitality extended to him, and of the kind lady friends he met at Quebec. (Page 67.)

Alas! generous youth, what foul fiend, three year later, inspired you, with Tom Paine as your adviser, to herd at Paris with the regicide crew, and howl the "*Carmagnole*" and "*Çà Ira*," with the hideous monsters who revelled in blood under the holy name of liberty?

Again, one follows the patriotic Irish nobleman, in 1793, plighting his faith to a lovely and noble bride, Pamela Sims, the youthful daughter of the Duke of Orleans, by Madame de Genlis.

A few short years and the ghastly phantom of death, in a dismal prison, in the dearly loved land of his birth, spreads a pall over what might have been to his unfortunate country, a career full of honour. Alas! brave, noble Edward! Poor, pretty little Pamela, alas!

The Castle had its sunshine and its shadows. Many still survive to tell of an impressive, and gloomy pageant. On the 4th September, 1819, previous to their transfer to the chancel of the Anglican Cathedral, were exposed in state in the Château, the mortal remains of the late Governor-General, His Grace Charles Gordon Lennox, Duke of Richmond, Lennox and Aubigny, who, on the 28th August, 1819, had died of hydrophobia.

The revolving wheel of time ushers in, with his successor, other actors, and other scenes. One likes to recall the presence there of a graceful and noble Chatelaine, his daughter, Lady Sarah Lennox, the devoted wife of the administrator of the Government of Lower Canada, Sir Peregrine Maitland, "a tall, grave officer, says Dr. Scadding, always in military undress, his countenance ever wearing a mingled expression of sadness and benevolence, like that which one may observe on the face of the predecessor of Louis Philippe, Charles the Tenth," whose current portraits recall, not badly, the whole head and figure of this early Governor of Upper Canada.

"In an outline representation which we (Dr. Scadding) accidentally possessed, of a panorama of the battle of Waterloo, on exhibition in London, the 1st Foot Guards were conspicuously to be seen, led on by 'Major General Sir Peregrine Maitland.'" [38]

With persons of wider knowledge, Sir Peregrine was invested With further associations. Besides being the royal representative in these parts, he was the son-in-law of Charles Gordon Lennox, fourth Duke of Richmond, a name that stirred chivalrous feelings in early Canadians of both Provinces; for the Duke had come to Canada as Governor-in- Chief, with a grand reputation acquired as Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, and great benefits were expected, and probably would have been realized, from his administration, had it been of long continuance. But he had been suddenly removed by an excruciating death. Whilst on a tour of inspection in the Upper Province, he had been fatally attacked by hydrophobia, occasioned by the bite of a pet fox. The injury had been received at Sorel; its terrible effects were fatally experienced at a place near the Ottawa river called Richmond.

Some of the prestige of the deceased Duke continued to adhere to Sir Peregrine Maitland, for he had married the Duke's daughter, a graceful and elegant woman, who was always at his side here (York, now Toronto), and at Stanford Cottage across the lake. She bore a name not unfamiliar in the domestic annals of George III., who once, it is said, was enamored of a beautiful Lady Sarah Lennox, grandmother, as we suppose, or some other near relative of the Lady Sarah Lennox here before us. However, conversationists whispered about (in confidence) something supposed to be unknown to the general public, that the match between Sir Peregrine and Lady Sarah had been effected in spite of the Duke. The report was that there had been an elopement, and it was naturally supposed that the party of the sterner sex had been the most active agent in the affair. To say the truth, however, in this

instance it was the lady who precipitated matters. The affair occurred at Paris, soon after the Waterloo campaign. The Duke's final determination against Sir Peregrine's proposals having been announced, the daughter suddenly withdrew from the father's roof, and fled to the lodgings of Sir Peregrine, who instantly retired to other quarters. The upshot of the whole thing, at once romantic and unromantic, included a marriage and a reconciliation, and eventually a Lieutenant-Governorship for the son-in-law, under the Governorship-in-Chief of the father, both despatched together to undertake the discharge of vice-regal functions in a distant colony. At the time of his marriage with Lady Sarah Lennox, Sir Peregrine had been for some ten years a widower. [39] After the death of the Duke of Richmond, Sir Peregrine became administrator, for a time of the general government of British North America.

One of the Duke of Richmond's sons was lost in the ill-fated steamer *President* in 1840. In December, 1824, Sir Peregrine revisited Quebec with Sir Francis Burton, Lieutenant-Governor, in the *Swiftsure*, steamer escorting some very distinguished tourists. A periodical notices the arrivals at the old Château as follows:—

"Sir Peregrine is accompanied by Lord Arthur Lennox, Mr. Maitland, Colonels Foster, Lightfoot, Coffin and Talbot, with the Hon. E. G. Stanley (from 1851 to 1869 Earl of Derby), grandson of Earl Derby, M. P. for Stockbridge; John E. Denison, Esq., (subsequently Speaker of the House of Commons), M. P. for Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and James S. Wortley, Esq. (afterwards Lord Wharncliffe), M. P. for Bossiney in Cornwall. The three latter gentlemen are upon a tour in this country from England, and we are happy to learn, that they have expressed themselves as being highly gratified with all they have hitherto seen in Canada."— (*Canadian Review*, 1824.)

Quebecers will be pleased to learn that the name of Sir Peregrine Maitland is pleasantly preserved by means of Maitland Scholarships in a grammar school for natives at Madras, and by a Maitland Prize in the University of Cambridge. Sir Peregrine, as patron of education, opened an era of progress which his successors Lords Elgin, Dufferin and Lorne have continued in a most munificent manner.

A curious glimpse of high life at Quebec, in the good old days of Lord Dalhousie, is furnished in a letter addressed to *Delta*, of Blackwood's Magazine, by John Galt, the novelist, the respected father of our gifted statesman, Sir Alexander Tilloch Galt. [40]

The talented author of the "*Annals of the Parish*," after expatiating on the dangers he had that day incurred in crossing over from Levis to Quebec in a canoe, among the ice-floes, thus alludes to the winter amusements:—

QUEBEC, 22nd February, 1827.

MY DEAR SIR,—I am under very great obligations to you. A copy of the "Laird" having come to the castle from the New York publishers, Lady Dalhousie lent it to me. * * * I am much pleased with Quebec. It is at present filled with Highland regiments, in which I have many acquaintances and the hospitality of the other inhabitants is also unbounded, for the winter suspends all business, and pleasure is conducted as if it were business. The amateurs have a theatre, and I wrote a piece for them, in which a Londoner, a Glasgow merchant, an Irish girl, a Yankee family and a Highlander were introduced. It was adapted entirely to the place, and in quiz of a very agreeable custom —of everybody calling on strangers. Dr. Dunlop performed the Highlander beyond anything I ever saw on the regular stage. The whole went off with more laughter than anything I have ever seen, for the jokes being local and personal (supplied by upwards of thirty contributors), every one told with the utmost effect."

"This farce, says Delta, composed at Quebec by J. Galt, and performed there before the Earl of Dalhousie (then Governor-General), was named "The Visitors, or a Trip to Quebec," and was meant as a good humoured satire on some of the particular usages of the place. An American family figured as the visitors, and the piece opened with a scene in an hôtel, when a waiter brings in a tea-tray loaded with cards of callers, and the explanation of the initials having had reference to people, many of whom were present at the performance, tended much to make the thing pass off with great éclat. It seems that a custom prevails there to a punctilious extent, of all the inhabitants of a certain grade calling upon strangers and leaving their cards.

"This flash of harmless lightning, however, assumed somewhat of a malignant glare when seen from the United States. The drift of the performance was, it seems, hideously misrepresented by some of the newspapers, and it was said that Mr. Galt had ungratefully ridiculed the Americans, notwithstanding the distinction and hospitality with which they had

received him. It thus came to pass that he promised, when next in New York, to write another farce, in which liberty as great should be taken with his own countrymen. "An Aunt in Virginia" was the product of this promise, and with the alterations mentioned and a change of scene from New York to London, it was published under the name of "Scotch and Yankees.""

A volume would not suffice to detail the brilliant receptions, gay routs, *levees*, state balls given at the Castle during Lord Dorchester's administration—the lively discussions—the formal protests originating out of points of precedence, burning *questions de jupons* between the touchy magnates of the old and those of the new *regime*. Whether la Baronne de St. Laurent would be admitted there or not? Whether a de Longueuil's or a de Lanaudière's place was on the right of Lady Maria, the charming consort of His Excellency Lord Dorchester—a daughter of the great English Earl of Effingham? Whether dancing ought to cease when their Lordships the Bishops entered, and made their bow to the representative of royalty? Unfortunately Quebec had then no Court Journal, so that following generations will have but faint ideas of all the witchery, the stunning head-dresses, the *décolletées*, high-waisted robes of their stately grandmothers, whirled round in the giddy waltz by whiskered, épauletté cavaliers, or else courtesying in the demure *menuet de la cour*.

In August, 1796, when Isaac Weld, Jr., visited Quebec, he describes the old part of the château as chiefly taken up with the public offices, all the apartments in it, says he, "are small and ill-contrived; but in the new part (Haldimand Castle) which stands in front of the other, facing the square (the ring), they are spacious and tolerably well furnished, but none of them can be called elegant. This part is inhabited by the Governor's family. * * * * Every evening during summer, when the weather is fine, one of the regiments of the garrison parades in the open place before the château, and the band plays for an hour or two, at which time the place becomes the resort of numbers of the most genteel people of the town, and has a very gay appearance." (*Weld's Travels through the States of North America in 1795-6-7*, vol. 1, p. 351)

In 1807, when the deadly duel between England and Imperial France was at its height, Great Britain sent New France as her Viceroy, a military Governor, equally remarkable for the sternness of his rule and for his love of display, hence the name of "Little King Craig," awarded to Sir James Craig. To meet his requirements the House of Assembly voted in 1808, a sum of £7,000 to repair the Château St. Louis. Sir James took up his quarters in the interim, in Castle Haldimand. The Château St. Louis received an additional story and was much enlarged. In 1812 an additional sum of £7,980 19s 4d was voted to cover the deficit in the repairs. Little King Craig inhabited Château St. Louis during the winters of 1809-10-11, occupying Spencer Wood during the summer months. The *Château* stables were subsequently converted into a riding school, afterwards into a theatre, where the exhibition of Harrison's Diorama caused the awful tragedy of 12th June, 1846. [41] The Earl of Durham, in 1838, struck with the commanding position of this site, had the charred ruins of the old Château removed and erected a lofty platform which soon was called after him "Durham Terrace."

In 1851-2-3-4, Haldimand Castle was repaired at a cost of \$13,718.42. In 1854, Hon. Jean Chabot, member for Quebec and Commissioner of Public Works, had Durham Terrace much enlarged; the adjoining walls were repaired at an expense of \$4,209.92. More expenditure was incurred in 1857. When the Laval Normal School was installed there, Bishop Langevin, then Principal, had the wing erected where the chapel stands. The vaulted room used as a kitchen for the Laval Normal School, was an old powder magazine; it is the most ancient portion of the building. The present Castle was, by Order in Council of 14th February, 1871, transferred by the Dominion authorities to the Government of the Province of Quebec, together with Durham Terrace, the Sewell Mansion, facing the Esplanade (Lieutenant-Governor's office), also, the site and buildings of the Parliament House, on Mountain Hill.

The extension of this lofty and beautiful Terrace, suggested to the City Council by the City Engineer in his report of 1872, necessarily formed a leading feature in the splendid scheme of city improvements, originated by the Earl of Dufferin, with the assistance of Mr. Lynn, an eminent Irish engineer, and of our City Engineer, le Chevalier Baillairge. An appeal was made by a true and powerful friend to Quebec (Lord Dufferin) to our gracious Sovereign, who contributed munificently from her private purse, for the erection of the new gate, called after her late father, the Duke of Kent—Kent Gate, in remembrance of his long sojourn (1791-4) in this city. Large sums were also granted by the Dominion, it is thought, chiefly through the powerful influence of Lord Dufferin, seconded by Sir H. L. Langevin; an appeal was also made for help to the City Council and not in vain; it responded by a vote of \$7,500.

The front wall was built at the expense of the Dominion Government, and occupies part of the site of the old battery, erected on that portion of the château garden granted to Major Samuel Holland in 1766.

The length of Dufferin Terrace is 1420 feet, and it is 182 feet above the level of the St. Lawrence. It forms part of the city fortifications. The site can be resumed by the Commander of the Forces (the Governor-General) whenever he may deem it expedient for objects within the scope of his military authority.

Durham Terrace, increased to four times its size, now forms a link in the Dufferin plans of city embellishment, of which the corner stone was laid by the Earl of Dufferin on the 18th October, 1878, and was authentically recognized as "Dufferin Terrace" in April and May, 1879, in the official records of the City Council; several iron plates were inserted in the flooring with the inscription, "*Dufferin Terrace, H. Hatch, contractor, C. Baillairge, engineer.*" But a famous name of the past, which many loved to connect with this spot—that of Louis de Buade, Count de Frontenac, was not forgotten. The Literary and Historical Society of Quebec, on the 18th April, 1879, presented to the City Council a petition, asking among other things, that one of the handsome kiosks on the Terrace should bear the name of Frontenac; their prayer was granted, and by a resolution moved on 9th May, 1879, by Mr. P. Johnson, C.C., and seconded by Alderman Rhéaume, the five kiosks of Dufferin Terrace were named *Victoria, Louise, Lorne, Frontenac, Plessis*.

It is the site of the present Normal School, adjacent to this historic spot, which has been selected for the palatial hotel in contemplation.

LAYING OF CORNER STONE OF DUFFERIN TERRACE

"The laying of the corner stone of Dufferin Terrace took place the same day (18th Oct., 1878) as that of the two city gates, the St. Louis and the Kent Gate. The ceremony was performed in the presence of thousands. His Worship the Mayor (R. Chambers) received His Excellency the Earl of Dufferin, and with him were present many of the Aldermen and Councillors, with the City Engineer and contractors, the members of the Judiciary, Consul-General of Spain, Consuls of France, Belgium and the United States, Dean Stanley, of London, England; Mrs. Stevenson, sister to the Countess of Dufferin, Messrs. Russell Stevenson, R. R. Dobell, Simon Peters, Dr. Marsden, Jas. Motz, many ex-Aldermen and ex-Councillors, Alexander Woods, Chairman of the Harbour Commission, W. S. Desbarats, W. G. Sheppard, Wm. White, Very Revd. H. Hamel, His Lordship Judge Taschereau, late of the Supreme Court, Hon. Judge H. Taschereau, Judge of the Superior Court, &c.

"A handsome trowel and mallet were handed to His Excellency the manufacture of Mr. Cyrille Duquet. On the face of the trowel a splendid likeness of the Governor-General was embossed, and an appropriate inscription was engraved thereon. On the plate of the foundation stone the inscription reads as follows:—"Dufferin Terrace, laid by His Excellency the Earl of Dufferin, Governor-General of the Dominion of Canada, on the 18th day of October, 1878, in presence of the Dominion and city authorities and dignitaries, and an immense concourse of people from all parts of Canada, also His Honor Luc Letellier de St. Just, Lieut.-Governor of the Province of Quebec, R. Chambers, Esq., Mayor of the city of Quebec. City Aldermen—Hon. John Hearn, Patrick Henchey, Louis Bourget, R. F. Rinfret, Francois Gingras, J. P. Rhéaume, Germain Guay, F. O. Vallerand, Esqs. City Councillors—Onésime Beaubien, Andrew Hatch, Guillaume Bouchard, F. X. Langevin, Jean Docile Brosseau, Francis McLaughlin, John C. Burns, William McWilliam, William Convey, J. F. Peachy, John Delaney, F. W. Roy, Peter Johnston, Willis Russell, Charles Brochu, Richard Turner, Esqs. City Clerk—L. A. Cannon, Esq. City Treasurer—C. J. L. Lafrance, Esq. City Accountant—M. F. Walsh, Esq. City Legal Adviser—L. G. Baillairge, Esq. City Notary—A. G. Tourangeau, Esq. Owen Murphy, Esq., ex-Mayor; Chas. Baillairge, Chevalier, City Engineer." In the leaden box, placed within the stone, were laid mementoes of the occasion, similar to those placed in the proper receptacle in the stone laid in the morning at St. Louis Gate, with the addition of beautifully executed portraits of Lord and Lady Dufferin, from the studio of Messrs. Ellison & Co.

"His Excellency having given the *coup de grâce* to the foundation stone with the silver mallet, the proceedings were closed."— (*Morning Chronicle*, 19th Oct., 1878.)

The new city gate erected on the site of the old St. Louis Gate, instead of being called Dufferin Gate, as it had been contemplated, was allowed to retain its time-honored name, St. Louis Gate; the public of Quebec, however, were resolved that some conspicuous monument should recall to Quebecers the fragrant memory of its benefactor, Lord Dufferin; on the visit in June, 1879, of His Excellency Lord Lorne and H.R.H. the Princess Louise, a request was made on them by the citizens, through their chief executive officer, the Mayor of Quebec (R. Chambers), to name and open to the public our world-famous Terrace. On the 9th June, 1879, our distinguished visitors performed this auspicious ceremony

in presence of thousands, and in the following words confirmed the name previously entered in the Corporation records:—

INAUGURATION OF DUFFERIN TERRACE, 9th JUNE, 1879.

"According to notice previously given, the inauguration of Dufferin Terrace occurred at half-past two o'clock in the afternoon. When that hour arrived a mass of people variously estimated at from eight to fifteen thousand, but probably containing about ten thousand, occupied the Terrace. The appearance from an elevated place of this sea of humanity was indeed wonderful. The band pavilion in the centre of the garden had been reserved for the Viceregal party, and was covered in carpet and scarlet cloth, with two chairs of state. The entrance to the pavilion was kept by the City Police, while "B" Battery furnished the band and guard of honour, and played the National Anthem as the distinguished party arrived on the field.

The Mayor and members of the City Council had previously walked in a body to the pavilion from the City Hall, and now His Worship conducted His Excellency and Her Royal Highness to the dais, and addressing himself to the Governor-General, said:—

"MAY IT PLEASE YOUR EXCELLENCY.—On behalf of the Corporation and citizens of Quebec, permit me to thank Your Excellency for acceding to our request that you would be pleased to open in person this public promenade, and also Her Royal Highness for graciously honouring us by her presence.

"The corner stone of this structure was laid by Your Excellency's predecessor, the Earl of Dufferin (18th Oct., 1878).

"It will be gratifying to the noble Lord to learn that the work in which he took so lively an interest has been inaugurated by Your Excellency, and that the ceremony was graced by the presence of Her Royal Highness the Princess Louise.

"I have, therefore, respectfully to request that Your Excellency may be pleased to give the name which the Terrace is henceforth to bear, and to signify if it is the pleasure of Your Excellency that it be opened to the public."

His Excellency replied:—"I am happy to accede to your request to signify that this Terrace shall be called after your late Governor-General, Dufferin, and that it is now open to the public."

Rounds of applause followed His Excellency's remarks, and loud cheers were given for the Earl of Dufferin, Her Royal Highness and His Excellency." (*Morning Chronicle*, 10th June, 1879.)

Parallel with Ste. Anne street, and terminated by Dauphin street, a tortuous, rugged little lane, now known as St. Andrew's street, leads past St Andrew's schoolhouse, to the chief entrance of the Presbyterian house of worship; a church opened at the beginning of the century, repaired and rendered quite handsome a few years ago, but much damaged by fire on the 30th April, 1881. In connection with the erection of this structure, a document was recently exhumed from the archives of the Literary and Historical Society, which throws much light on an important section of the former population of the city. It is a memorial to His Majesty George III., signed at Quebec on the 5th October, 1802, by the Rev. Dr Sparks' congregation and by himself. The first incumbent of St. Andrew's Church— commenced in 1809, and opened for worship on the 30th November, 1810—was the Reverend Doctor Alexander Sparks, who had landed at Quebec in 1780, became tutor in the family of Colonel Henry Caldwell at Belmont, St. Foye road, and who died suddenly in Quebec, on the 7th March, 1819. Dr. Sparks had succeeded to the Rev. George Henry, a military chaplain at the time of the conquest; the first Presbyterian minister, we are told, who officiated in the Province, and who died on the 6th July, 1795, aged 86 years.

One hundred and forty-eight signatures are affixed to this dusty document of 1802.

A carefully prepared petition—it seems—to the King, asking for a site in Quebec whereon to build a church—and suggesting that the lot occupied by the Jesuits' Church, and where until 1878, stood the Upper Town, market shambles, be granted to the petitioners, they being without a church, and having to trust to the good will of the government for the use, on Sundays, of a room in the Jesuits Barracks, as a place of worship. [42]

Signatures to Memorial addressed to George III., asking for land in Quebec to build a Presbyterian Church:—

Alex. Sparks, Minister, A. Ferguson,
Jas. Thompson, Jr., Robert Eglison,
Fred. Grant, Robt. Cairns,
Jno. Greenshields, William A. Thompson,
Chas. G. Stewart, Wm. McWhirter,
James Sinclair, John McDonald,
John Urquhart, John Auld,
William Morrin, Bridget Young,
Jno. Eifland, Jno. Shaw,
John Barlie, Charles Hunter,
Geo. McGregor, Geo. Black,
Wm. Holmes, W. G. Hall,
James Ward, J. Gray,
Jno. Purss, F. Leslie,
Ann Watt, Robt. Wood,
J. Brydon, Lewis Harper,
Jno. Frazer, Mary Boyle,
James Somerville, A. Anderson,
J. A. Thompson, John Anderson,
Wm. Hall, Robt. Ross,
Wm. Thompson, Sr., Wm. Fraser,
D. Monroe, Wm. Hay,
J. Blackwood, Wm. McKay,
M. Lymburner, Robt. Harrower,
Francis Hunter, James Tulloch,
W. Rouburgh, Samuel Brown,
John McCord, Isaac Johnstone,
J. G. Hanna, Peter Leitch,
J. McNider, Henry Baldwin,
Adam Lymburner, Daniel Forbes,
Jno. Lynd, William Jaffray,
Peter Stuart, J. Hendry,
William Grant, John Thompson,
J. A. Todd, George Smith,
John Mure, Wm. Reed,
John Patterson, Alexander Harper,
John Crawford, Robert Marshall,
John Hewison, William White,
David Douglas, Thomas White,
George Wilde, John Taylor,
Fred. Petry, Adam Reid,
James Ross, James Irvine,
David Stewart, John Munro,
John Yule, Alexander Munn,
Angus McIntyre, Alexander Rea,
John Mackie, James Elmslie,
John Purss. Johnston, Charles Smith,
Wm. Thompson, Jr., Ebenezer Baird,
Con. Adamson, Lawrence Kidd,
Geo. Morrison, James McCallum,
Jno. Goudie, John Burn,
G. Sinclair, Joanna George,
Walter Carruthers, Maya Darling,
Wm. Petrie, William Lindsay,
John Ross, Janet Smith,
Wm. McKenzie, William Smith,
Thos. Saul, Henrietta Sewell,
J. Ross, Jr., Jane Sewell,
Ann Rose, C. W. Grant,
James Mitchell, Robert Ritchie,
Geo. King, George Pyke,
Alex. Thompson, Joseph Stilson,

James Orkney, Henry Hunt,
J. Neilson, George Thompson,
Daniel Fraser,
Quebec, 5th October, 1802.

Some of these signatures are suggestive. The most notable is probably that of old Adam Lymburner, the cleverest of the three Lymburners, all merchants at Quebec in 1775. [43] Adam, according to the historian Garneau, was more distinguished for his forensic abilities and knowledge of constitutional law, than for his robust allegiance to the Hanoverian succession at Quebec, when Colonel Benedict Arnold and his New Englanders so rudely knocked at our gates for admission in 1775.

According to Garneau and other historians, in the autumn of that memorable year, when the fate of British Canada hung as if by a thread, Adam Lymburner, more prudent than loyal, retired from the sorely beset fortress to Charlesbourg, possibly to Château Bigot, a shooting box then known as the "Hermitage," to meditate on the mutability of human affairs. Later on, however, in the exciting times of 1791, Adam Lymburner was deputed by the colony to England to suggest amendment's to the project of the constitution to be promulgated by the home authorities. His able speech may be met with in the pages of the *Canadian Review*, published at Montreal in 1826. This St Peter street magnate attained four score and ten years, and died at Russell Square, London, on the 10th January, 1836.

Another signature recalls days of strife and alarm: that of sturdy old Hugh McQuarters, the brave artillery sergeant who, at *Près-de-Ville* on that momentous 31st December, 1775, applied the match to the cannon which consigned to a snowy shroud Brigadier-General Richard Montgomery, his two *aides*, McPherson and Cheeseman, and his brave, but doomed followers, some eleven in all; the rest having sought safety in flight. By this record, it appears Sergeant McQuarters had also a son, in 1802, one of Dr Sparks' congregation. Old Hugh McQuarters lived in Champlain street, and closed his career there in 1812.

Another autograph, that of James Thompson, one of Wolfe's comrades—"a big giant," as our old friend, the late Judge Henry Black, who knew him well, used to style him, awakens many memories of the past. Sergeant James Thompson, of Fraser's Highlanders, at Louisbourg in 1758, and at Quebec in 1759, came from Tain, Scotland, to Canada, as a volunteer to accompany a friend-Capt. David Baillie, of the 78th. His athletic frame, courage, integrity and intelligence, during the seventy-two years of his Canadian career, brought him employment, honour, trust and attention from every Governor of the colony from 1759 to 1830, the period of his death, he was then aged 98 years. At the battle of the Plains of Abraham, James Thompson, as hospital sergeant, was intrusted with the landing, at Point Levi, of the wounded, who were crossed over in boats; he tells us of his carrying some of the wounded from the crossing at Levi, up the hill, all the way to the church at St. Joseph, converted into an hospital, and distant three miles from the present ferry, a "big giant" alone could have been equal to such a task. In 1775, Sergeant Thompson, as overseer of Government works, was charged with erecting the palisades, fascines and other primitive contrivances to keep out Brother Jonathan, who had not yet learned the use of Parrot or Gatling guns and torpedoes. Later on, we find the sturdy Highlander an object of curiosity to strangers visiting Quebec—full of siege anecdotes and reminiscences—a welcome guest at the Château in the days of the Earl of Dalhousie. In 1827, as senior Mason, he was called on by His Excellency to give the three mystic taps with the mallet, when the corner stone of the Wolfe and Montcalm monument was laid, in the presence of Captain Young of the 79th Highlanders, and a great concourse of citizens. About New Year's day, 1776, Mr. Thompson became possessed of Gen. Montgomery's sword; it has since passed to his grandson, James Thompson Harrower. Mr. James Thompson left several sons, some of whose signatures are affixed to the document before us. John Gawler was Judge for the District of Gaspé from 1828 to 1865; George received a commission in the Royal Artillery; a third was Deputy Commissary General James Thompson, who died in this city in 1869.

Old James Thompson expired in 1830, at the family mansion, St. Ursule street, now occupied by his grandson, Mr. James Thompson Harrower.

When we name John Greenshields, D. Munro (the partner of the Hon. Matthew Bell), J. Blackwood, Matthew Lymburner, Peter Stuart, William Grant, John Mure, John McNider, J. G. Hanna, John Crawford, David Stewart (the David Stewart of "Astoria" described by Washington Irving?) James Orkney, Robert Wood, Alexander Munn, James McCallum, Thomas White, Fred. Petrie, Robert Ritchie, we recall many leading merchants in St. Peter street, Notre Dame street and the old *Cul-de-Sac*.

"Ebenezer Baird," we take to have been the progenitor of a well-remembered Quebec Barrister, James E. Baird, Esq., the patron of our city member, Jacques Malouin, Esquire.

George Pyke, a Halifax barrister, had settled here. He rose to occupy a seat on the judicial bench.

Robert Harrower, was doubtless the father of Messrs. Robert, David and Charles Harrower, of Trois Saumons, County of L'Islet. Honorable James Irvine, in 1818, a member of the Legislative Council, was the grandfather of the Hon. G. Irvine, of this city. The Hon. John Jones Ross, the present Speaker of the Legislative Council, Quebec, traces back to the "James Ross" of 1802, and the Hon. David Alex. Ross claims for his sire that sturdy Volunteer of 1759, under Wolfe, "John Ross," who made a little fortune; he resided at the house he purchased in 1765, near Palace Gate within. He held a commission as a Captain in the British Militia in 1775, under Colonel Le Maitre; we can recollect his scarlet uniform which he wore in 1775, also worn in 1875, by his grandson, our worthy friend, Hon. D. A. Ross, at the ball of the Centenary of the repulse of Brigadier- General Richard Montgomery, 31st December, 1775. He had three sons, David was Solicitor-General at Quebec; John was a lawyer also, and Prothonotary at Quebec (the signer of the memorial of 1802); the third died young; of three daughters, one was married to the Rev. Doctor Sparks, already mentioned; a second was married to Mr. James Mitchell, A.C.G., and the third to an army surgeon. John Ross, Sr., died at an advanced age. Charles Grey Stewart, our Comptroller of Customs died in 1854; he was the father of Messrs. McLean, Charles, Alexander, Robert and John Stewart, of Mrs. William Price, of Mrs. William Phillips, of the Misses Ann and Eleanor Stewart.

"Joanna George" the mother of an aged contemporary, Miss Elizabeth George, and of [44] Miss Agnes George, the widow of the late Arch. Campbell, Esq., N.P., and grandmother of the present President of the St. Andrew's Society, W. Darling Campbell, died about 1830.

"Maya Darling" was another daughter, and wife of Capt. Darling. "John Burn," also one of the signers of the Memorial, and who afterwards settled in Upper Canada, was the son of "Joanna George" by another marriage; the eccentric and clever Quebec merchant, Mr. James George, was another son. He was the first who suggested in 1822, a plan of the St. Charles River Docks—the first who took up the subject of rendering the St. Lawrence Rapids navigable higher than Montreal. The idea seemed so impracticable, and what was still worse, so new, that the far-seeing Mr. George, was at the time branded as *non compos!* and still for years the "Spartan," "Passport," "Champion" and other steamers have safely ran these rapids daily every season!

James George had also suggested the practicability of Wooden Railways or Tramways, with horses as locomotive power, forty years before the Civil Engineer Hulburt built the Gosford Wooden Railway, with steam as locomotive power.

"William Grant, of St. Roch's, after whom Grant street was called, was member for the Upper Town of Quebec, during our two first Parliaments, from 17th December, 1792, to 29th May, 1800, and from 9th January, 1805, to period of his death at St. Roch in 1805. An enterprising and important personage was the Hon. Wm. Grant, the Receiver General of the Province in 1770. He had married the widow of the third Baron de Longueuil.

"John Mure" represented the County of York (Vaudreuil) in three Parliaments, from 9th January, 1805, to 26th February, 1810, and was member for the Upper Town of Quebec, from 1810 to 1814. A man of intelligence, he also, though a Presbyterian, became a benefactor to the R. C. Church, having, in 1812, given to the R. C. parishioners of St. Roch's, a site whereon to erect their church in that thriving suburb.

"John Blackwood" also represented the Upper Town in two Parliaments, from 9th April, 1809, to 20th February, 1810.

"Jane Sewell" was the wife of Stephen Sewell, Solicitor-General of Lower Canada, brother to Chief Justice Sewell.

"Henrietta Sewell," one of the signers, survived ten years her husband, the late Jonathan Sewell, Chief Justice for Lower Canada, who died in Quebec in 1839. Chief Justice Sewell left a numerous progeny. [45]

"William Lindsay" was the father of the late William Burns Lindsay, for years Clerk of the Legislative Assembly of Lower Canada, and of our venerable fellow-citizen, Errol Boyd Lindsay, Esq., Notary Public, now more than four score years of age; he seems to have taken his surname from Capt. Errol Boyd, in 1798, commander of the well remembered Quebec and Montreal trader, the "Dunlop."

"William Smith," one of the last among the signers of the memorial, the brother of Henrietta Smith, wife of Chief Justice Sewell, was the Hon. William Smith, Clerk of the Legislative Council, and who, in

1815, published his *History of Canada*, in two volumes, a standard work; he was a descendant of the Hon. William Smith, a noted U. E. Loyalist, who wrote the history of the State of New York, and landed at Quebec, 23rd October, 1786. As a reward for his loyalty he had been made Chief Justice of Lower Canada, 1st September, 1785; he died at Quebec, 6th December, 1793.

The names of six signers of the *Memorial to the King*, appear on the list of the jury empanelled to try, in 1797, before Chief Justice Osgood, David McLane for high treason, viz.: John Blackwood, John Crawford, David Munro, John Mure, James Irvine, James Orkney. George Pyke was the Counsel named *ex officio*, together with M. Franklin, to defend the misguided Yankee.

The Jury stood thus;—

John Blackwood, James Irvine,
John Crawford, James Orkney,
John Painter, James Watson Goddard,
David Monro, Henry Cull,
John Mure, Robert Morrogh,
John Jones, George Symes.

Parloir street, well leavened with lawyers, leads to the *parloir* of the Ursulines. Here resided the late Judge de Bonne, at the dawn of the present century. The locality is alive with memories of this venerable seat of education, and with saintly and heroic traditions of Madame de la Peltrie, Mère de l'Incarnation—Montcalm. "There exists," says the Abbé Casgrain, "in the Ursuline Nunnery, a small picture, which portrays a touching tradition of the early days of Canada: a painting executed by a Canadian artist, from old etchings, preserved in the monastery. * * The canvas represents the forest primeval, which mantled the promontory of Quebec, at the birth of the Colony. In the centre of the picture may be seen, amidst the maples and tall pines, the first monastery, founded in 1641 by Madame de la Peltrie. On its front stands forth in perspective the dwelling which the founder had erected for her own use, three years later on. The area comprised between these two edifices, is occupied by a clearing, surrounded by a palisade, whereon are seen grazing a flock of sheep. On the left side of the picture a broad avenue leads through the forest:—the *Grand Allée*—later on St. Louis street, which leads to the village of Sillery. Two horsemen, habited à la Louis XIV, meet on this avenue, the one Monsieur d'Ailleboust, the Governor of the Colony, the other is Monsieur DuPlessis Bochard, the Governor of Three Rivers. In the midst of their interview, they are interrupted by an Indian Chief, who offers them a beaver skin. A few steps from her residence, Madame de la Peltrie is standing close to another Indian Chief, who, with head inclined, seems in the attitude of listening to her in the most respectful manner, whilst she, dignified and composed, is expounding to him the sacred truths of faith. This scene presents an admirable contrast, with another taking place close by; an Indian warrior is seen giving, imperiously, his orders to a squaw,—his wife mayhap—but who, from her downcast and humble look, seems more like his slave. A short distance from this group, a missionary, (Father Jérôme Lalemant) after visiting some wigwams, erected around the house of Madame de la Peltrie, is threading a narrow path leading to the depths of the forest. The most attractive feature about the painting is a group of young children, listening attentively to the teachings of a nun, seated on the right, under the shade of an ash tree. The impression created by this antique painting, is the more delightful and vivid, because on turning one's gaze, at present, from the picture, to the interior of the cloister, may still be seen the hoary head of an old ash tree, under which tradition shows us the venerable *Mother de l'Incarnation*, catechising the Indian children and teaching the young girls of the colony." [46] After more than two centuries of existence, the old ash tree succumbed lately to a storm.

Laval, Attorney-General Ruelle D'Auteuil, Louis de Buade, Ste. Hélène () seem to come back to life in the ancient streets of the same name, whilst Frontenac, Iberville, Piedmont, are brought to one's recollection, in the modern thoroughfares. The old Scotch pilot, Abraham Martin, (who according to the *Jesuits' Journal*, might have been a bit of a scamp, although a church chorister, but who does not appear to have been tried for his peccadilloes,) owned a domain of thirty-two acres of land in St. John's suburbs, which were bounded towards the north, by the hill which now bears his name (*La Côte d'Abraham*.)

Mythology has exacted a tribute on a strip of ground in the St. Louis suburbs. The chief of the pagan Olympus boasts of his lane, "Jupiter street," so called after a celebrated inn, Jupiter's Inn, on account of a full sized statue of the master of Olympus which stood formerly over the main entrance. In the beginning of the century, a mineral spring, of wondrous virtue, attracted to this neighbourhood, those of our *bon vivants* whose livers were out of order. Its efficacy is now a thing of the past!

That dear old street,—St. George street formerly,—now called after the first settler of the Upper Town in 1617, *Louis Hébert*, by the erection of the lofty Medical College and Laval University, for us has been shorn of its name—its sunshine—its glory, since the home [47] of our youth, at the east end,

has passed into strange hands. It is now *Hébert* street, by order of the City council.

Opposite to the antique and still stately dwelling, lately owned by Jos. Shehyn, M.P.P., is a house formerly tenanted by Mr. J. Dyke. In the beginning of this century it was occupied by an old countryman, remarkable, if not for deep scientific attainments, at least for shrewd common sense and great success in life—Mr. P. Paterson, the proprietor of the extensive mills at Montmorency—now owned by the estate of the late George Benson Hall, his son-in-law.

Peter Paterson, about 1790, left Whitby, England, to seek his fortune in Canada. His skill as a ship builder—his integrity of character and business habits, pointed him out as a fit agent—later on as a partner in a wealthy Baltic firm of London merchants who still have representatives in the colony. At the time of Napoleon's continental blockade, the English Government, seeing that the Baltic was closed for the supply of timber for the navy, gave out a large contract to Messrs. Henry and John Osborne—of London—for masts and oak. Osborne & Co., employed Mr. P. Paterson to dress and ship this timber. A timber limit license, of portentous import, authorizing the cutting of oak and masts for the navy in all British North America, was issued. Under authority of this license, Mr. Paterson partly denuded the shores of Lake Champlain as well as the Thousand Islands, of their fine oak. Mr. Paterson was the first to float oak in rafts to Quebec. He built a large mill at Montmorency, having exchanged his St. George street house for the mill site at Montmorency. His mills have since attained to great importance.

In the rear of (St. George—now) Hébert street loom out the lofty walls of the Laval University, which received its Royal Charter in 1852. [48]

THE LAVAL UNIVERSITY.

The main edifice is 298 feet in length, five stories high; a plain, massive structure of cut-stone, much improved in appearance since the addition, in 1876, of the present superstructure, which relieves the unbroken monotony of its form. The work is a great ornament not only to the immense building itself, but to the city. The task of designing the superstructure was entrusted to the taste and talent of J. F. Peachy, architect. The superstructure is in the French mansard roof style, with handsome cupolas on the east and west ends, surmounted with flag-staffs and weather vanes. In the centre towers a dome far above all, surmounted by a gilt-iron cross in the modern Grecian style—the upright shaft and arms being formed at four right angles. The crown ornaments on the centre top and ends of the arms are all of wrought iron and weigh about 700 lbs. The base is strongly braced and bolted to an oak shaft, secured to the truss work of the dome so firmly as to resist the fiercest gale of wind or any other powerful strain. It is 11 feet six inches in height and the arms are 7 feet six inches across. Mr. Philip Whitty, iron worker and, machinist, of St. James street, was the builder of this cross, and its handsome design and solidity reflect credit upon his taste and workmanship. We believe that it is intended to have a picture gallery in the superstructure under the central dome. The entire roof is strongly trussed and braced with iron bolts. This portion of the work was done under the superintendence of Mr. Marcou. We understand that it is also the intention to erect two balconies on the eastern end, fronting the St. Lawrence—these balconies to be supported by Corinthian columns. From the base to the present superstructure, the building was originally 80 feet high; it now stands 202 feet high from the base to the top of the cross on the central dome.

In 1880, another important addition, involving a heavy outlay, was planned. A lofty wing, 265 feet in length has been added to this imposing pile of buildings; it covers a large area in the seminary garden and connects on each story with the main structure, from which it stands out at right angles. Both buildings are intended to form but one, and seen from Levi or from the River St. Lawrence, it looks like an extension of the Laval University itself. The edifice is fireproof, its internal division walls are of brick, its rafters of iron; the floors are brick lined with deals as a preventive against dampness. The iron rafters were wrought at Lodelinsart, near Charleroi, Belgium; they weigh 400 tons, and cost laid down 1-1/2 cent per lb.

The basement and the ceiling of the first flat are vaulted over. The refectory takes up a whole wing of the first story. The masonry of the upper corridors rests on eighteen cast iron columns, weighing 3,000 lbs. each. The ceiling of the refectory is exceedingly strong and handsome; every story, in fact, is vaulted from top to bottom.

A corridor eight feet wide and two hundred and sixty-five feet long, intersects the centre of each story. All the vestibules, corridors and passages are paved with ceramic square blocks brought from Belgium.

The most notable part of the structure is the main staircase, entirely of iron and stone; it contains 120 steps 8 feet long, 16 feet broad, 5 inches high, each step hewn out of a single

block. The iron material weighs about 37,000 lbs. There is also another flight of steps made of iron. A hydraulic elevator in the centre of the building will provide an easy access to every story.

The roofed galleries, eight feet wide, attached to each story on the front, present promenades and views unrivaled in the city looking towards Levi and the Island of Orleans. On a large stone on the loftiest part of the front wall, over the window, is inscribed—*Conditum*, 1880.

The arch of the entrance to the Court House burnt in 1872, which, it was said, had formed part of the old Récollet Church, destroyed by fire on 6th Sept., 1796, has been used to build the arch of the porch which leads from the seminary garden to the farm-yard in rear. There are 230 windows in this new wing which has a mansard roof. It is computed that 4,000,000 bricks have been employed in the masonry. The architect is J. F. Peachy.

STAFF OF THE LAVAL UNIVERSITY IN 1881.

Rector, Revd. Ed. Méthot,—Superior of Quebec Seminary.
Professor of Commercial and Maritime Law,—Hon. Napoleon Casault, J.S.C.
Professor of Civil Procedure,—Hon. Ulric J. Tessier, J.Q.B.
Professor of Civil Law, etc.,—Hon. Chas. Thos. A. Langelier.
Professor of Roman Law,—Hon. Ed. James Flynn.
Professor of Commercial Law,—Hon. Richard Alley, J.S.C.
Secretary,—Thos. Chase Casgrain, Barrister.
Professor of Internal Pathology,—Dr. Jas. Arthur Sewell, M.D.
Professor of External Pathology,—Dr. J. E. Landry, M.D.
Professor of Toxicology, etc.,—Dr. Alfred Jackson, M.D.
Professor of Descriptive Anatomy,—Dr. Eusèbe Lemieux, M.D.
Professor of Medical Jurisprudence,—Dr. H. A. LaRue, M.D.
Professor of General Pathology,—Dr. Simard, M.D.
Professor of Materia Medica, etc.,—Dr. Chas. Verge, M.D.
Professor of Practical Anatomy, etc.,—Dr. Laurent Cattelier, M.D.
Professor of Clinical—Children's Diseases,—Dr. Arthur Vallée, M.D.
Professor of Clinical—Old People's Diseases,—Dr. Michael Ahern, M.D.
Professor of Comparative Zoology, Anatomy and Physiology,—Dr. L. J. A. Simard, M.D.
Professor of Political Economy,—Hon. C. T. A. Langelier.
Professor of Physical Science,—Rev. Mr. Laflamme.
Professor of French Literature,—Rev. Ed. Méthot.
Professor of Greek Literature,—Rev. L. Baudet.
Professor of Mineralogy,—Rev. J. C. Laflamme.
Professor of Natural Law,—Mgr. Beng. Paquet.
Professor of Dogmatic Theology,—Rev. L. H. Paquet.
Professor of Ecclesiastical History, Rev. L. N. Begin.

On the conspicuous site where stands the unpretending brick structure known as our present House of Parliament, (which succeeded to the handsome cut stone edifice destroyed by fire in 1864) one might, in 1660, have seen the dwelling of a man of note, Ruelle d'Auteuil. D'Auteuil became subsequently Attorney General and had lively times with that sturdy old ruler, Count de Frontenac. Ruelle d'Auteuil had sold the lot for \$600 (3,000 livres de 20 sols) to Major Provost, who resold it, with the two story stone house thereon erected, for \$3,000, to Bishop de St. Vallier. The latter having bequeathed it to his ecclesiastical successor, Bishop Panet ceded it in the year 1830 to the Provincial Government for an annual ground rent of £1,000—this rent is continued to the Archbishop by the Provincial Government of Quebec. No one now cares to enquire how Bishop Panet made such an excellent bargain, though a cause is assigned.

Palace Street was thus denominated from its leading direct from the Upper Town to the Intendant's Palace—latterly the King's woodyard. In earlier days it went by the name of *Rue des Pauvres*, [49] (Street of the Poor,) from its intersecting the domain of the *Hôtel Dieu*, whose revenues were devoted to the maintenance of the poor sheltered behind its massive old walls. Close by, on Fabrique street, Bishop de St. Vallier had founded *le Bureau des Pauvres*, where the beggars of Quebec (a thriving class to this day) received alms, in order to deter them from begging in the country round the city. The success which crowned this humble retreat of the mendicant led the philanthropic Bishop to found the General Hospital in the Seigneurie de Notre Dame des Anges, beyond St. Roch. He received there nuns

of the Convents of the Ursulines and of the Hôtel Dieu and gave them the administration of the newly founded establishment, where, moreover, he at a more recent date resided as almoner of the poor.

At the western corner of Palace and St. John streets, has stood since 1771, a well known landmark erected to replace the statue of Saint John the Baptist, which had, under the French *régime*, adorned the corner house. After the surrender of Quebec to the British forces, the owners of the house, fearing the outer barbarians might be wanting in respect to the saint's effigy, sent it to the General Hospital, where it stood over the principal entrance until a few years back. They replaced it by a wooden statue of General Wolfe, sculptured by the Brothers Cholette, at the request of George Hipps, a loyal butcher. The peregrinations of this historic relic, in 1838, from Quebec to Halifax—from Halifax to Bermuda, thence to Portsmouth, and finally to its old niche at Wolfe's corner, St. John Street, whilst they afforded much sport to the middies of H. M. Ship *Inconstant*, who visited our port that summer and carried away the General, were the subject of several newspaper paragraphs in prose and verse.

Finally, the safe return of the "General" with a brand new coat of paint and varnish in a deal box, consigned to His Worship, the Mayor of Quebec sent by unknown hands, was made an occasion of rejoicing to every friend of the British hero whom Quebec contained, and they were not few.

Some of the actors of this practical joke, staunch upholders of Britannia's sovereignty of the sea, now pace the quarter deck, t'is said, proud and stern admirals.

The street and hill leading down from the parochial Church, (whose title was *Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary*), to the outlet, where Hope Gate was built in 1786, was called Ste. Famille street from its vicinity to the Cathedral, which, as the parish church of the citizens of Quebec, was formerly called the Ste. Famille Church. On the east side, half way up the hill still exist the ruins of the old homestead of the Seigneurs de Léry—in 1854, occupied by Sir E. P. Taché, since, sold to the Quebec Seminary. A lofty fence on the street hides from view the hoary old poplar trees which of yore decked the front of the old manor. On the opposite side, a little higher up, also survives the old house of Mr. Jean Langevin, father of the Bishop of Rimouski, and of Sir H. L. Langevin. Here in the closing days of French Dominion lived the first Acadian, who brought to Quebec the news of the dispersion of his compatriots, so eloquently sung by Longfellow, Dr. Lajus, of French extraction, who settled at Quebec and married a sister of Bishop Hubert. On the northern angle of this old tenement you now read "*Ste. Famille* street."

St. Stanislas street, the western boundary of the ancient estate of the Jesuits—on the eastern portion of which their college was built in 1637—owes its saintly nomenclature to the learned order—no doubt desirous of handing down to posterity an enduring souvenir of a valiant ascetic, though youthful member of the fraternity. Its northern end reaches at right angles to Ste. Hélène street in a line with the old tenement recently occupied by the late Narcisse Constantin Faucher, Esq., Barrister—recently leased by the late Lieut.-Col. John Sewell, one of Sir Isaac Brock's officers at Queenstown Heights in 1812. In 1835 it was the home of a Mrs. Montgomery. That year it was burglarized in a somewhat romantic—shall we say—humane manner by Chambers' murderous gang; the aged and demure mistress of the house and her young maid servant being rolled up in the velvety pleats of the parlor carpet and deposited gently, tenderly and unharmed in the subterranean and discreet region of the cellar, so that the feelings of either should not be lacerated by the sight of the robbery going on above stairs.

Who will dare assert that among the sanguinary crew who in 1836, heavily ironed, bid adieu to Quebec forever, leaving their country for their country's good—in the British Brig *Ceres*, all bound as permanent settlers to Van Dieman's Land—who will dare assert there was not some Jack Sheppard, with a tender spot in his heart towards the youthful *Briseis* who acknowledged Mrs. Montgomery's gentle sway.

A conspicuous landmark on St. Stanislas street is Trinity Chapel.

Of yore there stood in rear of the chapel the "Theatre Royal," opened 15th February, [50] 1832, where the Siddons, Keans and Kembles held forth to our admiring fathers. Church and theatre both owed their birth to the late Chief Justice Sewell. The site of this theatre was purchased some years back by the ecclesiastical authorities of St Patrick Church. Thus disappeared the fane once sacred to Thespis and Melpomene, its fun-loving votaries, as such, knew it no more.

TRINITY CHURCH.

The church of the "Holy Trinity," St. Stanislas street, Quebec, was erected on a site which, judging from the discovery of a skeleton, when the foundations were laid, had been a cemetery.

The architecture of this church is Doric, and is considered correct both internally and externally. It is a substantial building of good proportions, 90 feet in length by 49 in breadth, is supplied with an organ and bell. It is commodious and capable of seating 700 persons. The sittings are free. It contains a beautiful marble monument, by Manning, of London, which was erected to the memory of the late Hon. Jonathan Sewell, LL.D., the founder of the church, also a few other tablets in memory of different members of the family of Sewell. The present incumbent and proprietor is the Rev. Edmund Willoughby Sewell, M.A., but it is confidently expected that ere long it will pass into the hands of an incorporated body, with whom the future presentment of the officiating clergyman will rest.

On a tin-plate on the corner-stone of the chapel, the following inscription occurs:

"Quebec, 15th September, 1824.

On Thursday was deposited in a private manner, under a stone at the north-east angle of the new Chapel of Ease to the English Cathedral, a tin plate having the following Latin inscription:

Anno Dm. Christi MDCCCXXIV Regnante
Georgio Quarto, Britaniarum Rege Fidet
Defensore Reverendissimo Patre in Deo
Jacob Mountain S. T. P. Episcopo Quebecensi,
Hanc Capellam, ad perpetuum honorem
Sacrosanctae Trinitatis, et in usum Fidelium
Ecclesiae Anglican dedicatam Vir honorabilis
Jonothan Sewell, Provinciae Canadae inferioris
Judex Primarius, et Henrietta ejus uxor
Adificaverunt

Edmundo Willoughby Sewell, clerico, uno de eorum filiis Capellano
primo

G. BLAICKLOCK, *Architecto*
J. PHILIPS, *Conditore*

On the other side is the inscription on the monument:

IN MEMORY OF JONATHAN SEWELL, LL.D.

The Pious and Liberal Founder of this Chapel.
Endowed with talents of no common order
He was selected in early life to fill the highest offices
in this Province
He was appointed Solicitor General A.D. 1793,
Attorney and Advocate General and Judge of the Court of Vice
Admiralty, A.D. 1795, Chief Justice of the Province and Chairman
of the Executive Council A.D. 1809.
Speaker of the Legislative Council A.D. 1809.
Distinguished in his public capacity,
He shone equally conspicuous as a statesman and a jurist.
Naturally mild and courteous, he combined the meekness of the
Christian
with the authority of the Judge.
Beloved at home as a kind father, a firm friend and an
affectionate husband.
Respected abroad as an acknowledged example of truth, faithfulness
and integrity;
He has left a name to which not only his descendants in all future
ages, But his country may recur
With just pride, deep reverence, and a grateful recollection.
He was born in Boston, Mass., June 6th, 1766, and died in this
city, in the Fulness of the Faith in Christ, November 13th, 1839
in the 74th year of his age
This tribute to departed worth is erected by his sorrowing widow."

The southern extreme of St. Stanislas street terminates at the intersection of Ste. Anne street, past the old jail, which dated from 1810. Lugubrious memories crowd round this massive tolbooth—of which

the only traces of the past are some vaulted lock-up or cells beneath the rooms of the Literary and Historical Society, one of which, provided with a solid new iron door, is set apart for the reception of the priceless M.S.S. of the society. The oak flooring of the passages to the cells exhibit many initials, telling a tale of more than one guilty life—of remorse—let us hope, of repentance.

The narrow door in the wall and the iron balcony, over the chief entrance leading formerly to the fatal drop which cut short the earthly career of the assassin or burglar [51] was speedily removed when the directors of the Morrin College in 1870 purchased the building from Government to locate permanently the seat of learning due to the munificence of the late Joseph Morrin, M.D.

The once familiar inscription above the prison door, the rendering of which in English was a favourite amusement to many of the juniors of the High School, or Seminary, on their way to class, that also has disappeared:

"*Carcer iste bonos a pravis vindicare possit!*" May this prison teach the wicked for the edification of the good."

The damp, vaulted cells in the basement, where the condemned felon in silence awaited his doom, or the airy wards above, where the impecunious debtor or the runaway sailor meditatively or riotously defied their traditional enemies the constable and policeman, now echo the Hebrew, Greek and Latin utterances of the Morrin College professors, and on meeting nights the disquisitions before the Literary and Historical Society, of lecturers on Canadian history, literature or art.

It is the glory and privilege of the latter institution in accordance with the object of its Royal Charter, to offer to citizens of all creeds and nationalities, a neutral ground, sacred to intellectual pursuits. It dates back to 1823, when His Excellency, George Ramsay, Earl of Dalhousie, assisted by the late Dr. John Charlton Fisher, LL.D., and ex-editor of the New York *Albion*, successfully matured a long meditated plan to promote the study of history and of literature. The Literary and Historical Society held its first meeting in the *Château St. Louis*. It is curious to glance over the list of names in its charter. [52] It contained the leading men on the Bench, in the professions, and in the city. In 1832 the library and museum occupied a large room in the Union building facing the Ring. From thence they were transferred to the upper story of the Parliament Buildings, on Mountain Hill, where a portion of both was destroyed by the conflagration which burnt down the stately cut-stone edifice in 1854, with the stone of which in 1860, the Champlain Market Hall was built. What was saved of the library and museum was transferred to apartments in St Louis street, then owned by the late George Henderson, J.P. [53] The next removal, about 1860, brought the institution to Masonic Hall, corner of Garden and St. Louis streets. Here, also, the fire-fiend assailed the treasures of knowledge and specimens of natural history, of the society, which, with its household gods, flitted down to a suite of rooms above the savings bank apartments in St. John Street, from whence, about 1870, it issued to become an annual tenant in the north wing of the Morrin College, where it has flourished ever since.

In the protracted and chequered existence of this pioneer among Canadian literary associations, one day, above all others is likely from the preparations—pageant and speeches which marked it, to be long remembered among Quebecers as a red letter day in the annals of the society. The celebration in December, 1875 of the centennial of the repulse of Brigadier General Richard Montgomery and Colonel Benedict Arnold, who, at dawn on the 31st December, 1775, attempted to take the old fortress by storm. The first, with a number of his followers, met with his death at Près-de-Ville, in Champlain street; the other was carried wounded in the knee, to the General Hospital, St. Roch's suburbs, whilst 427 of his command were taken prisoners of war and incarcerated until September following in the Quebec Seminary, the Récollet Convent and the Dauphin Prison, since destroyed, but then existing, a little north of St. John's Gate, inside. The worthy commander of the "B" Battery, Lieut.-Col. T. B. Strange, R.A., then stationed at the Citadel of Quebec, having consented to narrate the incidents which marked the attack of Brigadier General Richard Montgomery at Près-de-Ville (which we reserve for another page,) the description of Col. Benedict Arnold's assault on the Sault-au-Matelot barriers, was left to ourselves. We subjoin a portion of the address delivered by us at this memorable centenary. It embodies an important incident of Quebec history:

ARNOLD'S ASSAULT ON SAULT-AU-MATELOT BARRIERS.

MR. CHAIRMAN, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

"The event which we intend commemorating this evening, is one of peculiar interest to us as Canadians, and more especially so to us as Quebecers, the narrow, I may say, the providential escape of the whole Province from foreign subjugation one century ago. It is less a chapter of Canadian annals I purpose to read to you this night, than some minute details little known, and gleaned from the journals left by eye witnesses of the thrilling hand to hand

fight which took place a few hundred yards from where you sit, under our walls, on the 31st December, 1775, between Col. Arnold's New England soldiery and our own garrison.

Possibly, you may not all realize the critical position of the city on that memorable morning. Next day, a Sunday, ushered in the new year. Think you there was much "visiting," much festivity, on that new year's day? alas! though victory crowned our banner, there was mourning in too many Canadian homes; we, too, had to bury our dead.

Let us take a rapid glimpse of what had proceeded the assault.

Two formidable parties, under experienced leaders, in execution of the campaign planned by George Washington and our former Deputy Post Master General, the able Benjamin Franklin, had united under the walls of Quebec. Both leaders intimately knew its highways and by-ways. Brigadier General Richard Montgomery, before settling near New York, had held a lieutenant's commission in His Britannic Majesty's 17th Foot, had taken part in the war of the conquest, in 1759, and had visited Quebec. Col. Benedict Arnold, attracted by the fame of our Norman horses, had more than once been in the city with the object of trading in them.

Benedict Arnold was indeed a daring commander. His successful journey through trackless forests between Cambridge and Quebec—his descent in boats through rivers choked with ice, and through dangerous rapids; the cold, hunger and exposure endured by himself and his soldiers, were feats of endurance of which any nation might justly feel proud.

Major-General Sir James Carmichael Smyth, a high authority on such matters, says of this winter campaign: "It is, perhaps, one of the most wonderful instances of perseverance and spirit upon record." So much for the endurance and bravery of our foes. I am compelled to pass unnoticed many important incidents of the campaign in order to reach sooner the main facts.

What was the real state of the Colony on that identical 31st December, one hundred years ago? Why, it was simply desperate. The wave of invasion had surged over our border. Fort after fort, city after city, had capitulated—Ticonderoga, Crown Point, Fort St. John, Fort Chambly, Montreal, Sorel, Three Rivers. Montgomery with his victorious bands had borne everything before him like a tornado. The Canadian peasantry dreaded the very sight of warriors who must be ball-proof, as they were supposed, by a curious mistake, to be "incased in plate-iron," *vêtus de tole*, instead *de toile*. [54] The red [54a] and black flag of successful rebellion floated over the suburbs of Quebec. Morgan's and Humphries' riflemen were thundering at the very gates of the city, those dear old walls—(loud applause)—which some Vandals are longing to demolish, alone kept away the wolf.

Levi, Sillery, Ste Foye, Lorette, Charlesbourg, the Island of Orleans, Beauport and every inch of British territory around the city were in possession of the invaders, every house in the suburbs sheltered an enemy—every bush in the country might conceal a deadly foe. Treachery stalked within the camp—disaffection was busy inside and outside of the walls. At first many of the citizens, English as well as French, seemed disinclined to take part in the great family quarrel which had originated at Boston—the British of New England pitted against the British of Canada. The confusion of ideas and opinions must at first have been great. Several old British officers who had served in the wars of the conquest of Canada, had turned their swords against their old messmates—their brothers-in-arms—amongst others, Richard Montgomery, Moses Hazen and Donald Campbell. Quebec, denuded of its regulars, had indeed a most gloomy prospect to look upon. No soldiers to man her walls except her citizens unaccustomed to warfare—no succour to expect from England till the following spring—scantiness of provisions and a terrified peasantry who had not the power, often no desire, to penetrate into the beleaguered city during winter.

Were not these trying times for our worthy sires?

Such was the posture of affairs, when to the general joy, our gallant Governor Guy Carleton, returned and rejoined his dauntless little army at Quebec, having succeeded, thanks to Captain Bouchette and other brave men, in eluding the vigilance of the enemy in possession of Three Rivers, Sorel and Montreal. Turn over the records of those days and you will see the importance our fathers attached to the results of the Sault-au-Matelot and Près-de-Ville engagements.

For more than twenty-five years, the 31st December, 1775, was annually commemorated, generally by a club dinner given at Ferguson's Hotel, (Freemasons' Hall?) or at some other

hotel of note—sometimes a Château ball was added by the Governor of the Province. In 1778, we find in the old *Quebec Gazette*, a grand *fête champêtre*, given by Lady Maria Carleton and her gallant partner Sir Guy, at the Red House, a fashionable rustic Hostelry, kept by Alex. Menut, the prince of Canadian *Soyers* of those days, who had been *Maître d'Hôtel* to General Murray, and selected that year by Their Excellencies. It stood on the Little River road, (the land is now owned by Mr. Tozer) about two miles from Quebec. It reads thus in the *Gazette* of 8th January, 1778:

Quebec, 8th January, 1778._

"Yesterday, seventh night, being the anniversary of the victory obtained over the Rebels in their attack upon this City in the year 1775, a most elegant Ball and Supper were given at Menut's Tavern by the Gentlemen who served in the Garrison during that Memorable Winter. The Company, consisting of upwards of two hundred and thirty Ladies and Gentlemen, made a grand and brilliant appearance, and nothing but mirth and good humour reigned all night long. About half-past six, His Excellency, Sir Guy Carleton, Knight of the Bath, our worthy Governor and Successful General, dressed in the militia uniform, (which added lustre to the Ribbon and Star) as were also all the gentlemen of that corps who served under him during the siege, entered the assembly room accompanied by Lady Maria, &c., &c., and the Ball was soon opened by her Ladyship and the Honorable Henry Caldwell, Lieutenant Colonel Commandant of the British Militia. The dancing continued until half-past twelve, when the Ladies were conducted into the supper room, where Mr. Menut exhibited fresh proofs of that superior excellence in the *culinary* art he so justly claims above his Peers.... The company in general broke up about four in the morning, highly satisfied with their entertainment and in perfect good humour with one another. May that disposition prevail until the next and every succeeding 31st of December, and may each return of that glorious day (the event of which was not only the preservation of this garrison; but of the whole Province) be commemorated with the same spirit and unanimity in grateful remembrance of our happy deliverance from the snares of the enemy, and with grateful acknowledgements of those blessings of peace and tranquility of Government and Laws we now enjoy in consequence of that day's success."

The *Gazette* of the following year carefully chronicles the gathering of the Veterans of 1775.—"Thursday last being the anniversary of the 31st December, a Day which will be ever famous in the annals of this country for the defeat of Faction and Rebellion, the same was observed with the utmost festivity In the evening a ball and cold Collation was given by the gentlemen who composed the Garrison in the winter of 1775, to His Excellency and a numerous and brilliant assembly of Ladies and Gentlemen, the satisfaction every one felt in Commemorating so Glorious an event, strongly appeared by the joy which was visible in every countenance."

In 1790, according to the *Quebec Herald*, the annual dinner was held at the *Merchant's Coffee House*, by about 30 survivors of the Veterans, who agreed to meet twice a year, instead of once, their joviality apparently increasing with their age.

In 1794, [55] the *Gazette* acquaints us that the Anniversary Dinner was to be held at Ferguson's Hotel, on the 6th May. [56] We find both nationalities fraternising in these loyal demonstrations. M. DeBonne (afterwards Judge DeBonne) taking his place next to loyal John Coffin, of Près-de-Ville fame, and probably Simon Fraser and the Hon. Hugh Finlay, will join Lieutenant Dambourgès and Col Dupré, in toasting King George III. under the approving eye of Lt. Col. Caldwell, Wolfe's Deputy Quarter-Master General. Col. Caldwell, lived to a green old age, and expired in this city in 1810. Our esteemed fellow-citizen, Errol Boyd Lindsay, remembers him well, and in front of whom I stand, a stalwart Volunteer of 1837, Col. Gogy, is now relating how when a lad he once dined with Col. Caldwell, some seventy years ago, at Belmont, amidst excellent cheer.

The *Quebec Gazette* teems with loyal English and French songs of 1775, for a quarter of a century, and for more than twenty-five years the anniversary banquet, ball or dinner was religiously kept up.

But we must hie away from these "junketings"—these festive boards, which our loyal ancestors seem to have infinitely enjoyed. We must hie away the long wished for "snow storm," the signal of attack has come. 'Tis five o'clock before dawn. Hark to the rattle of the alarm drum. Hark! Hark to the tolling of every city bell (and you know Quebec bells are numerous) louder! louder even than the voice of the easterly storm. To ARMS! To ARMS! resounds in the Market Place—the *Place d'Armes*—and in the streets of our slumbering city.

Instead of giving you my views on the attack, I shall summon from the silent, the

meditative past, one of the stirring actors in this thrilling encounter, an intrepid and youthful Volunteer, under Arnold, then aged seventeen years, John Joseph Henry. He will tell you how his countrymen attacked us:

"It was not," says Judge Henry, "until the night of the 31st December, 1775, that such kind of weather ensued as was considered favorable for the assault. The fore part of the night was admirably enlightened by a luminous moon. Many of us, officers as well as privates, had dispersed in various directions among the farm and tipping houses of the vicinity. We well knew the signal for rallying. This was no other than a "snow storm." About 12 o'clock, P.M., the heaven was overcast. We repaired to quarters. By 2 o'clock we were accoutred and began our march. The storm was outrageous, and the cold wind extremely biting. In this northern country the snow is blown horizontally into the faces of the travellers on most occasions—this was our case.

When we came to Craig's house, near Palace Gate, a horrible roar of cannon took place, and a ringing of all the bells of the city, which are very numerous, and of all sizes. Arnold, leading the forlorn hope, advanced, perhaps, one hundred yards, before the main body. After these followed Lamb's artillerists. Morgan's company led in the secondary part of the column of infantry. Smith's followed, headed by Steele, the Captain from particular causes being absent. Hendrick's company succeeded and the eastern men so far as known to me, followed in due order. The snow was deeper than in the fields, because of the nature of the ground. The path made by Arnold, Lamb, and Morgan was almost imperceptible, because of the falling snow. Covering the locks of our guns, with the lappets of our coats, holding down our heads (for it was impossible to bear up our faces against the imperious storm of wind and snow), we ran, along the foot of the hill in single file. Along the first of our run, from Palace Gate, for several hundred paces, there stood a range of insulated buildings, which seemed to be store-houses, we passed these quickly in single file, pretty wide apart. The interstices were from thirty to fifty yards. In these intervals, we received a tremendous fire of musketry from the ramparts above us. Here we lost some brave men, when powerless to return the salutes we received, as the enemy was covered by his impregnable defences. They were even sightless to us, we could see nothing but the blaze from the muzzles of their muskets.

A number of vessels of various sizes lay along the beach, moored by their hawsers or cables to the houses. Passing after my leader, Lieutenant Steele, at a great rate, one of those ropes took me under the chin, and cast me head long down, a declivity of at least fifteen feet. The place appeared to be either a dry-dock or a saw-pit. My descent was terrible, gun and all was involved in a great depth of snow. Most unluckily, however, one of my knees received a violent contusion on a piece of scraggy ice, which was covered by the snow. On like occasions, we can scarcely expect, in the hurry of attack, that our intimates should attend to any other than their own concern. Mine went from me, regardless of my fate. Scrambling out of the cavity, without assistance, divesting my person and gun of the snow, and limping into the line, I attempted to assume a station and preserve it. These were none of my friends—they knew me not. I had not gone twenty yards, in my hobbling gait, before I was thrown out, and compelled to await the arrival of a chasm in the line, when a new place might be obtained. Men in affairs such as this, seem in the main, to lose the compassionate feeling, and are averse from being dislodged from their original stations. We proceeded rapidly, exposed to a long line of fire from the garrison, for now we were unprotected by any buildings. The fire had slackened in a small degree. The enemy had been partly called off to resist the General, and strengthen the party opposed to Arnold in our front. Now we saw Colonel Arnold returning, wounded in the leg, and supported by two gentlemen; a parson, Spring, was one, and, in my belief, a Mr. Ogden, the other. Arnold called on the troops, in a cheering voice, as we passed, urging us forward, yet it was observable among the soldiery, with whom it was my misfortune to be now placed, that the Colonel's retiring damped their spirits. A cant term "We are sold," was repeatedly heard in many parts throughout the line. Thus proceeding, enfiladed by an animated but lessened fire, we came to the first barrier, where Arnold had been wounded in the onset. This contest had lasted but a few minutes, and was somewhat severe, but the energy of our men prevailed. The

embrasures were entered when the enemy were discharging their guns. The guard, consisting of thirty persons, were, either taken or fled, leaving their arms behind them. At this time it was discovered that our guns were useless, because of the dampness. The snow which lodged in our fleecy coats was melted by the warmth of our bodies. Thence came that disaster. Many of the party, knowing the circumstance, threw aside their own, and seized the British arms. These were not only elegant, but were such as befitted the hand of a real soldier. It was said, that ten thousand stand of such arms had been received from England, in the previous summer, for arming the Canadian militia. These people were loath to bear them in opposition to our rights. From the first barrier to the second, there was a circular course along the sides of houses, and partly through a street, probably of three hundred yards or more. This second barrier was erected across and near the mouth of a narrow street, adjacent to the foot of the hill, which opened into a larger, leading soon into the main body of the Lower Town. Here it was, that the most serious contention took place: this became the bone of strife. The admirable Montgomery, by this time, (though it was unknown to us) was no more; yet, we expected momentarily to join him. The firing on that side of the fortress ceased, his division fell under the command of a Colonel Campbell, of the New York line, a worthless chief, who retreated, without making an effort, in pursuance of the general's original plans. The inevitable consequence was, that the whole of the forces on that side of the city, and those who were opposed to the dastardly persons employed to make the false attacks, embodied and came down to oppose our division. Here was sharp-shooting. We were on the disadvantageous side of the barrier, for such a purpose. Confined in a narrow street, hardly more than twenty feet wide, and on the lower ground, scarcely a ball, well aimed or otherwise, but must take effect upon us. Morgan, Hendricks, Steele, Humphrey's, and a crowd of every class of the army, had gathered into the narrow pass, attempting to surmount the barrier, which was about twelve or more feet high, and so strongly constructed, that nothing but artillery, could effectuate its destruction. There was a construction, fifteen or twenty yards within the barrier, upon a rising ground, the cannon of which much overtopped the height of the barrier, hence, we were assailed by grape shot in abundance. This erection we called the platform. Again, within the barrier, and close into it, were two ranges of musketeers, armed with musket and bayonet, ready to receive those who might venture the dangerous leap. Add to all this, that the enemy occupied the upper chambers of the houses, in the interior of the barrier, on both sides of the street, from the windows of which we became fair marks. The enemy, having the advantage of the ground in front, a vast superiority of numbers, dry and better arms, gave them an irresistible power, in so narrow a space. Humphreys, upon a mound, which was speedily erected, attended by many brave men, attempted to scale the barrier, but was compelled to retreat, by the formidable phalanx of bayonets within, and the weight of fire from the platform and the buildings. Morgan, brave to temerity, stormed and raged; Hendricks, Steele, Nichols, Humphreys, equally brave, were sedate, though under a tremendous fire. The platform, which was within our view, was evacuated by the accuracy of our fire, and few persons dared venture there again. Now it was, that the necessity of occupancy of the houses, on our side of the barrier, became apparent. Orders were given by Morgan to that effect. We entered. This was near day-light. The houses were a shelter, from which we might fire with much accuracy. Yet, even here, some valuable lives were lost. Hendricks, when aiming his rifle at some prominent person, died by a stragglng ball through his heart. He staggered a few feet backwards, and fell upon a bed, where he instantly expired. He was an ornament of our little society. The amiable Humphreys died by a like kind of wound, but it was in the street, before we entered the buildings. Many other brave men fell at this place; among these were Lieutenant Cooper, of Connecticut, and perhaps fifty or sixty noncommissioned officers and privates. The wounded were numerous, and many of them dangerously so. Captain Lamb, of the York artillerists; had nearly one-half of his face carried away, by a grape or canister shot. My friend Steele lost three of his fingers, as he was presenting his gun to fire; Captain Hubbard and Lieutenant Fisdle, were all among the wounded. When we reflect upon the whole of the dangers of this barricade, and the formidable force that came to annoy us, it is a matter of surprise that so many should escape death and wounding as did. All hope of success having vanished, a

retreat was contemplated, but hesitation, uncertainty, and a lassitude of mind, which generally takes place in the affairs of men, when we fail in a project, upon which we have attached much expectation, now followed. The moment was foolishly lost, when such a movement might have been made with tolerable success. Captain Laws, at the head of two hundred men, issuing from Palace Gate, most fairly and handsomely cooped us up. Many of the men, aware of the consequences, and all our Indians and Canadians (except Natanis [57] and another,) escaped across the ice, which covered the Bay of St. Charles, before the arrival of Captain Laws. This was a dangerous and desperate adventure, but worth while the undertaking, in avoidance of our subsequent sufferings. Its desperateness consisted in running two miles across shoal ice, thrown up by the high tides of this latitude— and its danger, in the meeting with air holes, deceptively covered by the bed of snow. Speaking circumspectly, yet it must be admitted conjecturally, it seems to me, that in the whole of the attack, of commissioned officers, we had six killed, five wounded, and of non-commissioned and privates, at least one hundred and fifty killed, and fifty or sixty wounded. Of the enemy, many were killed and many more wounded, comparatively, than on our side, taking into view the disadvantages we laboured under; and that but two occasions happened when we could return their fire, that is, at the first and second barriers. Neither the American account of this affair, as published by Congress, nor that of Sir Guy Carleton, admit the loss of either side to be so great as it really was, in my estimation * * * * * as to the British, on the platform they were fair objects to us. They were soon driven thence by the acuteness of our shooting. * * * *

Perhaps there never was a body of men associated, who better understood the use and manner of employing a rifle, than our corps; while by this time of the attack, they had their guns in good order. When we took possession of the houses, we had a great range. Our opportunities to kill, were enlarged. Within one hundred yards, every man must die. The British however were at home—they could easily drag their dead out of sight, and bear their wounded to the Hospital. It was the reverse with us. Captain Prentis, who commanded the provost guards, would tell me of seven or eight killed, and fifteen or twenty wounded; opposed to this the sentries, (who were generally Irishmen, that guarded us with much simplicity, if not honesty,) frequently admitted of forty or fifty killed, and many more wounded. The latter assertions accorded with my opinion. The reasons for this belief are these: when the dead, on the following days, were transported on the carioles which passed our habitation for deposition in the "dead house," we observed many bodies, of which none of us had any knowledge; and again when our wounded were returned to us from the hospital, they uniformly spoke of being surrounded there, in its many characters, by many of the wounded of the enemy. To the great honor of General Carleton, they were all, whether friends or enemies, treated with like attention."

The Continentals of Brigadier-General Montgomery had settled on the following plan of attack:—Col Livingston, with his three hundred Canadians and Major Brown, was to simulate an attack on the western portion of the walls—Montgomery to come from Holland House down by Wolfe's Cove, creep along the narrow path close to the St. Lawrence and meet Arnold on his way from the General Hospital at the foot of Mountain Hill, and then ascend to Upper Town.

The brilliant *fête littéraire* held by the Literary and Historical Society to commemorate the event was thus noticed in the *Morning Chronicle* of Dec 30th, 1875:

THE LITERARY AND HISTORICAL SOCIETY'S CENTENARY FÊTE.

It would be hardly possible to imagine a more graceful or unique gathering than that which assembled in the rooms of the Literary and Historical Society last evening, for the purpose of celebrating with all possible *éclat* that gloriously memorable event, the repulse of the troops commanded by General Richard Montgomery, of the American Army, whilom officer of the 17th Regiment of Infantry in the service of his Britannic Majesty George III, who on the blustering wintry morning of the 31st December, 1775, attempted an assault upon the redoubts and fortifications which at that time did the duty of our present Citadel, and whose intrepidity was rewarded with a soldier's death, and his want of success formed the nucleus

of the power which is so firmly established in this Royal Canada of ours to day.

The arrangements made by the Society for the reception of their unusually numerous guests and the decorations of the various apartments, were all that could be wished—commodious and tasteful. In the entrance hall the Royal standard floated, and there the B. Battery Band was placed. Turning up the left hand flight of steps the visitor—passing the large class room of Morrin College, transformed for the nonce into spacious refreshment buffets—was ushered into the lecture room, from the galleries of which flags of many nations and many colours were drooping. The raised dais, occupied during the delivery of the addresses by James Stevenson, Esq., Senior Vice-President, L. & H. Society, in the chair; Lieut.-Col. Bland Strange, R. S. M. Bouchette, Esq., Dr. Boswell, Vice-Presidents, J. M. LeMoine, Esq., and Commander Ashe, R.N., ex-Presidents, was flanked on either side with the blue and silver banners of St. Andrew's Society, bearing the arms and escutcheon of Scotia, and their proud motto "*Nemo me impune lascessit.*" Bunting and fresh spruce foliage gave an air of freshness to all the adornable parts of the room. Immediately opposite the lectern, which was illuminated with wax candles, placed in last century candlesticks, and attached to the gallery railings, was a fine collection of Lochaber axes, clustered around a genuine wooden Gaelic shield studded with polished knobs of glittering brass. Long before the hour of eight the company had increased to such an extent that the room was crowded to the doors, but not inconveniently as the ventilation was unexceptionable. With accustomed punctuality, James Stevenson, Esq., acting in the absence of the President, opened the meeting with some highly appropriate remarks relative to the historical value of the subjects about to be discussed and summarising very succinctly the events immediately previous to the beleaguering of the fortress city. He alluded in stirring terms to the devotion which had been manifested by the British and French defenders, who resolved rather to be buried in the ruins than surrender the city. He stated that he thought it especially meet and proper that the Literary and Historical Society here should have taken up the matter and dealt with it in this way. He alluded in eulogistic terms to the capability of the gentlemen about to address them and, after regretting the unavoidable absence of Lt-Col. Coffin, a lineal descendant of an officer present, formally introduced the first speaker, Lieutenant- Colonel Strange, commandant of Quebec Garrison, and Dominion Inspector of Artillery. This gallant officer, who on rising was received with loud and hearty cheering by the audience, plunged with characteristic military brevity *in medias res*, simply remarking, at the outset, that he, in such a position, was but a rear rank man, while Colonel Coffin would have been a front-ranker; but his soldierly duty was to fill that position in the absence of him to whom the task would have been officially assigned. The subject which formed a distinct section of the major topic of the evening was then taken up. Inasmuch as it is our intention, and we believe that of the Society, to reproduce faithfully in pamphlet form the graphic, interesting and detailed word-pictures of the ever memorable events of the 31st December, 1775, as given by the learned and competent gentlemen who addressed the meeting, it suffices to say in the present brief notice of the proceedings that Colonel Strange exhaustively treated that portion which referred to the attack and defence at Pres-de-Ville—the place in the vicinity of which now stands the extensive wharves of the Allan Company. Many incidents of the siege, utterly unknown to ordinary readers of history were recalled last night, and many things that have hitherto been dubious, or apparently unaccountable explained away. The story of the finding of the snow-covered and hard-frozen corpse of the unfortunate General and his Aide-de-Camp, was told with much pathos, as were details of his burial. The references to descendants of then existing families still residents in Quebec, were extremely interesting, because many were among the audience. At the conclusion of Colonel Strange's admirable resumé, and some further pointed remarks from the Chairman, Mr. J. M. LeMoine, who is *par excellence* and *par assiduité* our Quebec historian, whose life has been mainly devoted to compilation of antiquarian data touching the walls, the streets, the relics, the families, the very Flora, and Fauna of our cherished Stadacona—commenced his erudite and amusing sketches of the day, taken from the stand point of the enemy's headquarters, and the fray in the Sault-au-Matelot. Interspersing in his own well digested statement of events, he chose the best authenticated accounts from contemporaneous participants, British, French Canadian and American, proving that the record as presented by Col. Strange and himself last night, was a "plain unvarnished truthful tale," a reliable mirror in which was faithfully reflected all that was historically interesting as affecting Quebec in the Campaign of 1775-6. When Mr. LeMoine had terminated his address, which was of considerable length, Mr. Stevenson concluded this portion of the proceedings with a most eulogistic and deserved recognition of the devotion which the two gentlemen who had read during the evening had shewn in preparing their respective papers, and a vote of thanks to them was heartily and unanimously accorded. He also made reference to the topic of the day, the restoration and embellishment of our oft- besieged, city, gracefully attributing honour where it was due, first

and foremost to His Excellency the Governor-General, Earl of Dufferin, at whose instigation the plans had been prepared; secondly, to His Worship the Mayor, Owen Murphy, Esq., (who was present), for his untiring exertions and valuable assistance in developing, maturing and preparing the way for an early completion of said designs, which are to make Quebec a splendid architectural example of the deformed, transformed; thirdly, to the hearty co-operation of the public, aided in their views by the enterprise of the proprietor of the *Morning Chronicle*, who had prepared the splendid illustrations of these improvements, thereby reflecting infinite credit upon himself. After a few other remarks the ladies and gentlemen were invited to inspect the library, which for the rest of the evening was the centre of attraction. The *coup d'oeil*, when once one had fairly entered into this beautifully designed, permanent focus of intellectual wealth, around whose walls were ranged the imperishable memorials of nearly all of man's genius that has been thought worthy of preservation, was striking and memorable. As in the lecture room, those emblems, which are our symbolical as well as actual rallying points in all times of trouble or war, draped and covered the book shelves which contain the essence of almost all that human intelligence, human thought, human wit, man's invention and ingenuity has as yet brought to light. Here, historian and poet, geographer and engineer, humorist and preacher, dramatist and theologian, are congregated, serving in the one great cause of public instruction and the expansion of the limitless ramifications which exist in the ever growing tree of knowledge. The student and *littérateur*, the bibliophile and dilettante novel reader, the most frequent visitors here last night were replaced by groups of fair women and patriotic men assembled to commemorate an event which had a marked effect upon the history of this continent in this nineteenth century, which will expire a few hours after these lines meet the reader's eyes. In lieu of study and thought, the attention of the throng was attracted to the splendid stand of arms reaching from floor to ceiling, and which was as it were defended by the Dominion standard that fell in long festoons behind. In the centre of a diamond-shaped figure, made up of scores of sabres pointing inwards, was a large glittering star of silvery steel bayonets. In chronological order were pink and gilt tablets, containing each one the names of the Lieutenant-Governors of Canada, commencing with Carleton, in 1775, and proceeding through the noble list, which includes Haldimand, Dorchester, Dalhousie, Gosford, Colborne, Durham, Sydenham, Bagot, Cathcart, Elgin, Head, Monk, Lisgar, down to the present glorious epoch, when this prosperous country is vice-regally and right royally presided over by Lord Dufferin, in the year of grace, 1875—on the opposite side of the room, under a similar spiky coronet of bristling steel, was hung the sword of the dead and vanquished, but honoured and revered hero, the trusty blade which only left Montgomery's hands, when in his death-throes he 'like a soldier fell,' and the pitiless snow became his winding-sheet. On a table below this interesting and valuable historic relic, now in possession, as an heirloom, of J. Thompson Harrower, Esq., of this city, was exhibited the full uniform of an artillery officer of the year 1775. Several quaint old sketches and paintings were placed around the Library, which, with the Museum, was converted for the time into an extempore conversazione hall, and while the melodies of the 'B' Battery band were wafted hither and thither through the building, the dames and cavaliers gossiped pleasantly over their tea or coffee and delicacies provided by the members for the guests, and declared, with much show of reason, that the Literary and Historical Society's centennial entertainment was a red-letter day in the annals of that learned and well-deserving body."

THE JESUITS' CHURCH.

This little church, of which the corner stone was laid by the Marquis de Tracy, "Lieutenant du Roi, dans toutes ses possessions Françaises en Amérique," on 31st May, 1666, existed until 1807. "It is built," says Kalm, "in the form of a cross. It has a round steeple, and is the only church that has a clock." The oldest inhabitant can yet recall, from memory, the spot where it stood, even if we had not the excellent drawing made of it with a half dozen of other Quebec views, by an officer in Wolfe's fleet, Captain Richard Short. It stood on the site recently occupied by the shambles, in the Upper Town, facing the Russell House. Captain Short's pencil bears again testimony to the exactitude, even in minute things, of Kalm's descriptions: his Quebec horses, harnessed one before the other to carts. You see in front of the church, in Captain Short's sketch, three good sized horses, harnessed one before the other, drawing a heavily laden two-wheeled cart. The church was also used until 1807 as a place of worship for Protestants. Be careful not to confound the Jesuits' Church with the small chapel in the interior of their college (the old Jesuit Barracks) contiguous thereto. This latter chapel had been commenced on the 11th July, 1650. The Seminary Chapel and Ursulines Church, after the destruction by shot and shell, in 1759, of the large Roman Catholic Cathedral, were used for a time as parish churches. From beneath the chief altar of the Jesuits' Church was removed, on the 14th May, 1807, the small leaden box containing the heart of the founder of the Ursulines' Convent, Madame de la Peltrie, previously

deposited there in accordance with the terms of her last will.

You can see that the pick-axe and mattock of the "*bande noire*" who robbed our city walls of their stones, and demolished the Jesuits' College and city gates, were busily employed long before 1871.

THE JESUITS' BARRACKS.

There are few, we will venture to say, who, in their daily walk up or down Fabrique Street, do not miss this hoary and familiar land mark, the Jesuits' College. When its removal was recently decreed, for a long time it resisted the united assaults of hammer and pick-axe, and yielded, finally, to the terrific power of dynamite alone.

The Jesuits' College, older than Harvard College, at Boston, takes one back to the dawn of Canadian history. Concerning the venerable institution, we translate the following from the French of Mr. T. B. Bédard. It appeared originally in the *Journal de Quebec*:—

"The recent discovery of human bones at the Jesuit Barracks has excited the curiosity of the public in general, and especially of antiquarians and all interested in historical research. Naturally, the question presents itself—who were the individuals interred where these bones were found, and what was this place of sepulture? An attentive study of the subject leads me to believe that the remains of the three skeletons discovered, with two skulls only, are those of Brother Jean Liégeois, Père du Quen, and Père Francois du Peron, deceased at Chambly, and whose mortal remains were sent to Quebec for interment. The spot where the bones were found must have been the site of the chapel built at the same time as the other portions of the Jesuits' College. But inasmuch as the demolition of this more than venerable edifice approaches completion, a sketch of the history of its construction may not be amiss.

"Let us preface by saying, with the learned Abbés Laverdière and Casgrain, that the residence or the Convent of Notre Dame de la Recouvrance, burnt together with the chapel of the same name in 1640, should not be confounded with the College (turned later on into barracks), the foundations of which were not laid until several years afterwards. The Chapel of Notre Dame de la Recouvrance and the Jesuits' house attached thereto, were situated upon the ground upon which the Anglican Cathedral now stands. In the conflagration of 1640, chapel and residence were destroyed; the registers of Civil Status burnt, and the Jesuits lost all their effects. 'We had gathered together in that house,' writes Father Lejeune, 'as in a little store, all the maintenance and support of our other residences and of our missions. Linen, clothing, and all the other necessaries for twenty-seven persons whom we had among the Hurons, were all ready to be conveyed by water into that distant country.' After this disaster, the Jesuits were sheltered for some time at the Hôtel Dieu. In 1637 the Fathers of the Company of Jesus in Canada set forth to the Company of New France that they wished to build a college and a seminary for the instruction of Indian youths, the Hurons dwelling 200 leagues from Quebec having sent them six, with the promise of a larger number, and also for the education of the country, and that, for this purpose, they sought a grant of land. The Company of New France awarded them twelve acres of ground in Quebec to build a seminary, church, residence, &c. This grant was made at a meeting of the Directors of the Company, at the hôtel of the celebrated Fouquet, on the 18th March, 1637. It was not, however, until the spring of 1647 that the work of digging the foundations of the College was begun—the first stone being laid on the 12th June. 'The same day,' says the *Journal des Jésuites*, 'was laid the first stone of the foundations of the offices of the main-building of the Quebec house. In 1648, we completed the half of the large main-building, in 1649, our building was completed as regards the exterior masonry and the roof; but the interior had not yet been touched.' In July, 1650, the foundations of the chapel were commenced, and on the 18th October, 1651, it was sufficiently advanced to allow the pupils of the college to receive therein Governor de Lauzon. 'The scholars,' says again the *Journal des Jésuites*, 'received Monsieur the Governor in our new chapel, *latinâ oratione et versibus gallicis*, &c., &c. The Indians (scholars) danced, when mass was first celebrated in the chapel.' On the 29th May, 1655, a great misfortune befell the good Fathers. The brother known as Jean Liégeois was treacherously assassinated. He was their business man; several times he had crossed over from Canada to France in their interests; he was also their architect, and had superintended the building of the residences at their various missions, as well as the erection of the college. On the day in question, while engaged in the fields near Sillery, seven or eight Agniers (Iroquois) suddenly surrounded him, captured him without resistance, and, put a bullet through his heart, and, adds the *Journal des Jésuites*, one of them scalped him, while another chopped off his head, which they loft upon the spot. On the following day the Algonquins found his body and brought it to Sillery, whence it was

conveyed in a boat to Quebec, where it was exposed in the chapel, and, on the 31st May, after the usual offices, 'it was interred at the lower end of the chapel; that is to say, in one of the two sides where the altar of the Congregation des Messieurs is now located.' To understand these last words, it is necessary to explain that nearly two years later, on the 14th February, 1657, Father Poncet founded this congregation; and it was M. de Lauzon-Charny, Master of the Woods and Forests of New France, son of Governor de Lauzon, who was elected Prefect of the first members of the body to the number of twelve. This same M. de Charny had married the daughter of M. Giffard, the first Seigneur of Beauport; but his wife dying two years after that marriage, M. de Charny passed over to France, where he entered holy orders, subsequently returning to Canada with Mgr. de Laval, whose grand vicar he became, as well as the first ecclesiastical dignitary, inasmuch as he replaced him at the Conseil Souverain at the period of the difficulties between the Bishop of Petrea and Governor de Mesy.

"But to return to the interments in the Jesuits' Chapel. The next which took place was that of Father de Quen, who died on the 8th October, 1659, of contagious fever brought into the colony by vessels from beyond the seas. It was he, who, in 1647, discovered Lake St. John, and, in 1653, celebrated the Mass at the Hôtel Dieu, when the Sister Marie de L'Incarnation embraced the religious profession. Father de Quen was buried on the morning of the 9th *praesente corpore, dictae duae missae privatae, in summo altari, dum diceretur officium*. He was 59 years of age. The *Journal des Jésuites* does not say that he was interred in the chapel, but it is easy to infer the fact from the *two private* masses said in presence of the body, and also because the entry of his burial does not appear in the parish register. Moreover, it is also the opinion of Rev. Messrs. Laverdière and Casgrain, as published in the *Journal des Jésuites*. On the 15th November, 1665, arrived at Quebec, coming from the Richelieu River, a vessel bringing the body of Father François du Peron, who died on the 10th at Fort St. Louis (Chambly). The body was exposed in the Chapel of the Congregation, and 'on the 16th, after the service at which the Marquis de Tracy assisted, it was interred in the vault of the chapel towards the confessional on the side of the street,' and Father le Mercier, who wrote the foregoing, adds that 'there remains room only for another body.'

"From the preceding, it appears that three interments took place in the Jesuits' Chapel (the only ones mentioned in the *Journal des Jésuites*), and it is probable that the place remaining for only one more body was never filled. The remains of three bodies having been found, it seems to me therefore reasonable to conclude that they are those of Brother Liégeois and Fathers de Quen and du Peron. It is true only two skulls have been recovered, but it must be remembered that Brother Liégeois had his head chopped off and left upon the spot, as remarks the text, so that it is easy to conjecture that the Iroquois dragged his body further off, when it was found in a headless condition and thus buried. With respect to the site of the chapel, the text already cited relative to Father du Peron indicates sufficiently that it was alongside the street; and a reference to the map of Quebec in 1660 shows in fact the street skirting the Jesuits' property as it does to-day. Further, the excavations which, at the request of Père Schez, Dr. Larue and others, Hon. Mr. Joly, with a good will which cannot be too highly praised, has ordered to be made, have already laid bare the foundations of a well outlined building upon the very site where tradition locates the chapel and where the bones have been found.

"As it was stated at the time of the finding of the skeletons that one of them was supposed to be that of a nun of the Hôtel Dieu, Mr. Bédard applied to the authorities of that institution for information on the subject and received an answer from the records which conclusively proves that the nun in question was buried in the vault of the Jesuits' Church and not in their Chapel."

Though a considerable sum had been granted to foster Jesuit establishments at Quebec by a young French nobleman, René de Rohault, son of the Marquis de Gamache, as early as 1626, it was on the 18th March, 1637, only, that the ground to build on, "twelve arpents of land, in the vicinity of Fort St. Louis" were granted to the Jesuit Fathers. In the early times, we find this famous seat of learning playing a prominent part in all public pageants; its annual examinations and distribution of prizes called together the *élite* of Quebec society. The leading pupils had, in poetry and in verse, congratulated Governor d'Argenson on his arrival in 1658. On the 2nd July, 1666, a public examination on logic brought out, with great advantage, two most promising youths, the famous Louis Jolliet, who later on joined Father Marquette in his discovery of the Mississippi, and a Three Rivers youth, Pierre de Francheville, who intended to enter Holy Orders. The learned Intendant Talon was an examiner; he was remarked for the erudition his Latin questions displayed. Memory likes to revert to the times when the illustrious Bossuet was undergoing his Latin examinations at Navarre, with the Great Condé as his

examiner; France's first sacred orator confronted by her most illustrious general.

How many thrilling memories were recalled by this grim old structure? "Under its venerable roof, oft had met the pioneer missionaries of New France, the band of martyrs, the geographers, discoverers, *savants* and historians of this learned order: Dolbeau, de Quen, Druilletes, Daniel, de la Brosse, de Crepieul, de Carheil, Bréboeuf, Lallemand, Jogues, de Noue, Raimbeault, Albanel, Chaumonot, Dablon, Ménard, LeJeune, Massé, Vimont, Ragueneau, Charlevoix, [58] and crowds of others." Here they assembled to receive from the General of the Jesuits their orders, to compare notes, mayhap to discuss the news of the death or of the success of some of their indefatigable explorers of the great West; how the "good word" had been fearlessly carried to the distant shores of Lake Huron, to the *bayous* and perfumed groves of Florida, or to the trackless and frozen regions of Hudson's Bay.

Later on, when France had suppressed the order of the Jesuits, and when her lily banner had disappeared from our midst, the College and its grounds were appropriated to other uses—alas! less congenial.

The roll of the English drum and the sharp "word of command" of a British adjutant or of his drill sergeant, for a century or more, resounded in the halls, in which Latin orisons were formerly sung; and in the classic grounds and grassy court, [59] canopied by those stately oaks and elms, which our sires yet remember, to which the good Fathers retreated in sweet seclusion, to "say" their *Breviaries* and tell their beads, might have been heard the coarse joke of the guard room and coarser oath of the trooper.

It had been claimed as a "magazine for the army contractor's provisions on 14th November, 1760." On the 4th June, 1765, His Excellency General James Murray had it surveyed and appropriated for quarters and barracks for the troops, excepting some apartments. The court and garden was used as a drill and parade ground until the departure of Albion's soldiers. Here was read on the 14th November, 1843, by Major-General Sir Jas. Hope's direction, the order of the day, at the morning parade, congratulating Major Bennet and the brave men of the 1st Royals, whom he was escorting to England in the ill-fated transport "Premier," on the discipline and good conduct manifested by them during the incredible perils they had escaped at Cape Chatte when the Premier was stranded.

How singular, how sad to think that this loved, this glorious relic of the French *régime*, entire even to the Jesuit College arms, carved in stone over its chief entrance, should have remained sacred and intact during the century of occupation by English soldiery—and that its destruction should have been decreed so soon as the British legions, by their departure, in 1871, had virtually handed it over to the French Province of Quebec?

The discovery of the 28th August, 1878, of human remains beneath the floor of this building—presumed to be those of some of the early missionaries—induced the authorities to institute a careful search during its demolition. These bones and others exhumed on the 31st August, and on the 1st and 9th September, 1878, were pronounced by two members of the Faculty, Drs. Hubert Larue and Chas. E. Lemieux, both Professors of the Laval University, (who signed a certificate to that effect) to be the remains of three [60] persons of the male sex and of three [61] persons of the female sex. Some silver and copper coins were also found, which with these mouldering remains of humanity, were deposited under lock and key in a wooden box; and in September, 1878, the whole was placed in a small but substantial stone structure, in the court of the Jesuit Barracks, known as the "Regimental Magazine," pending their delivery for permanent disposal to Rev. Père Sachez, Superior of the Jesuits Order in Quebec.

In May, 1879, on opening this magazine, it was found that the venerable bones, box and all had disappeared, the staple of the padlock on the door having been forced. By whom and for what purpose, the robbery?

THE RÉCOLLET CONVENT.

Let us walk on, and view with the Professor's eyes the adjoining public edifice in 1749, the Récollet Convent, "a spacious building," says Kalm, "two story high, with a large orchard and kitchen garden." It stood apparently on the south-eastern extremity of the area, on which the Anglican Cathedral was built in 1804, across what is now the southern prolongation of Treasury Street; it is said its eastern end occupied a portion of the site now occupied by the old *Place d'Armes*—now the Ring.

Its church or chapel was, on 6th September, 1796, destroyed by fire; two eye-witnesses of the conflagration, Philippe Aubert DeGaspé and Deputy-Commissary-General James Thompson, the first in his *Mémoires*, the second in his unpublished *Diary*, have vividly portrayed the accident.

"At the date of the conflagration of the Récollets Church, 6th September, 1796, the bodies

of those who had been interred there were taken up. The remains of persons of note, those among others of Count de Frontenac, were re-interred in the Cathedral (now the Basilica), it is said, under the floor of the Chapel N. D. of Pity. The leaden coffins, which, it appears, had been placed on iron bars in the Récollets Church, had been partially melted by the fire. In Count de Frontenac's coffin was found a small leaden box, which contained the heart of that Governor. According to a tradition, handed down by Frère Louis, the heart of Count de Frontenac was, after his death, sent to his widow in France. But the haughty Countess refused to receive it, saying that 'she did not want a dead heart, which when beating did not belong to her.' The casket containing the heart was sent back to Canada and replaced in the Count's coffin, where it was found after the fire." (*Abbé H. R. Casgrain.*)

The Church faced the Ring and the old Château; it formed part of the Récollet Convent, "a vast quadrangular building, with a court and well stocked orchard" on Garden Street; it was occasionally used as a state prison. The Huguenot and agitator, Pierre DuCalvet, [62] spent some dreary days in its cells in 1781-84; and during the summer of 1776, a young volunteer under Benedict Arnold, John Joseph Henry, (who lived to become a distinguished Pennsylvania Judge), was immured in this monastery, after his capture by the British, at the unsuccessful attack in Sault-au-Matelot Street, on the 31st December, 1775, as he graphically relates in his *Memoirs*. It was a monastery of the Order of Saint Francis. The Provincial, in 1793, a well-known, witty, jovial and eccentric personage, Father Félix DeBerey, had more than once dined and wine His Royal Highness Prince Edward, the father of our gracious Sovereign, when stationed in our garrison in 1791-4, with his regiment, the 7th Fusiliers.

The Récollet Church was also a sacred and last resting place for the illustrious dead. Of the six French Governors who expired at Quebec, four slept within its silent vaults, until the translation, in 1796, of their ashes to the vaults of the Basilica, viz: (1) Frontenac, (2) de Callières, (3) Vaudreuil, (4) de la Jonquière. [63] Governor de Mesy had been buried in the Hôtel-Dieu Cemetery, and the first Governor, de Champlain, it is generally believed, was interred near the Château Saint Louis, in a "sépulchre particulier," near the spot now surmounted by his bust, on which, in 1871, was erected the new Post Office.

On the south-west side of the Château, on the site where stands M. A. Berthelot's old dwelling on St. Louis Street, now owned by James Dunbar, Esq., Q.C., could be seen a building devoted to the administration of Justice, *La Sénéchaussée* (Sénéchal's Jurisdiction), and which bore the name of "The Palace." It was doubtless there that, in 1664, the Supreme Council held its sessions. In 1665 it was assigned to the Marquis de Tracy, for a residence whilst in the colony. From the *Place d'Armes*, the higher road (*Grande Allée*) took its departure and led to Cap Rouge. On the right and left of this road, were several small lots of land given to certain persons for the purpose of being built upon. The Indian Fort was that entrenchment of which we have spoken, which served as a last hiding place to the sad remains of the once powerful Huron nation, forming in all eighty four souls, in the year 1665. It had continued to be occupied by them up to the peace with the Iroquois. After the arrival of the troops, they took their departure in order to devote themselves to the cultivation of the lands.

Besides the buildings of the Reverend Jesuit Fathers, those of the Ursulines (nuns), and those of the Hospital (Hôtel Dieu), in the Upper Town, could be seen in a house situated behind the altar part of the Parish Church, where dwelt Monseigneur de Laval. It was, probably, what he called his Seminary, and where he caused some young men to be educated, destined afterwards for the priesthood.

It was at the Seminary the worthy prelate resided with his priests, to the number of eight, which, at that period, comprised all the secular clergy of Quebec. There, also, was the Church of Notre Dame, in the form of a Latin cross. [64]

Couillard Street calls up one of the most important personages of the era of Champlain, Guillaume Couillard, the ancestor of Madame Alexandre de Léry *née* Couillard. It would fill a volume to retrace the historical incidents which attach themselves to "La Grande Place du Fort," which in the early part of the century was known as the "Grand Parade" before the Castle, and is now called the *Ring*. We have pointed out a goodly number in the first pages (10-16) of the "Album du Touriste." To what we have already said we shall add the following details:

THE UNION HOTEL.

It would appear that the site upon which the Union Hotel was built [65] (1805), and where previously stood the dwelling of Dr. Longmore, Staff Medical Officer, now occupied by the offices of the *Journal de Quebec, &c.*, was owned by Governor D'Ailleboust, about the year 1650. He had reserved to himself, on the 10th January, 1649, the strip of ground comprised between Fort and Treasury Streets on the one side, and the streets Buade and Ste. Anne on the other side. At the corner of Treasury and Buade Streets, on the west, Jean Côté possessed a piece of ground (*emplacement*) which he presented as a

dowry in 1649, to his daughter Simonne, who married Pierre Soumandre.

The grounds of the Archbishop's Palace formed part of the field possessed by Couillard, whose house stood in the now existing garden of the Seminary, opposite the gate which faces the principal alley, the foundations of which were discovered and brought to light by the Abbé Laverdière in 1866. The Union Hotel was for years the meeting place of our festive ancestors, when the assembly balls brought together the Saxon and the Gaul; it also recalls warlike memories of 1812.

THE AMERICAN PRISONERS.

In looking over old files of our city journals, we find in the *Quebec Mercury* of 15th September, 1812, the following item:

"On Friday, arrived here the detained prisoners taken with Gen. Hull, at Detroit. The non-commissioned officers and privates immediately embarked on board of transports in the harbour, which are to serve as their prison. The commissioned officers were liberated on their parole. They passed Saturday morning at the Union Hotel, where they were the gazing-stock of the multitude, whilst they, no way abashed, presented a bold front to the public stare, puffed the smoke of their cigars into the faces of such as approached too near. About two o'clock they set off in a stage, with four horses, for Charlesbourg, the destined place of their residence."

The Union Hotel here mentioned is the identical building erected for a hotel by a company in 1805, and now owned by the *Journal de Quebec*, facing the ring.

Were these prisoners located at Charlesbourg proper, or at that locality facing Quebec, in Beauport, called *Le Canardière*, in Judge de Bonne's former stately old mansion, on which the eastern and detached wing of the Beauport Lunatic Asylum now stands?

Tradition has ever pointed to this building as that which sheltered the disconsolate American warriors in 1812, with the adjoining rivulet, *Ruisseau de l'Ours*, as the boundary to the east which their parole precluded their crossing.

The result of the American defeat at Detroit had been important—"one general officer (Wadsworth), two lieutenant-colonels, five majors, a multitude of captains and subalterns, with nine hundred men, one field-piece and a stand of colors, were the fruits of the victory, the enemy having lost in killed, wounded, missing and prisoners, upwards of fifteen hundred." (Christie's History.)

Amongst the American prisoners sent down to Quebec was the celebrated General Winfield Scott, who lived to cull laurels in the Mexican war. He was then Col. Scott, and there is yet (1878) living in Quebec an old resident, R. Urquhart, who well remembers, when a boy, seeing the "tall and stern American Colonel." He was six feet five inches in height. (Lossing, p. 408.)

Of these prisoners taken at Detroit, twenty-three had been recognized as British born and deserters from the English army. they were sent to England for trial. It is yet possible that some of the veterans of 1812, by their diaries or other sources of information, may tell us who were the Charlesbourg or Beauport captives in 1812. They had not been under restraint much more than a week, when, by the following advertisement in the *Quebec Mercury*, dated 29th September, we find the British Government attending to their comforts with a truly maternal foresight:—

Commissary General's Office,

QUEBEC, 28th Sept., 1812

"Wanted for the American prisoners of war, comfortable warm clothing, consisting of the following articles:

Jackets,
Shirts,
Trowsers,
Stockings,
Moccassins or Shoes.
Also 2000 pounds of soap."

From which it is clear John Bull intended his American cousins should not only be kept warm, but suitably scrubbed as well. Two thousand lbs. of soap foreshadowed a fabulous amount of scrubbing. Colonel Scott and friends were evidently "well off for soap."

Colonel Coffin, of Ottawa, the annalist of the War of 1812, in reply to a query of mine, writes me:

"Scott remained in Canada from the date of his surrender, 23d October, 1812, to the period of his departure from Quebec, say May, 1813. But he was on parole the whole time, and from Quebec, as given in his life by Mansfield, p. 55, he went in a cartel to Boston, and soon after was exchanged. Under these circumstances, I do not think it likely that he would have been escorted militarily in custody anywhere. Winder may have been also taken to Quebec, or he may have been exchanged on the Western frontier. Armstrong's 'War of 1812' will probably give the details."

The *Quebec Mercury*, of 27th October, 1812, contains the following:

"The prisoners taken at Detroit and brought down to Quebec are on the point of embarking for Boston for the purpose of being exchanged. Five cannon are now lying in the *Château* Court taken at Detroit."

In retaliation for the twenty-three American prisoners sent for trial to England, as deserters from the British army, the American Government had ordered that forty-six British prisoners of war should be detained in close confinement.

"In consequence of this," says Christie, "the Governor ordered all the American officers, prisoners of war, without exception of rank, to be immediately placed into close confinement as hostages, until the number of forty-six were completed over and above those already in confinement. In pursuance of this order, Generals Winder, Chandler and Winchester were conveyed from their quarters in the country at Beauport to a private house in Quebec, where their confinement was rendered as little inconvenient as their situation could admit of."

They were exchanged in April, 1814, against British officers, prisoners of war in the States.

In connection with General Scott's captivity at Quebec, Lossing relates a little incident, which redounds to his credit:—

"When the prisoners were about to sail from Quebec, a party came on board the vessel, mustered the captives and commenced separating from the rest those who, by their accent, were found to be Irishmen. These they intended to send to England for trial as traitors in a frigate lying near, in accordance with the doctrine that a British subject cannot expatriate himself. Scott, who was below, hearing a tumult on deck, went up. He was soon informed of the cause, and at once entered a vehement protest against the proceedings. He commanded his soldiers to be absolutely silent, that their accent might not betray them. He was repeatedly ordered to go below, and as repeatedly refused. The soldiers obeyed him. Twenty-three had been already detected as Irishmen, but not another one became a victim. The twenty-three were taken on board the frigate in irons. Scott boldly assured them that if the British Government dared to injure a hair of their head, his own Government would fully avenge the outrage. He at the same time as boldly defied the menacing officers, and comforted the manacled prisoners in every way. Scott was exchanged in January, 1813, and at once sent a full report of this affair to the Secretary of War. He hastened to Washington in person, and pressed the subject upon the attention of Congress. Fortunately, the President never had occasion to exercise this retaliation, the British Government having abstained from carrying out in practice, in the case of the American prisoners, its cherished doctrine of perpetual allegiance.

"The final result of Scott's humane and courageous conduct in this matter was very gratifying to himself. Almost three years after the event at Quebec, he was greeted by loud huzzahs as he was passing a wharf on the East River side of New York city. It came from a group of Irishmen, who had just landed from an emigrant ship. There were twenty-one out of the twenty-three prisoners for whom he had cared so tenderly. They had just returned from a long confinement in English prisons. They recognized their benefactor, and, says Scott's biographer, "nearly crushed him by their warm-hearted embraces." (Lossing's Field Book, p. 409.)

Some years back a discussion took place in the columns of the *Morning Chronicle*, of Quebec, as to the names of the volunteers of Bell's Cavalry who had escorted the U. S. prisoners of war in 1812 from Beauport to Quebec. The following extract from our diary throws some light on this subject:

"Among more than one strange meeting, which that welcome haven of the wearied wayfarer, the way-side inn, has brought me, in course of many peregrinations through the length and breadth of the Province of Quebec, none can I recall less anticipated, than the one which happened to me this 22nd March, 1881. I reached that night at 10.30, direct from the Kennebec Railway, the parlor of Monsieur Lessard's Temperance Hotel at St. Joseph, Beauce. (Such the euphonious name the Licence Act awards to these fallacious emblems of comfort or good cheer). After a lengthy interview, I next day parted, possibly for ever, from an old and withered *sabreur* of 1812, the last survivor, I think, of that dashing volunteer cavalry corps, raised by Capt. the Hon. Matthew Bell at Quebec in 1812.

I had the rare luck of having from the very lips of this octogenarian, an account of the share he had in conducting as one of the cavalry detachment detailed to escort Colonel Winfield Scott and brother officers from Beauport, where they were confined as prisoners on *parole*, to the district prison in St. Stanislas street (the Morrin College) from whence the "big" Colonel and his comrades were taken and lodged in Colonel Coffin's house in St. Louis street.

How different the careers! Scott in time became the hero of the war with Mexico, and the dashing cavalry corporal who escorted him, aged now 89, after 30 years tenure of office, still holds the position of village Postmaster, in the township of Broughton, Beauce. Among the incidents of which my ancient acquaintance seems proud, is that of his having played at cards with General Scott and his captive comrades.

"Charles Hy. J. Hall," (such his clear and well written autograph authenticating the memorandum I drew up for him) a roystering *militaire* and *bon vivant*, in our good city, seventy years ago, presents in his person a rare instance of mental and physical faculties well preserved until the end—memory, sight, mind, appetite, all unimpaired.

I was so interested when he informed me that he had been one of Col. Bell's cavalry, (I felt convinced that, of all the members of this dashing corps, he was the last survivor,) that I questioned him very closely, and cross-examined him on such matters of detail, which an eye-witness alone could know. Mr. Hall, the son of the late Wm. Hall, of Fabrique street, Quebec, is connected with several of our most noted families. His father came to Canada about 1783, from the adjoining provinces,—a United Empire Loyalist, and became wealthy. Subjoined will be found a short statement taken down as it fell from the lips of my new acquaintance, and authenticated by his signature. Mr. Chas. Hall is Postmaster of Broughton, County of Beauce."—(*Diary of J. M. LeMoine.*)

* * * * *

"I am now 89 years of age. My father, the late Wm. Hall, a well-to-do Quebecer, whose partner in business I subsequently was, lived at what I should call No. 1 Fabrique street (the house lately vacated by Behan Bros). I was born in a house in St. John street. I loved to roam—have travelled the world over and received some hard knocks in my day. As to that part of my career, which seems particularly to interest you—the war of 1812—I regret I cannot tell you as much as you wish to know. In 1812 I joined Capt. the Hon. Matthew Bell's Volunteer Cavalry; we numbered between 90 to 100 men. Our uniform was blue coat, red collar,—silver braid; arms, a sabre and holster pistols. As volunteers every man furnished his own horse, suits, etc. My horse, which cost me thirty guineas, I refused sixty for from Col. McNeil; our mounts were of Canadian, American, and English pedigree.

We were commanded by Col. Bell; Hon Wm. Sheppard (late of Woodfield), was our Major, Mr. Hale, our Captain, Wm. Henderson, our Lieutenant. I cannot say, in reply to your question, whether the late Hammond Gowan was our Cornet. Our house stood next to that where General Brock had lived, in Fabrique street. I was, in 1812, one of the escort who took General Winfield Scott, Col. Winder, —from Beauport; I remember well the big Col. Scott, as I played cards with the American officers who were, on their parole, quartered in Judge DeBonne's house, on the site of which the east wing of the Lunatic Asylum has since been

erected. I formed part of the escort who conducted the American officers to the Quebec jail, in St. Stanislas street, previous to their being located in a St. Louis street house. During the war, under Sir George Prevost, I formed, in March, part of the detachment of cavalry, sent with a company of the 103rd, to the parish of St. Joseph, Beauce, to arrest some militia men who had refused to enlist. The ice-bridge before Quebec, started a few minutes after our last horse had crossed.

CHAS. HY. J. HALL

St. Joseph, Beauce, 23rd March, 1881.

N B.—I can read yet without glasses; I reckon I am the last survivor of Bell's Cavalry.—*Morning Chronicle*, 28th April, 1881.

QUEBEC TROOP OF LIGHT CAVALRY.

Extract from a Troop Order Book of Captain Bell's Troop, dated Quebec, 1st March, 1813.

NOTES RESPECTING THE FORMATION OF THE TROOP.

[Furnished by Lt.-Col. Turnbull, Q.O.C.H.]

This Troop was first formed by Capt. Bell, under an order of H. E. Sir G. Prevost, dated 22nd April, 1812, as a part of 3rd Battalion, Quebec Militia.

22nd May, 1812.—William Sheppard and Hammond Gowan are appointed Sergeants. Mr. Hale attached to the Troop as Cornet.

27th June.—Intelligence of the declaration of war reached Quebec. The gentlemen composing the Troop, to the number of 34, volunteered their services, to act when and where the Government thought proper.

27th July.—The Troop declared independent of the 3rd Battalion, Quebec Militia. In case of alarm, to assemble on their private parade, in front of the Castle, by order of General Glasgow.

October.—Mr. Hale appointed Lieutenant, and Mr. Sheppard, Cornet, dated 24th April last.

19th December.—The Troop to be held in readiness to march on active service early in the spring.

15th February, 1813.—Orders received to add 25 dismounted men to the Troop.

MUSTER ROLL.

QUEBEC LIGHT CAVALRY, BELL'S TROOP.

1st March, 1813.

Officers.

Captain (Commandant) Matthew Bell.

Lieutenant Edward Hale,

Cornet W. G Sheppard,

Quarter-Master Benjamin Racy, (from the Ste. Marie, Nouvelle Beauce Battalion), attached to the Troop.

N.C. Officers

Sergeant Hammond Gowan, Corporal Charles Hall,

" Wm. Henderson, " Wm. Sheppard,

" Alex. Gowan, Acting " G. Wilson,

" James Heath, Acting Trumpeter Thos. Pearson.

Privates

On the full establishment, furnishing horse, clothing, &c.:—

*William Turner, John Stansfield, *James Capper,
*Wm. Thomas, James McCallum, Robert Page,
*John Patterson, John Connolly, John White,
William Price, Peter Burnet, William Hoogs,
John Dempster, *James Dick, J. G. Clapham,
*John Campbell, James Henderson, George Chapman,
Andrew Moire, George Cossar, *James Black,
James Oliver, *John McQuay, William Henderson,
John Racy, Archibald Campbell, *Amos Priest,
William Moore, James George, James McCallum,
*David Robertson, Webb Robinson, John McCallum,
James Whyte, Daniel Buckley, Frank Bell.

Dismounted Party.

	Age.	Ft.	In.
James Winton	30	5	10
*Frederick Petry	19	5	10
*George Burns	19	5	10
Henry Connolly	16	5	10
*Francis Martineau			
Daniel Baker			
James Stewart	19	5	9
Frederick Wyse	27	5	9
John Menzies	27	5	9
David Flynn	29	5	8-1/2
*William Graves	21	5	8
*Richard Burns.	22	5	8
*James Loan	23	5	7-1/2
Alexander Russell			
*William Parker			
*Charles Gethings	19	5	7
*Thomas Burney.	21	5	7
John Chillas	26	5	7
George C. Ross.	17	5	8
*Godfroi Langlois	20	5	10
George Patterson.			
Peter Legget.			
J. Dion			
David Denny			
Wm. Hobb.			

[Note: * Reside in Upper Town.]

Troop Order, 1st March.—Foot drills on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays in the Riding House at 12 o'clock till further orders.

8th March.—The Captain commanding desires that the following articles be provided as soon as possible by each person in the Troop, to enable him to comply with the General Orders of the Commander-in-Chief, dated 19th December last, viz: Helmet; blue cloth forage cap; black silk handkerchief or stock; dress jacket, undress jacket (plain), plain linen jacket (stable); a pair of brown linen trowsers; a pair of grey cloth overalls; a pair of grey cloth or stockinett pantaloons; a pair of half boots and spurs; two flannel shirts; two pair flannel drawers; three pairs of stockings; one pair of shoes; one razor; one knife; one brush; one curriecomb, brush and mane comb; one linen haversack; one linen nose-bag; one linen bag for necessaries.

The dismounted men may make their undress jacket of strong brown linen if they prefer it.

Quarter-Master Racy will shew patterns and give any information that may be required. The Captain wishes the different articles to be good and strong, but not of an expensive kind.

28th March.—A detachment was ordered on service to Ste. Marie Nouvelle Beauce and St. Joseph, returning on the 31st under the command of Lieutenant Hale, consisting of two officers, two sergeants, one corporal, 18 privates; total, 23.

At right angles from Buade Street, opposite the wall [66] which surrounds St. Joseph Cemetery, enclosed between the Basilica and the street, there exists, since the earliest times, a short, narrow street—more properly a lane—*Treasury Street*. The French know it as *Rue du Trésor*, because under French rule, the Government Office, where public monies were paid out, stood in the vicinity. Until the departure of the English garrison and removal of the Commissariat Staff, in 1871, Treasury Street was one of the avenues which led contractors and others to the Royal Commissariat Department, at the east end of St. Louis Street. Here, for years, were dealt out lavishly either the old French or Spanish piastres during the war of 1812-14, the proceeds of the army bills, and later on, English sovereigns, guineas and doubloons, &c. The Commissariat office was situate facing the Ring, and after the departure of the British troops, about 1871, was used as the office and dwelling of the Deputy Adjutant General of Militia. The lot, which, with the garden in rear, reaches to Mount Carmel Street, had been bought by the Ordnance from Mr. Peter Bréhault in the early part of the century.

Prince Edward had brought to Quebec from Gibraltar, in 1791, as his Secretary, Capt. John Hale, 2nd Queen's Regiment. Capt. Hale was the eldest son of Brevet Major John Hale, [67] of the 47th, who served under General Wolfe at Quebec. Major J. Hale subsequently became General Hale. Capt. John Hale, after stopping at Quebec with the Prince, subsequently returned to Halifax with him. He was afterwards appointed by the Imperial authorities Deputy Paymaster General to the Forces in Canada. He, it was, who owned the lot on which the Commissary-General's office stood. This occurred previous to 1812. He sold the property to Peter Bréhault, who had come out to Canada as an employé to John Muire, Esq. Mr. Bréhault resold it to the Imperial Government, the Paymaster's Office being merged into the Commissariat Office. The Ursuline nuns have named, after their patron Saint, Ste. Ursule, the first street to the west, which intersects at right angles, St. Louis and Ste. Anne streets. Ste. Ursule and Ste. Anne streets and environs seem to have been specially appropriated by the disciples of Hippocrates. Physicians [68] and surgeons there assuredly do congregate, viz.: Dr. James Sewell, his son, Dr. Colin Sewell, Drs. Landry, Lemieux, Simard, Belleau, Russell, Russell, Jr., Gale, Ross, Baillargeon, Roy, Fortier, LaRue, Parke, Rowand, Henchey, Vallée, Marsden, Jackson—distinguished physicians. Notwithstanding that it is the abode of so many eminent members of the Faculty, the locality is healthy; nay, conducive to longevity.

The streets Aylmer, Burton, Bagot, Craig, Carleton, Dorchester, Dalhousie, Haldimand, Hope, Metcalf, Murray, Prevost, Richmond, perpetuate the memory of thirteen English Governors, while four French Governors have left their names on as many thoroughfares—Buade, Champlain, d'Aillebout, Montmagny. Many of the luxurious dwellings on the Cape date back to 1840 or so; this now aristocratic neighborhood, after the conquest and until 1830, was occupied by carters, old French market gardeners and descendants of French artisans, &c.—such were the early tenants of Des Carrières, Mont Carmel, Ste. Geneviève, St. Denis, Des Grissons streets.—"*Mais nous avons changé tout cela.*"

A few years since, the Town Council, on motion of Councillor Ernest Gagnon, whose name is identified with our popular songs, [69] disturbed the nomenclature of that part of D'Aiguillon street, *extra muros*, by substituting the name of "Charlevoix." To that section of St. Joseph street, *intra muros*, was conferred the name of our respected historian, F. X Garneau. [70] To St. François street, the name of the historian, Ferland, was awarded; the historian, Robert Christie, [71] has also his street. This met with general approval.

"On ascending," says Abbé Faillon, "from the Lower to the Upper Town by a tortuous road, contrived betwixt the rocks, and on the right hand side, we reach the Cemetery. [72] This road, which terminated at the Parish Church, [73] divided itself into two,—on one side it led to the Jesuits (Jesuits' College) and to the Hospital (Hôtel Dieu); and on the other, to the Indian Fort [74] and to the Castle of Saint Louis. The Castle and King's Fort, guarded by soldiers night and day, under the orders of the Governor, was of an irregular shape, flanked by bastions, fortified by pieces of artillery, and contained in its interior several *suites* of apartments separated one from the other. At the distance of about forty toises (240 feet) from the Castle was seen, on the south side, a small garden, fenced in, for the use of the Governor, and in front, towards the west, was the *Place d'Armes* (now the *Ring*), in the form of a trapezium."

St. John street, for years without a rival as chief commercial thoroughfare for retail trade in dry goods, sees its former busy aspect daily fleeting since the invasion of that bitter foe to wheeled vehicles — the street railway. Its glory is departing: the mercer's showy counter and shelves are gradually replaced by vegetable and fruit stores. Stately shops on Desfosses, Crown and Craig streets are rapidly diverting the *Pactolus* of the city custom northwards. In the dark ages of the Ancient Capital, when this

lengthy, narrow lane was studded with one-story wooden or stone tenements, Old Sol occasionally loved to look down and gladden with his rays its miry footpaths. To our worthy grandfathers 'twas a favorite *rendezvous*—the *via sacra*—the Regent street—the *Boulevard des Italiens*—where the *beau monde* congregated at 4 P.M., sharp; where the merry jingle of the tandem *grelots* invaded the frosty air in January; where the freshest toilettes, the daintiest bonnets—those "ducks of bonnets" invented fifty years ago by Mrs. T—d—ensnared admirers; where marten or "silver fox" muffs of portentous size—all the rage then—kept warm and coursing the stream of life in tiny, taper hands, cold, alas! now in Death's pitiless grasp; where the old millionaire, George Pozer, chinked his English guineas or piled up in his desk his army bills. Alas! Jean Bourdon, the pioneer of our land surveyors, you, who, more than two centuries ago, left your name to this vaunted locality—your street as well as your name are getting to be things of the past! Shall we bid adieu to this oft travelled over thoroughfare without deigning a parting glance, as we saunter on, at that low old-fashioned house, No. 84, on the north side of the street, where, for a quarter of a century and more, Monsieur Charles Hamel's book and church ornament emporium held its own against all the other book stores? It is now occupied as a dwelling and a notarial office by an ex-Mayor and late member for the city, P. A. Tourangeau, Esq., N.P. Vividly, indeed, can we recall the busy aspect of its former counter, studded with gilt madonnas, rosaries, some in brass mountings, variegated Job beads for the million; others set in ebony and silver for rich *dévotes*, flanked with wax tapers, sparkling church ornaments, bronze crucifixes—backed with shelves of books bearing, some, the *visa* of Monseigneur de Tours—the latter for the faithful; others in an inner room, without the *visa*—these for city *littérateurs*; whilst in a shady corner-cupboard, imported to order—sometimes without order—stood a row of short-necked but robust bottles, labelled "*Grande Chartreuse*" and "*Bénédictine*," for the especial delectation of a few Quebec Brillat-Savarins—the *gourmets*!

Monsieur Hamel, a sly, courteous, devout old bachelor, had a honied word, a holy, upturned glance, a jaunty welcome for all and every one of his numerous "dévotes" or fashionable *pratiques*. A small fortune was the result of the attention to business, thrift and correct calculations of this pink of French politeness. Monsieur Chas. Hamel, honoured by his familiars with the sobriquet "Lily Hamel," possibly because his urbanity was more than masculine, in fact, quite lady-like—the *crème de la crème* of commercial suavity. This stand, frequented by the Quebec gentry from 1840 to 1865, had gradually become a favourite stopping place, a kind of half-way house, where many aged valetudinarians tarried a few minutes to gossip with friends equally aged, homeward bound, on bright winter afternoons, direct from their daily "constitutional" walk, as far as the turnpike on St. John's road. Professor Hubert Larue [75] will introduce us to some of the *habitués* of this little club, which he styles *Le Club des Anciens*, a venerable brotherhood uniting choice spirits among city *littérateurs*, antiquarians, superannuated Militia officers, retired merchants: Messrs. Henry Forsyth, Long John Fraser, Lieut.-Colonel Benjamin LeMoine, F. X. Garneau, G. B. Faribault, P. A. De Gaspé, Commissary-General Jas. Thompson, Major Lafleur, Chs. Pinguet, the valiant Captain of the City Watch in 1837. The junior members counted from fifty to sixty summers; their seniors had braved some sixty or seventy winters. After discussing the news of the day, local antiquities and improvements, there were certain topics, which possessed the secret of being to them eternally young, irresistibly attractive: the thrilling era of Colonel De Salaberry and General Sir Isaac Brock; the Canadian *Voltigeurs*, [76] the American War of 1812-14, where a few of these veterans had clanked their sabres and sported their epaulettes, &c. With the exception of an esteemed and aged Quebec merchant, Long John Fraser, all now sleep the long sleep, under the green sward and leafy shades of Mount Hermon or Belmont cemeteries, or in the moist vaults of some city monastery.

On revisiting lately these once famous haunts of our forefathers, the new proprietor, ex-Mayor Tourangeau, courteously exhibited to us the *antiques* of this heavy walled tenement, dating back possibly to the French *régime*, perhaps the second oldest house in St. John street. In a freshly painted room, on the first story, in the east end, hung two ancient oil paintings, executed years ago by a well-remembered artist, Jos. Legaré, for the owners, two octogenarian inmates—his friends, Messrs. Michel and Charles Jourdain, architects and builders. They were charged some seventy years ago with the construction of the District Court House (burnt in 1872) and City Jail (now the Morrin College.) Messrs. Jourdain had emigrated to Canada after the French Revolution of 1789. They had a holy horror of the guillotine, though, like others of the *litterati* of Quebec in former days, they were well acquainted with the doctrines and works of Voltaire, Diderot, and d'Alembert. One of the Jourdains, judging from his portrait, must have been a shrewd, observant man. Later on, the old tenement had sheltered the librarian of the Legislative Council, Monsieur Jourdain—a son—quite a *savant* in his way, and whose remains were escorted to their last resting place by the *élite* of the Canadian population. It is a mistake to think that culture and education were unknown in those early times; in some instances the love of books prevailed to that degree that, in several French-Canadian families, manuscript copies then made at Quebec exist to this day, of the Latin and French classics from the difficulty of procuring books; there being little intercourse then with Paris book-stores, in fact, no importations of books. Among many quaint relics of the distant days of the Messrs. Jourdain and of their successor, Monsieur

Audiverti *dit* Romain, we saw a most curiously inlaid *Marqueterie* table, dating, we might be tempted to assert, from the prehistoric era!

Innumerable are the quaint, pious or historical souvenirs, mantling like green and graceful ivy, the lofty, fortified area, which comprises the Upper Town of this "walled city of the North". An incident of our early times—the outraged Crucifix of the Hôtel Dieu Convent, [77] and the Military Warrant, appropriating to urgent military wants, the revered seat of learning, the Jesuits' College, naturally claim a place in these pages. The *Morning Chronicle* will furnish us condensed accounts, which we will try and complete:—

LE CRUCIFIX OUTRAGÉ.

"An interesting episode in the history of Canada during the last century attaches to a relic in the possession of the Reverend Ladies of the Hôtel Dieu, or, more properly, "the Hospital of the Most Precious Blood of Jesus Christ," of which the following is a synopsis taken from l'Abbé H. G. Casgrain's history of the institution:—

"On the 5th October, 1742, it was made known that a soldier in the garrison in Montreal, named Havard de Beaufort, professed to be a sorcerer, and, in furtherance of his wicked pretensions, had profaned sacred objects. He had taken a crucifix, and having besmeared it with some inflammable substance—traces of which are still to be seen upon it—had exposed it to the flames, whilst he at the same time recited certain passages of the Holy Scripture. The sacrilege had taken place in the house of one Charles Robidoux, at Montreal. Public indignation at this profanation of the sacred symbol and of the Scripture was intense; the culprit was arrested, tried and convicted, and sentenced to make a public reparation, after which he was to serve three years in the galleys. To this end he was led by the public executioner, with a cord around his neck, bareheaded and barefooted, wearing only a long shirt, and having a placard on his breast and back on which was inscribed the legend "Desecrator of holy things" (*Profanateur des choses saintes*), in front of the parish church in Montreal, and being placed on his knees, he made the *amende honorable* to God, to the King and to Justice, and declared in a loud and intelligible voice that he had rashly and wickedly desecrated the sacred image of Jesus Christ, and had profaned the words of Holy Scripture. He was then brought to all the cross-roads of the town, where he was scourged by the public executioner, and afterwards lodged in prison to await the sailing of the vessel which was to convey him to France, where he was to undergo the remainder of his sentence. The Bishop of Quebec, (whose vast diocese then included all of North America) immediately wrote a letter to Montreal, inviting the people to make reparation by penances and public prayers for the outrage committed, and ordering a public procession from the parish church to that of Notre Dame de Bonsecours, where the veneration of the cross took place. He then obtained the crucifix from the magistrates, and forwarded it to the reverend ladies of the Hôtel Dieu in Quebec, accompanied by a letter in which he directed that it should be placed in their chapel, and that on a certain day the veneration of it should be made in reparation of the insult offered the Saviour of the world in his sacred image on the cross. The nuns placed it in a reliquary, and to this day it occupies a prominent position on the high altar. In virtue of a brief of His Holiness the Pope, dated the 15th December, 1782, a plenary indulgence was granted to any one who, having fulfilled the usual conditions, should visit the Hôtel Dieu chapel on the first Friday in March of each year. By an indult of the Supreme Pontiff, dated 21st March, 1802, this indulgence was transferred to the first Friday of October, when the veneration of the relic takes place annually.

The cross is of some sort of dark wood, about five or six inches long, bearing a brass figure of our Saviour, with the inscription I. N. R. I. (*Jesus Nazarene Rex Judaeorum*) overhead and the skull and cross-bones beneath. Attached to it is the certificate of authenticity and the seal of the Bishop, Monseigneur de Pontbriand. In accordance with this arrangement, public service was held in the chapel of the hospital yesterday. The crucifix, enclosed in a gorgeous reliquary and surrounded with a number of lighted tapers, flowers and other ornaments, was placed on one of the lateral altars. Solemn mass was sung at eight o'clock by the Rev. Mr. Rhéaume, of the Seminary, the musical portion being rendered in a most impressive manner by the reverend mothers, to organ accompaniment. In the afternoon, at two o'clock, solemn vespers were chanted by the community, after which an eloquent and impressive sermon was preached by Rev. Father Lepinto, S.J., followed by the benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, which was given, by Rev. Mr. Fraser, of the Seminary, who had previously read a solemn form of "Reparation" in the name of all present, and in which all joined. The *Tantum Ergo* and other hymns were sung by the nuns, and after the chanting of the CXVI. Psalm, the relic was venerated, each one devoutly kissing it, during which the choir of nuns sang the *Cruz*

fidelis. Altogether the ceremony was a very impressive one, as was evidenced by the solemn, subdued manner of the large congregation assembled."—(*Morning Chronicle*, 2nd Oct., 1880.)

THE JESUITS' BARRACKS.

"At the present moment, in 1871, when, it is said, the Jesuits' Barrack is on the eve of being returned to the Quebec authorities, our readers will no doubt be pleased to learn how and when this valuable property came into the possession of the Military Government. We are indebted to J. M. LeMoine, Esq., President of the Literary and Historical Society, for a copy of the ukase of Governor Murray converting the old College of the Jesuits, on the Upper Town Market Place, into a barrack, which it has remained ever since. It is extracted from some rare old manuscripts belonging to that institution. The orthographical mistakes exist in the original, and we have allowed them to reappear:—

By His Excellency the Hon. James Murray, Esq., Capt. General and Governor-in-Chief of the Province of Quebec and the territories thereupon depending in America, Vice-Admiral of the same, Major-General of His Majesty's Forces, and Colonel Commandant of the 2nd Battalion of the Royal American Regiment of Foot, &c., &c., &c.

To Captain James Mitchelson, Captain William Martin, Lieut. Smith, Messieurs Amiot, Boisseau and Moore:

Whereas it appears to me that proper Quarters and Barracks are much wanted for the officers and troops in this garrison, and it being apprehended that the Jesuits' College may be fitted up for that purpose—You are hereby authorized and impowered to survey the same, calling to your assistance such number of tradesmen as you may judge necessary, in which survey, regard is to be had to a sufficient number of Fire Places and Chimneys, to ascertain with precision the number of officers and private soldiers the said College will contain, and to make an estimate of the expense that will attend the repairs thereof. And whereas the Contractors' provisions are at present lodged in the said college, other magazines should be found to lodge the same. You are therefore further impowered to inspect and survey that building known by the name of the Intendant's Palace, and to ascertain also the charges that will attend the fitting up the same to contain the quantity of six thousand barrels, reporting to me on the back hereof your proceedings upon the warrant, which shall be to you and every of you sufficient authority.

Given under my hand and seal at Quebec, this 4th day of June, 1765. (sd) JAS. MURRAY. By His Excellency's command. (Counters'd,) J. GOLDFRAP, D. Sectry.

General Arnold's soldiers having during the winter of 1775 established themselves in and near the French Intendant's Palace, facing the St. Charles, Governor Carleton decided to sacrifice the stately pile of buildings in order to dislodge the enemy. A lively fire was in consequence opened from the guns on the ramparts, near Palace Gate, and the magnificent structure was soon riddled with shot. It stood in rear of Vallière's furniture factory and Boswell's brewery. Thus was acquired the Jesuits' Barrack, and thus perished the Intendant's Palace."—(*Chronicle*, 27th Dec., 1871.)

D'Auteuil street, bounded to the west by an open space—the Esplanade— lined on one side by shade trees, on the other by the verdant slopes of the glacis and city walls, deserves a passing notice. Bouchette describes it thus:—"The Esplanade, between St. Louis and St. John's Gate, has a length of 273 yards, by an average breadth of 80, except at the Ste. Ursula bastion, where it is 120 yards. It is tolerably level, in some places presenting a surface of bare rock. This is the usual place of parade for the troops of the garrison, from whence every morning in summer the different guards of the town are mounted; in winter the Jesuits' Barracks drill ground is generally used for parades. The musters and annual reviews of the militia belonging to the city are held there. [78]

The Esplanade is still used as a parade ground, if not by our city militia by our provincial troops. Right well can we recall the manly form of the Commander of the "B" Battery, Lieut.-Colonel T. B. Strange, bestriding a noble charger, putting his splendid, though not numerous corps, through their drill on the Esplanade. We have also sometimes caught sight there of our gay Volunteers. Occasionally these grounds are used by the divers lacrosse clubs for their athletic games—the *doyen* of our city *littérateurs*, the Hon. P. J. O. Chauveau, in a graphic portraiture of the "Quebec of the Past," has most feelingly retraced the vanished glories, the military pageants, the practical jokers, the City Watch, the social gatherings, which his youthful eyes witnessed of yore on the Esplanade and on Durham Terrace.

We have attempted to render in English a striking chapter of this sparkling effusion:—

OLDEN TIMES IN THE ANCIENT CAPITAL.

"There is not only the quaint city of Champlain—of Montmagny—of Frontenac—of Bishop Laval—of Governor de Vaudreuil and Montcalm—of Lord Dorchester and Colonel Dambourges—that is rapidly fading away; there is not merely the grim fortress of the French *régime*, the city of early English rule, disappearing piecemeal in the dissolving shadows of the past. A much more modern town—newer even than that so graphically pictured by our old friend Monsieur de Gaspé—the Quebec of our boyhood—of our youth—the Quebec embalmed in the haunted chambers of memory prior to 1837—it also each day seems retreating—crumbling—evanescing.

Where are those dashing regiments which every Sunday at 4 p.m. (we were not such Puritans then as now) paraded in the open space facing the Esplanade walls, under the approving eye of the beauty and fashion of all Quebec, assembled from outside and from inside of the walls—the men proud of their bottle-green or dark-blue coats and white duck pants—all the vogue then—while the softer sex and juveniles were apparelled in the gayest of toilettes—brightest of colors—loudest of contrasts: white—pink—green! How densely packed, our Esplanade! Little boys and girls crowding in every corner of the lovely precipitous lawn which, amphitheatre-like, stretches down—a hanging garden of verdure and beauty. The splendid regimental bands of music, the gaudily uniformed staff officers curvetting on their chargers, with nodding plumes and heavy, glittering epaulettes (alas! the navy now seems to have monopolised the gold lace for their shoulder- straps), and those irresistible sappers with their bushy beards heading the pageant, and those incomparable drum-majors, who could fling high in the air their *batons*, and catch them so gracefully in their descent. How their glittering coats did enrapture the crowd! All these wondrous sights of our youth, where will we now find them?

The mounting guard, the *Grand Rounds* at noon, when one of the regimental bands (there were here nearly always two, and an honorable rivalry existed between them) struck up a martial strain, whilst every sentry in the city was relieved. What a treat this was to every one, without forgetting the Seminary Externes (pupils), with their blue coats and sashes of green or of variegated tints.

More than one of those lithesome youths came to grief for having rushed away from the *Gradus ad Parnassum* to those Elysian Fields, ostensibly to hear the band—possibly to cast a sly glance at "sweet sixteen" chatting with the *Militaires* off duty. Here, too, was the spot where amateurs came to hear new pieces of music—the latest from London. Durham Terrace was the favoured locality from whence the new waltz—the fashionable march—the latest opera—was launched into city existence; from thence it found its way to the *salons* of the wealthy: such the history of *Di tanti palpiti* and other sweet emanations of great masters.

Where, now, are those squads of jolly tars, in navy blue, irrepressible in their humors when on shore, far from the quarterdecks of the trim frigates anchored under Cape Diamond: upsetting the cake- stands, the spruce beer kegs—helping open-handed to the contents the saucy street urchins, or, handing round, amidst the startled wayfarers, pyramids of horse cakes, trays of barley-sugar and peppermints, like real princes dispensing the coin of the realm. Where are those noisy gangs of swaggering raftsmen—those *voyageurs* from the *pays d'en haut*, with their glittering costumes—hats festooned with red or blue ribbons, sashes of variegated colors, barred shirts—tightly wedged, three by three, in *calèches*, like Neapolitans—patrolling the streets—interlarding a French song occasionally with an oath, tolerably profane—at all times to be met, whether in the light of day or the still hours of night. No police in those halcyon days; but with the thickening shades of evening issued forth that venerable brotherhood, the City Watch.

The watch, did we say? Where are now these dreamy wanderers of the night, carolling forth, like the muezzin in Eastern cities, their hourly calls, "All's well!" "Fine night!" "Bad weather!" as the case might be—equally ready with their rattles to sound the dread alarm of fire, or with their long *bâtons* to capture belated midnight brawlers, that is, when they saw they had a good chance of escaping capture themselves. Their most formidable foes were not the thieves, but the gay Lotharios and high-fed swells of the time, returning from late dinners, and who made it a duty, nay, a crowning glory, to thrash the Watch! Where now are those practical jokers who made collections of door-knockers (the house-bell was not then known), exchanged sign- boards from shop-doors, played unconscionable tricks on the

simple-minded peasants on market-days—surreptitiously crept in at suburban balls, in the guise of the evil one, and, by the alarm they at times created, unwittingly helped *Monsieur le Curé* to frown down upon these mundane junkettings.

One of these escapades is still remembered here. [79]

Four of these gentlemanly practical jokers, one night, habited in black like the Prince of Darkness, drove silently through the suburbs in a *cariote* drawn by two coal-black steeds, and meeting with a well-known citizen, overcome by drink, asleep in the snow, they silently but vigorously seized hold of him with an iron grip; a *cahot* and physical pain having restored him to consciousness, he devoutly *crossed* himself, and, presto! was hurled into another snow-drift. Next day all Quebec had heard in amazement how, when and where Beelzebub and his infernal crew had been seen careering in state after nightfall. Oh! the jolly days and gay nights of olden times!

But the past had other figures more deserving of our sympathy. The sober-sided sires of the frolicsome gentry just described: the respected tradesmen who had added dollar to dollar to build up an independence—whose savings their children were squandering so recklessly; those worthy citizens who had filled without stipend numerous civic offices, with a zeal, a whole-heartedness seldom met with in the present day—at once churchwardens, justices of the peace, city fathers, members of societies for the promotion of agriculture, of education, for the prevention of fires; who never sat up later than nine of the clock p.m., except on those nights when they went to the old Parliament Building to listen in awe to fiery Papineau or eloquent Bourdages thunder against the *Bureaucracy*; who subscribed and paid liberally towards every work of religion, of charity, of patriotism; who every Saturday glanced with trembling eye over the columns of the *Official Gazette*, to ascertain whether Government had not dismissed them from the Militia or Commission of the Peace, for having attended a public meeting, and having either proposed or seconded a motion backing up Papineau and censuring the Governor. Thrilling—jocund—simple war-like time of 1837, where art thou flown?"

The "sunny Esplanade," the "Club," the "Platform," in those days "rather small," the "Rink," "Montmorency Falls," "Lake Charles," the "Citadel" and its "hog's-back," it would appear, inspired the bard of the 25th King's Own Borderers—for years forming part of our garrison—on this favourite regiment embarking for England, to waft to the old Rock the following poetic tribute.

FAREWELL TO QUEBEC.

Adieu, ye joys of fair Quebec!
We've got what's coarsely termed the sack.
Adieu, kind homes that we have entered;
What hopes and joys are around ye centered!
Adieu, ye flights of Lower Town stairs!
To mount you often, no one cares.
Adieu, that Club, with cook whose skill
Makes none begrudge his dinner bill.
Adieu, O sunny Esplanade!
You suit us loungers to a shade.
Adieu, thou Platform, rather small,
For upper-ten, the band and all.
And Music Hall! adieu to thee!
Ne'er kinder audiences we'll see;
There on each 'Stadacona' night,
'Ye antient citie' proves its right
To boast of beauty, whose fair fame,
To us at Malta even came.
Adieu, O Rink, and 'thrilling steel,'
Another sort of thrill we feel,
As eye entranced, those forms we follow,
And see the Graces beaten hollow.
Adieu, John's Gate! your mud and mire
Must end in time, *as does each fire!*
Adieu, that pleasant four-mile round,
By bilious subs so useful found.
Adieu, Cathedral! and that choir,
All eye and ear could well desire.

Adieu, that service—half-past three
 And chance walks after, home to tea.
 And 'city fathers,' too, adieu!
 Sorry we shan't know more of you.
 Adieu, your daughters passing fair,
 In dancing, skating, who so rare?
 Adieu, too soon, O Citadel!
 Adieu, hogs-back, we like thee well,
 Though when on *poudré* days we've crossed,
 Noses and ears we've all but lost.
 Adieu, to Montmorency's Fall!
 Adieu, ye ice-cones large and small!
 Who can forget the *traîneau's* leap
 From off that icy height, so steep;
 It takes your breath as clean away
 As plunge in air—at best you may
 Get safely down, and borne along,
 Run till upset; but ah! if wrong
 At first, you take to turning round,
 The *traîneau* leaves you, and you're found
 Down at the bottom, rolling still,
 Shaken and bruised and feeling ill.
 Adieu, ye lakes and all the fishing!
 To cast a fly we've long been wishing.
 One last adieu! sorry are we
 That this must be our p.p.c.!
 Folly to think we'll feel resigned
 In leaving you, who've proved so kind.
 Our bark of happiness goes wreck,
 In quitting you, far-famed Quebec!
 —*P.P.C., of the 25th K.O.B.*

Our thoroughfares, our promenades, even in those dreary months, when the northern blast howls over the Canadian landscape, have some blithsome gleams of sunshine. Never shall we forget one bright, frosty January afternoon, about four o'clock, in the year 1872, when solitary, though not sad, standing on Durham [80] Terrace, was unveiled to us "a most magnificent picture, a scene of glorified nature painted by the hand of the Creator. The setting sun had charged the skies with all its gorgeous heraldry of purple and crimson and gold, and the tints were diffused and reflected through fleecy clouds, becoming softer and richer through expansion. The mountain tops, wood-crowned, where the light and shadow appeared to be struggling for mastery, stood out in relief from the white plain, and stretching away in indistinct, dreamy distances finally seemed to blend with the painted skies. The ice-covered bay was lit up with glowing shades, in contrast with the deep blue of the clear water beyond; from which the island rose, and into which the point jutted with grand picturesqueness; the light played through the frost-adorned, but still sombre pines, and spread out over deserted fields. Levis and the south shore received not so much of the illumination, and the grimness of the Citadel served as a contrast and a relief to the eye bewildered with the unaccustomed grandeur. But as the sun sank deeper behind the eternal hills, shadows began to fall, and the bright colours toned down to the grey of dusk, stars shone out, the grey was chased away, and the azure, diamond-dotted skies told not of the glory of sunset which had so shortly before suffused them."—(*Morning Chronicle*.)

We have just seen described the incomparable panorama which a winter sunset disclosed from the lofty promenade, to which the Earl of Dufferin has bequeathed his name. Let us now accompany one of our genial summer butterflies, fluttering through the mazes of old Stadacona escorting a bride; let us listen to W. D. Howells in the WEDDING JOURNEY. "Nothing, I think, more enforces the illusion of Southern Europe in Quebec than the Sunday-night promenading on the Durham (now Dufferin) Terrace. This is the ample span on the brow of the cliff to the left of the Citadel, the noblest and most commanding position in the whole city, which was formerly occupied by the old Castle of St. Louis, where dwelt the brave Count Frontenac and his splendid successors of the French *régime*. The castle went the way of Quebec by fire some forty years ago (23rd January, 1834), and Lord Durham levelled the site and made it a public promenade. A stately arcade of solid masonry supports it on the brink of the rock, and an iron parapet incloses it; there are a few seats to lounge upon, and some idle old guns for the children to clamber over and play with. A soft twilight had followed the day, and there was just enough obscurity to hide from a willing eye the Northern and New World facts of the scene, and to leave in more romantic relief the citadel dark against the mellow evening, and the people gossiping from window to window across the narrow streets of the Lower Town. The Terrace itself was densely

thronged, and there was a constant coming and going of the promenaders, and each formally paced back and forth upon the planking for a certain time, and then went quietly home, giving place to new arrivals. They were nearly all French, and they were not generally, it seemed, of the first fashion, but rather of middling condition in life; the English being represented only by a few young fellows, and now and then a red-faced old gentleman with an Indian scarf trailing from his hat. There were some fair American costumes and faces in the crowd, but it was essentially Quebecian. The young girls, walking in pairs, or with their lovers, had the true touch of provincial unstylishness, the young men had the ineffectual excess of the second-rate Latin dandy, the elder the rude inelegance of a *bourgeoisie* in them; but a few better-figured *avocats* or *notaires* (their profession was as unmistakable as if they carried their well-polished door-plates upon their breasts), walked and gravely talked with each other. The non-American character of the scene was not less vividly marked in the fact, that each person dressed according to his own taste, and frankly indulged private shapes and colours. One of the promenaders was in white, even to his canvas shoes; another, with yet bolder individuality, appeared in perfect purple. It had a strange, almost portentous effect when these two startling figures met as friends and joined with each other in the promenade with united arms; but the evening was beginning to darken round them, and presently the purple comrade was merely a sombre shadow beside the glimmering white.

The valleys and the heights now vanished; but the river defined itself by the varicolored light of the ships and steamers that lay, dark, motionless hulks upon its broad breast; the lights of Point Levis swarmed upon the other shore; the Lower Town, two hundred feet below them, stretched an alluring mystery of clustering roofs and lamp-lit windows, and dark and shining streets around the mighty rock, mural-crowned. Suddenly a spectacle peculiarly Northern and characteristic of Quebec revealed itself; a long arch brightened over the northern horizon; the tremulous flames of the aurora, pallid violet or faintly tinged with crimson, shot upward from it, and played with a vivid apparition and evanescence to the zenith. While the stranger looked, a gun boomed from the Citadel, and the wild, sweet notes of the bugle sprang out upon the silence."

THE LOWER TOWN.

On bidding adieu to the lofty plateau which constitutes the Upper Town, on our way to an antiquarian ramble in the narrow, dusty, or muddy thoroughfares of the Lower (as it was formerly styled) the Low Town, we shall cast a glance, a glance only, at the facade of the City Post Office, on the site of which, until razed in 1871, stood that legendary, haunted old house, "LE CHIEN D'OR." Having fully described it elsewhere, [81] let us hurry on, merely looking up as we pass, to the gilt tablet and inscription and its golden dog, gnawing his bone, pretty much as he appeared one hundred and twenty-two years ago, to Capt. John Knox, of the 43rd Regt., on his entering Quebec, after its capitulation on the 18th September, 1759. History has indeed shed very little light on the Golden Dog and its inscription since that date, but romance has seized hold of him, and Kirby, Marmette, Soulard and others have enshrined both with the halo of their imagination. In 1871 the corner stone of the "Chien d'Or" was unearthed; a leaden plate disclosed the following inscription:—

"NICOLAS LAQUIN
Dit PHILIBER,
M'a posé le 2e Aoust,
1735."

We clip the following from KNOX'S JOURNAL, of the siege of Quebec in 1759, at which he was both an actor and an eye-witness:—

"On the right of the descent, leading to the low town, stands a stately old house, said to be the first built of stone in this city (Quebec), and over the front door of it is engraved a dog gnawing a large, fleshy bone, which he has got under and between his fore-feet, with the following whimsical inscription:—

"Je suis le chien qui ronge l'os,
Sans en perdre an seul morceau;
Le temp viendra, qui n'est pas venu,
Je mordrai celui, qui m'aura mordû."

"The true meaning of this device I never could learn, though I made all possible inquiries, without being gratified with the least information respecting its allusion. I have been informed that the first proprietor of the house was a man of great natural abilities, and possessed a plentiful fortune, which he, after many disappointments and losses in trade, had scraped together by means of the most indefatigable industry. Now, whether the foregoing device had any reference to these particulars of his own private affairs, or that we may

rather suppose the bone with flesh on it to resemble Canada, and the dog an emblem of fidelity, to represent the French settled there as if determined faithfully to defend that colony for their King and country against the savage natives, who may perhaps be alluded to by the two last lines of the inscription, I will not take upon me to determine, but submit it to the more penetrating capacity of the curious reader."—(KNOX'S JOURNAL, Vol. II., p. 149.)

There are two ways of arriving at this El Dorado of commerce: an easy, expeditious, and, it is believed a safe passage, originated by our enterprising fellow-townsmen, W. A. G. Griffith, Esq.—the *Terrace Elevator*. The ascent or descent by the elevator occupies fifty seconds of time, at the moderate cost of three cents per head. The elevator, opened to the public on 10th February, 1880, was erected at a cost of about \$30,000. Whether it is placed in the most suitable spot remains to be seen.

THE ELEVATOR.

"The elevator is worked by the weight of water; this necessitates there always being a sufficient supply in the tank at the top of the incline, which is pumped by a 12-horse-power steam pump from a large tank at the foot. The *modus operandi* is as follows: Suppose a person enters the car at the foot of the incline to be carried to the top, the bell-boy at once rings a bell to notify the brakesman to go ahead; weight is required to bring the car and passenger from the foot to the top, and both cars being built on tanks with necessary valves for the entrance of the water from the upper tank and for the exit of the same water when it reaches the bottom of the track, which the large tank below receives, the brakesman proceeds to open one of the water valves and allows sufficient water to enter the car tank until it outweighs the car and passengers at the foot; the cars are now supposed to be in motion, with the bell-boy at the foot and brakesman at the top of the incline, who duties are to watch that everything runs smoothly and that the track is clear of all obstructions. Nothing can happen inside the cars during the transit that is not noticed by the employés; now let us suppose that while in motion one of the cables breaks, there is a second cable to take all the strain, which is never over five tons, and each cable will lift at least 30 tons, but should it happen by some extraordinary oversight that there existed flaws in the cables which had not been noticed, so that first one cable broke and then the second also broke, it would probably be thought that an accident must occur. No such catastrophe would happen, because under the cars and out of sight there are two enormously strong chisels bolted to the iron tank, and running within half an inch of the trestle work; immediately the strain is taken off the cables, or immediately the two cables break, the two chisels would enter the strong wooden beams that support the iron rails and hold the cars firmly in position. Finally, let us suppose that these chisels also gave way, it must be said surely an accident is now inevitable; but no, for at the top as well as at the foot of the track there are two air buffers, against which the cars strike on their ascent and descent. So nicely adjusted are they, and so ingeniously are they constructed, that although the cars may descend with great force against these air buffers, the resistance being gradually developed as the air compresses, there will be but little, if any, extra shock. Should the brakesman happen to be absent from his post, we are informed by the Manager that no irregularities would occur in consequence, as a governor regulates the speed at which the cars are to go, and on their arrival the air buffers come into play and receive them. So well has the brakesman the cars under his control that at one stroke of the bell he can stop them instantaneously wherever they may be on the track. The brakes are arranged in such a way that it would seem to be quite impossible for both of them to be out of order at the same time; but even if they were, nothing could happen, as the air buffers would check the force of any extra shock. It may be thought that an enormous quantity of water must be used to work this machinery, seeing that there is a 5,000 gallon water-tank at the top of the incline and a 10,000 gallon tank at the foot, but such is not the case, the water which is pumped up from the lower to the upper tank returns again to the lower one, and so the same water is used over and over again; indeed, the amount of water wasted is not nearly as much as is consumed by a private family. In confirmation of this statement, only a half-inch tap is used to supply the tanks, and the Manager informs us that frequently for days together the tap is not turned on either at night or day."

How our worthy grandfathers would have shrugged their shoulders had such an innovation been mooted eighty years ago. The other mode of penetrating into the Lower Town is through that steep and tortuous hill—called Mountain Hill by the English, Côte de la Montagne by the French.

This is the hill which has re-echoed the tread of so many regiments, on which so many Governors, French and English, have, on divers occasions, heard themselves enthusiastically cheered by eager crowds; the hill which Viceroy of France and of England, from the ostentatious Marquis de Tracy to

the proud Earl of Durham, ascended on their way to Government House, surrounded by their brilliant staffs and saluted by cannon and with warlike flourish of trumpets! In earlier times the military and religious display was blended with an aroma of literature and elaborate Indian oratory, combining prose and poetry.

Francis Parkman will tell us of what took place on the arrival, on the 28th July, 1658, of the Viscount D'Argenson, the Governor of the colony:— "When Argenson arrived to assume the government, a curious greeting had awaited him. The Jesuits asked him to dine; vespers followed the repast; and then they conducted him to a hall where the boys of their school— disguised, one as the Genius of New France, one as the Genius of the Forest, and others as Indians of various friendly tribes—made him speeches by turn, in prose and in verse. First, Pierre du Quet, who played the Genius of New France, presented his Indian retinue to the Governor, in a complimentary harangue. Then four other boys, personating French colonists, made him four flattering addresses, in French verse. Charles Denis, dressed as a Huron, followed, bewailing the ruin of his people, and appealing to Argenson for aid. Jean François Bourdon, in the character of an Algonquin, next advanced on the platform, boasted his courage, and declared that he was ashamed to cry like the Huron. The Genius of the Forest now appeared, with a retinue of wild Indians from the interior, who, being unable to speak French, addressed the Governor in their native tongues, which the Genius proceeded to interpret. Two other boys in the character of prisoners just escaped from the Iroquois, then came forward imploring aid in piteous accents; and in conclusion the whole troop of Indians from far and near laid their bows and arrows at the feet of Argenson, and hailed him as their chief.

Besides these mock Indians, a crowd of genuine savages had gathered at Quebec to greet the new "Ononchio." On the next day—at his own cost, as he writes to a friend—he gave them a feast, consisting of seven large kettlesful of Indian corn, peas, prunes, sturgeon, eels and fat, which they devoured, he says, after having first sung me a song, after their fashion."

Probably one of the most gorgeous displays on record was that attending the arrival of the great Marquis of Tracy, in 1665. He came with a brilliant staff, a crowd of young nobles; and accompanied by two hundred soldiers, to be followed by a thousand more of the dashing regiment of Carignan-Salières. He sailed up the St. Lawrence, and on the 30th of June, 1665, anchored in the basin of Quebec. The broad, white standard, blazoned with the arms of France, proclaimed the representative of royalty; and Point Levi and Cape Diamond and the distant Cape Tourmente roared back the sound of saluting cannon. All Quebec was on the ramparts or at the landing place, and all eyes were strained at the two vessels as they slowly emptied their crowded decks into the boats alongside. The boats at length drew near, and the Lieutenant-General and his suite landed on the quay with a pomp such as Quebec had never seen before.

Tracy was a veteran of sixty-two, portly and tall, "one of the largest men I ever saw," writes Mother Mary (Marie de l'Incarnation), but he was sallow with disease, for fever had seized him, and it had fared ill with him on the long voyage. The Chevalier de Chaumont walked at his side, and young nobles surrounded him, gorgeous in lace and ribbons, and majestic in leonine wigs. Twenty-four guards in the King's livery led the way, followed by four pages and six valets; [82] and thus, while the Frenchmen shouted and the Indians stared, the august procession threaded the streets of the Lower Town, and climbed the steep pathway that scaled the cliffs above. Breathing hard, they reached the top, passed on the left the dilapidated walls of the Fort and the shed of mingled wood and masonry which then bore the name of the Castle de St. Louis; passed on the right the old house of Couillard and the site of Laval's new Seminary, and soon reached the square betwixt the Jesuit College and the Cathedral.

The bells were ringing in a frenzy of welcome. Laval in pontificals, surrounded by priests and Jesuits, stood waiting to receive the Deputy of the King, and as he greeted Tracy and offered him the holy water, he looked with anxious curiosity to see what manner of man he was. The signs were auspicious. The deportment of the Lieutenant-General left nothing to desire. A *prie-dieu* had been placed for him. He declined it. They offered him a cushion, but he would not have it, and fevered as he was, he knelt on the bare pavement with a devotion that edified every beholder. *Te Deum* was sung and a day of rejoicing followed. [83]

In our day, we can recall but one pageant at all equal: the roar of cannon, &c., attending the advent of the great Earl of Durham, [84] but there were noticeable fewer "priests," fewer "Jesuits," and less "kneeling" in the procession. There was something oriental in the vice-regal pageantry. Line-of-battle ships—stately frigates, twelve in number—the *Malabar*, *Hastings*, *Cornwallis*, *Inconstant*, *Hercules*, *Pique*, *Charybdis*, *Pearl*, *Vestal*, *Medea*, *Dee* and *Andromache* visited that summer our shores, a suitable escort to the able, proud, humane, [85] but unlucky Viceroy and High Commissioner, with his clever advisers—the Turtons, Bullers, Wakefields, Hansomes, Derbyshires, Dunkins, *cum multis aliis*. The Dictator was determined to "make a country or mar a career." He has left us a country.

That warlike, though festive summer of 1838, with our port studded with three-deckers and spanking frigates, was long remembered in the annals of the *bon ton*. Some men-of-war were in especial favour. A poetical lament by the Quebec ladies was wafted to the departing officers of H. M. frigate *Inconstant*, the words by the Laureate of the period, George W. Wicksteed, of Ottawa. This effusion includes the names of every vessel in the fleet *in italics*, and of several of the officers.

THE LADIES' ADDRESS TO THE INCONSTANTS. Written by G. W. Wicksteed.

We saw the *Hastings* hasting off,
And never made a fuss.
The *Malabar's* departure waked
No malady in us.

We were not piqued to lose the *Pique*;
Each lady's heart at ease is,
Altho' the *Dees* are on the seas,
And gone the *Hercules*—es.

Our parting with the *Andromache*
Like Hector's not at all is;
Nor are we Washingtons to seek
To capture a *Cornwallis*.

And no *Charybdis* ever caught
Our hearts in passion's whirls;
There's not a girl among us all
Has ever fished for *Pearls*.

The *Vestals* with their sacred flame
Were not the sparks we wanted;
We've looked *Medeas* in the face,
And yet were not enchanted.

But when our dear *Inconstants* go,
Our grief shall know no bounds,
The dance shall have no joy for us,
The song no merry sounds.

All dismal then shall be the waltz,
The dull quadrille as bad,
And wearily we'll hurry through
The joyless galopade.

We'll gaze upon each changeful cloud
As through the air it skims,
We'll think of fickle fortune's wheel,
And fashion's turns and whims—

Sweet emblems of *Inconstancy*
In each of these we'll find,
And our *Inconstants* constantly
We'll fondly bear in mind.

And spite of Durham's fetes and balls,
We'll pine and mourn and mope
Our long, long winter season through,
As girls without a *Hope*.

And when the spring shall come again,
Our hearts, to pleasure dead,
Shall sigh for spring without an S,
And wish for *Pring* instead.

Unless, indeed, sweet spring with *Hope*
Those hearts again should bless,
And bring our dear *Inconstants* back,
And spring without an S.

Quebec, 6th July, 1838.

(From *Waifs in Verse*, by G. W. Wicksteed, Q.C., Law Clerk, House of Commons of Canada, 1878.)

To which melting address the "Inconstants," on their way to Britain, feelingly replied. Our space allows us to insert but a few stanzas of this poetical lament.

All language fails to tell how much
We value your address,
Or say how deeply we partake
The feelings you express.

Those *Hastings* are a hasty set,
And left you in a hurry;
Those *Malabars* are malapert,
And hot as Indian curry.

Be true, and then the breath of May
Shall fill our sails and bring
Our willing steps and eager hearts,
And *Spring*—and *Pring*—and *Ring*.

And each of you for one of ours
Shall change her maiden name,
And as we are all *Inconstants*, you
Of course will be the same.

Kamouraska, August, 1838.

Here we stand on the principal artery of the commerce of the city, St. Peter street, having a width of only twenty-four feet. St. Peter street is probably not so ancient as its sister, Sault-au-Matelot street. St. Peter street was so named in memory of Messire Pierre le Voyer d'Argenson, who, in 1658, came to Quebec as successor to M. de Lauzon. M. d'Argenson was, in 1661, succeeded by the Baron d'Avaugour.

On the site on which the Quebec Bank [86] was erected in 1863, there stood the offices, the vaults, and the wharf of the well-known merchant, John Lymburner. There were three Lymburners: John, lost at sea in the fall of 1775, Mathew, and Adam, the most able of the three; they were, no doubt related to each other. The loyalty of Adam, towards the British Crown, in 1775, was more than suspected; his oratorical powers, however, and his knowledge of constitutional law, made him a fit delegate to England in 1791, to plead the cause of the colony before the Metropolitan authorities. His speech on the occasion is reported in the *Canadian Review*, published at Montreal in 1826.

Colonel Henry Caldwell states that, in 1775, Governor Guy Carleton had ordered a cannon to be pointed from the wharf on which stood Lymburner's house, with the intention to open fire upon the *Bostonais*, should they attempt a surprise on the Sault-au-Matelot quarter. Massive and strongly built stone vaults (probably of French origin), are still extant beneath the house adjoining, to the south of this last, belonging to the heirs Atkinson.

On the site of the offices of Mr. McGie stood, in 1759, the warehouse of M. Perrault, *l'ainé*, from a great number of letters and invoice-bills found in the garret, and which a friend [87] has placed at our disposal, it would seem that M. Perrault had extensive commercial relations both in Canada and in France. A curious letter to M. Perrault, from Bigot's notorious councillor, Estebe, then in Bordeaux, was found in this tenement. It discloses a sad state of things in Old France. This old document dates of 24th February, 1760, a few months subsequent to the Battle of the Plains and a few weeks prior to that of Ste. Foye, in April, 1760.

"BORDEAUX, 24th February, 1760.

"*To Monsieur Perrault,*

Quebec:

"SIR,—It was with heartfelt pleasure I received your favour of the 7th November last, since, in spite of your misfortunes, it apprized me of the fact that both you and your lady were well.

"I feel grateful for the sympathy you express in our troubles during our passage from Quebec to Bordeaux. I wish I could as easily forget the misfortunes of Canada as I do the annoyances we suffered on the voyage.

"We learned, *via* England, by the end of October last, the unfortunate fate of Quebec. You can imagine how we felt on hearing of such dreadful news I could contain neither my tears nor my regrets on learning the loss of a city and country to which I owe everything, and to which I am as sincerely attached as any of the natives. We flattered ourselves that the silence the English had kept during all last summer on their operation was of good omen for us, and that they would be ignominiously compelled to raise the siege; we had even an indistinct knowledge of the repulse they had met with at Montmorency (31st July, 1759); we knew that our troops followed them closely wherever they attempted to land. We have erred like you in the hopes we cherished. What fatality, what calamity and how many events unknown to us have led to your downfall? You do not know, my dear Sir, of the extent of your misfortunes. You imagine that the loss of the remainder of the colony is close at hand. You are right. This cannot be otherwise, since the relief which is sent to you from France cannot prevent that. The small help which Canadians expected from the payment of some Treasury notes is taken away from them; none are paid since the 15th of October last. This, then, is the overwhelming blow to all our hopes! The Treasury notes of the other colonies are generally in the same predicament; the King pays none, and the nation groans under taxation. No credit, no confidence, anywhere; no commerce nor shipments; a general bankruptcy in all the cities of France. The kingdom is in the greatest desolation possible. Our armies have been beaten everywhere; our navy no more exists—our ships have been either captured or burnt on the coasts where the enemy has driven them ashore, Admiral de Conflans having been defeated in getting out of the harbor of Brest. In one word, we are in a state of misery and humiliation without precedent. The finances of the King are in fearful disorder; he has had to send his plate to the Mint. The *Seigneurs* have followed his example, and private individuals are compelled to sell their valuables in order to live and pay the onerous taxes which weigh on them. At the present moment, by Royal order, an inventory is being taken of the silver of all the churches of the kingdom. No doubt it will have to be sent to the Mint, and payment will be made when that of the Treasury notes takes place—that is, *when it pleases God*. Such is a summary of what now occurs here. How I regret, my dear Sir, the merry days I spent in Canada! I would like to be there still if matters were as formerly. I could own a *turn-out* there, whereas I go on foot, like a dog, through the mud of Bordeaux, where I certainly do not live in the style I did in Quebec. Please God this iron age may soon end! We flattered ourselves this winter that peace would soon be proclaimed; it is much talked of, but I see no signs of it. It will, it is said, require another campaign to complete the ruin, and to postpone more and more the payment of the Treasury notes. What will be the ultimate fate of these bills is very hard to say. It is unlikely any settlement of them will be made before peace is concluded. My opinion is that nothing will be lost on the bills, which are registered, but I cannot say the same of the exchange, which is not registered, since payment has been stopped. The Government has refused to register any bills, even some which had been sent to me, and which were payable in 1758. I negotiated some registered ones here and in Paris at 50 per cent. discount. Non-registered ones are valueless, and you get few purchasers even for registered bills. Four richly laden vessels belonging to the West India Company (*Compagnie des Indes*) have arrived lately. This was very opportune, as the Company was rather shaky. However, it never failed to pay the "Beaver Bills," and has even accepted those which had not yet fallen due. Our affairs on the coast of Coromandel are like the rest—in a bad way. Fears are entertained for Pondicherry. The English are arming a large expedition for Martinique. That island will have the same fate as Guadeloupe. The succor sent out to you, if ever it reaches you, of which I doubt, consists in six merchant ships, laden with 1,600 tons of provisions, some munitions of war, and 400 soldiers from Isle Royal. I believe this relief is sent to you more through a sense of honour than from any desire (as none exists) to help you. Many flatter themselves you will retake Quebec this winter. I wish you may, but I do not believe you will. This would require to be undertaken by experienced and determined men, and even then such attempts fail. [88] Remember me to your dear wife. Kiss my little friend (your boy) for me. I reserve him when he comes to France a gilt horse and a silver carriage. My wife and family beg to be remembered.

Yours, &c.,

(Sd) ESTEBE.

P.S.—Your brother is always at La Rochelle. Since I am at Bordeaux, out of 80 vessels which left South America, one only has arrived here. You can fancy how trade stagnates. A singular distrust exists everywhere. The exchange of — and other good houses is refused. Those who want to remit to Paris have to get their specie carried.

6th March, 1760.

The hospital of Toulouse is just short of nine millions. Bankrupts everywhere merchants and others.

St. Peter street has become the general headquarters of the most important commerce, and of life insurance and fire assurance offices. The financial institutions are there proudly enthroned: the Bank of Montreal (founded in 1818 and incorporated in 1828), Bank of Quebec (founded in 1817), the Union Bank (founded in 1865), the Banque Nationale (founded in 1873), the Bank of British North America (founded in 1836, incorporated in 1840, opened at Quebec in 1837), the Merchants' Bank (founded in 1861).

In this street resided, in 1774, the Captain Bouchette, who, in the following year, in his little craft, *Le Gaspé*, brought us back our brave Governor, Guy Carleton; M. Bouchard, merchant, M. Panet, N.P. (the father of His Lordship, Bishop B.C. Panet), as also M. Boucher, Harbor Master of Quebec, "(who was appointed to that post by the Governor, Sir R. S. Milnes, on the recommendation of the Duke of Kent)." [89] Boucher had piloted the vessel, having on board the 7th Regiment, (the Duke's), from Quebec to Halifax.

The office in which the *Quebec Morning Chronicle* has been published since 1847, belonged in 1759 to M. Jean Taché, "President of the Mercantile Body," "an honest, and sensible man," as appears by *Mémoires sur le Canada*, (1749-60). One of our first poets, he composed a poem "*On the Sea*." The ancestor of the late Sir E. P. Taché, and of the novelist, Jos. Marmette and others, he possessed, at that period, extensive buildings on the Napoleon wharf, which were destroyed by fire in 1845, and a house in the country, on the Ste. Foye road, afterwards called "Holland House," after Major Samuel Holland, our first Provincial Surveyor-General, whose services as surveyor and engineer were subsequently so conspicuous at Quebec and at Prince Edward Island.

The *Chronicle* building, during nearly half a century, was a coffee house, much frequented by sea-faring men, known as the "Old Neptune" Inn. The effigy of the sea-god, armed with his formidable trident, placed over the main entrance, seemed to threaten the passers-by. We can remember, as yesterday, his colossal proportions. "Old Neptune" [90] has disappeared about thirty years back.

THE OLD NEPTUNE INN.

"Shall I not take mine ease in mine Inn." — *Shakespeare*.

"The Golden Fleece was the oldest tavern in Corinth. It had been the resort of sea-faring men from the remotest period."—(*Travels of Herodotus in Greece*, 460 B.C.)

When the brilliant Henry Ward Beecher pronounced Quebec an *Old Curiosity Shop*, we are induced to think that amidst its accumulated antiquarian relics, its church pictures and madonnas, its famous battle-fields, its historical monuments, massive fortifications and wondrous scenery,—more than one of the quaint French dwellings with their peaked gables, and walls four feet thick, must have caught his observant eye. However striking Ward Beecher's word-painting may be, it would I opine, have required the marvellous pencil of the author of "*The House with the Seven Gables*," Nathaniel Hawthorne, becomingly to portray all the *arcana* of such a building as the *Chien d'Or* (the old Post Office), with its ghastly memories of blood and revenge.

The legendary moss clustering round these hoary piles, is not, however, always dark and gloomy. Love, war, adventure, occasionally lend them their exciting or their soft glamour. Sometimes the annals of commerce entwine them with a green wreath—a sure talisman against the rust of oblivion. It is one of the land marks of commerce we purpose here briefly to describe.

At the foot of Mountain Hill, lies our chief emporium of news, labelled for more than a quarter of a century, *Morning Chronicle* Office. These premises stand on a very conspicuous site, viz., at the foot of Mountain Hill, the highway from the port to the Upper Town, direct to the old *Château* and Citadel—a few rods only from the spot where Champlain, in 1608, laid the foundations of his extensive warehouses and dwelling, and close to where, in 1615, he had his famous gardens. This business stand, for many years past, was owned by the late Hon. Henry Black; at present it belongs to Hon. Geo. Okill Stuart, Judge of the Court of Vice Admiralty. Its beginnings brings us back to the era of the Bourbon sovereigns of Canada, to the unregretted time (1758), when Intendant Bigot's shoddy *entourage* held high carnival in famine-stricken Quebec.

In those blighting days, in which Madame de Pompadour reigned in France, and Madame Pean in Quebec, *rings* and public robbery flourished in Canada; but among high officials, all

were not corrupt. There were some memorable exceptions. One of these exceptions was the worthy, witty, and honest warden of the Quebec merchants, Jean Taché, "*homme probe et d'esprit*," say old memoirs. Mr. Taché, the "*syndic des marchands*," was not only an upright and wealthy merchant, he was also gifted with the poetical fire; he, it was, who wrote the first French poem issued in Canada, "*Le Tableau de la Mer*."

Jean Taché was also an extensive holder of real estate in and round Quebec, warehouses (*des vouîtes*) on the Napoleon wharf; a country seat on the Ste. Foye road, subsequently the property of Surveyor-General Samuel Holland—Holland Farm; lastly, the well-known business stand, where, in 1847, Mr. St. Michel printed James Bell Forsyth's news sheet, the *Morning Chronicle*.

Commercial ruin overtook the worthy Lower Town magnate, Monsieur Taché; his ships and cargoes, during the war of the conquest, like the rest of poor, deserted Canada, fell into English hands, being captured at sea; out of the disaster Jean Taché saved naught but his honourable name.

We fail to trace for a time the fortunes of his Mountain Hill Counting House. At the dawn of this century the premises were used as a famous coffee-house, the "Neptune" Inn, [91] a noted place of resort for merchants, masters and owners of ships. Like the Golden Fleece Tavern of Corinth, which seems to have sheltered the father of History—Herodotus—in the year 460 B.C., its "banqueting saloon" was roomy, though every word uttered there also smacked of the salt water. The old "Neptune" was probably occasionally looked up in 1807 by the Press Gang, which, in those days, was not a thing to be laughed at. Witness the fate of poor Latresse, shot down for refusing to surrender to Lieut. Andrel, R.N., on trying to make his escape from a tavern in St. John's suburbs, where he had been attending a dancing party. [92]

Singularly enough, sixty years ago, the leading Lower Town merchants met in this old tenement of the former "*Syndic des Marchands*" to establish the first Exchange. Of the resolutions passed at the meeting thereat, held in 1816, and presided over by an eminent merchant, John William Woolsey, Esq., subsequently President of the Quebec Bank, we find a notice in the *Quebec Gazette*, of 12th December, 1816. [93] They decided to establish a Merchant's Exchange in the lower part of the "Neptune" Inn. Amongst those present, one recognizes familiar names—John Jones, George Symes, James Heath, Robert Melvin, Thomas Edward Brown, &c.

Why was the place called "Neptune" Inn? For the obvious reason that a large statue of the god of the sea, bearing in one hand a formidable iron trident, stood over the main entrance in a threatening attitude. This conspicuous land-mark was known to every British ship-captain frequenting our port. Right well can the writer of these lines remember the truculent trident.

But if, even in the days of that excellent landlady, Mrs. Hammond, it meant to the wearied mariner boundless cheer, the latest London papers, pipes and soothing rum punch mixed by a comely and cheerful bar-maid, to the unsophisticated Canadian peasant, attracted to the Lower Town on market days, it was of evil portent.

With honest Jean Baptiste, more deeply read in the *Petit Catéchisme* than in heathen mythology, the dreaded god of the sea and his truculent trident were ominous, in his simple eyes, they symbolised the Prince of Darkness, "*Le diable et sa fourche*," the terrors of a hereafter.

This did not, however, prevent Neptune from standing sentry, in the same exalted spot, for close on forty years, until in fact, having fallen to pieces by natural decay, it was removed about the time the Old Neptune Inn became the *Morning Chronicle* office; the whereabouts of its *dejecta membra* are now a dead secret.

The origin of the famed statue had defied the most recondite searchers of the past. For the following we are indebted to the retentive memory of that eminently respected authority, the "oldest inhabitant." The statue of Neptune, says the octogenarian, Robert Urquhart, so well remembered at the foot of Mountain Hill, was presented to the landlord of the hotel, George Cossar, formerly butler to Hon. Matthew Bell, who then owned the St. Lawrence Chambers. It had been the figure-head of the *Neptune*, a large king's ship, stranded in 1817 on Anticosti. Would the stranded *Neptune* of 1817 be the same as the flagship of Admiral Durell in 1759, the *Neptune* of 90 guns, to whom the large bell bearing the word "*Neptune, 1760*," inscribed on, belonged? This bell, which formerly stood on the Royal Engineers' workshop at Quebec, was recently taken to Ottawa. The wreck had been bought by John Goudie, of St.

Roch suburb, then a leading ship builder, and, having to break it up, the figure-head was brought to Quebec, and presented as above stated.

The following respecting press gangs and the presence of Lord Nelson, whilst at Quebec in 1782, was contributed by one of the "oldest inhabitants" to QUEBEC PAST AND PRESENT, but reached too late for insertion:—

MY RECOLLECTIONS OF THE PAST.

J. M. LEMOINE, Esq., *Spencer Grange*.

DEAR SIR,—I have much pleasure in acceding to your request to send you a note of some circumstances connected with the city, in which seventy-one years of my life—now verging towards eighty— have been spent. I am familiar with no part of Nelson's career, except what I heard from my mother's own lips respecting this brave man. My mother was gifted with a remarkable memory, and recollected well having herself seen Captain Nelson, when in 1782, he commanded at Quebec the sloop-of-war Albemarle. "He was erect, stern of aspect and wore, as was then customary, the *queue* or pigtail," she often repeated. Her idea of the Quebec young lady to whom he had taken such a violent fancy, was that her name was Woolsey—an aunt or elder sister, perhaps, of the late John W. Woolsey, Esq., President for some years of the Quebec Bank, who died in 1852, at a very advanced age. According to her, it was a Mr. Davidson who prevented the imprudent marriage contemplated.

As to the doings of the press gangs in the Lower Town and suburbs, I can speak from what I saw more than once. Impressing seamen lasted at Quebec from 1807, until after the battle of Waterloo. The terror these sea-faring gentlemen created was great. I remember a fine young fellow who refused to surrender, being shot through the back with a holster pistol and dying of the wound, this was in 1807. I can name the following as being seized by press gangs * * * * * Soon ruses were resorted to by the gay fellows who wandered after night fall in quest of amusement in the highways and byways. Her Majesty's soldiers were, of course, exempt of being impressed into the naval service; so, that our roving city youths would either borrow coats, or get some made, similar to the soldiers', to elude the press gang. These ruses were, however, soon stopped, the press gang, having secured the services of two city constables, Rosa and ———, who could spot every city youth and point out the counterfeits.

R. URQUHART.

Quebec, 1st August, 1876.

Parallel with St. Peter street, runs Notre Dame street, which leads us to the little Church of the Lower Town, named Notre Dame de la Victoire, in remembrance of the victory achieved in 1690 over Sir William Phipps. This church was, at a later period, called "Notre Dame des Victoires," in commemoration of the dispersion by a storm of Admiral Walker's squadron, in 1711. Bishop Laval had projected the erection of this modest little church, but the building of it was performed in 1688, under the auspices of his successor, Bishop St. Vallier, out of funds provided by the Lower Town ladies. The corner of these streets (St. Peter and Sous-le-Fort streets) is probably the site of the "Abitation," close to the walks and garden plots where Champlain cultivated roses and carnations, about the year 1615.

Fronting the Church of "Notre Dame des Victoires," and on the site now occupied as Blanchard's Hotel, the ladies of the Ursulines, in 1639, found a refuge in a humble residence, a sort of shop or store, owned at that period by the Sieur Juchereau des Châtelets, at the foot of the path (*sentier*), leading up to the mountain (foot of Mountain street), and where the then Governor, M. de Montmagny, as is related, sent them their first Quebec meal.

The locality possesses other pleasant memories: the good, the youthful, the beautiful Madame de Champlain, about the year 1620, here catechised and instructed, under the shade of the trees, the young Huron Indians, in the principles of Christianity. History has related their surprise and joy on seeing their features reflected in the small mirror which their benefactress wore suspended at her side, "close to her heart," as they said, according to the then prevailing custom.

In 1682 a conflagration broke out in the Lower Town, which, besides the numerous vaults and stores, reduced into ashes a considerable portion of the buildings. Denonville, on the 20th August, 1685, wrote

to Paris, asking His Most Christian Majesty to contribute 200 crowns worth of leather fire-buckets, and in 1691 the historical Dutch pump was imported to throw water on fires. At a later period, 1688, "Notre Dame de la Victoire" Church was begun on part of the ruins. Let us open the second volume of the "*Cours d'Histoire du Canada*," by the Abbé Ferland, and let us read: "Other ruins existed in 1684, in the commercial centre of the Lower Town; these ruins consisted of blackened and dilapidated walls. Champlain's old warehouse, which, from the hands of the Company (*Compagnie de la Nouvelle France*), had passed into those of the King (Louis XIV.), had remained in the same state as when left after the great fire which, some years previously, had devastated the Lower Town."

In 1684 Monseigneur de Laval obtained this site or *emplacement* from M. de la Barre for the purpose of erecting a supplementary chapel for the use of the inhabitants in the Lower Town. This gift, however, was ratified only later, in favor of M. de St. Valier, in the month of September, 1685. Messieurs de Denonville and de Meules caused a clear and plain title or patent of this locality to be issued for the purpose of erecting a church which, in the course of time, was built by the worthy Bishop and named "Notre Dame de la Victoire." The landing for small craft, in the vicinity of the old market (now the Finlay [94] Market), was called "La Place du Débarquement," or simply "La Place."

It is in this vicinity, a little to the west, under the silent shade of a wood near the garden which Champlain had laid out, that the historical interview, in 1608, which saved the colony, took place. The secret was of the greatest importance; it is not to be wondered at if Champlain's trusty pilot, Captain Testu, deemed it proper to draw the founder of Quebec aside into the neighbouring wood and make known to him the villanous plot which one of the accomplices, Antoine Natel, lock-smith, had first disclosed to him under the greatest secrecy. The chief of the conspiracy was one Jean du Val, who had come to the country with Champlain.

In rear of and parallel to St. Peter street, a new and wide street, called after one of the Governors of Canada—Dalhousie street—was opened recently, and promises to be before long the leading commercial artery. Several extensive warehouses have been erected on Dalhousie street since it was opened to the public, in 1877, by the city Corporation purchasing from St. James street to St. Andrew's wharf a strip of land, of 60 feet in breadth, from the landed proprietors of this neighbourhood. At the south-western extremity a noble dry goods store has just been erected by Mr. George Alford; it is four stories high, 155 feet long and 72 feet wide, and faces on Dalhousie, Laporte, Union Lane and Finlay Market. It is occupied by a wealthy and ancient dry goods firm, founded in Montreal about 1810, with a branch in Quebec, in 1825. The original founders were Messrs. Robertson, Masson & Larocque; this firm was subsequently changed to Robertson, Masson, Strang & Co., to Masson, Bruyère, Thibaudeau & Co., to Langevin, Thibaudeau, Bruyère & Co., to Thibaudeau, Thomas & Co., to Thibaudeau, Génereux & Co., and finally to Thibaudeau Frères & Co., at Quebec; Thibaudeau Bros. & Co., Montreal; Thibaudeau Bros. & Co., London, Manchester and Manitoba.

In the early days of the colony, the diminutive market space, facing the front of Notre Dame Church, Lower Town, as well as the Upper Town Market, was used for the infliction of corporal punishment, or the pillory, or the execution of culprits.

On the area facing the Lower Town Church on Notre Dame street, the plan of the city, drawn by the engineer, Jean François or Jehan Bourdon, in 1641, shows a bust of Louis XIII., long since removed; this market, which dates from the earliest times of the colony, as well as the vacant area (until recently the Upper Town market, facing the Basilica), was used as a place for corporal punishment, and for the exhibition in the pillory of public malefactors.

"Among the incidents," says Mr. T. P. Bédard, "which claimed the privilege of exciting the curiosity of the good folks of Quebec (then 1680, inhabited by 1,345 souls,) was reckoned the case of Jean Rathier, charged with murdering a girl of eighteen—Jeanne Couc. The case had been tried at Three Rivers, and Rathier sentenced to have his legs broken [95] with an iron bar, and afterwards to be hung. Judgment had been confirmed. An unforeseen hitch arose: the official hangman was dead; how then was Rathier to be hung? The officers of justice cut the Gordian knot, by tendering to Rathier, in lieu of the halter, the position, little envied, of hangman. He accepted. Some years after, the wife and the daughter of Rathier were accused and found guilty as accomplices in a robbery; the daughter, as the receiver of the stolen goods, was sentenced to be whipped, but in secret, at the General Hospital by the nun appointed Provost Marshal (*Maitress de Discipline*), and the mother was also adjudged to be whipped, but publicly in the streets of the city. This incident furnished the singular and ludicrous spectacle of a husband publicly whipping his wife with impunity to himself, as he was acting under the authority of justice."— (*Première Administration de Frontenac*, p. 39.)

The whip and pillory did not go out with the old *régime*. The *Quebec Gazette* of 19th June, 1766, mentions the whipping, on the Upper and Lower Town markets, of Catherine Berthrand and Jeanotte Blaize, by the hand of the executioner, for having "borrowed" (a pretty way of describing petty

larceny), a silver spoon from a gentleman of the town, without leave or without intention of returning it.

For male reprobates, such as Jean May and Louis Bruseau, whose punishment for petty larceny is noted in the Gazette of 11th August, 1766, the whipping was supplemented with a walk—tied at the cart's tail—from the Court House door to St. Roch and back to the Court House. May had to whip Bruseau and Bruseau had to whip May the day following, at ten in the morning.

Let us revert to Captain Testu's doings. The plot was to strangle Champlain, pillage the warehouse, and afterwards betake themselves to the Spanish and Basque vessels, laying at Tadousac. As, at that period, no Court of Appeals existed in "*la Nouvelle France*"—far less was a "Supreme Court" thought of—the trial of the chief of the conspiracy was soon dispatched says Champlain, and the Sieur Jean du Val was "*presto* well and duly hanged and strangled at Quebec aforesaid, and his head affixed to the top of a pike-staff planted on the highest eminence of the Fort." The ghastly head of this traitor, on the end of a pike-staff, near Notre Dame street, must certainly have had a sinister effect at twilight.

But the brave Captain Testu, the saviour of Champlain and of Quebec—what became of him? Champlain has done him the honour of naming him; here the matter ended. Neither monument, nor poem, nor page of history in his honour; nothing was done in the way of commemorating his devotion. As in the instance of the illustrious man, whose life he had saved, his grave is unknown. According to the Abbé Tanguay, none of his posterity exist at this day.

During the siege of 1759, we notice in *Panet's Journal*, "that the Lower Town was a complete mass of smoking ruins; on the 8th August, it was a burning heap (*braisier*). Wolfe and Saunders' bombshells had found their way even to the under-ground vaults. This epoch became disastrous to many Quebecers." The English threw bombs (*pots à feu*) on the Lower Town, of which, says Mr. Panet, "one fell on my house, one on the houses in the Market place, and the last in Champlain street. The fire burst out simultaneously, in three different directions; it was in vain to attempt to cut off or extinguish the fire at my residence; a gale was blowing from the north-east, and the Lower Town was soon nothing less than a blazing mass. Beginning at my house, that of M. Desery, that of M. Maillou, Sault- au- Matelot street, the whole of the Lower Town and all the quarter *Cul- de-Sac* up to the property of Sieur Voyer, which was spared, and in short up to the house of the said Voyer, the whole was devastated by fire. Seven vaults [96] had been rent to pieces or burned: that of M. Perrault the younger, that of M. Taché, of M. Benjamin de la Mordic, of Jahaune, of Maranda. You may judge of the consternation which reigned; 167 houses had been burnt."

One hundred and sixty-seven burnt houses would create many gaps. We know the locality on which stood the warehouse of M. Perrault, junior, also that of M. Taché (the *Chronicle Bureau*), but who can point out to us where stood the houses of Desery, Maillou, Voyer, de Voisy, and the vaults of Messieurs Benjamin de la Mordic, Jahaune, Maranda?

It is on record that Champlain, after his return to Quebec, in 1633, "had taken care to refit a battery which he had planted on a level with the river near the warehouse, the guns of which commanded the passage between Quebec and the opposite shore." [97] Now, in 1683, "this cannon battery, erected in the Lower Town, almost surrounded on all sides by houses, stood at some distance from the edge of the river, and caused some inconvenience to the public; the then Governor, Lefebvre de la Barre [98] having sought out a much more advantageous locality towards the Point of Rocks (*Pointe des Roches*) west of the *Cul-de-Sac*, [99] and on the margin of the said river at high-water mark, which would more efficiently command and sweep the harbour, and which would cause far less inconvenience to the houses in the said Lower Town," considered it fit to remove the said battery, and the Reverend Jesuit Fathers having proposed to contribute towards the expenses which would be incurred in so doing, he made them a grant "of a portion of the lot of ground (*emplacement*) situated in front of the site on which is now planted the said cannon battery, * * * between the street or high road for wheeled vehicles coming from the harbour [100] and the so-called St. Peter street."

Here then we have the origin of the Napoleon wharf and a very distinct mention of St. Peter street. The building erected near this site was sold on the 22nd October, 1763, to William Grant, Esquire, who, on the 19th December, 1763, also purchased the remainder of the ground down to low- water mark, from Thomas Mills, Esquire, Town Major, who had shortly before obtained a grant or patent of it, the 7th December, 1763, from Governor Murray, in recognition, as is stated in the preamble of the patent, of his military services. This property which, at a later period, belonged to the late William Burns, was by him conveyed, the 16th October, 1806, to the late J. M. Woolsey. The Napoleon wharf, purchased in 1842 by the late Julien Chouinard from the late Frs. Buteau, forms at present part of the Estate Chouinard; in reality, it is composed of two wharves joined into one; the western portion is named "The Queen's Wharf," and was Mr. Woolsey's property.

The highway which leads from the Cape towards this wharf is named "Sous- le-Fort" street, which sufficiently denotes its position; this street, the oldest, probably dates from the year 1620, when the

foundations of Fort St. Louis were laid; we may presume that, in 1663, the street terminated at "la Pointe des Roches." In the last century "Sous-le-Fort" street was graced by the residences, among others, of Fleury de la Jannière, brother of Fleury de la Gorgendière, brother-in-law of the Governor de Vaudreuil.

In this street also stood the house of M. George Allsop, [101] the head of the opposition in Governor Cramahé's Council. His neighbour was M. d'Amours des Plaines, Councillor of the Superior Council; further on, stood the residence of M. Cuvillier, the father of the Honorable Austin Cuvillier, in 1844 Speaker of the House of Assembly. In this street also existed the warehouse of M. Cugnet, the lessee of the Domaine of Labrador.

We must not confound the Napoleon wharf, sold by J. O. Brunet to Francois Buteau, with the Queen's wharf, the property of the late J. W. Woolsey. On the Queen's wharf, in a dwelling, since converted into a tavern, in 1846 one of the wittiest members of the Quebec Bar, Auguste Soulard, Esq., opened a law office for the especial convenience of his numerous country clients. After office hours it was the rendezvous of many young barristers, who have since made their mark: Messieurs T. Fournier, Justice of the Supreme Court; A. Plamondon, Judge of the Superior Court; N. Casault, Judge of the Superior Court; Jean Taché, Frederick Braun, L. Fiset, J. M. Hudon and others. From the king's wharf to the king's forges (the ruins of which were discovered at the beginning of the century, a little further up than the king's store), there are but a few steps.

François Bellet, M.P. for the county of Buckingham from 1815 to 1820, resided on the property of the late Julien Chouinard, at the corner of St. Peter and Sous-le-Fort streets. He combined parliamentary duties, it seems, with a sea-faring life, being styled "Capitaine de Bâtiment" in a power of attorney before Martin A. Dumas, N.P., at Quebec, dated 9th September, 1796, in which as attorney and agent for Revd. "Messire Louis Payet, prêtre, curé de la paroisse de St. Antoine, au Nord de la Rivière Richelieu," he sells to Monsieur Thomas Lee, later on an M.P.P., his negro slave, named Rose, for the sum of "500 livres et vingt sols,"—about \$100 of our currency. The traffic in human flesh became extinct in Canada in 1803 by legislative enactment. The bluest blood of our Southern neighbours was shed to keep it up in the model Republic sixty years subsequently. [102] In the space between the Queen's wharf and the jetty on the west, belonging to the Imperial authorities and called the king's wharf, there existed a bay or landing place, much prized by our ancestors, which afforded a harbour for the coasting vessels and small river crafts, called the "*Cul-de-Sac*." There, also, the ships which were overtaken by an early winter lingered until the sunny days of April released them from their icy fetters. There the ships were put into winter quarters, and securely bedded on a foundation or bed of clay; wrecked vessels also came hither to undergo repairs. The *Cul-de-Sac*, with its uses and marine traditions, had, in by-gone days, an important function in our incomparable sea-port. In this vicinity, Vaudreuil, in 1759, planted a battery.

The old Custom House (now the Department of Marine), was built on this site in 1833. In 1815 the Custom House was on McCallum's wharf. The *Cul-de-Sac* recalls "the first chapel which served as a Parish Church at Quebec," that which Champlain caused to be built in the Lower Town in 1615, where the name of Champlain is identified with the street which was bounded by this chapel. The Revd. Fathers Récollets there performed their clerical functions up to the period of the taking of Quebec by the brothers Kertk, that is from 1615 to 1629, (Laverdière.)

Nothing less than the urgent necessity of providing the public with a convenient market-place, and the small coasting steamers with suitable wharves, could move the municipal authorities to construct the wharves now existing, and there, in 1856, to erect out of the materials of the old Parliament House, the spacious Champlain Hall, so conspicuous at present. The king's wharf and the king's stores, two hundred and fifty feet in length, with a guard house, built on the same site in 1821, possess also their marine and military traditions. The "Queen's Own" volunteers, Capt. Rayside, were quartered there during the stirring times of 1837-38, when "Bob Symes" dreamed each night of a new conspiracy against the British crown, and M. Aubin perpetuated, in his famous journal "*Le Fantasque*" the memory of this loyal magistrate.

How many saucy frigates, how many proud English Admirals, have made fast their boats at the steps of this wharf! Jacques Cartier, Champlain, Nelson, Bourgainville, Cook, Vauclain, Montgomery, Boxer, Sir Rodney Mundy, poor Captain Burgoyne, of the ill-fated iron-clad *Captain*, Sir Leopold McClintock, [103] have, one after the other, trodden over this picturesque landing place, commanded as it is by the guns of Cape Diamond. Since about a century, the street which bears the venerated name of the founder of Quebec, Champlain street, unmindful of its ancient Gallic traditions, is almost exclusively the headquarters of our Hibernian population. An ominous-looking black-board, affixed to one of the projecting rocks of the Cape, indicates the spot below where one of their countrymen, Brigadier-General Richard Montgomery, with his two *aides-de-camp*, Cheeseman and McPherson, received their death wounds during a violent snow storm about five o'clock in the morning, the 31st December, 1775.

On this disastrous morning the post was guarded by Canadian militiamen, Messieurs Chabot and Picard. Captain Barnesfare, an English mariner, had pointed the cannon; Coffin and Sergeant Hugh McQuarters applied the match. At the eastern extremity, under the stairs, now styled "Breakneck Steps," according to Messrs. Casgrain and Laverdière, was discovered Champlain's tomb, though a rival antiquary, M. S. Drapeau, says that he is not certain of this. [104]

A little to the west is Cap Blanc, inhabited by a small knot of French- Canadians and some Irish; near by, was launched in October, 1750, the *Orignal*, a King's ship, built at Quebec; at that period the lily flag of France floated over the bastions of Cape Diamond; the *Orignal*, in being launched, broke her back and sank. Among the notabilities of Cap Blanc, one is bound to recall the athletic stevedore and pugilist, Jacques Etienne Blais. Should the fearless man's record not reach remote posterity, pointing him out as the Tom Sayers of Cap Blanc, it cannot fail to be handed down as the benefactor of the handsome new church of Notre Dame de la Garde, erected on the shore in 1878, the site of which was munificently given by him on the 17th June, 1877. Jacques Blais, now (1881) very aged, though still vigorous, in his best days by his prowess re-called that prince of Quebec raftsmen so graphically delineated by Chas Lanman.

Champlain street stretches nearly to Cap Rouge, a distance of six miles. During the winter the fall of an avalanche from the brow of the Cape on the houses beneath is a not unfrequent occurrence. In former years, in the good time of ship-building, the laying the keel of a large vessel in the ship-yards often brought joy to the hearts of the poor ship-carpenters; many of whose white, snug cottages are grouped along the river near by.

Except during the summer months, when the crews of the ships, taking in cargo alongside the booms, sing, fight and dance in the adjacent "shebeens," the year glides on peacefully. On grand, on gala days, in election times, some of the sons of St. Patrick used to perambulate the historical street, flourishing treenails, or *shillaleghs*—in order to *preserve the peace!!!* of course. To sum up all, Champlain street has an aspect altogether *sui generis*.

A QUEBEC PORTRAIT

(From the ATLANTIC MONTHLY.)

"Physical size and grand proportions are looked upon by the French- Canadians with great respect. In all the cases of popular *émeutes* that have from time to time broken out in Lower Canada, the fighting leaders of the people were exceptional men, standing head and shoulders over their confiding followers. Where gangs of raftsmen congregate, their 'captains' may be known by superior stature. The doings of their 'big men' are treasured by the French-Canadians in traditionary lore. One famous fellow of this governing class is known by his deeds and words to every lumberer and stevedore and timber- tower about Montreal and Quebec. This man, whose name was Joe Monfaron, was the bully of the Ottawa raftsmen. He was about six feet six inches high, and proportionally broad and deep; and I remember how people would turn round to look after him, as he came pounding along Notre Dame street, in Montreal, in his red shirt and tan-colored *shupac* boots, all dripping wet, after mooring an acre or two of raft, and now bent for his ashore haunts in the Ste. Marie suburb, to indemnify himself with bacchanalian and other consolations for long- endured hardship. Among other feats of strength attributed to him, I remember the following, which has an old, familiar taste, but was related to me as a fact:

"There was a fighting stevedore or timber-tower, I forget which, at Quebec, who had never seen Joe Monfaron, as the latter seldom came farther down the river than Montreal. This fighting character, however, made a custom of laughing to scorn all the rumors that came down on rafts, every now and then, about terrible chastisements inflicted by Joe upon several hostile persons at once. He, the fighting timber-tower, hadn't found his match yet about the lumber coves at Quebec, and he only wanted to see Joe Monfaron once, when he would settle the question as to the championship of rafts, on sight. One day a giant in a red shirt stood suddenly before him, saying—

"You're Dick Dempsey, eh?"

"That's me.' replied the timber-tower, 'and who are you?"

"Joe Monfaron. I heard you wanted me—here I am,' was the Caesarean answer of the great captain of rafts.

"Ah! you're Joe Monfaron!" said the bully, a little staggered at the sort of customer he saw before him. 'I said I'd like to see you, for sure, but how am I to know you're the right man?"

"'Shake hands first,' replied Joe, 'and then you will find out, may be.'

"They shook hands—rather warmly, perhaps, for the timber-tower, whose features wore an uncertain expression during the operation, and who at last broke out into a yell of pain, as Joe cast him off with a defiant laugh. Nor did the bully wait for any further explanations, for, whether the man who had just brought the blood spouting out at the tops of his fingers was Joe Monfaron or not, he was clearly an ugly customer, and had better be left alone.

The St. Lawrence, its rafts of timber, raftsmen, *voyageurs* and their songs, are pleasantly alluded to by a sympathetic French writer of note, X. Marmier, [105] who visited Canada some thirty years ago:

"On the St. Lawrence, traversed by steamboats, by vessels heavily laden, and by light bark canoes, we may see early in the season immense rafts of timber that are brought down from the dense northern forests, hewn where they are felled, drawn to the rivers upon the snow, and made up into rafts. The Canadian crews erect masts and spread their sails, and by the aid of wind and current, and sometimes by rowing, they boldly guide these acres of fir down the rapids to Quebec, while they animate their labours with the melody of their popular songs. A part would intone the Canadian song

"A la Claire Fontaine,"

while the others, repeating the last two lines, would at the same time let drop their oars as those of the former arose.

"There is probably no river on earth that has heard so many vows of love as the St. Lawrence; for there is not a Canadian boatman that has ever passed up or down the river without repeating, as the blade of his oar dropped into the stream, and as it arose, the national refrain.

"Il y a longtemps que je t'aime,
Jamais je ne t'oublierai!"

"Long time have I loved thee,
Never will I forget thee!"

"And I will here say that there is a harmonious sweetness in these simple words, that well accords with the simple yet imposing character of the scenery of this charming region.

"Upon our coquettish rivers in Europe they may whisper of loves along their flowery banks and under the vine-clad terraces that overhang them, like the curtains of a saloon; but here, in this grand severity of nature, upon these immense, half desert plains, in the silence of these gloomy forests, on the banks of this majestic river that is ever speeding onward to the eternal ocean, we may feel emotions that are truly sublime. If, in this quiet solitude, should we open the soul to a dream of love, it takes the serious tone; it needs must be a pure being that dares to breathe to the heavens and to the waves these sacred words, 'I love thee,' and that can add the promise and the pledge of the Canadian song:

"Jamais je ne t'oublierai."
"Ne'er will I forget thee!" [106]

Among the streets of Quebec, most celebrated in our annals by reason of the incidents which attach thereto, one may name the frowsy and tortuous highway which circulates from the foot of Mountain Hill, running for a distance of two hundred feet below the Cape, up to the still narrower pathway which commences west of St. James street and leads to the foot of the hill "*de la canoterie*;" [107] all will understand we mean the leading commercial thoroughfare of olden time, [108] Sault-au-Matelot street. Is it because a sailor, no doubt only partially relieved from the horrors of sobriety, there made a wild leap? or are we to attribute the name to the circumstance of a dog named "Matelot" ("Sailor") there taking a leap? [109] Consult *Du Creux*. Our friend, Joseph Marmette, appropriated it for the reception of his hero, "Dent de Loup," who escaped without broken bones after his leap. [110]

The western portion of the still narrower pathway of which we have just spoken, rejoices in the name of "Ruelle des Chiens," (Dog Lane); [111] the directories name it Sous-le-Cap street. It is so narrow that, at certain angles, two carts passing in opposite directions, would be blocked. Just picture to yourself that up to the period of 1816, our worthy ancestors had no other outlet in this direction at high water to reach St. Roch, (for St. Paul street was constructed subsequently to 1816, as M. de Gaspé has informed us.) Is it not incredible? As, in certain passes of the Alps, a watchman no doubt stood at either extremity of this lane, provided with a speaking trumpet to give notice of any obstruction and thus prevent collisions. This odoriferous locality, especially during the dog-days, is rather densely populated.

The babes of Green Erin, with a sprinkling of young Jean Baptistes, here flourish like rabbits in a warren. Miss Kitty Ellison and her friend. Mr. Arbuton, in their romantic wanderings, were struck with the *mise en scène* of Dog Lane:—

"Now that Prescott Gate, by which so many thousands of Americans have entered Quebec since Arnold's excursionists failed to do so, is demolished, there is nothing left so picturesque and characteristic as Hope Gate (alas! since razed), and I doubt if anywhere in Europe there is a more mediaeval-looking bit of military architecture. The heavy stone gateway is black with age, and the gate, which has probably never been closed in our century, is of massive frame, set thick with mighty bolts and spikes. The wall here sweeps along the brow of the crag on which the city is built, and a steep street drops down, by stone-parapeted curves and angles, from the Upper to the Lower Town, when, in 1775, nothing but a narrow lane bordered the St. Lawrence. A considerable breadth of land has since been won from the river, and several streets and many piers now stretch between this alley and the water, but the old Sault-au-Matelot still crouches and creeps along under the shelter of the city wall and the overhanging rock, which is thickly bearded with weeds and grass, and trickles with abundant moisture. It must be an ice pit in winter, and I should think it the last spot on the continent for the summer to find; but when the summer has at last found it, the old Sault-au-Matelot puts on a vagabond air of southern leisure and abandon, not to be matched anywhere out of Italy. Looking from that jutting rock near Hope Gate, behind which the defeated Americans took refuge from the fire of their enemies, the vista is almost unique for a certain scenic squalor and gypsy luxury of colour—sag-roofed barns and stables, and weak-backed, sunken-chested workshops of every sort, lounge along in tumble-down succession, and lean up against the cliff in every imaginable posture of worthlessness and decrepitude, light wooden galleries cross to them from the second stories of the houses which back upon the alley, and over these galleries flutters from a labyrinth of clothes-lines a variety of bright-coloured garments of all ages, sexes and conditions, while the footway underneath abounds in gossiping women, smoking men, idle poultry, cats, children, and large, indolent Newfoundland dogs." —(*A Chance Acquaintance*, p. 175.)

Adventurous tourists who have risked themselves there in the sultry days of July, have found themselves dazed at the sight of the wonders of the place. Among other indigenous curiosities, they have there noticed what might be taken for any number of aerial tents, improvised no doubt as protection from the scorching rays of a meridian sun. Attached to ropes stretched from one side of the public way to the other, was the family linen, hung out to dry. When shaken by the wind over the heads of the passers-by, these articles of white under-clothing (*chemisettes*), flanked by sundry masculine nether-garments, presented a *tableau*, it is said, in the highest degree picturesque. As regards ourselves, desirous from our earliest days to search into the most recondite *arcana* of the history of our city and to portray them in all their suggestive reality, for the edification of distinguished tourists from England, France and the United States, it has been to us a source of infinite mortification to realize that the only visit which we ever made to Dog Lane was subsequent to the publication of the *Album du Touriste*; a circumstance which explains the omission of it from that repository of Canadian lore. Our most illustrious tourists, [112] the eldest son of the Queen, the Prince of Wales, his brothers, the Princes Alfred and Arthur, the Dukes of Newcastle, of Athol, of Manchester, of Beaufort, of Argyle, of Sutherland, Generals Grant and Sherman, and Prince Napoleon Bonaparte, it is said, took their leave of Quebec without having visited that interesting locality, "*la Ruelle des Chiens*," Sous-le-Cap street, probably unconscious of its very existence! Nevertheless, this street possesses great historical interest. It has re-echoed the trumpet sounds of war, the thundering of cannon, the briskest musketry; there fell Brigadier-General Arnold, wounded in the knee: carried off amid the despairing cries of his soldiers, under the swords of Dambourgès, of the fierce and stalwart Charland, of the brave Caldwell, followed by his friend Nairn and their chivalrous militiamen. Our friends, the annexationists of that period, were so determined to annex Quebec, that they threw themselves as if possessed by the evil one upon the barriers (there were two of them) in Sous-le-Cap street and in Sault-au-Matelot street; each man, says Sanguinet, wearing a slip of paper on his cap on which was written "*Mors aut Victoria*," "Death or Victory!" One hundred years and more have elapsed since this fierce struggle, and we are not yet under Republican rule!

A number of dead bodies lay in the vicinity, on the 31st December, 1775; they were carried to the Seminary. Ample details of the incidents of this glorious day will be found in "QUEBEC PAST AND PRESENT." It is believed that the first barrier was placed at the foot of the stone *demi-lune*, where, at present, a cannon rests on the ramparts; the second was constructed in rear of the present offices of Mr. W. D. Campbell, N.P., in Sault-au-Matelot street.

Sault-au-Matelot street has lost the military renown which it then possessed; besides the offices of M. Ledroit, of the *Morning Chronicle*, and of the timber cullers, it now is a stand for the carters, and a

numerous tribe of pork merchants, salmon preservers and coopers, whose casks on certain days encumber the sidewalks.

St. Paul street does not appear on the plan of the city of Quebec of 1660, reproduced by the Abbé Faillon. This quarter of the Lower Town, so populous under the French régime, and where, according to Monseigneur de Laval, there was, in 1661, "*magnus numerus civium*" continued, until about 1832, to represent the hurry-scurry of affairs and the residences of the principal merchants, one of the wealthiest portions of the city. There, in 1793, the father of our Queen, Colonel of the 7th Fusiliers, then in garrison at Quebec, partook of the hospitality of M. Lymburner, one of the merchant princes of that period. Was the *chère amie*, the elegant *Baronne de St. Laurent*, of the party? We found it impossible to ascertain this from our old friend, Hon. William Sheppard, of Woodfield, near Quebec (who died in 1867), from whom we obtained this incident. Mr. Sheppard, who had frequently been a guest at the most select drawing-rooms of the ancient capital, was himself a contemporary of the generous and jovial Prince Edward.

The Sault-au-Matelot quarter, St. Peter street, and St. James street, down to the year 1832, contained the habitations of a great number of persons in easy circumstances; many of our families of note had their residences there: John Wm. Woolsey, Esq., in 1808, and later on first President of the Quebec Bank; the millionaire auctioneer, Wm. Burns, the god-father to the late George Burns Symes, Esq.; Archbishop Signai—this worthy prelate was born in this street, in a house opposite to La Banque Nationale. Evidences of the luxuriousness of their dwelling rooms are visible to this day, in the panelling of some doors and in decorated ceilings.

Drainage, according to the modern system, was, at that period, almost unknown to our good city. The Asiatic cholera, in 1832, decimated the population: 3,500 corpses, in the course of a few weeks, had gone to their last resting place. This terrible epidemic was the occasion, so to speak, of a social revolution at Quebec; the land on the St. Louis and Ste. Foye roads became much enhanced in value; the wealthy quitted the Lower Town. Commercial affairs, however, still continued to be transacted there, but the residences of merchants were selected in the Upper Town or in the country parts adjacent.

The *Fief Sault-au-Matelot*, which at present belongs to the Seminary, was granted to Guillaume Hébert on the 4th February, 1623, the title of which was ratified by the Due de Ventadour on the last day of February, 1632. On the ground reclaimed from the river, about 1815, Messrs. Munro and Bell, eminent merchants, built wharves and some large warehouses, to which lead "Bell's lane," (so named after the Honorable Matthew Bell) [113] the streets St. James, Arthur, Dalhousie and others. Mr. Bell, at a later period, one of the lessees of the St. Maurice Forges, resided in the house—now St. Lawrence Chambers—situate at the corner of St. James and St. Peter streets, now belonging to Mr. John Greaves Clapham, N. P. Hon. Matthew Bell commanded a troop of cavalry, which was much admired by those warlike gentlemen of 1812—our respected fathers. He left a numerous family, and was related by marriage to the families Montizambert, Bowen, &c. Dalhousie street, in the Lower Town, probably dates from the time of the Earl of Dalhousie (1827), when the "Quebec Exchange" was built by a company of merchants. The extreme point of the Lower Town, towards the northeast, constitutes "La Pointe à Carcy," named after Carcy Pagès, who succeeded to the office of "Guardian of the Harbor," held in 1713 by Louis Pratt. In the offing is situated the wharf, alongside of which the stately frigate *Aurora*, Captain De Horsey, passed the winter of 1866-7. The wharves of the Quebec docks now mark the spot.

The expansion of commerce at the commencement of the present century and increase of population rendered it very desirable that means of communication should be established between the Lower Town and St. Roch, less rugged and inconvenient than the tunnel—Sous-le-Cap lane—and the sandy beach of the river St. Charles at low water. Towards 1816 the northern extremity of St. Peter street was finished, it was previously bounded by a red bridge, well remembered by our very old citizens. The Apostle St. Paul was honoured with a street, as was his colleague, St. Peter. Messrs. Benj. Tremaine, Budden, Morrisson, Parent, Allard and others acquired portions of ground on the north side of this (St. Paul) street, upon which they have erected wharves, offices and large warehouses. Renaud's new block now occupies a portion of the site.

The construction of the North Shore Railway will have the effect, at an early date, of augmenting, in a marked degree, the value of these properties, the greater portion of which now belong to our fellow citizen, M. J. Bte Renaud, who has adorned this portion of the Lower Town with first class buildings. Let us hope that this quarter may flourish, and that our enterprising fellow citizen may prosper in consequence.

Let us join a party of distinguished strangers wending their way through our muddy streets, following a titled tourist, His Highness the Duke of Saxe-Weimar. This noble visitor's rank seems to have been

fully recognized, since he was escorted by a guard of honour furnished by the Lt.-Governor, and saluted on his departure by 21 guns. After fifty-five years, the Duke's utterances have yet interest for us, though he seems to have judged harshly the absent Governor-General, the Earl of Dalhousie. [114]

"About eight o'clock in the evening of the 3rd of September, 1825, we embarked at Montreal on board the steamer *Lady Sherbrooke* for Quebec. The banks, which as far as Trois Rivières are pretty low, become higher and more rocky, particularly on the left side. The neighborhood is remarkably handsome and picturesque. The majestic stream with its pleasant banks, and the view of the distant blue mountains near Quebec, produce an indescribable effect. The weather was favourable,—a clear, sunny sky and not very warm; in this northern latitude you can perceive the approaching autumn by the coolness of the nights and mornings. We reached Quebec at 10 o'clock in the evening. This city consists of two parts, the Upper Town, which is built on a rock, and the Lower, which is pressed in between the river and the rock. The lights in the Lower Town and the fortifications had an elegant appearance, when contrasted with the dark rock. The first *coup d'oeil*, which was by night, reminded me of Namur, as it is seen from the right bank of the Maas. In the river were many vessels; mostly used for carrying wood. It was already late, and we should have found difficulty in transporting our baggage by night, besides other inconveniences in finding lodgings for the ladies, so we spent the second night also on board the steamboat, where we were very comfortable and found it cleanly.

"The next morning, after dismissing the guard which the Governor appointed to escort us, we went to our lodgings in the upper part of the town. The lower town is very narrow, and has a filthy appearance. The streets are not paved, and badly provided with sidewalks. The road which leads to the upper part of the town is very steep. It stands on a rocky ground, and its fortifications are elevated 300 feet from the level of the ocean. The upper is separated from the lower town by a stone wall, which has the form of a horn-work. Through this wall is a gate, [115] which has a guard; the guard-room is opposite the gate, and by means of a portcullis defends the entrance. For the convenience of foot-passengers there is a door [116] near the gate, with wooden stairs, by ascending which you reach the upper town. On the right of the gate is a building which resembles a chapel, [117] and serves for the House of Commons of Canada. In order to get home we were obliged to go round part of the walls of the town. Even here you have an indescribably beautiful view of the Bay of Quebec and the right bank of the river, which has the appearance of a cape, called Point Levi.

"Shortly after our arrival, I received a visit from Colonel Duchesnay, First Adjutant of the Governor-General, and from [118] Colonel Durnford, Director of Engineers. The first gentleman came to bid me welcome in the name of the Governor, and the latter begged to show me the fortifications. Lord Dalhousie, Governor General of all British possessions in North America, was at that time in England, but was expected daily. During his absence, the Government was under the direction of the Lt.-Governor, Sir Francis Barton, brother of Lord Conyngham. He is a civilian, but is said to fill his high post with credit. The good spirit the inhabitants are in, and the harmony that exists in the colony, are mostly owing to his good management and his humane and friendly deportment towards them. It is said of Lord Dalhousie that he has estranged the hearts of the people from himself and the Government, through his haughty and absolute deportment, and the Opposition party in the Canadian Parliament has thereby been strengthened.

"The upper part of the town is very old and angular, the streets are muddy, and many not paved. Both towns contain about 25,000 inhabitants. The Catholic Cathedral is quite a handsome building, it has three altars, and paintings of but little value. It is near the Seminary, an old French building, with massive walls, having four corners like a bastion. In this Seminary resides the Bishop of Quebec. We had already been introduced to Bishop Plessis, in the house of Sir Francis Burton, and found him a very agreeable and well-informed man. He is the son of a butcher of Montreal, and has elevated himself by his own merit.

"On the second and last day of my sojourn in Quebec I went to the parade, escorted by Colonels Durnford and Duchesnay. I was pleasantly taken by surprise when I found the whole garrison under arms. The commanding officers wished to show me their corps. On the right wing stood two companies of artillery, then a company of sappers and miners, after this, the Sixty-Eighth, and lastly, the Seventy-First Regiment of Infantry. The last is a light regiment, and consists of Scotch Highlanders; it appeared to be in particularly good condition. This regiment is not dressed in the Highland uniform, which was only worn by some of the buglemen. It has a very good band of buglemen, who wear curious caps, made of blue woollen, bordered below with red and white stripes. The troops defiled twice before me.

"On the 6th of September we set out in the steamboat for Montreal. Sir Francis sent us his carriage, which was very useful to the ladies. On the dock stood a company of the Sixty-Fifth Regiment, with their flags displayed as a guard of honour, which I immediately dismissed. The fortifications saluted us with 21 guns; this caused a very fine echo from the mountains. Night soon set in, but we had sufficient light to take leave of the magnificent vicinity of Quebec."

St. Vallier street is sacred to Monseigneur de St. Vallier; his name is identified with the street which he so often perambulated in his visits to the General Hospital, where he terminated his useful career in 1729. His Lordship seems to have entertained a particular attachment for the locality where he had founded this hospital, where he resided, in order to rent his Mountain Hill Palace to Intendant Talon, and thus save the expense of a chaplain. The General Hospital was the third asylum for the infirm which the Bishop had founded. Subsequently, came the Intendant de Meules, who, toward 1684, endowed the eastern portion of the quarter with an edifice (the Intendant's Palace) remarkable for its dimensions, its magnificence and its ornate gardens.

Where Talon (a former Intendant) had left a brewery in a state of ruin and about seventeen acres of land unoccupied, Louis XIV., by the advice of his Intendant de Meules, lavished vast sums of money in the erection of a sumptuous palace, in which French justice was administered, and in which, at a later period, under Bigot, it was *purchasable*. Our illustrious ancestors, for that matter, were not the kind of men to weep over such trifles, imbued as they were from infancy with the feudal system and all its irksome duties, without forgetting the forced labour (*corvées*) and those admirable "Royal secret warrants," (*lettres de cachet*). What did the institutions of a free people, or the text of Magna Charta signify to them?

On this spot stood the notorious warehouse, where Bigot, Cadet and their confederates retailed, at enormous profits, the provisions and supplies which King Louis XV. doled out in 1758 to the starving inhabitants of Quebec. The people christened the house "*La Friponne*," (*The Cheat!!*) Near the sight of Talon's old brewery which had been converted into a prison by Frontenac, and which held fast, until his trial in 1674, the Abbé de Fénélon [119] now stands the Anchor Brewery (Boswell's).

We clip the following from an able review in the *Toronto Mail*, Dec., 1880, of M. Marmette's most dramatic novel, "*l'Intendant Bigot*":

"In the year 1775 a grievous famine raged, sweeping off large numbers of the poor, while the unscrupulous Bigot and his satellites were revelling in shameless profligacy. It is midnight of Christmas, when an old officer, M. de Rochebrune, pressed with cold and hunger to the last point, resolved to pawn his St. Louis Cross of gold at the Intendant's Palace stores. On the way thither the officer and his young daughter, a young girl of fourteen, are startled at the blaze of light illuminating the Palace windows, during one of the Intendant's festivals. The pleasures of the evening are suddenly interrupted and shaded by the entry of the aged, suffering M. de Rochebrune and his wan-visaged but beautiful daughter. Words of galling truth are addressed to Bigot before his painted courtezans and his other depraved attendants, whose hearts are too hard and whose consciences are too seared to be tortured by either misery or reproof, and the ruffian varlets eject both father and daughter to the furies of the midnight blast. The ball ended, Bigot leads Madame de Pean to her vehicle, when she tumbles over an object which, when torches are brought, was found to be the corpse of the suppliant rebuker of a few hours previous, alongside of which lay the unconscious form of his daughter, half buried in the drifting snow. '*Mon Dieu*,' exclaimed Madame de Pean, '*Il ne dormira pas de la nuit, c'est bien sûr*.' This tragic event is narrated with thrilling effect, in the author's best style." P. B.

In a paper read by us before the Literary and Historical Society of Quebec, 3rd December, 1879, we alluded in the following terms to the history of the "Friponne" and the infamous entourage of Intendant Bigot in the second part of our lecture: the first part related to Kalm's ramble round the city in 1749.

Prepare, now for other—dark—far less pleasant scenes. The bright sky of old Stadacona will rapidly lower; leaden clouds, pregnant with storms are hovering over head. The simplicity of early days is getting obsolete. Vice, gilded vice, flaunts in the palace. Gaunt famine is preying on the vitals of the people. 'Tis so at Versailles; 'tis so at Quebec. Lust—selfishness—rapine—public plunder everywhere—except among the small party of the *Honnêtes Gens*: [120] a carnival of pleasure, to be followed by the voice of wailing and by the roll of the muffled drum.

In 1748, the evil genius of New France, "La Pompadour's *protégé*" François Bigot, thirteenth and last Intendant, had landed at Quebec.

Born in Guienne, of a family distinguished at the bar, Bigot, prior to coming to Canada had occupied the high post of Intendant in Louisiana. In stature, he was small—but well formed;—active—full of pluck— fond of display and pleasure—an inveterate gambler. Had he confined his operations merely to trading, his commercial ventures would have excited little blame, trading having been a practice indulged in by several other high colonial officials. His salary was totally inadequate to the importance of his office, and quite insufficient to meet the expenditure his exalted position led him into. His speculations, his venality, the extortions practised on the community by his heartless minions: this is what has surrounded his memory with eternal infamy and made his name a by-word for scorn.

There existed, at Quebec, a *ring* composed of the Intendant's secretary, Deschenaux, of the Commissary General of Supplies, Cadet, of the Town-Major, Hugues Péan; of the Treasurer-General, Imbert. Péan was the Chief and Bigot the Great Chief of this nefarious association. Between Bigot and Péan, another link existed. Péan's favour at Court lay in the charms of his wife. Madame Péan, *née* Angélique De Meloises, was young, pretty, witty and charming; a fluent and agreeable speaker—in fact so captivating that François Bigot was entirely ruled by her during all his stay at Quebec. At her house in St. Louis street he spent his evenings; there, he was sought and found in May, 1759, by Col. de Bougainville returning from Paris, the bearer of the dispatches, announcing the coming struggle.

Would you like some of the pen-photographs which a clever French contemporary [121] has left of the corrupt entourage of the magnificent intendant, here are a few:

"Brassard Deschenaux, the son of a poor cobbler, was born at Quebec. A notary who boarded with Deschenaux, senior, had taught his son to read. Naturally quick and intelligent, young Deschenaux made rapid progress and soon found something to do in the office of Intendant Hocquart where Bigot found him and succeeded in having him appointed clerk in the Colonial Office at Quebec. Industrious, but at heart a sycophant, by dint of cringing he won the good graces of Bigot, who soon put unlimited trust in him, to that degree as to do nothing without Deschenaux's aid, but Deschenaux was vain, ambitious, haughty and overbearing and of such inordinate greed, that he was in the habit of boasting 'that to get rich he would even rob a church.'

"Cadet was the son of a butcher. In his youth he was employed to mind the cattle of a Charlesbourg peasant; he next set up as a butcher and made money. His savings, he invested in trade; his intriguing spirit brought him to the notice of the Intendant Hocquart, who gave him contracts to supply meat for the army. Deschenaux soon discovered that Cadet could be useful to him; he made him his friend and lost no opportunity to recommend him to the Intendant. He was accordingly often employed to buy the supplies for the subsistence of the troops. In verity, there were few men more active, more industrious, more competent to drive a bargain. The King required his services and secured them, by having Cadet named Commissary General. He had his redeeming points—was open-handed in his dealings—of a kindly nature and lavish even to excess."

The worthy Commissary General, like Péan, was blessed with a charming wife, whom Panet's Diary styles "La Belle Amazone Aventurière." Probably like her worthy spouse,—of low extraction; "elle n'était pas sortie de la cuisse de Jupiter," to use a familiar French saw.

She certainly was not, like Caesar's wife "above suspicion." Madame Cadet, later on, transferred her allegiance from the rich butcher Cadet, to one "Sieur Joseph Ruffio";... but let us draw the veil of oblivion over the short comings of another age.

"Capt. Hughes Péan, *Chevalier de la Livaudière*, was Town Major of Quebec, *aide-Major des Troupes*." He was not long in discovering that with an Intendant like Bigot, he could dare anything. Had he not without any trouble netted a gain of 50,000 half crowns? A large quantity of wheat was required for Government; he was charged with the purchase. There was a fat job in store for the Town Major. How was his master the Intendant to manage the matter for him? Bigot was a man of resource, who never forgot his friends. First, he provided Péan with a large sum out of the Treasury to buy the wheat as low as possible for cash; and then his complaisant council passed an order or Ordonnance fixing the price of grain much higher than that at which Péan had purchased. The town Major charged it to the Government at the rate fixed by the Ordonnance; the difference left him a handsome profit. He thought he would next try his hand at building coasting craft, which he could manage to keep constantly in commission for Government; this also was lucrative. Other devices, however, were

resorted to; a secret partnership was entered into between Cadet and a person named Clavery, who shortly after become store-keeper at Quebec. Cadet was to purchase wheat in the parishes, have it ground at a mill he had leased, the flour to be sent abroad, secretly. Péan, too, had large warehouses built—at Beaumont some say. Cargoes of grain were thus secretly shipped to foreign ports in defiance of the law. Bréard, the Comptroller-General, for a consideration winked at these mal- practices, and from a poor man when he landed in Canada, he returned to France in affluent circumstances.

The crowning piece of knavery was the erection of a vast shop and warehouses near to the Intendant's Palace. Clavery had charge of this establishment, where a small retail business was carried on as a blind. The real object was to monopolize the trade in provisions and concentrate it here. Clavery was clerk to Estebe, Royal store-keeper at Quebec. In this warehouse were accumulated all such provisions and supplies as were wanted annually, and ordered from France for the King's stores at Quebec.

It was the practice of the Intendant to send each summer the requisitions to Paris. Bigot took care to order from France less supplies than were required, so as to have an excuse to order the remainder in times of want, at Quebec. The orders were sent to Clavery's warehouse, where the same goods were sold twice over, at increased rates. Soon the people saw through the deceit, and this repository of fraud was called in consequence La Friponne, "The Knave."

Want of space prevents me from crowding in photos of the other accomplished rogues, banded together for public robbery during the expiring years of French domination in Canada.

It is singular to note how many low-born [122] parasites and flatterers surrounded Bigot.

In 1755, the wheat harvest having failed, and the produce of former years having been carried out of Canada or else stored in the magazine of Bigot's ring, the people of Canada were reduced to starvation: in many instances they had to subsist on horse flesh and decayed codfish. Instead of having recourse to the wheat stored here, the Intendant's minions led him to believe that wheat was not so scarce as the peasantry pretended—that the peasants refused to sell it, merely in anticipation of obtaining still higher rates; that the Intendant, they argued, ought to issue orders, for domiciliary visits in the rural districts; and levy a tax on each inhabitant of the country, for the maintenance of the residents in the city, and of the troops.

Statements were made out, shewing the rations required to prevent the people from dying of hunger. Cadet was charged with the raising of this vexatious impost. In a very short time, he and his clerks had overrun the country, appropriating more wheat than was necessary. Some of the unfortunate peasants, who saw in the loss of their seed wheat starvation and death, loudly complained. A few called at the Intendant's Palace, but the heartless Deschenaux, the Intendant's Secretary, was ever on the watch and had them questioned by his *employés*, and when the object of their visit, was discovered, they were ushered into the presence of Deschenaux, who insulted them and threatened to have them imprisoned for thus presuming to complain to the Intendant. Bigot was afterwards advised of their visit, and when they appeared before him they were so maltreated and bullied that they left, happy in the fact that they had not been thrown into prison; soon, none dared to complain. Bread was getting scarcer every day. The Intendant had named persons to distribute the bread at the baker's shops, the flour being furnished by Government. The people crowded the bakeries on the days fixed; the loaves were taken by violence, mothers of families used to complain that they could not get any; they used occasionally to besiege the Intendant at his Palace with their lamentations and complaints, but it was of no avail, the Intendant was surrounded by a crowd of flatterers, who on retiring, gorged from his luxurious board, could not understand how the poor could die of hunger.

Land of my fathers reclaimed from barbarism at the cost of so much blood—so much treasure, bountifully provided with nobles—priests— soldiers—fortifications by the great Louis; sedulously—paternally watched over by Colbert and Talon: to what depth of despair, shall we say, degradation are thou sunk!

Proud old city, have you then no more defenders to put forth, in your supreme hour of woe and desertion! Has then that dauntless race of *Gentilshommes Canadiens*, d'Iberville—Ste. Hélène—de Bouville —de Bécancourt—de Repentigny, disappeared without leaving any successors!

And you stern old de Frontenac, you who replied so effectually to the invader through the mouth of your cannon, is your martial spirit quenched forever, in that loved fortress in which rest your venerated remains, you who at one time (1689) were ready, at the head of your Regulars and fighting Canadians, [123] to carry out the rash scheme, hatched by deCallières: the conquest of New York and destruction of the chief settlements in New England, a scheme which involved the dispersion of more than eighteen thousand people, as sixty-six years later (in 1755), a British Commander tore from their homes the peaceable Acadians of *Grand-Pré*. [124]

I could enlarge to any extent the gloomy picture which the history of this shameful period discloses. Two skilful novelists, the one in the English language, Wm. Kirby, [125] Esq., of Niagara, the other in the French, Joseph Marmette, [126] of Quebec, have woven two graphic and stirring historical romances, out of the materials which the career of the Intendant Bigot and the desertion of the colony in its hour of trial, by France—so abundantly supply. One redeeming *trait*, one flash of sunshine lights up the last hour of French domination: the devotion of the Canadian militia towards their oblivious mother-country, their dauntless courage at the Beauport engagement—after the battle of the Plains, 13th Sept., 1759—and at the battle of Ste. Foye, on the 28th April 1760, a day glorious to French arms, but at best a useless victory.

RUINS OF THE INTENDANT'S PALACE.

"It is the voice of years that are gone! they roll before me with all their deeds."—OSSIAN.

"The descriptions, or perspective sketches,' says Mr. Walkem, 'according to the fancy or whim of the artist or the photographer, of what is left of the ruins, convey no adequate idea of its real capacity and magnitude in length, breadth or height. My present object, therefore, with your permission, is to supply this deficiency from plans and elevations drawn to a scale of feet about the year 1770—when some repairs were effected by the Military Engineers,—five years before its destruction in 1775. And more especially do I feel it my duty to submit this plan, &c., for publication since it has become part of the military history, not of Quebec only, but of Canada.

"The following is an extract from the Centenary report: 'This once magnificent pile was constructed under the French King's directions in 1684, under Intendant de Meules. It was burnt in 1712, when occupied by Intendant Bégon, and restored by the French Government. It became, from 1748 to 1759, the luxurious resort of Intendant Bigot and his wassailers. Under English rule it was neglected, and Arnold's men having, from the cupola, annoyed Guy Carleton's soldiers, orders were given to destroy it with the city guns.'

"Skulking riflemen in St. Roch's, watching behind walls to kill our sentries, some of them fired from the cupola of the Intendant's Palace. We brought a nine-pounder to answer them.'—(*Extract from a journal of an officer of the Quebec Garrison.*)

"For those who may not be familiar with the meaning of the term 'Intendant,' and the official duties of his office, the following remarks are submitted from the most authentic sources. It was one of civil administration, direction management, superintendence, &c., and next to that of Governor-General, the office of Intendant was one of the greatest importance and celebrity in Quebec. It was established by the proclamation of the King of France in 1663,—creating a Sovereign Council for the affairs of the Colony—viz: the Governor-General, the Bishop, the Intendant and four Councillors, with an Attorney-General and Chief Clerk. The number of Councillors was afterwards increased to twelve.

"The authority of the Intendant, except in his executive capacity, was indeed little inferior to that of the Governor himself. He had the superintendence of four departments, viz: Justice, Police, Finance, and Marine.

The first intendant named under the proclamation of 1663 was M. Robert; but he never came to Canada to fill his office, and it was not till the summer of 1655 that Jean de Talon arrived at Quebec, as the first real Intendant, with the Viceroy deTracy, and the Carignan Regiment. The building in which the Sovereign Council first held their meetings would appear to have stood on the south side of Fabrique street westward (?) of the Jesuit College, known at that time as the 'Treasury.'

"During the Intendancy of M. de Meules, in 1684, that gentleman, at his own expense, endowed the eastern portion of the St. Roch's suburbs with an edifice henceforth known as

the 'Intendant's Palace' ('Le Palais'), remarkable for its dimensions, magnificence and general appearance; it included also (according to old plans) about ten acres of land contained probably between St. Rochs and St. Nicholas streets, having the River St. Charles in front, and afterwards laid out in ornamental gardens. The Palace was described by *La Potherie*, in 1698, as consisting of eighty toises, or 480 feet of buildings, so that it appeared a little town in itself. The King's stores were also kept there.

"In 1712, Intendant Bégon, with a splendid equipage and retinue, arrived in Quebec from France, and took up his residence at the Palace. On the 5th of January, 1713, the entire building and premises unfortunately were destroyed by fire, and such was the rapidity of the flames that the Intendant and his wife escaped with great difficulty. Madame Bégon was obliged to break the panes of glass in her apartment before she had power to breathe. The young lady attendants were burned to death. The Intendant's *valet de chambre*, anxious to save some of his master's wardrobe, also perished in the flames. His Secretary, passing barefooted from the Palace to the river front, was so much frozen that he died in the Hospital of the Hôtel-Dieu a few days afterwards. [127]

"The Palace was afterward rebuilt under the direction of M. Bégon at the expense of His Majesty, and of which the plans and elevation now presented are presumed to be a correct and faithful illustration. The principal entrance appears to have been from that side next the cliff, opposite the 'Arsenal,'—or from the present line of St. Valier street—with large store buildings, magazines, &c., on either side of the entrance, and in the rear of that stood the building known as the 'Prison.' It would appear that *La Potherie's* remark, in 1698, of the first construction resembling a little town in itself, would also apply to the group of the second construction—as no less than twenty in number are shown on some of the old plans of this period. From sketches taken on the spot by an officer of the Fleet in Wolfe's expedition of 1759, and published in London two years afterwards, there can be little doubt, for want of room elsewhere, that the Palace was converted into barracks and occupied immediately after the surrender of Quebec by the troops under General Murray, and continued to be used as such until it fell into the hands of the American insurgents under Arnold, in 1775, and was destroyed by the cannon from the ramparts. The assumption is strengthened, if not confirmed, by the occupation of the Jesuit College as barracks the following year the amount of accommodation in both cases, a full regiment—would be the same; hence the comfortable quarters in the 'Palais' by the rebel force under Arnold, which would accommodate the most of his men.

"The appearance of this once celebrated structure in its general aspect was more imposing from its extent than from any architectural ornate embellishments. The style was the French domestic of that period, of two clear stories in height, the extreme frontage was 260 feet, with projecting wings at either end of 20 feet (vide plan), the depth from the front of the wings to the rear line 75 feet, and the central part 58 feet; the height from the site level to the apex of roof about 55 feet, and to the eaves line about 33 feet; in the basement there were no less than 9 vaults, 10 feet high to the crown of the arch running along the whole front, as shown in the elevation. The apartments in the two stories are divided longitudinally by a wall from one end to the other, and comprise altogether about 40 in number, allotted into barrack-rooms as per original military plans.

"The roof is plain and steep, and only broken by the pedimented wings at each end of the building, with chimney stacks and stone coping over the transverse fire walls, and otherwise relieved by a small octagonal cupola of two sections placed in the centre of the roof. The approach to the building in front is by two flights of steps, an enclosed porch forming a central feature to the main entrance; the basement windows are shewn in the elevation above the ground line. The walls were substantially built of black slate rock peculiar to Quebec and must have taken much time in the erection judging from its tenacity, and the hardness of the material still remaining. No doubt the walls, as was the practice in those days, were built of dry masonry, a few feet at a time, and then *grouted* with mortar in a thin semi-fluid state, composed of quicklime and fine sand poured into the interspaces of the stone-work, filling every cavity, excluding the air, and left to dry before commencing the next course. The wrought stone at the quoins and angles appear to have been quarried at Point-aux-Trembles, or more likely at Beauport, while the sides of the doors and windows were faced with hard Flemish brick, still intact, and beyond doubt imported directly from France. [128] The main store buildings in front, with vaults underneath, were undoubtedly built in the same compact manner, as Mr. Boswell, some years ago, in excavating for his brewery on the site of these stores, came in contact with the old foundation walls, so hard that powder had to be used for blasting. The mortar was found to be harder than stone, and a drill had

but small effect upon it. That gentleman many years ago became the tenant of the war department for these ruins and vaults, and has roofed them in, taken care of the property and made improvements generally at his own expense. There is an old story current that a subterraneous passage, under the old ruins, led to the river. Others say that a passage communicated with the Upper Town. It is highly probable the old vaults and passage discovered by Mr. Boswell in the above excavation have been the origin of this story; for in one case towards the river it would be flooded at high water, and towards the Upper Town barred by a rampart of solid rock.

"From 1775 to the withdrawal of the Imperial troops in 1870-71— nearly a century,—this property was used specially for military purposes, and commonly known, as shown on old plan, as the King's Wood Yard, and more recently as the Commissariat Fuel Yard. The land several years ago was reduced in extent by the sale of building lots on the lines of St. Valier and St. Nicholas streets.

"At the beginning of this century, and many years afterwards, a military guard seems to have done duty at the 'Palais' and adjoining premises, east of St. Nicholas street, known as the Royal Dock Yard, King's Wharf, Stores, &c. This latter property extended eastward as far as La Canoterie, in front of a blockhouse, the site of the present Nunnery Bastion, and lying between what is now known as St. Charles street, or the foot of the cliff, and the high water mark on the north side, corresponding pretty nearly with the line of St. Paul street.

"The ruins of 'Le Palais' and accessories since 1775 were several times fitted up by the military authorities for stabling, fodder- sheds, wash-house, military stores, caretaker's quarters, &c., &c., and the vaults were leased for storing ice, wines and other liquors, and storage generally to the inhabitants of the city, and the roof was shingled or otherwise covered in on several occasions by the Government.

"In the great fire of St. Roch's (1845) the Fuel Yard, about four acres in extent, with some hundreds of cords of wood piled there, and a very large quantity of coals in a 'lean-to-shed' against the Palais walls were consumed—the coals continued to burn and smoulder for nearly *six months*,—and notwithstanding the solidity of the masonry, as already described, portions of it, with the heat like a fiery furnace, gave way. Upon this occasion an unfortunate woman and two children were burned to death in the Fuel Yard. Great efforts were made by Mr. Bailey, a commissariat officer, and Mr. Boswell, owner of the brewery, to save the lives of the victims, but unfortunately without success. These gentlemen, after their coats had been burned off their backs, and the hair from their heads and eyebrows, had to fly at last to save their own lives.

"On the withdrawal of the Imperial troops in 1870-71, the whole of 'Le Palais' property was handed over to the Dominion Government.

"CHARLES WALKEM, "(Late R. E. Civil Service Staff in Canada.)
"Ottawa, 24th July, 1876."

Doubtless to the eyes of the "free and independent electors" of La Vacherie, in 1759, the Intendant's Palace seemed a species of "eighth wonder" The eighth wonder lost much of its *éclat*, however, by the inauguration of English rule, in 1759, but a total eclipse came over this imposing and majestic luminary when Guy Carleton's guns from the ramparts of Quebec began, in 1775, to thunder on its cupola and roof, which offered a shelter to Arnold's soldiery: the rabble of "shoemakers, hatters, blacksmiths and innkeepers," (says that savage old Tory, Colonel Henry Caldwell), bent on providing Canada with the blessings of Republicanism. A century and more has passed over the gorgeous Palace—now a dreary, moss- covered ruin, surrounded in rear by coarse grass, fallen stones: Bigot— his wassailers,—the fair but frail Madame de Pean, like her prototype of Paris, Madame de Pompadour, have all fled to the land of shadows; and tourists, high and low, still crowd to glance meditatively at those fast fading traces of a guilty past. It was in October, 1879, the special privilege of the writer to escort to these ruins one of our Sovereign's gentle and accomplished daughters, H.R.H. the Princess Louise, accompanied by H.E. Lord Lorne, as he had done the previous autumn with regard to the learned Dean of Westminster, Revd. A. P. Stanley: proud he was to think that though Quebec had no such attractions like antique, like classic England,—turretted castles, moated granges, or even

"Old pheasant Lords,
"Partridge breeders of a thousand years,"

—its romantic past was not without pleasing or startling or interesting memories.

We have just mentioned "*La Vacherie*", this consisted of the extensive and moist pastures at the foot

of *Coteau Sainte-Genève*, extending towards the General Hospital, where the city cows were grazed; on this site and gracing the handsome streets "Crown" "Craig" and "Desfossés," can now be seen elegant dry-goods stores, vying with the largest in the Upper Town. Had St. Peter street, in 1775, been provided with a regular way of communication with St. Roch; had St. Paul street then existed, the sun of progress would have shone there nearly a century earlier.

"For a considerable time past, several plans of amelioration of the City of Quebec," says the Abbé Ferland, "were proposed to the Ministry by M. de Meules. The absolute necessity of obtaining a desirable locality for the residence of the Intendant, and for holding the sessions of the Council; the Château St. Louis being hardly sufficient to afford suitable quarters for the Governor and the persons who formed his household. M. de Meules proposed purchasing a large stone building which M. Talon had caused to be erected for the purpose of a brewery, and which, for several years, had remained unoccupied. Placed in a very commodious position on the bank of the river St. Charles, and not many steps from the Upper Town, this edifice, with suitable repairs and additions, might furnish not alone a desirable residence for the Intendant, but also halls and offices for the Supreme Council and the Courts of Justice, as likewise vaults for the archives and a prison for the criminals. Adjacent to the old brewery, M. Talon owned an extent of land of about seventeen superficial acres, of which no use was made in M. de Meules' plan; a certain portion of this land could be reserved for the gardens and dependencies of the Intendant's Palace, whilst the remainder might be portioned off into building lots (*emplacements*), and thus convert it into a second lower town, and which might some day be extended to the foot of the Cape. He believed that if this plan were adopted, the new buildings of Quebec would extend in that direction, and not on the heights almost exclusively occupied by the Religious Communities. [129]

We perceive, according to Mr. Panet's Journal, that Saint Roch existed in 1759; that the women and children, residents of that quarter, were not wholly indifferent to the fate of their distressed country. "The same day (31st July, 1759)," says Panet, "we heard a great uproar in the St. Roch quarter—the women and children were shouting, 'Long Live the King!'" [130] "I ascended the height (on the *Coteau Ste. Genève*) and there beheld the first frigate all in a blaze, very shortly afterwards a black smoke issuing from the second, which blew up and afterwards took fire." On the 4th August several bombshells of 80 lbs. fell on St. Roch. We read, that on the 31st August, two soldiers were hanged at three o'clock in the afternoon, for having stolen a cask of brandy from the house of one Charland, in the St. Roch quarter. In those times the General (or *the Recorder*) did not do things by halves. Who was, this Charland of 1759? Could he be the same who, sixteen years afterwards, fought so stoutly with Lieut. Dambourgès at the Sault-au-Matelot engagement? Since the inauguration of the English domination, St. Roch became peopled in a most rapid manner, we now see there a net-work of streets, embracing in extent several leagues.

The first steep hill past the Y. M. C. Association Hall—formerly Gallows Hill, (where the luckless David McLane was disembowelled, in 1797, for levying war against the King of Great Britain), and leading from St. John street without to that not over-straight thoroughfare, named after the second Bishop of Quebec—St. Vallier street—borrows its name from Barthélémy Coton, who in days of yore closed his career in Quebec at the advanced age of 92 years. Can anyone tell us the pedigree of Barthélémy Coton? To the French portion of the inhabitants it is known as *Côte à Coton*, whilst the English portion still continue to surround it, unopportunately we think, with the unhallowed traditions of a lugubrious past and call it Gallows Hill. *Côte à Coton* debouches into St. Vallier street, which on your way takes you to Scott's Bridge, over the Little River St Charles. Across St. Vallier street it opens on a rather magnificent street as to extent—Baronne street,—commemorating the *souvenir* of an illustrious family in colonial History, represented by Madame la Baronne de Longueuil, the widow of the third Baron, who had, in 1770, married the Honorable. Wm. Grant, the Receiver-General of the Province of Quebec, who lived at St. Rochs, and died there in 1805.

On M. P. Cousin's plan of Quebec, published in 1875, parallel to St. Vallier street to the south, and St. Fleurie street to the north, halfway between, is laid down Baronne street. The most ancient highway of the quarter (St. Roch) is probably St. Vallier street. "Desfossés" street most likely derives its name from the ditches (*fossés*) which served to drain the green pastures of *La Vacherie*. The old Bridge street dates from the end of the last century (1789). "Dorchester" street recalls the esteemed and popular administrator, Lord Dorchester, who, under the name of Guy Carleton, led on to victory the militia of Quebec in 1775.

"Craig" street received its name from Sir John Craig, a gouty, testy, but trusty old soldier, who administered the Government in 1807-9-10; it was enlarged and widened ten feet, after the great fire of 1845. The site of St. Paul's Market was acquired from the Royal Ordnance, on 31st July, 1831.

A former Quebecer writes:—

OTTAWA, 17th May, 1876.

"At the beginning of this century only eighty square-rigged vessels entered the Port of Quebec. There were then in Quebec only nine importers, and half a dozen master mechanics, one shipyard (John Black's, where one ship was launched each year), one printing office and one weekly paper.

"The tide then washed the rear walls of the houses on the north part of Sault-au-Matelot street. The only deep water wharves were Dunières, afterwards Brébaut's, Johnson & Purs's', and the King's Wharf. There were no dwelling houses beyond Dunières' Wharf, but a few huts were built at the base of the cape. A black man was the solitary inhabitant on the beach, and all the way to Sillery the woods extended to the water's edge. A lease of this beach might then have been obtained for £50 a year.

"In St. Roch's Suburbs there was no house beyond the Manor House near the Intendant's Palace, save a few straggling ones in St. Vallier and St. Roch's streets. The site of the present Parish of St. Roch was mostly occupied by Grant's Mills, by meadows and farms.

"In St. John Suburbs there were only a few houses on St. John and St. George's streets and St. Louis Suburbs which, in 1775, contributed but three militia-men, viz—Jean Dobin, gardener, Jos. Proveau, carter, and Jacques Dion, mason, could boast of only one house, and the nearest one to it was Powell Place, Spencer Wood.

"On the St. Foy Road there was no house beyond the mineral well in St. John Suburbs, until you came to the Haut Bijou—Mr. Stewart's. The population of the city was then estimated at 12,000.

"I wonder if your friend Col. Strange is aware that his old friend Sergt. Hugh McQuarters, of 1775 fame, was led captive to Hymen's altar by the winning smiles and bright eyes of a *belle Canadienne*, Mam'selle Victoire Fréchette. She died on the 12th October, 1812.

"Not having seen a copy of the address of Henri Taschereau, Esq., M.P. before the Canadian Institute on the American Invasion of '75, I am not aware if he alluded to the facet that Captain and Paymaster Gabriel Elzéar Taschereau took part in the '*l'affaire du Sault-au-Matelot*.'

"Thus, by degrees, you see some little odds and ends of Quebec history are coming to light.

"I remain, "(Signed,) C. J. O'LEARY.

"J. M. LEMOINE, Esq."

In the present day the prolongation of the wharf has left no trace of it; the Station of the North Shore Railway covers a portion of this area.

"Church" street (la rue de l'Église), doubtless owes its name to the erection of the beautiful Saint Roch Church, towards 1812, the site of which was given by the late Honorable John Mure, who died in Scotland in 1823.

Saint Roch, like the Upper Town, comprises several *Fiefs*, proceeding from the *Fief* of the Seminary and reaching as far as the Gas Wharf; the beaches with the right of fishing belonged originally to the *Hôtel-Dieu* by a concession dated the 31st March, 1648, but they have since been conceded to others. The Crown possesses an important reserve towards the west of this grant; then comes the grant made, in 1814 or 1815, to the heirs of William Grant, now occupied by several ship-yards. Jacques Cartier who, in 1535-6, wintered in the vicinity of Saint Roch, left his name to an entire municipal division of this rich suburb, as well as to a spacious market hall. (The Jacques Cartier Market Hall.) The first secular priest, who landed in Quebec on the 8th August, 1634, and who closed his days in the *Hôtel-Dieu* on the 29th November, 1668, Jean le Sueur de Saint Sauveur, left his name to what now constitutes the populous municipality of Saint Sauveur. (Casgrain, *Historie de l'Hôtel-Dieu*, p. 81.)

On the spot on which the General Hospital Convent was erected, in 1691, the four first Franciscan Friars, Pères Jamay, D'Olbeau, LeCaron and Frère Pacifique Du Plessis, who had landed at Quebec on the 2nd June, 1615, soon set to work to erect the first Church, the first Convent and the first Seminary in New France, and on the 3rd June, 1620, Father d'Olbeau, in the absence of Father Jamay, the Superior of the Mission, placed the first stone of the church, under the name of *Notre Dame des Anges*, on the 25th May, 1625. This was on the bank of the river which Jacques Cartier had called the River Ste. Croix, because he had landed there on the 14th September, 1535, the day of the exaltation of the

Holy Cross: the Friars changed the name to that of St. Charles, in honor of "Monsieur Charles de Boues, Grand Vicaire *de Pontoise*," one of the most distinguished benefactors of their Order.

St. Vallier street, leading to ancient and Indian Lorette, over the Little River Road, at present so well built up and echoing to the shrill whistle of the Q. M. O. & O. Railway, until a few years back was a lone thoroughfare, beyond the toll-bar, lined with bare, open meadows. Here, also, has been felt the march of progress.

In the genial summer months passers-by are admonished by a pungent, not unhealthy, odor of tannin, an effluvia of tamarac bark, that tanners and carriers have selected their head-quarters in St. Vallier street. History also lends its attractions to the venerable thoroughfare.

Our forefathers would tell of many cosy little dinners, closed, of course, with whist or loo—of many *recherché* pic-nics in days of yore, kept up until the "sma' hours" at two renowned hostelries, only recently removed—the BLUE HOUSE and the RED HOUSE,—chiefly at that festive and crowning season of the year, when

"The snow, the beautiful snow,"

called forth the City Driving Club and its silvery, tinkling sleigh bells.

A steward—once famous as a caterer—on closing his term of service at the *Château*, with a departing Governor, more than a century back, was the Boniface at the Blue House: Alexandre Menut. A veritable Soyer was *Monsieur* Menut. During the American invasion, in the autumn of 1775, Monsieur Menut, owing to a *vis major*, was forced to entertain a rather boisterous and wilful class of customers: Richard Montgomery and his warlike Continentals. More than once a well-aimed ball or shell from General Carleton's batteries in the city must have disturbed the good cheer of the New York and New England riflemen lounging about Menut's, a great rebel rendezvous in 1775-6, we are told, visible from afar, [131] "with its white flag flying on the house.

Arnold's head-quarters being close to the St. Charles, where Scott's Bridge was since built, the intervening space between the city and the General Hospital was daily swept by Carleton's artillery. The Page Diaries abound with details of the casualties or narrow escapes of the invading host. A few quotations will suffice:

"8th December, 1775. Mr. (Brigadier-General) Montgomery visited Menut's to-day; a few minutes after he got out of the cariole, a cannon ball from the city walls killed his horse.

"18th December. Some shells were thrown in to-day, and we threw some into St. Roch's: very few of the enemy seen anywhere to-day. A man was shot through the head from St. Roch; would it were destroyed; it serves as a secure cover to the rebels.

"26th January, 1776. Eighty loaded sleighs passing towards Menut's. Two field-pieces placed at the door; people passing and repassing between that house and the General Hospital; some of our shots went through Menut's house; we fired a long time at that object; at last we perceived a man coming towards the town in a cariole, carrying the old signal; he passed their guard-house and waved with his handkerchief; we took no notice of him, but fired away at Menut's, he turned about and went back. ... Perhaps, they find Menut's too hot for them.— (*from Journal of an officer of the Quebec Garrison, 1775-6, quoted in Smith's History of Canada, Vol. II.*)

"21st February, 1776. Fired at their guard-house and at Menut's.

"23rd February. About four this morning we heard the enemy's drum at Menut's, St. Foix. Sentries saw rockets in the night."

Prince Edward street, St. Roch, and "Donnacona" street, near the Ursulines, the latter thus named about 1840 by the late Rev. Messire Maguire, then Almoner of the Ursuline Convent, bring up the memory of two important personages of the past, Edward Augustus, Duke of Kent, an English Prince, and Donnacona, a swarthy chief of primitive Canada, who welcomed Jacques Cartier.

The vanquisher of Montcalm, General Wolfe, is honoured not only by a statue, at the corner of Palace and St. John's streets, but again by the street which bears his name, Wolfe street. In like manner, his illustrious rival Montcalm claims an entire section of the city, "Montcalm Ward." Can it be that the susceptible young Captain of the *Albemarle*, Horatio Nelson, carried on his flirtation with the captivating Miss Mary Simpson, in 1782, in the street which now rejoices in his name?

"C'est l'amour qui fait le tour de la ronde."—OLD SONG.

"Though the "Ancient Capital," ever since 1764, rejoiced in an organ of public opinion—a chronicle of daily events, fashions, city gossip, the *Quebec Gazette*,—one would look in vain, in the barren columns of that journal, for any intelligence of an incident, in 1782, which, from the celebrity in after-life of the chief actor, and the local repute of the reigning belle of the day, must have caused a flutter among the F. F. Q. of the period. We mean the tender attachment of Horatio (Lord) Nelson, commanding H. M. frigate *Albemarle*, 28 guns then in port,—his romantic admiration for Miss Mary Simpson, the youthful and accomplished daughter of Saunders Simpson (not "James," as Dr. Miles asserts), the cousin of James Thompson, Sr., one of Wolfe's veterans. Traditions, venerable by their antiquity, told of the charms divine, of the conquests of a marvellously handsome Quebec beauty in the latter part of the last century: the *Catullus* of 1783 thus begins his inspired lay in the *Quebec Gazette* of that year:

'Sure you will rather listen to my call,
Since beauty and Quebec's fair nymphs I sing.
Henceforth Diana in Miss S—ps—n see,
As noble and majestic is her air;
Nor can fair Venus, W—lc—s, vie with thee,
Nor all thy heavenly charms with thee compare.'

"It was our fate first to attempt to unravel the tangles of this attractive web. In the course of our readings, in 1865, our attention had been drawn to a passage in the life of Nelson by the Laureate of England, Robert Southey, [132] and enlarged on by Lamartine in the pleasant sketch he gave of the naval hero. Our investigations were aided by the happy memory of an old friend, now deceased: the late Lt.-Col. John Sewell, who had served in the 49th under General Brock, and whose birth was nearly contemporary with the visit of Nelson to our port in September, 1782. It was evident the chief biographers of the gifted sea captain ignored the details of his youthful attachment on our shores.

"'At Quebec,' says Southey, 'Nelson became acquainted with Alexander Davison, by whose interference he was prevented from making what would have been called an imprudent marriage. The *Albemarle* was about to leave the station, her Captain had taken leave of his friends, and was gone down the river to the place of anchorage; when the next morning, as Davison was walking on the beach, to his surprise he saw Nelson coming back in his boat. Upon inquiring the cause of his re- appearance, Nelson took his arm to walk towards the town, and told him he found it utterly impossible to leave Quebec without again seeing the woman whose society contributed so much to his happiness, and then and there offering her his hand.' 'If you do,' said his friend, 'your utter ruin must inevitably follow.' 'Then, let it follow,' cried Nelson; 'for I am resolved to do it.' 'And I,' replied Davison, 'am resolved you shall not.' Nelson, however, on this occasion was less resolved than his friend, and suffered himself to be led back to the boat.'

"This led us to prepare a short 'Novelette' on the subject in the *Revue Canadienne*, in 1867, subsequently incorporated in the *Maple Leaves*: amended and corrected as new light dawned upon us in the *Tourists' Note Book*, issued in 1876, and *Chronicles of the St. Lawrence*, published in 1878.

"Whether it was Alexander Davison, his tried friend in afterlife, as Southey suggests, or another Quebecer of note, in 1782, Matthew Lymburner, as Lt.-Col. John Sewell, on the faith of Hon. William Smith, the Historian of Canada, had stated to us, is of minor importance: one thing is certain, some thoughtful friend, in 1782, seems to have extricated the impulsive Horatio from the 'tangles of Neaera's hair' in the port of Quebec: the hand of fate had marked the future Captain of the *Victory*, not as the Romeo of a Canadian Juliet, but as the paramour of Lady Emma Hamilton. Alas! for his fair fame! It seems certain that the Commander of the *Albemarle*, during his repeated visits to our port, in July, September and October, 1782, became acquainted, possibly at some entertainment at Freemason's Hall,—the 'Windsor' of the period—with 'sweet sixteen' (he himself was but twenty-four) in the person of Miss Mary Simpson, the blooming daughter of an old Highlandman, Sandy Simpson, a cousin to Mr. James Thompson, then overseer of works, and father of the late Judge John Gwalor Thompson, of Gaspé, and of late Com.-General James Thompson, of Quebec. Sandy Simpson was an *habitué* of this historical and, for the period, vast old stone mansion where Captain Miles Prentice, [133] as he had been styled in 1775, hung out, with good cheer, the olive branch of Freemasonry and of loyalty to his Sovereign. The *bonne société* of Quebec, in 1782, was limited indeed: and it was not probable the arrival from sea

of one of H.M.'s ships of war, the *Albemarle*, could escape the notice of the leading men in Quebec.

"If the *Quebec Gazette* of 1782 and *Quebec Herald*, published in 1789-90, contain no mention of this incident, several passages in the correspondence [134] exchanged by the Thompson family with the early love of Nelson, when she had become a stately London matron, as spouse of Colonel Matthews, Governor of the Chelsea Hospital, throw light on his previous career in Quebec.

"The question as to whether Nelson's charmer was Miss Prentice or her cousin, Mary Simpson, which we submitted in the *Tourists' Note Book* in 1876 (see pages 26 and 36), we had considered as settled, in 1878, in favour of Miss Simpson, as the following passage in the *Chronicles of the St. Lawrence* shows:

"Here anchored (Island of Orleans), it would seem, Nelson's sloop of war, the *Albemarle*, in 1782, when the love-sick Horatio returned to Quebec, for a last farewell from the blooming Miss Simpson, a daughter of Sandy Simpson, one of Wolfe's Provost Marshals. Miss Simpson afterwards married Colonel Matthews, Governor of the Chelsea Pensioners, and died speaking tenderly of her first love, the hero of Trafalgar.' (*Chronicles of the St. Lawrence*, p. 198.)

"This *éclaircissement*, as to dates, is not out of place, inasmuch as one of our respected historians, Dr. Hy. Miles, in a scholarly article, published March, 1879, three years after our mentioning Miss Simpson, labours under the idea he was the first to give her name in connection with Lord Nelson. Several inaccuracies occur in his interesting essay. Miss Simpson is styled the daughter of 'James' Simpson, whereas she was the daughter of Saunders Simpson, a cousin of James Thompson, who had married a niece of Miles Prentice. In a foot note appended to his essay the Doctor states that 'just before the departure of our late popular Governor-General (Lord Dufferin), at a breakfast at the Citadel, where His Excellency entertained the Captains of the British war vessels *Bellerophon* and *Sirius* (he means the *Argus* and the *Sirius*), then in port, at which we were present, the conversation having turned on former visits of commanders of ships-of-war, when, Nelson's name being brought up, the Earl remarked that Mr. LeMoine (then present) was able to afford some information about him.' 'Mr. LeMoine,' adds Dr. Miles, 'at His Excellency's request, related what he had previously written, much to the satisfaction of his hearers.' Mr. LeMoine's account of the affair, however, as it is based on the now exploded doctrine that the heroine was one of the nieces of Mrs. Miles Prentice, was not, as has been shown in the foregoing article, the correct one, however gratifying to the distinguished listeners to its recital on that occasion.'

"As the correctness of the information we were asked to impart on this occasion is impugned by the learned historian, we will, we hope, be pardoned for setting this point at rest. Dr. Miles has committed some egregious, though no doubt unintentional, error. The publication in our *Tourist's Note Book*, in 1876, of the name of Miss Simpson, in connection with Captain Nelson, three years before the appearance of Dr. Miles' essay, which was published in March, 1879, and its repetition, as previously shown, in the *Chronicles of the St. Lawrence*, issued in the beginning of the year 1878, can leave no doubt as to our knowledge of this incident, and disposes of the Doctor's statement. The name furnished by us was that of Miss Simpson, and no other. The breakfast in question took place on the 18th October, 1878: there were present Lord Dufferin, Mrs. Russell Stephenson, Mrs. J. T. Harrower, Very Rev. Dean Stanley, the Commander of H.M.S. the *Sirius*, Capt. Sullivan, the Captain of H.M.S. the *Argus*, Capt. Hamilton, A.D.C., and the writer."

Several streets in the St. Louis, St. John and St. Roch suburbs bear the names of eminent citizens who have, at different periods, made a free gift of the sites, or who, by their public spirit, have left behind them a cherished memory among the people, such as Berthelot, Massue, Boisseau, D'Artigny, Grey, Stewart, Lee, Buteau, Hudon, Smith, Salaberry, Scott, Tourangeau, Pozer [135], Panet, Bell, Robitaille, Ryland [136], St. Ours [137], Dambourgès [138]. Laval, Panet, Plessis, Séguin, Turgeon streets perpetuate the names of eminent Roman Catholic Bishops. Jerome street took this name from one of the ablest preceptors of youth the Quebec Seminary ever had—Messire Jerome Demers.

"Dorchester" Bridge was constructed in 1822, and took the place of the former bridge (Vieux Pont), on the street to the west, built by Asa Porter in 1789, and called after Lord Dorchester the saviour of Quebec. Saint Joseph street, St. Roch, was named after the eminent Roman Catholic prelate, Mgr. Joseph Octave Plessis, Bishop of Quebec, who, in 1811, built the church of St. Roch's suburbs, on land donated by a Presbyterian gentleman, John Mure, and dedicated it to St. Joseph, the patron saint of

Canada. At one period it had a width of only twenty-five feet, and was widened to the extent of forty, through the liberality of certain persons. From the circumstance, the corporation was induced to continue it beyond the city limits up to the road which leads to Lorette, thereby rendering it the most useful and one of the handsomest streets of St. Roch.

At what period did the most spacious highway of the ward ("Crown" street, sixty feet in width), receive its baptismal name? Most assuredly it was previous to 1837, the democratic era of Papineau. "King" street, no doubt, recalls the reign of George III. So also does "Queen" street recall his royal Consort. The locality seems eminently favourable to monarchical belongings, to the House of Hanover in particular, judging from the names of several of its highways: *Crown, King, Queen, Victoria, Albert, Prince of Wales, Alfred, Arthur, Prince Edward, &c.*

Towards the year 1815, the late Honorable John Richardson, of Montreal, conferred his name on the street which intersects the grounds which Sir James Craig had, on the 15th March, 1811, conceded to him as Curator to the vacant estate of the late Hon. William Grant, [139] whose name is likewise bequeathed to a street adjacent, Grant street, while his lady, La Baronne de Longueuil, is remembered in the adjoining thoroughfare which intersects it. A Mr. Henderson, [140] about the commencement of the present century, possessed grounds in the vicinity of the present Gas Works, hence we have "Henderson" street. The Gas Company's wharf is built on the site of the old jetty of which we have seen mention made, about 1720. This long pier was composed of large boulders heaped one upon the other, and served the purpose of sheltering the landing place at the Palais harbour from the north-east winds. In 1750, Colonel Bouchette says, it served as a public promenade, and was covered by a public platform.

Ramsay street, parallel with Henderson street, leads from St. Paul street to Orleans Place, *Place d'Orléans*, recalling the Bourbon era, prior to 1759, and also the last French Commander of Quebec, Jean Bte. Nicholas Roche deRamezay. The historic Château deRamezay, on Notre Dame street, Montreal, now threatened with destruction, attests the sojourn in New France of a scion of the proud old Scotch house of Ramsay.—(*Montreal Gazette, 3rd Feb., 1881.*)

THE HARBOUR DOCKS

One of the most active promoters of this hopeful scheme, in recent times, was the Hon. Mr. Justice C. J. Tessier, when a member of the Corporation about 1850. A plan of the Harbour Works which he suggested was submitted to the Council. Nothing, however, was then done. The Legislature eventually assigned the work to the Harbour Commission Trust. The dredging commenced on May 2nd, 1877.

"The progress made with our Harbour Improvements, year by year, forms part of the history of our times, so far, at least, as the annals of this most ancient city of Quebec are concerned. The first stone of the Graving Dock at Levis was laid on Monday, the 7th June, 1880, by His Excellency the Governor-General, and the tablet stone, with the name of "Louise" graven on it, on Thursday, the 29th of July. Thenceforth the Harbour Works in the River St. Charles became "The Princess Louise Embankment and Docks," and the work in progress on the Levis or south side of the St. Lawrence "The Lorne Graving Dock," thus naming the entrance approaches to our cliff-bound city after our present popular Vice-Regal rulers."

To the address presented to His Excellency the Governor-General on this occasion, the following reply was made:—

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN OF THE BOARD OF THE QUEBEC HARBOUR COMMISSIONERS,—It is with a full sympathy for you in the hopes which have guided you to the construction of this great work that the Princess comes to-day to lay this stone, commemorating an important stage in the completion of your labours. She desires that her name, graven on this wall, shall serve to remind your citizens, as well as all who profit by the excellence of the accommodation here given to vessels of great burden, of her interest in your fortunes, and of her association with you in the speeding of an undertaking designed to benefit at once a great port of the new world and many of the communities of Europe.

Access to Quebec is easy now to the largest ocean-going vessels. Your city has the railways far advanced, which will pierce to the heart of the granary of the world—the great wheat centres of the Canadian North-West. The very might and grandeur of the stream on which Quebec is built is in her favour as compared with other centres of commerce, for her visitors have but little tax to pay when a favouring wind fails them, while steam must be employed against the strong currents of the upper river.

The gigantic quays and the feeding lines of rail stretching inwards unbroken to the prairies must, in all human probability, in the future, ensure to the ancient capital a place among the most flourishing cities of the continent. Even without the aid which science is now bringing to her support look at the strides which have been made in her prosperity within the last century. Old pictures will show you the hillside above us bare of all but the houses necessary for the garrison of a fortress, whose hard fate it had been to be the place of contention of rival armies, while beneath the ramparts or within their walls were to be seen only a few of the buildings now devoted in far greater numbers to the purposes of religion and of charity. The banks of the St. Charles possessed then only a few store-houses such as would not now be thought sufficient for one of our fifth-rate towns. Now the whole of the slope is covered by the homes of a thriving, increasing and industrious population, while, over the extending limits under the rule of the municipality, learning looks down from the stately walls of Laval, and the members elected by your free and noble province will pass the laws, whose validity is guaranteed by our federal constitution, in a palace reminding one of the stately fabric which holds the art treasures of France. None can observe the contrast without seeing that your progress, although it has partaken of no magic or mushroom-like growth, has been most marked and promising.

If commerce seeks for her abode the head of navigation, there are many instances to show that she loves also to keep her ships to their native tides. An instance well known to us may be cited in the case of Glasgow and of Greenock, cities which have risen to their present prosperity so quickly that they rival in that respect many in America and in Canada. Greenock has not been killed by the enormous rise in the importance of the commercial capital of Scotland. Assuredly we may believe that Quebec, with a far greater country at its back, may be enabled, with the aid of proper communications, to pour forth every summer from her lap much of our wealth, of which Europe is so eager to partake.

These are the aspirations we share with you, and we wish to give effect to them by drawing the attention of those beyond the seas to the practical invitation you extend to them by the facilities afforded by your docks and wharves, and we now join with you in the trust that ample repayment will be yours for the energy and engineering skill you have lavished on the public works, which are comparable to any designed for a similar purpose. LORNE.

The drapery by which it had been concealed having been removed, the tablet stone was discovered suspended over the place it was intended to occupy in the wall. The attendant masons having performed their part, a silver trowel was handed to the Princess. This was a handsome piece of workmanship, beautifully chased and set in a rosewood handle, and bore the following inscription:—"To H.R.H. Princess Louise, this trowel was presented by the contractors of the Quebec Harbour Works, on the occasion of her laying the tablet stone of the Princess Louise Embankment and Docks, River St. Charles, Quebec July 29, 1880." Her Royal Highness, with this splendid implement, dug right lustily into the cement, and having prepared the bed, drew back to allow the ponderous stone to be lowered thereinto. This done, a beautiful mallet of polished oak having been presented, the mass received two or three blows, and was then declared to be well and truly laid. The Vice-Regal party almost immediately afterwards regained the *Druid*, which swiftly conveyed the members thereof to *terra firma*, the police yacht *Dolphin* being in attendance. Of the other steamers, the *Clyde* and *North*, after a short sail round the harbour, landed their passengers at the Grand Trunk Railway wharf; the *Brothers* went down to St. Joseph, and gave to those on board an opportunity of noticing the progress made upon the new Graving Dock there. The troops and privileged guests having been conveyed to and from the scene by the Montreal Harbour Commissioners' boat *John Young*.

HARBOUR AND DOCK WORKS.

Before describing these vast and important structures, calculated to afford such boundless facilities to ocean shipping frequenting our port, it may not be without interest to note the efforts made at various times for their construction. In his excellent work, "*British Dominions in North America*," Vol. 1., p. 263-264, Col. Bouchette thus deals with the subject in 1832—the far-seeing but misunderstood Mr. James George, however, as early as 1822, had conceived in his teeming brain the whole scheme.

"The construction of a pier across the estuary of the St. Charles is a measure of the greatest practicability, and of pronounced importance in every aspect, and a subject that was brought under the notice of the Legislature in 1829, when it received the most serious consideration of the committee, and was very favourably reported upon; but no bill has yet (1832) been introduced tending to encourage so momentous an undertaking. The most judicious position contemplated for the erection of

such a pier is decidedly between the New Exchange and the Beauport Distillery and Mills, [141] a direct distance of 4,300 yards, which, with the exception merely of the channels of the St. Charles (that are neither very broad nor deep nor numerous), is dry at low water, and affords every advantage calculated to facilitate the construction of a work of that nature. It appears that, anterior to the conquest, the French Government had entertained some views in relation to so great an amelioration; but the subject seems to have never been properly taken up until 1822, when the project was submitted to the Governor-in-Chief of the Province by James George, Esq., a Quebec merchant, conspicuous for his zeal and activity, as well in promoting this particular object as in forwarding the views of the St. Lawrence Company, an association formed avowedly for the improvement of the navigation of the St. Lawrence.

Of the benefits to be derived from thus docking the St. Charles no one can doubt, whether the undertaking be considered in a local, municipal or commercial point of view. As a means of extending the boundaries of the Lower Town, and bringing under more immediate improvement the extensive branches of the St. Charles, it is of the greatest consequence.

Commercially considered, this pier (which would at first form a *tide-dock*, that might eventually be converted into a *wet-dock*) would be of incalculable advantage from the great facilities it would offer to the general trade of the place, and especially the timber trade, which has frequently involved its members in much perplexity, owing to the deficiency that exists of some secure dock or other similar reservoir where that staple article of the colony might be safely kept, and where ships might take in their cargoes without being exposed to the numerous difficulties and momentous losses often sustained in loading at moorings in the coves or in harbour. By building the outward face of the pier in deep water, or projecting wharves from it, an important advantage would also be gained, affording increased conveniences in the unloading and loading of vessels. In fact, it would be impossible, in summarily noticing the beneficial tendency of this great work, to particularize its manifold advantages; they are too weighty to be overlooked, either by the Legislature or the community at large, and will doubtless dictate the expediency of bringing them into effectual operation. The different modes suggested of raising the capital required for the undertaking are: 1st. From the Provincial revenue by the annual rate of a loan; 2nd. By an Act vesting it in the City of Quebec, by way of loan to the city, to be refunded by the receipts of rents and dock dues arising from the work; 3rd. By an Act of Incorporation, the Province taking a share in the stock, and appointing commissioners; 4th. By an Act of Incorporation only."

The Wet-Dock quay wall was to have been completed by the 1st of October, 1880, but delays have taken place, and the much-desired Tide Harbor of 20 acres, entering from the St. Lawrence, with a depth of 24 feet at low water, together with a Dock of 40 acres, having a permanent depth of 27 feet, will require another year before it is finally completed.

GRAVING DOCK, LEVIS.

An important portion of our Harbour improvements are located on the opposite shore of the St. Lawrence at Levis, and the sums voted by the Parliament of Canada (38 Vic., chap. 56), or granted by the Imperial Government to construct a graving dock in the Harbour of Quebec, were used in this structure, located by Order-in-Council, dated May, 1877, at St. Joseph de Lévis.

"The dimensions of the dock are:
Length..... 500 feet
Extreme width..... 100 "
Depth..... 25.5 "
Width of entrance..... 62 "

"The designs and specifications were prepared by Messrs. Kinnipple & Morris, Engineers, Westminster and Greenock.

"The Graving Dock of St. Joseph de Lévis, Parish of Lauzon, Quebec, was commenced by the Quebec Harbour Commissioners, under the Resident Engineer, Woodford Pilkington, M.I., C.E. in November, 1877, and was carried on previous to tenders being invited for the present contract, to the month of March, 1878, during which time the sum of \$6,298.20 was expended in excavation on the site of the Dock, which work was afterwards taken over by Messrs. Larkin, Connolly & Co., as an executed part of their contract, signed August 17th, 1878, and the above sum deducted from the contract amount of their tender for the excavations given in the bills of quantities under this head; the Harbour Commissioners being afterwards re-credited with this amount of expenditure under the first certificate.

The work of excavating for and building this Graving Dock was taken in hand under

contract with the Quebec Harbour Commissioners, by Messrs. Larkin, Connolly & Co., on the 17th August, 1878, for the lump sum of \$330,953.89. The works to be delivered over to the Quebec Harbour Commissioners, finished complete, on the 1st day of June, 1882. [142]

THE GATES OF QUEBEC.

It seems superfluous to furnish a detailed description of the fortifications and citadel of Quebec. After the lengthy account given in "Quebec, Past and Present," pages 348-60, the following sketch, which we borrow, written previous to the erection of the new St. Louis and Kent Gates, [143] corrected to date, throws additional light on this part of the subject.

"Of all the historic monuments connecting modern Quebec with its eventful and heroic past, none have deservedly held a higher place in the estimation of the antiquarian, the scholar and the curious stranger than the former gates of the renowned fortress. These relics of a by-gone age, with their massive proportions and grim, medieval architecture, no longer exist, however, to carry the mind back to the days which invest the oldest city in North America with its peculiar interest and attraction. Nothing now remains to show where they once raised their formidable barriers to the foe or opened their hospitable portals to friends, but graceful substitutes of modern construction or yawning apertures in the line of circumvallation, where until 1871 stood Prescott and Hope Gates which represented the later defences of the place erected under British rule. Of the three gates—St. Louis, St. John and Palace—which originally pierced the fortifications of Quebec under French dominion, the last vestige disappeared many years ago. The structures with which they were replaced, together with the two additional and similarly guarded openings—Hope and Prescott gates—provided for the public convenience or military requirements by the British Government since the Conquest, have experienced the same fate within the last decade to gratify what are known as modern ideas of progress and improvement—vandalism would, perhaps, be the better term. No desecrating hand, however, can rob those hallowed links, in the chain of recollection, of the glorious memories which cluster around them so thickly. Time and obliteration itself have wrought no diminution of regard for their cherished associations.

To each one of them an undying history attaches, and even their vacant sites appeal with mute, but surpassing eloquence to the sympathy, the interest and the veneration of visitors, to whom Quebec will be ever dear, not for what it is, but for what it has been. To the quick comprehension of Lord Dufferin, it remained to note the inestimable value of such heirlooms to the world at large. To his happy tact we owe the revival of even a local concern for their preservation; and to his fertile mind and aesthetic taste, we are indebted for the conception of the noble scheme of restoration, embellishment and addition in harmony with local requirements and modern notions of progress, which is now being realized to keep their memories intact for succeeding generations and retain for the cradle of New France its unique reputation as the famous walled city of the New World. It has more than once been remarked by tourists that, in their peculiar fondness for a religious nomenclature, the early French settlers of Quebec must have exhausted the saintly calendar in adapting names to their public highways, places and institutions. To this pardonable trait in their character, we must unquestionably ascribe the names given to two of the three original gates in their primitive lines of defence—St. Louis and St. John's gates—names which they were allowed to retain when the Gallic lilies drooped before the victorious flag of Britain. The erection of the original St. Louis gate undoubtedly dates back as far as 1694. Authentic records prove this fact beyond question; but it is not quite so clear what part this gate played in subsequent history down to the time of the conquest, though it may be fairly presumed that it rendered important services in connection especially with the many harassing attacks of the Iroquois tribes in the constant wars which were waged in the early days of the infant colony with those formidable and savage foes of the French. One thing is certain, however, that it was one of the gates by which a portion of Montcalm's army, after its defeat on the Plains of Abraham, passed into the city on its way back, *via* Palace gate and the bridge of boats over the St. Charles, to the Beauport camp. In 1791, after Quebec had fallen into British hands, St. Louis gate was reported to be in a ruinous condition, and it became necessary to raze it to the ground and rebuild it. Between this date and 1823, it appears to have undergone several changes; but, in the latter year, as part of the plan of defence, including the Citadel, adopted by the Duke of Wellington, and carried out at an enormous cost by England, it was replaced by another structure, retaining the same name. About this time seem to have been also constructed the singularly tortuous outward approaches to this opening in the western wall of the city, which were eventually so inconvenient to traffic in peaceful days, of whatever value they might have been from a military stand-point in trying hours half-a-century ago. These were also removed with the gate itself in 1871. On the vacant site of the latter, in

accordance with Lord Dufferin's improvement project, a magnificent memorial gate, which the citizens had unanimously agreed to call "The Dufferin gate," is now (1880) erected.

The intention of naming it "The Dufferin gate," however, was abandoned. H.R.H. the Princess Louise, in deference to its traditions and with a graceful appreciation of the feelings of the French element of the population, having recently expressed the desire that it should be allowed to retain its original appellation.

Before their departure from Canada, Lord and Lady Dufferin had the pleasure of assisting at the ceremony of laying the corner stone of this new gate, as well as of the new terrace, which bears their name, and of fairly starting those important works on the high road to realization.

As an interesting link between the present and the past, St. John's gate holds an equally prominent rank and claims an equal antiquity with St. Louis gate. Its erection as one of the original gates of the French fortress dates from the same year and its history is very much the same. Through it another portion of Montcalm's defeated forces found their way behind the shelter of the defences after the fatal day of the Plains of Abraham. Like St. Louis gate, too, it was pulled down on account of its ruinous condition in 1791 and subsequently rebuilt by the British Government in the form in which it endured until 1865, when it was demolished and replaced, at an expense of some \$40,000 to the city, by its present more ornate and convenient substitute, to meet the increased requirements of traffic over the great artery of the upper levels—St. John street. St. John's gate was one of the objective points included in the American plan of assault upon Quebec on the memorable 31st December, 1775; Col. Livingston, with a regiment of insurgent Canadians, and Major Brown, with part of a regiment from Boston, having been detailed to make a false attack upon the walls to the south of it and to set fire to the gate itself with combustibles prepared for that purpose—a scheme in which the assailants were foiled by the depth of snow and other obstacles. This gate, being of quite recent construction and of massive, as well as passably handsome, appearance, is not included in the general scheme of improvement. The erection of a life-size statue of Samuel Champlain, the founder of Quebec, upon its summit, is, however, talked of.

Palace or the Palais gate is the third and last of the old French portals of the city, and derives its title from the fact that the highway which passed through it led to the palace or residence of the Intendants of New France, which has also given its name to the present quarter of the city lying beneath the cliff on the northern face of the fortress, where its crumbling ruins are still visible in the immediate neighborhood of the passenger terminus of the North Shore Railway. Erected under French rule, during which it is believed to have been the most fashionable and the most used, it bade a final farewell to the last of its gallant, but unfortunate French defenders, and to that imperial power which, for more than one hundred and fifty years, had swayed the colonial destinies of the Canadas and contested inch by inch with England, the supremacy of the New World, when a portion of Montcalm's defeated troops passed out beneath its darkening shadows on the fatal 13th September, 1759. After the capitulation of Quebec, General Murray devoted himself at once to the work of strengthening the defences of the city, and the attention in this respect paid to Palace gate appears to have stood him in good stead during the following year's campaign, when the British invaders, defeated in the battle of St. Foye, were compelled to take shelter behind the walls of the town and sustain a short siege at the Hands of the victorious French under deLévis. In 1791, the old French structure, now a decayed ruin, was razed by the English, but, in the meanwhile, during 1775, it had gallantly withstood the assaults and siege of the American invaders under Montgomery and Benedict Arnold. The somewhat ornate substitute, by which it was replaced is said to have resembled one of the gates of Pompeii, and seems to have been erected as late as the year 1830 or 1831, as, in the course of its demolition, in 1874, an inscription was laid bare, attesting the fact that at least the timbers and planking had been put up by local workmen in 1831. It is not intended to rebuild this gate under the Dufferin plan, on account of the great volume of traffic, more especially since the completion of the North Shore Railway, to whose terminus the roadway which leads over its site is the most direct route. To mark that memorable spot, however, it is intended to flank it on either side with picturesque Norman turrets rising above the line of the fortification wall.

Hope Gate, also on the northern face of the ramparts, was the first of the two purely British gates of Quebec, and was erected in 1786 by Colonel Henry Hope, Commandant of the Forces and Administrator of the Province, from whom it takes its name. It was demolished in 1874 for no especial reason, this gate being no obstacle whatever to the

growing requirements of traffic, as will be readily understood from its situation. Like Palace Gate, too, it is not to be rebuilt—its approaches being easily commanded and its position on the rugged, lofty cliff being naturally very strong.

Its site, however, will be marked in the carrying out of the Dufferin Improvements by flanking Norman turrets.

The last of the city gates proper, wholly of British origin, but the first that grimly confronted in by-gone days the visitor approaching the city from the water-side and entering the fortress, is, or rather was, Prescott Gate, which commanded the steep approach known as Mountain Hill. This gate, which was more commonly known as the Lower Town gate, because it led to that part—the oldest—of the city known by that name, was erected in 1797, (to replace a rough structure of pickets which existed at this point from the time of the siege by the Americans in 1775) by General Robert Prescott, who served in America during the revolutionary war, and, after further service in the West Indies, succeeded Lord Dorchester as the British Governor-General in Lower Canada in 1796, dying in 1815, at the age of 89 years, and giving his name to this memento of his administration, as well as to Prescott, Ontario. Old Prescott Gate was unquestionably a great public nuisance in times of peace, its demolition, in 1871, consequently provoked the least regret of all in connection with the obliteration of those curious relics of Quebec's historic past. For reasons, which are obvious, it would be impossible to replace Prescott Gate with any structure of a like character, without impeding seriously the flow of traffic by way of such a leading artery as Mountain Hill. It will, however, be replaced by a light and handsome iron bridge of a single span over the roadway with flanking Norman turrets.

KENT GATE.

For the information of our visitors and strangers generally, we may explain that, a few years since, the western fortification wall between St. John's gate and the military exercising ground in past years, known as the Esplanade, was cut through to form a roadway communicating between the higher levels of the Upper Town and the St. Louis suburbs, now styled Montcalm Ward.

It consequently became necessary, in keeping with the aesthetic spirit of the whole Dufferin scheme, to fill up in some way this unsightly gap without interfering with the traffic. It was finally decided to erect here one of the proposed memorial gates, which is altogether therefore an addition to the number of the existing gates or their intended substitutes. This edifice, has been designed to do homage to the memory of Edward, Duke of Kent, the father of Queen Victoria. This gate will be the most imposing of all in the entire circuit of the fortifications, while it has had the signal honour of further being reserved for a handsome subscription towards its cost from Her Majesty's privy purse and dedication at the hands of H. R. H. the Princess, who laid its corner stone with appropriate ceremonial during the month of June, 1879.

THE CITADEL GATES.

Besides the foregoing, however, the fortress possesses in reality two other gates of much interest to the stranger. When the famous Citadel, commanding the entire harbour and surrounding country, was constructed on Cape Diamond, the number of existing gates was increased from five to seven by the erection of the Chain and Dalhousie, or Citadel gates, leading to that great fortalice of British power, which may be aptly styled the *summum opus* of the magnificent but costly system of strategic works that has earned for Quebec its title of the Gibraltar of America. But, as these belong to the Citadel, which is an independent stronghold of itself, rather than to the defensive works of the city proper, it suffices to mention that they were erected under the administration of the Earl of Dalhousie, in 1827, and that they are well worthy of a visit of inspection—the one being a handsome and formidable barrier of its class and the other of very massive construction and considerable depth.

The proposed Château St. Louis or Castle of St. Louis, must be regarded as the crowning feature of the Dufferin scheme of embellishment and was designed by the late Governor General to serve as a vice-regal residence during the sojourn of the representative of the Crown in Quebec, as well as to revive the historic splendors of the ancient pile of that name, which formed the abode of the early Governors of New France. Of course, this noble structure only exists as yet on paper; but, should it ever be erected, it will be a striking

object from any point whence the Citadel is visible as it will rise to a considerable height above its highest battlements, standing out in bold relief to the east of the building known as the Officers' Quarters, with a frontage of 200 feet, and an elevation partly of 60 and partly of 100 feet, with a basement, two main stories, and mansard roof and two towers of different heights, but of equally charming design—the style of architecture of the whole being an agreeable *mélange* of the picturesque Norman and Elizabethan.

THELLER AND DODGE'S ESCAPE FROM THE CITADEL.

The Citadel has been described in detail elsewhere; [144] it is, therefore, unnecessary to allude to it further than recording here a startling episode in which it played a conspicuous part in those days of foes and alarm, during the Insurrection of 1838:—

"After the affair of St. Denis," says Roger, [145] "the murder of Lieutenant Weir, the matter of St. Charles, the storm and capture of the Church of St. Eustache, and the battle of Toronto, there were filibustering attempts to invade Canada, neither recognized by the Government of the United States nor by the bulk of the people, but indulged in by a party, sentimental with regard to liberty, and by others to whom plunder and excitement were congenial. In one of these filibustering expeditions, 'General' Sutherland, 'Brigadier General' Theller, Colonel Dodge, Messrs. Brophy, Thayer and other residents, if not citizens, of the United States, sailed from Detroit in the schooner *Anne* for Bois Blanc, which having been seized, an attack was made on Fort Maiden on the 8th of January, 1838, terminating in the capture of Theller, Dodge, Brophy and some others; General Sutherland having been afterwards captured on the ice, at the mouth of the River Detroit, by Colonel John Prince, of the Canadian Militia. The prisoners, after having been for a time in gaol at Toronto, were transferred, some to Fort Henry, at Kingston, and others, among whom were Sutherland, Theller and Dodge, to the Citadel of Quebec, which was then occupied by a battalion of the Guards, and there imprisoned, but treated with consideration and courtesy. It was not, however, unnatural that they should endeavor to escape. They were taken out of their prison-house daily for an airing, in charge of a guard, and, as it would appear, were not altogether denied the opportunity of conversing with persons who were friendly to them. Theller, in an account of the Rebellion in Canada, edited, it is said, by General Roberts, of Detroit, himself minutely details the nature and manner of his intercourse with a Mr. P. S. Grace, while under the charge of the military in Cape Diamond; how he succeeded in bribing soldiers' wives, and in cultivating the friendship of officers, non-commissioned officers and men of the Guards, much of which is exaggerated, and some of which is untrue. Some of the sergeants, for small presents, Theller asserts, did whatever he required in the way of bringing books and newspapers from town and articles of food and drink from the canteen, which is undoubtedly true, but no man in the regiment, either directly or indirectly, connived at the escape. It was the result of clever management on the part of Theller, Dodge and his companions, and of unsuspecting stupidity on the part of the sentry who guarded the door of the prison, and, indeed, of all who seemed to have had intercourse with the prisoners. The escape was thus effected:—On a dark, rainy night, late in October, 1838, an iron bar having been previously cut through with a file given them from without, the sawing having been effected during performances on the shrill fife of one of the fifers of the garrison, which a prisoner had borrowed for the purpose of passing away the time and keeping up the spirits of his companions in misfortune, some of whom were despondent, Theller's conversation seduced a sentry into conversation, next to smoke a pipe, then to drink a tumbler of London porter, drugged with rather more than 'three times sixty drops' of laudanum. The sentry struggled hard to prevent the drowsiness that was stealing over him; he spoke thick, and muttered that he had never before drank anything so good or so strong. He walked about in the rain to keep himself awake, and staggered a little. * * * It resulted in the escape of Dodge, Thayer, Theller and Partridge, who, after several hair-breadth escapes and hazardous incidents, found themselves outside of their old quarters." "The escaping party," adds Roger, "moved cautiously forward, at respectable distances from each other, along the canteen, and then got out into the middle of the great square to elude the sentry at the magazine. While there a sergeant came rushing from the guard-room towards the officers' quarters, the red, or as

they appeared dark, stripes being visible on a white undress jacket. It seemed to be an alarm. There were only three sentinels between the escaping party and the flagstaff, where the descent was intended. Abreast was one whose duty was to guard the back part of the magazine and a pile of firewood which was there corded up, and also to prevent soldiers from going to the canteen. Another stood opposite the door of the officers' mess-room. There was room enough in the darkness to pass these sentinels, and Theller and his companions no longer crawled, but walked upright, one by one, quietly, but passing along as quickly as possible. Parker, however, after the sergeant passed, became much excited and terrified, and lost his way. He made some noise, and a sentry challenged, but without answering, the rest hurried towards the half-moon battery where the flagstaff is. Passing round the old telegraph post on one side, near the stabling attached to the officers' quarters, a sentinel there with side-arms only, or, as he is technically termed 'a flying Dick,' challenged, and Theller asserts he promptly answered, 'Officer of the guard,' when the countersign being demanded, he muttered, 'teen,' having learned during the confinement that the countersign of the Guards ordinarily ended so—seventeen, eighteen, nineteen, or such like—and the sentry, fancying from the cap with a gold lace band on it, which, having undone his cloak, Theller placed upon his head, that he was one of the officers, suffered him to pass. Parker had got among the firewood, and was making a noise. Dodge was running about on the top of the wall, making signals for Grace and other friends who were to be outside, but could see no one there. The haulyards of the flagstaff were then partially cut down with a penknife. An alarm was now given by an officer of the garrison who accidentally came upon Culver, one of the escaping party, and in a moment the drums beat and the guard turned out. The officers rushed out of the mess-room. An artilleryman detected Parker, and the cry arose that the American prisoners were loose and escaping. Some immediately ran towards the prison, whilst others dragged Parker to the guard-room, and yet others began to search about for the 'General,' Colonel Dodge, Culver and Hall, whom Parker intimated, in reply to a question put to him by an officer, had not come out. There was no alternative but to jump from the wall to the flat part of the precipice below, on which the wall is built, what Theller first did. For an instant he hung by his hands, then dropped, and alighted on his feet on the solid rock, falling back on his head. He was stunned, and lay a minute or two unconscious. When he came to himself, he heard Dodge inquiring if he was hurt, and replied in the negative, telling him to throw down the bundle of cloaks and leap upon them. Theller had broken the outer bone of his leg and dislocated his right ankle joint, but had been so stunned that he scarcely felt any pain. Culver descended next, and was stunned, the blood gushing from his nose and mouth; he had, it is said, also fractured his leg. Culver was more fortunate, as he alighted on a pile of cloaks, and was little, if at all, hurt. Dodge then, throwing down the piece of rope which he had cut from the haulyards to be used in the next descent, also slipped down the wall upon the pile of cloaks, and was unhurt. The second descent was made with the aid of the rope, the end of which was held by two of the party, while Theller with his wounded leg slipped down over a piece of cedar post which had been accidentally placed against the wall of the ditch. Culver followed, then Hall held the rope alone for Dodge, and afterwards descended himself as all had done on the first leap, caught as he came to the ground, however, by the rest of the party. Dodge, in saving Hall from falling after or as he leaped, sprained his wrist. The whole party, however, managed to crawl up the outer wall of the ditch, which was faced with dry stone, by inserting their hands in the interstices and using their feet as well as they could. They rested on the summit of the glacis for a moment, and saw the search that was being made for them inside by lights that were flashing about into every nook and cranny."

It would take us too far to describe the subsequent incidents of this clever plan of escape. The patriots of St. Roch, Dr. Rousseau, Grace, Hunter and others, provided means of escape for the "sympathisers" which baffled all the ingenuity of the Commandant of the Quebec garrison, an old Waterloo hero, Sir James Macdonald, who certainly spared neither time, men nor trouble to recover the Citadel prisoners, but in vain.

We must find room here for another singular incident in connection with the Citadel and the Insurrection of 1837-8:—

THE SECRET SOCIETY OF THE "CHASSEURS"—RECOLLECTIONS OF A VETERAN—PROPOSED CAPTURE OF QUEBEC.

"A representative of the Montreal *Witness*, in a conversation with Mr. Rouillard, Inspector of Buildings, ascertained that he had taken a somewhat prominent part in the stirring scenes of the Rebellion of 1837. The old gentleman's eyes lit up with the fire of youthful enthusiasm when recounting the deeds of the "Sons of Liberty," and the secret society of the "Chasseurs."

"I was vigorous and strong in those days, and from my mother inherited an ardent love for the country in which I was born. Her letters in those days so magnetized me with patriotism that I could willingly lay down my life for the cause. I can only, however, give you a mere sketch to-day of some of the incidents and adventures through which I passed. The 'Sons of Liberty,' in Quebec and Montreal, numbered over 20,000 men, but within this body there was a secret society called 'Les Chasseurs,' all picked and trustworthy men. They formed a secret society and had their signs and passwords. It is singular that, though many of those men were placed in perilous positions when the revelations of our secrets would have saved them, not one traitor was found to betray the cause, and even to this day the secrets of the fraternity are unknown. Not very long ago I had occasion to go to Quebec, and was introduced to one of the Provincial ministers. I gave the sign of the 'Chasseurs' of forty-three years ago. He looked up surprised and returned the countersign. We had not met since the memorable *émeute* in the stable yard on St. James street.

We used to meet for drill and pistol practice in the upper story of the house still standing on the corner of Dorchester and Sanguinet streets.

There I remember one of our leaders harangued us. He is still alive, and Montreal's citizens know him well. He urged us to be brave and show no mercy in sweeping every obstacle from our path, and when we gained our liberty we would have 'ample time for— tears, repentance and regret.' There used to be a loyal association called 'The Doric Club,' which met on Great St. James street near our rendezvous. Our men and the members of this club used to have many *rencontres*, until it culminated in a challenge from the 'Chasseurs' who sent a *cartel* to the sixty members of the Doric Club, offering to meet them with thirty of their picked men. The President of the Doric Club sent back a cold formal reply to the effect that they wished to have nothing to do with traitors and rebels.

"Our secret society had formed the daring design of seizing the citadel of Quebec on the same plan as Wolfe's Highlanders. We had our rendezvous within a short march of Quebec and on the eventful night numbered about 1,500 men, two hundred of whom had come from Montreal and the rest from St. Jerome, Three Rivers and other places. Each man was armed with a pair of pistols and a bowie-knife, and carried on his shoulders a bundle of straw.

They had thirty ladders which were to be used in scaling the narrow glacis which led to the citadel. The object was to make a regular roadway of these ladders, almost like a trellis work bridge, up which the patriots might easily pass. The night was dark and stormy. We had been waiting in the cold in our white blanket coats and white tuques, to assimilate to the color of the snow, when the order arrived to prepare to march. The second signal came at half-past eleven, and everything was in readiness for the attack. At a quarter to twelve the chief came in as pale as death and gave the order to disband, as the storm had suddenly ceased and the moon shone bright and clear, much to the discomfiture of the patriots, who looked forward to an easy victory. That chief, who still lives, said it was providential that the storm had cleared off before the attack had been made, for if it had continued and only cleared when the patriots were placing their scaling ladders in the glacis, not a man would have survived, as the British troops could have trained several guns on this particular spot and swept every living thing into destruction."

Mr. Rouillard said the Roman Catholic clergy were much opposed to their society, because it was secret, and had done all in their power to break it up,

and England is indebted for her supremacy in North America to-day to the exertions and assistance given her in that troublous period by the Roman Catholic clergy." (*Montreal Witness*, 29th November 1880.)

CHAPTER IV

SUBURBS OF QUEBEC.

ST. LOUIS ROAD—CAP ROUGE—STE. FOYE ROAD—THE ROUND DRIVE.

On emerging from St. Louis Gate, several handsome terraces and cut stone dwellings are noticeable. We may mention Hon. Frs. Langelier's, Mr. Shehyn's, and the Hamel Terrace—quite a credit to the new town. The new town outside of the walls, like that of New Edinburgh, in beauty and design will very soon cast the historical old town within the walls in the shade. The next object which attracts the eye is the spacious structure of the Skating Rink, the only charge we can make against it, is that it is too close to St. Louis Gate. 'Tis the right thing in the wrong place. Adjoining stood the old home of the Prentices, in 1791,—Bandon Lodge, [146] once the abode of Sandy Simpson, [147] whose cat-o-nine-tails must have left lively memories in Wolfe's army. Did the beauteous damsel about whom Horatio, Lord Nelson, raved in 1782, when, as Commander of H. M.'s frigate *Albemarle*, he was philandering in Quebec, ever live here? [148] This is more than I can say. On the north side of the *Grande Allée*, the lofty structure—the new Parliament Buildings—occupies a whole square.

THE PARLIAMENTARY AND DEPARTMENTAL BUILDINGS.

When completed, the Parliament and Public Buildings of the Province of Quebec, erected on the *Grande Allée*, outside of St. Louis Gate, will form a square, each side of which externally will measure 300 feet and will enclose a court 198 x 195 feet. Three facades are now completed; they are tenanted by the various Public Departments of the Civil Service—the Halls of the Legislative Assembly alone remain to be built and the foundations are now in process of construction in consequence of the vote of Parliament in 1881. The main facade, now in process of construction, will look towards the city walls and face on St. Eustache street, or rather on the splendid new area to constitute Dufferin Avenue, should St. Eustache street be closed; this street being altogether too narrow and in too close proximity to the buildings. The Lieut.-Governor will occupy a handsome suite of rooms on the second story in the portion of the edifice which lies parallel with and faces towards St. Louis Road. The northern facade faces on St. Augustin street and the fourth or western facade looks towards St. Julia street.

The style of architecture is that which was used in French edifices of the XVII. century. Pointe Levi greenish sandstone was used for the basement.

The second and third story are divided by a continuous band, supported by an Ionic entablature of Deschambault cut stone.

Embossed pilasters in *rustic work*, rising from the basement up to the cornice, close the salient angles of each projection. Hard Murray Bay sandstone has been used in constructing the interior revetment wall of the court, but Deschambault limestone forms the masonry of the basement, the bands, cornices, mantle-pieces, and lintels.

The roof of the building, a handsome one, is of galvanized sheeting, the ornaments of zinc; some cast, some wrought and hammered. The height of the body of the edifice from the ground to the great cornice is 60 feet English measure, and 72 feet to the top of the cornice above the attics.

Each angle of the square has a pavilion and contains a stone sculptured dormer window provided with a costly clock constructed by Duquet.

Access is had to the inner court by two passages in the centre pavilion, which faces St. Julia street.

A heraldic *Lion passant*, between two fleur de lys and three maple leaves, display the arms

of the Province of Quebec. On the piers of the first story are cut in relief the escutcheons of the two first Lieut.-Governors of the Province of Quebec, sculptured on the central window of the second story, is visible from afar, the "year" when the structure was commenced, "1878," and on the side windows are inscribed the monograms of the Governor-General and Lieutenant-Governor, under whose administration the edifice was built.

The frieze of the main entablature shows the cypher of the reigning Sovereign V. R. wreathed in oak leaves.

There are at present three main central entrances, the pavilions of the angle also contain one each with Ionic pillars.

The main facade, only just commenced, differs from the others; instead of a pavilion in the centre, it will have a tower or campanile 160 feet high, flanked by two projections. The ground floor of this tower will show a stately entrance to the halls of Assembly of both branches of the Legislature, accessible through two semicircular inclined planes.

The inequalities in the level of the soil at that spot will be concealed by terraces on three sides of the stately pile. At the foot of the tower the design shows a basin 115x42 feet embraced within the walls of the inclined plane, to receive the water of a fountain in a portico of Tuscan order of architecture. Four Ionic columns with entablatures will deck the main entrance.

Niches on different points of the edifice will exhibit statues of Jacques Cartier, the discoverer of Canada; of Champlain, the founder of Quebec; of deMaisonneuve, the founder of Montreal.

On the lantern of the tower will stand forth prominently the Royal arms of England, supported by winged genii and wreathed in oak leaves. The tower on four sides will contain four huge clocks lit up by electric light.

Lofty, roomy halls with ceilings arched and decorated with stucco panelling; devices and symbols of the quarterings of the Provincial arms, lead to the interior of the buildings, which though simple, seems well adapted for public offices. Broad, well lighted corridors, divide in two each wing and afford ready access to the various departments located on both sides.

Each flat communicates with the adjoining one by broad, splendid black walnut staircases decked with arabesques in gilt carving.

The design, elevation and general plan of the edifices, were prepared and drafted by Mr. Eugène Taché, the Assistant-Commissioner of Crown Lands. The internal divisions and specifications were laid out under the direction of Mr. P. Gauvreau, the Engineer of Public Works; the contractor was F. X. Cimon, M.P.

Messrs. Beaucage & Chaliauvert, undertook the cut stone work, which was carried out by their foreman, Mr. Bourgeaud.

Messrs. Cerat & Vincent, of Montreal, are contractors for the sculpture in stone, and the galvanized iron roof and ornamentation in the same material and in zinc was executed by Messrs. De Blois & Bernier, of Montreal, whilst Mitchell & Co. contracted for the heating apparatus.

The whole building when completed is expected to cost about \$800,000.

Opposite looms out the long tea-caddy-looking building, built by the Sandfield Macdonald Government in 1862,—the Volunteer Drill Shed. Its length, if not its beauty, attracts notice. "Ferguson's house," next it, noted by Professor Silliman in his "*Tour between Hartford and Quebec in 1819*," is now difficult to recognize; its present owner, A. Joseph, Esq., has added so much to its size. This antiquated dwelling certainly does not belong to a new dispensation. Another land-mark of the past deserves notice—the ex-Commander of the Forces' lofty quarters; from its angular eaves and forlorn aspect it generally went by the name of "Bleak House." I cannot say whether the place was ever haunted, but it ought to have been. [149] On the summit of the plateau, formerly known as *Buttes-à-Nepveu*, and facing Mr. John Roche's stately mansion, Hon. P. Garneau and M. Bilodeau have constructed handsome terraces of cut-stone dwellings. We are now in the *Grande Allée*—the forest avenue, which two hundred years ago led to Sillery Wood. On turning and looking back as you approach Bleak House, you have an excellent view of the Citadel, and of the old French works which extend beyond it, to the extremity of the Cape, overlooking *l'Anse de Mères*. A little beyond Bleak-House, at the top of what is generally known as Perrault's Hill, stands the Perrault [150] homestead, dating back to 1820, *l'Asyle Champêtre*

—now tastefully renovated and owned by Henry Dinning, Esq. The roof and facade of a *Chalet Suisse* would much enhance its appearance. The adjoining range of heights, occupied by the Martello Towers, the Garneau and Bilodeau Terraces, &c., were called the *Buttes-à-Nepveu*, after one of their first French owners. "It was here that Murray took his stand on the morning of April 28th, 1760, to resist the advance of Levis, and here commenced the hardest-fought, the bloodiest action of the war, which terminated in the defeat of Murray, and his retreat within the city". The Martello Towers are bomb-proof, they were four [151] in number, and formed a chain of forts extending along the ridge from the St. Lawrence to the River St. Charles. The fact that this ridge commanded the city, unfortunately induced Murray to leave it and attempt to fortify the heights, in which he was only partially successful, owing to the frost being still in the ground.

The British Government were made aware of the fact, and seeing that from the improved artillery the city was now fully commanded from the heights, which are about seven hundred yards distant, decided to build the Towers. Arrangements were accordingly made by Col. Brock, then commanding the troops in Canada. In 1806 the necessary materials were collected, and in the following year their construction commenced. They were not, however, completed till 1812. The original estimate for the four was £8,000, but before completion the Imperial Government had expended nearly £12,000. They are not all of the same size, but, like all Martello Towers, they are circular and bomb-proof. The exposed sides are *thirteen* feet thick and gradually diminish like the horns of the crescent moon, to seven feet in the centre of the side next the city walls. The first or lower story contains tanks, store-rooms and magazine; the second has cells for the garrison, with port-holes for two guns. On the top there used to be one 68-pounder carronade, two 24 and two 9-pounders.

A party of Arnold's soldiers ascended these heights in November, 1775, and advanced quite close to the city walls, shouting defiance at the little garrison. A few shots soon dispersed the invaders, who retraced their steps to Wolfe's Cove. At the *Buttes-à-Nepveu* great criminals were formerly executed. Here, La Corriveau, the St. Vallier Lafarge, met her deserved fate, in 1763, after being tried by one of Governor Murray's Courts-martial for murdering her husband. After death she was hung in chains, or rather in a solid iron cage, at the fork of four roads, at Levi, close to the spot where the Temperance Monument has since been built. The loathsome form of the murderess caused more than one shudder amongst the peaceable peasantry of Levi, until some brave young men one dark night, cut down the horrid cage, and hid it deep under ground, next to the cemetery at Levi, where, close to a century afterwards, it was dug up and sold to Barnum's agent for his museum.

Sergeant Jas. Thompson describes in his diary, under date 18th Nov., 1782, another memorable execution:

"This day two fellows were executed for the murder and robbery of Capt. Stead, Commander of one of the Treasury Brigs, on the evening of the 31st Dec., 1779, between the Upper and Lower Town. The criminals went through Port St. Louis, about 11 o'clock, at a slow and doleful pace, to the place where justice had allotted them to suffer the most ignominious death. It is astonishing to see what a crowd of people followed the tragic scene. Even our people on the works (Cape Diamond) prayed Capt. Twiss for leave to follow the hard-hearted crowd." It was this Capt. Twiss who subsequently furnished the plan and built a temporary citadel in 1793.

In 1793, we have also, recorded in history, another doleful procession of red-coats, the Quebec Garrison accompanying to the same place of execution as a mess-mate (Draper), a soldier of the Fusileers, then commanded by the young Duke of Kent, who, after pronouncing the sentence of death, as commander, over the trembling culprit kneeling on his coffin, as son and representative of the Sovereign, exercised the Royal prerogative of mercy and pardoned poor Draper.

Look down Perrault's hill towards the south. There stands, with a few shrubs and trees in the foreground, the Military Home—where infirm soldiers, their widows and children, could find a refuge. It has recently been purchased and converted into the "Female Orphan Asylum." It forms the eastern boundary of a large expanse of verdure and trees, reaching the summit of the lot originally intended by the Seminary of Quebec for a Botanical Garden; subsequently it was contemplated to build their new seminary there to afford the boys abundance of fresh air. Alas! Other counsels prevailed.

Its western boundary is a road leading to the new District Jail—a stone structure of great strength, surmounted with a diminutive tower, admirably adapted, one would imagine, for astronomical pursuits. From its glistening cupola, Commander Ashe's Provincial Observatory is visible to the east.

I was forgetting to notice the substantial building, dating from 1855—the Ladies' Home. The Protestant Ladies of Quebec have here, at no small expense and trouble, raised a useful asylum, where the aged and infirm may find shelter. This, and the building opposite, St. Bridget's Asylum, with its growing fringe of trees and green plots, are decided ornaments to the *Grande Allée*.

The old burying ground of 1832, with all its ghastly memories of the Asiatic scourge, has assumed quite an ornate, nay a respectable aspect. Close to the toll-bar on the *Grande Allée*, may yet be seen one of the meridian stones which serve to mark the western boundary of the city, beyond the Messrs. Lampson's mansion. On the adjoining domain, well named "Battlefield Cottage," formerly the property of Col. Charles Campbell, now owned by Michael Connolly, Esq., was the historic well out of which a cup of water was obtained to moisten the parched lips of the dying hero, James Wolfe, on the 13th September, 1759. The well was filled in a few years ago, but not before it was nigh proving fatal to Col. Campbell's then young son,—(Arch. Campbell, Esq., of Thornhill.) Its site is close to the western boundary fence, in the garden, behind "Battlefield Cottage." Here we are at those immortal plains—the Hastings of the two races once arrayed in battle against one another at Quebec. The western boundary of the Plains is a high fence enclosing Marchmont, for years the cherished family seat of John Gilmour, Esq., now occupied by Col. Fred Turnbull, of the Canadian Hussars.

On the north-east corner of the Belvedere Road, may be seen a range of glass houses, put up by J. Doig, formerly gardener at Benmore.

A few minutes more brings the tourist to the Hon. D. Price's villa, Wolfe-field, where may be seen the precipitous path up the St. Denis burn, by which the Highlanders and British soldiers gained a footing above, on the 13th September, 1759, and met in battle array to win a victory destined to revolutionize the New World. The British were piloted in their ascent of the river by a French prisoner brought with them from England—Denis de Vitré, formerly a Quebecer of distinction. Their landing place at Sillery was selected by Major Robert Stobo, who had, in May, 1759, escaped from a French prison in Quebec, and joined his countrymen, the English, at Louisbourg, from whence he took ship again to meet Admiral Saunders' fleet at Quebec. The tourist next drives past Thornhill, for years owned by Arch. Campbell, Esq., P.S.C., Sir Francis Hincks' old home when Premier to Lord Elgin. Opposite appear the leafy glades of Spencer Wood, so grateful a summer retreat, that Lord Elgin used to say, "There he not only loved to live, but would like to rest his bones." Next comes Spencer Grange, the seat of J. M. LeMoine, Esq.; then Woodfield, the homestead, of the Hon. Wm. Sheppard [152] in 1847, later on of Messrs. John Lawson and Jas Gibb. [153] Facing the Woodfield property, on the Gomin Road, are visible the extensive vineries and peach houses of Hon. Geo. Okill Stuart, Judge of the Vice-Admiralty Court. The eye next dwells on the rustic church of St. Michael, embowered in evergreens. This handsome little temple of worship where the Governors of Canada usually attended, when living at Spencer Wood, contain several memorial window. Southwards looms out, at *Sous-les-Bois*, the stately convent of *Jésus-Marie*; on the edge of the bank, to the south-east, at *Pointe-à-Pizeau*, stands the R. C. Church of St. Colomb de Sillery, in a most commanding position; on the Sillery heights, north-west of the Church of St. Michael, the late Bishop George J. Mountain owned a delightful summer retreat, recently sold to Albert H. Furniss, Esq.; then you meet with villas innumerable—one of the most conspicuous is Benmore House, Col. Rhodes' country seat. Benmore is well worthy of a call, were it only to procure a *bouquet*. This is not merely the Eden of roses; Col. Rhodes has combined the farm with the garden. His underground rhubarb and mushroom cellars, his boundless asparagus beds and strawberry plantations, are a credit to Quebec.

Next come Clermont, [154] Beauvoir, [155] Kilmarnock, [156] Cataraqui, [157] Kilgraston, [158] Kirk-Ella, [159] Meadow Bank, [160] Ravenswood, [161] Dornald, [162] until, after a nine miles' drive, Redclyffe closes the rural landscape—Redclyffe, [163] on the top of *Cap Rouge* Promontory. There, many indications yet mark the spot where Roberval's ephemeral colony wintered as far back as 1542. You can now, if you like, return to the city by the same route, or select the Ste. Foye Road, skirting the classic heights where General Murray, six months after the first battle of the Plains, lost the second, on the 28th April, 1760; the St. Foye Church was then occupied by the British soldiers. Beauséjour is a beautiful demesne, where M. Ls. Bilodeau has several reservoirs, for the propagation of trout. Your gaze next rests on Holland House, Montgomery's headquarters in 1775, behind which is Holland tree, overshadowing, as of yore, the grave of the Hollands. [164]

The view, from the St. Foye Road, of the gracefully meandering St. Charles below, especially during the high tides, is something to be remembered. The tourist shortly after detects the iron pillar, surmounted by a bronze statue of Bellona, presented in 1855 by Prince Napoleon Bonaparte—intended to commemorate the fierce struggle at this spot on the 28th April, 1760. In close vicinity, appear the bright *parterres* or umbrageous groves of Bellevue, [165] Hamwood, [166] Bijou, [167] Westfield, [168] Sans-Bruit, and the narrow gothic arches of Finlay Asylum; soon you re-enter by St. John's Suburbs, with the broad basin of the St. Charles and the pretty Island of Orleans staring you in the face.

The principal objects to be noted in this street are: on the north side, St. John's Church, built in 1848—a large but not very elegant temple of R. C. worship, capable of seating 2,000 persons; on the south side, St. Mathew's Church, (Church of England,) a handsome structure, whose beginnings, in 1828; were associated with the late Bishop G. J. Mountain's ministrations and munificence. The exertions of the Rev. Chs. Hamilton and the generous donations of his brother, Robert Hamilton, and other

members of the family, have been mainly instrumental in enlarging and decorating this building. Close by, is the new French Protestant Church. We shall close this short sketch with a mention of the "Quebec Protestant Burying Ground," originally bought by the Government of the Province of Quebec, from the heirs of St. Simon, partly on the 9th December, 1771, and partly on the 22nd August, 1778. In the year 1823, Lord Dalhousie made a grant of this ground to the "Trustees of the Protestant Burying Ground," in whose hands it has remained until the 19th May., 1860, when the cemetery was declared closed by the 23rd Vict., chap. 70. Major Thomas Scott, Pay-master of the 70th Regiment, a brother to Sir Walter, was buried here in 1823. Major Thomas Scott was at one time charged with having written "*Rob Roy*." And next to St. John Gate, looms out the handsome new building of the Y. M. C. A Association facing the new Montcalm Market.

ASSOCIATION HALL.

"The first Young Men's Christian Association in this city was organized about twenty years ago, but it soon collapsed, having run into debt. A second attempt resulted in the formation of another Association in 1867, which was also a failure. The present Association was established in January, 1870. It had a very small beginning—five young men met in a merchant's office in the Lower Town for prayer and conference and they formed the nucleus of the present Association. John C. Thomson, Esq., now President of the Association, a gentleman well known for his active interest in all good works, was one of the five. Soon after this prayer meeting, a canvass was made among young men, and 150 names obtained. Henry Fry Esq., merchant, was elected first President, and Mr. W. Ahern, Secretary. For three years the Association occupied rooms over the hardware store of Messrs. Bélanger & Gariépy, Fabrique street, and, in 1873, removed to the rooms above Mr. McLeod's drug store, which it vacated to enter upon an enlarged sphere of labour in its elegant new building. It is admirably situated, facing the Montcalm market."

"In October 1875, a delegation of Y. M. C. A. workers visited this city, including Messrs. Crombie, Budge, Cole, &c. The revival services which followed their visit will still be fresh in the memory of our readers. Two results, both fraught with very great importance to the Association, followed their visit. One was the engagement of Mr. T. S. Cole as permanent Secretary, the other was the development of a scheme for the construction of a building to be specially adapted, and regularly set apart for the use of the Association. On a memorable Monday evening in October, 1877, in the Methodist Church in this city, the scheme was first publicly discussed. At this meeting some \$5,000 was subscribed, and the canvass next day resulted in large additions to the above. Up to the present, \$19,000 have been subscribed towards the structure, and over \$15,000 paid in, including the proceeds of the ladies' bazaar last year (1879).

"The site of the building, one of the most valuable, and certainly one of the most eligible for the purpose in the city was obtained by purchase from the Dominion Government by auction in the month of January, 1878. The plans for the building were secured by competition, the successful architect being Mr. J. F. Peachy. The cost of the whole building, when completed, will be \$40,000, but at present only the front portion has been erected. The back wing will be commenced when a few thousand dollars more have been subscribed towards it. It is to contain the gymnasium below, and above a large hall 100 feet by 56, with seating accommodation for 700 people on the floor and 300 in the galleries. This hall will be furnished with an independent entrance from Glacis street, twelve feet wide. The lot upon which the present building is erected contains 21,000 square feet, being 186 feet in depth, and having a frontage on St. John street of 106 feet. The front building covers the whole extent of frontage and has a depth of 50 feet. It is built of stone and brick, the whole front being stone and cut glass. It contains three flats including the mansard. Over the main entrance is an open Bible, upon which is engraved Matt. XXIII., 8. Above the centre Window in raised letters in stone, are the words "Quebec Young Men's Christian Association, 1879." Immediately behind the front structure is a small building which forms a room for the daily prayer meeting. It may be reached from Glacis street, and also by a staircase leading down to it from the entrance hall of the main building."

"The lower part of the edifice has been fitted up as stores. The main entrance to Association Hall, in the middle of the front, is by a spacious staircase twelve feet wide, at the foot of which are elegant double swinging doors with plate glass. Beneath this stairway is the heating apparatus, which has been placed in the building by Mr. Thomas Andrews, of St. John street, and is on an entirely new and highly approved principle. The whole second flat, is set apart for Association use. One-half of it composes the reading room. This magnificent apartment which is one of the finest reading rooms on the Continent, is 45 by 46 feet, having

a height of 18 feet, with windows on three sides, the balcony window on the North overlooking the whole of the country between St. Roch's and the Laurentian Mountains. Opposite the top of the stairway on the landing of this flat, is the door leading to the Secretary's room, which is fitted with glass, in order that the Secretary may see everybody coming up stairs into the reading room or elsewhere. This room is about 12 by 18 feet, and has on either side of it, the committee room and cloak room, both of about similar dimensions. Opposite the committee room is the lavatory, &c., for the use of members. At the West end of this flat the rooms both front and back are parlours, with folding doors between, so that while one may be used for conversational purposes or such like, the other may be fitted with a piano and also with games, such as chess, draughts, &c. The upper flat, which contains also very handsome rooms, beautifully finished, is divided into two portions, one to be occupied exclusively by the Secretary, and containing dining and drawing rooms divided by folding doors, four bed-rooms, kitchen, store room, &c. The other part is divided between the caretaker's apartments, and the bath room, which is specially for the use of members. The committee also reserve a spare room in this portion of the building. From the roof of the structure, which is reached by a staircase leading into the tower, a magnificent view is obtained of every part of the city and of all the surrounding country. Special credit in connection with its erection is certainly merited by the contractor, Mr. John Hatch, and the architect, Mr. J. F. Peachy."

CHAPTER V.

MODERN QUEBEC.

"I can re-people with the Past; and of
The Present there is still, for eye and thought
And meditation, chasten'd down, enough."
—(CHILDE HAROLD.)

Quebec, with the limitations set forth elsewhere, under the English regime, was governed by Justices of the Peace, who sat in special sessions, under authority of Acts of the Provincial Legislature, until 1833. In 1832 the city was incorporated (1 William IV., chap. 52,), Its first Mayor, elected in 1833, was a barrister of note, Elzéar Bédard, Esq., subsequently Mr. Justice Elzéar J.S.C. The amended Act of Incorporation of the City of Quebec, the 29th Vic., cap. 57, sanctioned on the 18th September, 1865, thus defines the limits of the city, the number and limits of the wards:—"The City of Quebec, for all municipal purposes, comprises the whole extent of land within the limits assigned to the said city by a certain proclamation of His Excellency Sir Alured Clarke, bearing date the 7th May, 1792, and in addition all land extending to low water mark of the River St. Lawrence, in front of the said city, including the shore of the River St Charles, opposite the city, as limited by high water mark on the north side of the said river, from, the prolongation of the west line of St. Ours street to the west line of the farm of the Nuns of the Hôtel Dieu; thence running southwards along the said line, about 550 feet, to the southern extremity of a pier erected on the said farm, at low water mark; thence running due east, about 800 feet, to the intersection of the line limiting the beach grants of the Seigniorship of Notre Dame des Anges, at low water; and finally, thence along the said beach line, running north 40 degrees east, to the intersection of the prolongation of the line of the Commissioners for the Harbour of Quebec, and thence following the said Commissioners' line to the westerly line of the city. The said city also comprises all wharves, piers and other erections made or to be made in the said River St. Lawrence, opposite to or adjoining the said city, though extending beyond the low water mark of the said river, and being within the said Commissioners' line, and even beyond the same, should it be hereafter extended or reduced.

BOUNDARIES OF THE WARDS.

"The said city is divided into eight wards, to wit: St. Louis Ward, Palace Ward, St. Peter's Ward, Champlain Ward, St. Roch's Ward, Jacques Cartier Ward, St. John's Ward and Montcalm Ward.

1st. St. Louis Ward comprises all that part of the Upper Town within the fortifications, and south of a line drawn from Prescott Gate to St John's Gate, along the middle of Mountain street, Buade street,

Fabrique street, and St. John street.

2nd. Palace Ward comprises all that part of the Upper Town within the fortifications, and not included in St. Louis Ward. 3rd. St. Peter's Ward comprises all that part of the Lower Town bounded on the south by a line drawn in the middle of Sous-le-Fort street, and prolonged in the same direction to low water mark in the River St. Lawrence at the one end, and to the cliff below the Castle of St. Louis at the other, and on the west by the eastern limits of the Parish of St. Roch, together with all the wharves, piers and other erections, opposite to this part of the Lower Town, although built beyond low water mark in the said river.

4th. Champlain Ward comprises all that part of the Lower Town lying between St. Peter's Ward and the limits of the said city, together with all wharves, piers and other erections, opposite thereto, although built beyond the low water mark in the said river.

5th. St. Roch's Ward comprises all that part of the Parish of St. Roch which lies within the limits of the said City of Quebec, on the north-west side of a line drawn in the middle of St. Joseph street, from one end to the other.

6th. Jacques Cartier Ward comprises all that part of the Parish of St. Roch which lies within the limits of the said City of Quebec, not comprised in St. Roch's Ward.

7th. St John's Ward comprises all that space bounded by Jacques Cartier Ward, the fortifications, the limits of the said city on the west, and a line drawn in the middle of St. John street from St. John's Gate to the western limits of the city.

8th. Montcalm Ward comprises all that space bounded by the fortifications on the east, and on the west by the city limits, on the north by St John's Ward, and on the south by the *cime du cap* of the St. Lawrence.

The city is administered by a Mayor, holding office for two years, at a salary of not more than \$1,200, nor less than \$600, per annum; and by eight Aldermen and sixteen Councillors, returned by the eight wards,—elected to serve gratuitously three years by the duly qualified electors of each ward: no one is eligible as Mayor, Aldermen or Councillor unless he be a British subject, by birth or naturalization, and of the full age of twenty-one years, and owning within the city limits real estate, free from encumbrance, of the value of \$2,000. Quebec contains ten small *Fiefs* or Domaines. The *Fief* Sault-au-Matelot belongs to the Seminary. The Ursuline Nuns, the R. C. Church (*La Fabrique*), the Heirs LaRue, the Hôtel-Dieu Nuns, the Récollet Friars, each had his *Fief*. The *Fief de la Miséricorde* (Mercy) belongs to the Hôtel-Dieu. The Heirs LaRue own the *Fief de Bécancour* and that of *de Villeraie*; there is also the *Fief Tasseville*. The *Fief* of the Récollets—or Franciscan Friars—the order being extinct, reverted to the Crown.

WAR DEPARTMENT PROPERTY IN QUEBEC CITY AND DISTRICT.

As per Schedule, Consolidated Statutes of Canada (22 Vict.) Cap. 36.

LOCAL NAME OF THE PROPERTY AND ORIGIN OF THE TITLE.

Exercising Ground, Plains of Abraham—Leasehold from the Ursuline Nuns, 99 years from 1st May, 1802.

No. 3 Tower Field, N. W. of the Grande Allée, Plains of Abraham—Leasehold from the Nuns of the Hôtel-Dieu, 99 years from 1st May, 1790; space covered by the tower is freehold.

No. 4 Tower Field, N. W. of St. John's Road—Leasehold from the Nuns of the Hôtel-Dieu; 99 years from 1st May, 1790; including a freehold strip of 0_a_. 1_r_. 0-1/2_p_.

Land surrounding Nos. 1 and 2, Towers, S. E. side of the Grande Allée Plains of Abraham—Acquired by purchase from the Ursuline Nuns, 15th June, 1811, Joseph Plante, N. P., Quebec.

Land S. E. of the Grande Allée to the Cime du Cap and between Nos. 1 and 2, Towers property, and counterscarp of the Citadel and works adjacent—The greater part acquired by purchase from individuals, and partly by conquest, of the old French Works, &c., an annual ground rent of £1 17s. 0d., is payable on part of this land to the Fief de Villeray.

The Esplanade, Town Works—Glacis, Cricket Field, ditches, ravelin, &c., in front, lying between St. Louis and St. John's Gates—Acquired partly by conquest and partly by purchase from various individuals (Cricket Field, 5_a_. 3_r_. 22_p_.)

Citadel—Glacis and Town Works, as far as St. Louis Gate, Engineer Yard, &c.—Chiefly by right of conquest and military appropriation.

Town Works, Artillery Barracks, Glacis, &c., between St. John's Gate, Palace Gate and St. Valier street—Chiefly by conquest and military appropriation. Lots in St. Vallier street, purchased in 1846-7.

Mount Carmel, a commanding eminence, and site of the Windmill Redoubt or Cavalier, formerly a portion of the defenses of Quebec.—Acquired by purchase, 25th Nov, 1780. J. Plinguet, N.P.

Officers' Barracks, Garrison Hospital, &c., fronting on St. Louis street, and in rear by St. Geneviève street.—Acquired by purchase, 5th April, 1811.

Commissariat Premises, opposite old Court House, on St. Louis street, and in rear by Mount Carmel street.—Acquired by purchase, 11th August, 1815.

Jesuit Barracks, with other buildings and land attached, fronting on St. Anne street and Upper Town market square.—By right of conquest and military appropriation, occupied as Infantry Barracks, &c.

The Town Works, along the top of the Cape (Cime du Cap), between the King's Bastion of the Citadel and Prescott Gate, Mountain Hill, including site of old Fort St. Louis, Government Garden, &c.—Part of the Crown Domain by conquest and military appropriation, with small portions at either end acquired by purchase in 1781, and about 1827- 29.

Near Grand Battery, East end of St. George street. Magazine F., and Ordnance stores, &c.—By right of conquest and military appropriation.

Magazine E., Hôtel Dieu, on Rampart street, between Palace and Hope Gates.—Acquired by purchase, 17th June, 1809.

The Defences along the Ramparts between Prescott Gate, Grand Battery, Hope Gate and Palace Gate (Upper Town).—By right of conquest and military appropriation (including Rampart street and cliff underneath).

Inclined Plane Wharf and land to the Cime du Cap (top of the cliff) on Champlain street, S. E. of the Citadel.—Acquired by purchase, 24th Sept., 1781, afterwards used in connection with the Citadel.

Queen's Wharf premises, and small lot opposite, on Cul-de-Sac street—Formerly a part of the defences of Quebec, site of a battery.—Acquired by right of conquest, &c.

Land at the foot of the cliff in La Canoterie and St. Charles streets, as a Glacis in front of the Town Works.—Acquired by purchase in 1846-7, to prevent buildings against the defences.

Commissariat Fuel Yard, &c., on Palace Harbor, St. Roch's.—Part of the Intendant's Palace property, held by conquest.

SEIGNIORY OF NEUVILLE COUNTY OF PORTNEUF.

(Site of Fort Jacques-Cartier.)

A strong defensive position, on the right bank of the River Jacques Cartier, about 30 miles above Quebec.—Acquired by purchase from the Seigneur, 26th June, 1818.

THE ENVIRONS OF QUEBEC.

INTRODUCTION.

"Oh give me a home where the maple and pine
Around the wild heights so majestically twine;
Oh give me a home where the blue wave rolls free
From thy bosom, Superior, down to the sea."

"Could you not write the history of 'Our Parish,' and also sketch briefly our country seats, marking out the spots connected with historical events?" Thus discoursed one day to us, in her blandest tones, a fair denizen of Sillery. There was a poser for a *galant homme*; a crusher for the first *littérateur* of ... the parish. In vain did we allege we were not a "Christopher North," but a mere retiring "antiquaire"—a lover of books, birds, flowers, &c. The innate civility of a Frenchman elicited from us an unreflective affirmative reply. Thus, compassionate reader, was entrapped, caught and committed the first *littérateur* of Sillery—irrevocably handed over to the tender mercies of all the critics, present and future, in and out of the parish. Oh, my friends, what a crunching up of literary bones in store! what an ample repast was thus prepared for all the reviewers—the Jeffreys and LaHarpes—in and out of the parish, should the luckless *littérateur* fail to assign fairy scenery—important historical events—great battles, not only to each renowned spot, but even to the merest potato-patch, turnip-ground or cabbage-garden within our corporate limits? Yes, tremble for him.

Joking apart, is there not a formidable difficulty besetting our path—the insipidity and monotony inseparable from the necessity which will devolve on us of having constantly to discover new beauties in spots identical in their main features; and should we, in order to vary the theme, mix up the humorous with the rural, the historical, or the antiquarian style, may not fun and humour be mistaken for satire—a complimentary notice for flattery, above all others, a thing abhorrent to our nature? But 'tis vain to argue. That fatal "yes" has been uttered, and no true knight goes back from his plighted word. There being no help, we devoutly commend our case to St. Columba, St. Joseph, and the archangel St. Michel, the patrons of our parish, and set to our task, determined to assume a wide margin, draw heavily on history, and season the whole with short anecdotes and glimpses of domestic life, calculated to light up the past and present.

O critic, who would fain seek in "Our Parish"—in our homes—great architectural excellence, we beseech you to pause! for the majority of them no such pretension is set up. Nowhere, indeed, on our soil are to be found ivied ruins, dating back to doomsday book, moated castle, or mediaeval tower. We have no Blenheims, no Walton Halls, nor Chatsworths, nor Woburn abbeys, nor Arundel castles, to illustrate every style of architectural beauty, rural embellishment, and landscape. A Dainpierre, a Rochecotte, a LaGaudinière, may suit old France: they would be lost in New France. Canadian cottages, the best of them, are not the stately country homes of

"Old pheasant-lords,
... Partridge-breeders of a thousand years,"

typifying the accumulated wealth of centuries or patrician pride; nor are they the gay *châteaux* of *La Belle France*. In the Canada of the past, we could—in many instances we had to—do without the architect's skill; nature having been lavish to us in her decorations, art could be dispensed with. Our country dwellings possess attractions of a higher class, yea, of a nobler order, than brick and mortar moulded by the genius of man can impart. A kind Providence has surrounded them in spring, summer and autumn with scenery often denied to the turreted castle of the proudest nobleman in Old England. Those around Quebec are more particularly hallowed by associations destined to remain ever memorable amongst the inhabitants of the soil.

Some of our larger estates, like Belmont (comprising 450 acres,) date back more than two centuries, whilst others, though less ancient, retrace vividly events glorious in the same degree to the two races, who, after having fought stoutly for the mastery, at last hung out the olive branch and united long since, willing partners, in the bonds of a common nationality, neither English nor French, though participating largely of both, and have linked their destinies together as Canadians. Every traveller in Canada, from Baron La Hontan, who "preferred the forests of Canada to the Pyrénées of France," to the Hon. Amelia Murray, Charlevoix, LaGalissonnière, Peter Kalm, Isaac Weld, John Lambert, Heriot, Silliman, Dickens, Lever, Ampère, Marmier, Rameau, Augustus Sala, have united in pronouncing our Quebec landscape so wild, so majestic, and withal so captivating, as to vie in beauty with the most picturesque portions of the Old or the New World.

Let us first sketch "Our Parish," the home of our forefathers—the home of our children.

SILLERY.

Henry IV. of France had for his chancellor, in 1607, Nicholas Brulart de Sillery, a worthy and distinguished magistrate, who, as state councillor, ever enjoyed the confidence of his sovereign until death closed his useful career in 1627, at the ripe age of 80. He was the eldest brother: his father had also for years basked in the smiles of good King Henry IV. for his unwavering adherence to his fortunes. To this eminent lawyer and statesman was born a patriarchal family of sons and daughters. The youngest of his sons, Noël Brulart de Sillery, [169] having brilliantly completed his studies at Paris in the classics, entered, at the age of 18, the military order of the Knights of Malta, and resided twelve years in that island as a knight; his martial bearing and ability, modesty, and uniform good conduct soon paved the way for him to the highest dignities in this celebrated Order. Soon the Grand Master appointed him "Commandeur de Troyes"; this preferment yielded him 40,000 livres per annum.

On his return to Paris in 1607, the favour of the court and the protection of Marie de Medicis were the means of having him nominated Knight of Honour. His talents, birth, deportment and position soon procured him the appointment of French Ambassador to the Court of Spain in 1614, which high position he left for that of Ambassador at Rome in 1622, where he replaced the Marquis of Coeuvres. He spent two years in the Eternal City, and subsequently acknowledged that it was there that he conceived the idea first of embracing Holy Orders; Cardinal de LaValette replacing him at the Roman Court as French *Chargé d'Affaires*. From what can be gleaned in history, this distinguished personage led a princely life, his enormous rent-roll furnishing the means for a most lordly establishment of retainers, liveries and domains. [170] His fancy for display, great though it was, never, however, made him lose sight of the poor, nor turn a deaf ear to the voice of the needy.

In 1626, the Pope (Barberini), Urban the VIII., having proclaimed a jubilee, the ex-ambassador, as if a new light had dawned on him, and under the guidance of a man famous for his pious and ascetic life, Vincent de Paul, determined to reform his house and whole life. Thus, a few years after, viz., in 1632, the Commandeur de Sillery sold to Cardinal Richelieu his sumptuous and princely hôtel in Paris, called Sillery, entered Holy Orders in 1634, and devoted all the energy of his mind and his immense wealth to the propagation of the faith amongst the aborigines of Canada, having been induced to do so by the Commandeur de Razili, who had previously solicited him to join the company des "Cents Associés," or Hundred Partners, of which Razili was a member.

The Commandeur de Sillery inaugurated his benevolent purpose by placing 12,000 livres in the hands of Father Charles Lalemant, a zealous Jesuit; this was the beginning of the mission which, through gratitude to its founder, was called Sillery—it was distant about four miles and a half from Quebec, on the north shore of the St. Lawrence; date of the foundation, July, 1637. [171] History has preserved a letter addressed from Paris by the Commandeur de Sillery to the Chevalier de Montmagny, governor of the colony, in which the benevolent man asked the Governor to ratify a grant of "twelve arpents" made to him in the city itself by the company of the Hundred Partners, and also to ratify a promised grant of other lands to open a seminary or school to educate Algonquin and Montagnais children, although, at the request of the Indians, the settlement became, in 1638, more extensive, and comprised also the residence of the christianized Indians. Negabamat and Nenasesenat were the first to establish their families there. On the last day of June, 1665, we will find the eloquent Negabamat, then a resident of Quebec, sent by his tribe to harangue and compliment the great Marquis of Tracy on his arrival at Quebec. (*Relations*, 1665, p. 4.) Father LeJeune, a learned Jesuit, had charge and control over the workmen who were sent out from France at the expense of the Commandeur de Sillery; and on the 22nd February, 1639, a permanent bequest was authentically recorded in favor of the mission by the Commandeur placing at interest, secured on the Hôtel-de-Ville at Paris, a sum of 20,000 livres tournois. Palisades had been used originally to protect the settlement; in 1651, the Governor of Quebec, Jean de Lauzon, strengthened the palisades and added redoubts. [172] In 1647 the church of the mission had been placed under the invocation of St. Michael the Archangel; hence Sillery Cove, once called St. Joseph's, was, in 1647, named St Michael's Cove.

The Commandeur de Sillery extended his munificence to several other missionary establishments in Canada and other places. What with the building of churches, monasteries and hospitals in Champagne, France; at Annecy, Savoy; at Paris, and elsewhere, he must, indeed, have been for those days a veritable Rothschild in worldly wealth.

This worthy ecclesiastic died in Paris on the 26th September, 1640, at the age of sixty-three years, bequeathing his immense wealth to the Hôtel-Dieu of that city. Such was, in a few words, the noble career of one of the large-minded pioneers of civilization in primitive Canada, le Commandeur Noël Brulart de Sillery—such the origin of the name of "Our Parish," our sweet Canadian Windermere.

One of the first incidents, two years after the opening of the mission, was the visit paid to it by Madame de la Peltrie, the benevolent founder of the Ursuline Convent at Quebec. This took place on the 2nd August, 1639, the day after her arrival from Dieppe and stately reception by the Governor, M. de Montmagny, who had asked her to dinner the day previous. This same year the nuns called *Hospitalières* (Hôtel-Dieu) opened a temporary hospital at Sillery, as the inmates and resident Indians suffered fearfully from the ravages of small-pox. In attempting a sketch of the Sillery of ancient days, we cannot follow a truer nor pleasanter guide than the old historian of Canada in the interesting notes he published on this locality in 1855, after having minutely examined every inch of ground. "A year after their arrival at Quebec," says Abbé Ferland, "in August, 1640, the *Hospitalières* nuns, desirous of being closer to the Sillery mission, where they were having their convent built according to the wishes of the Duchess D'Aiguillon, left Quebec and located themselves in the house of M. de Puiseaux. They removed from this house at the beginning of the year 1641 to take possession of their convent, a mile distant. During that winter no other French inhabitants resided near them except the missionaries, and they suffered much from cold and want. But the following year they had the happiness to have in the neighbourhood a good number of their countrymen. M. de Maisonneuve, Mlle. Mance, the soldiers and farmers recently arrived from France, took up their abode at M. de Puiseaux.... They spent the winter there, and paid us frequent visits, to our mutual satisfaction." [173]

The mission of St. Joseph at Sillery being constantly threatened by the Five Nations, the *Hospitalières* ladies were compelled to leave their convent and seek refuge in Quebec on the 29th May, 1644, having thus spent about three years and a half amongst the savages. [174] The locality where they then resided still goes under the name of "Convent Cove."

"Monsieur Pierre Puiseaux, Sieur de l'habitation de Sainte Foye, after whom was, called *Pointe-à-Pizeau*, at Sillery, seems to have been a personage of no mean importance in his day. Having realized a large fortune in the West Indies, he had followed Champlain to Canada, bent on devoting his wealth to the conversion of the aboriginal tribes. His manor stood, according to the Abbé Ferland, on that spot in St Michael's Cove on which the St. Michael's Hotel [175]—long kept by Mr. W. Scott—was subsequently built, to judge from the heavy foundation walls there. Such was the magnificence of the structure that it was reckoned "the gem of Canada"—"*Une maison regardée dans le temps comme le bijou du Canada*," says the old chronicler. Paul de Chomedey de Maisonneuve having arrived, in 1641, with colonists for Montreal, the laird of Ste. Foye [176] generously tendered him the use of his manor. Under the hospitable roof of this venerable old gentleman, M. de Maisonneuve, Mlle. Mance, the founder of the Hôtel Dieu Hospital at Montreal, and Mdme. de la Peltrie spent the winter of 1641-2, whilst the intended colonists [177] for Ville-Marie were located close by in the Sillery settlement. During the winter, dissensions took place between the future Governor of Montreal, M. de Maisonneuve, and the then present Governor of Quebec, Chevalier de Montmagny. It appears that on a certain festival a small cannon and also fifteen musket shots had been fired without authority; His Excellency Governor Montmagny, in high dudgeon at such a breach of military discipline, ordered Jean Gorry, the person who had fired the shots, to be put in irons; Mlle. Mance had furnished the powder for this military display. The future Governor of Montreal, Monsieur de Maisonneuve, is said to have, on this occasion, publicly exclaimed: "Jehan Gorry, you have been put in irons for my sake and I affronted! I raise your wages of ten half crowns (dix écus), let us only reach Montreal; no one there will prevent us from firing." [178] Bravo! M. de Maisonneuve! Peace, however, was restored, and His Excellency Governor Montmagny headed in person the expedition which, on the 8th May following, sailed from St Michael's Cove, Sillery, to found at Montreal the new colony. Monsieur Puiseaux accompanied M. de Maisonneuve, to take part also in the auspicious event, but his age and infirmities compelled Him soon after to return to France, where he died a few years subsequently, and by his last will, executed at La Rochelle on the 21st June, 1647, he bequeathed his Ste. Foye property to the support of the future bishops of Quebec. "The walls of the Sillery Chapel," says the historian of Canada previously quoted, "were still standing about thirty years ago, and the foundations of this edifice, of the hospital and of the missionary residency are still perceptible to the eye on the spot now occupied by the offices and stores of Hy. LeMesurier, Esq., at the foot of the hill, and opposite the residence of the Honourable Mr. Justice Caron."

"Amongst the French gentlemen of note who then owned lands at Sillery may be mentioned. François de Chavigny, *sieur de Berchèreau qui*," adds Abbé Ferland, "*occupait un rang élevé dans le colonie. En quelques occasions, il fut chargé de remplacer le Gouverneur, lors que celui-ci s'absentait de Québec.*" Now, dear reader, let it be known to you that you are to look with every species of respect on this worthy old denizen of Sillery, he being, as the Abbé has elsewhere established beyond the shadow of a doubt, not only the ancestor of several old families, such as the Lagorgendières, the Rigaud de Vaudreuil and Tachereaus, but also one of the ancestors of your humble servant the writer of these lines.

"The Sillery settlement contained during the winter of 1646-7, of Indians only, about two hundred

souls. Two roads led from Quebec to the settlement, one the Grande Allée or St. Louis Road, the other the Cove Road, skirting the beach. Two grist mills stood in the neighbourhood: one on the St. Denis streamlet which crosses the Grande Allée road (from Thornhill to Spencer Wood)—the dam seems to have been on the Spencer Wood property. 'This mill, and the *fief* on which it was built, belonged to M. Juchereau,' one of the ancestors of the Duchesnays. 'Another mill existed on the Bell Borne brook,' which crosses the main road, the boundary between Spencer Grange and Woodfield. Any one visiting these two streamlets during the August droughts will be struck with their diminutiveness, compared to the time when they turned the two grist mills two hundred years back: the clearing of the adjoining forests, whence they take their source, may account for the metamorphosis."

The perusal of the Rev. Mr. Ferland's work brings us to another occurrence, which, although foreign to the object of this sketch, deserves notice:—

"The first horse [179] seen in Canada was landed from a French vessel about the 20th June, 1647, and presented as a gift to His Excellency Governor Montmagny." Another incident deserving of mention occurs under date of 20th August, 1653. The Iroquois [180] surprised at Cap Rouge Rev. Father J. Antoine Poncet and a peasant named Mathurin Trachelot, and carried them off to their country. For three days the rev. missionary was subjected to every kind of indignity from the Indian children and every one else. A child cut off one of the captive's fingers. He was afterwards, with his companion, tied up during two nights, half suspended in the air; this made both suffer horribly; burning coals were applied to their flesh. Finally, the missionary was handed over to an old squaw; he shortly after became free, and returned to Quebec on the 5th of November, 1653, to the joy of everybody.

His comrade, Trachelot, after having had his fingers burnt, was finally consumed by fire on the 8th September, 1653. Such were some of the thrilling incidents of daily occurrence at Sillery two centuries ago.

What with breaches of military etiquette by M. de Maisonneuve's colonists, the ferocity of skulking Iroquois, and the scrapes their own neophytes occasionally got into, the reverend fathers in charge of the Sillery mission must now and again have had lively times, and needed, we would imagine, the patience of Job, with the devotion of martyrs, to carry out their benevolent views.

We read in history [181] how, on one Sunday morning in 1652, the Sillery Indians being all at mass, a beaver skin was stolen from one of the wig-wams, on which a council of the chiefs being called, it was decided that the robbery had been committed by a Frenchman, [182] enough to justify the young men to rush out and seize two Frenchmen then accidentally passing by, and in no wise connected—as the Indians even admitted—with the theft. The Indian youths were for instantly stripping the prisoners, in order to compel the Governor of the colony to repair the injury suffered by the loss of the peltry. One of them, more thoughtful than the rest, suggested to refer the matter to the missionary father, informing him at the same time that in cases of robbery it was the Indian custom to lay hold of the first individual they met belonging to the family or nation of the suspected robber, strip him of his property, and retain it until the family or nation repaired the wrong. The father succeeded, by appealing to them as Christians, to release the prisoners. Fortunately, the real thief, who was not a Frenchman, became alarmed, and had the beaver skin restored.

Old writers of that day occasionally let us into quaint glimpses of a churchman's tribulations in those primitive times. The historian Faillon tells some strange things about Bishop Laval and Governor D'Argenson: their squabble about holy bread. (*Histoire de la Colonie Française en Canada*, vol. ii., p. 467.) At page 470, is an account of a country girl, ordered to be brought to town by Bishop Laval and shut up in the Hôtel-Dieu, she being considered under a spell, cast on her by a miller whom she had rejected when he popped the question: the diabolical suitor was jailed as a punishment. Champlain relates how a pugnacious parson was dealt with by a pugnacious clergyman of a different persuasion respecting some knotty controversial points. The arguments, however irresistible they may have been, Champlain observes, were not edifying either to the savages or to the French: "J'ay veu le ministre et nostre curé s'entre battre à coup de poing sur le différend de la religion. Je ne scay pas qui estait le plus vaillant et qui donnait le meilleur coup; mais je scay tres bien que le ministre se plaignoit quelque fois au Sieur de Mons (Calviniste, directeur de la compagnie) d'avoir esté battu et vuoidoient en ceste faccon les pointcs de controverse. Je vois laisse à penser si cela étoit beau à voir; les sauvages étoient tantôt d'un côté, tantôt de l'autre, et les François meslez selon leur diverse croyance, disaient pis que pendre de l'une et de l'autre religion." The fighting parson had evidently caught a tartar. However, this controversial sparring did *not* take place at Sillery.

The winter of 1666 was marked by a novel incident in the annals of the settlement. On the 9th of January, [183] 1666, the Governor of the colony, M. de Courcelles, with M. du Gas as second in command, and M. de Salampar, a volunteer, together with two hundred colonists who had volunteered, and three hundred soldiers of the dashing regiment of Carignan, [184] which the viceroy, the proud

Marquis de Tracy, had brought over from Europe, after their return from their campaign in Hungary, sallied forth from the capital on snow-shoes. A century and a half later one might have met, with his gaudy state carriage and outriders, on that same road, another viceroy—this time an English one, as proud, as fond of display, as the Marquis de Tracy—with the Queen's Household Troops, the British Grenadiers, and Coldstream Guards—the Earl of Durham, one of our ablest, if not one of the most popular of our administrators. Let us now follow the French Governor of 1666, heading his light-hearted soldiers along the St. Louis road, all on snow-shoes, each man, His Excellency included, carrying on his back from 25 to 30 lbs. of biscuit, &c. The little army is bound towards the frontiers of New Holland (the State of New York) on a 900 miles' tramp (no railroads in those days), in the severest season of the year, to chastise some hostile Indian tribes, after incorporating in its ranks, during its march, the Three Rivers and Montreal reinforcements. History tells of the intense suffering [185] experienced during the expedition by these brave men, some of them more accustomed to Paris *salons* than to Canadian forest warfare on snow-shoes, with spruce boughs and snow-drifts for beds. But let us not anticipate. We must be content to accompany them on that day to the Sillery settlement, a march quite sufficient for us degenerate Canadians of the nineteenth century.

Picture to yourself, our worthy friend, the hurry and scurry at the Missionary residence on that day—with what zest the chilled warriors crowd round the fires of the Indian wigwams, the number of pipes of peace they smoked with the chiefs, the fierce love the gallant Frenchmen swore to the blackeyed Montagnais and Algonquin houris of Sillery, whilst probably His Excellency and staff were seated in the residency close by, resorting to cordials and all those creature comforts to be found in monasteries, not forgetting *Grande Chartreuse*, to restore circulation through their benumbed frames!—How the reverend fathers showered down the blessings of St. Michael, the patron saint of the parish, on the youth and chivalry of France!—How the Sillery duennas, the *Capitainesses*, closely watched the gallant sons of Mars lest some of them [186] should attempt to induce their guileless neophytes to seek again the forest wilds, and roam at large—the willing wives of white men!

We shall clip a page from Father Barthélémy Vimont's *Journal of the Sillery Mission*, (*Relations des Jesuits*, 1643, pp. 12, 13, 14) an authentic record, illustrative of the mode of living there; it will, we are sure, gladden the heart even of an anchorite:—

"In 1643, the St. Joseph or Sillery settlement was composed of between thirty-five and forty Indian families, who lived there the whole year round except during the hunting season; other nomadic savages occasionally tarried at the settlement to procure food, or to receive religious instruction. That year there were yet but four houses built in the European fashion; the Algonquins were located in that part of the village close to the French residences; the Montagnais, on the opposite side; the houses accommodate chiefs only, their followers reside in bark huts until we can furnish proper dwellings for them all. In this manner was spent the winter season of 1642-3, the French ships left the St Lawrence for France on the 7th October, 1642; a period of profound quiet followed. Our Indians continued to catch eels, (this catch begins in September)—a providential means of subsistence during winter. The French settlers salt their eels, the Indians smoke theirs to preserve them. The fishing having ended about the beginning of November, they removed their provisions to their houses, when thirteen canoes of Atichamegues Indians arrived, the crews requesting permission to winter there and be instructed in the Christian religion. They camped in the neighborhood of the Montagnais, near to Jean Baptiste, the chief or captain of these savages, and placed themselves under the charge of Father Buteux, who undertook to christianize both, whilst Father Dequen superintended the religious welfare of the Algonquins. Each day all the Indians attended regularly to mass, prayers, and religious instruction. Catechism is taught to the children, and the smartest amongst them receive slight presents to encourage them, such as knives, bread, beads, hats, sometimes a hatchet for the biggest boys. Every evening Father Dequen calls at every hut and summons the inmates to evening prayers at the chapel. The *Hospitalières* nuns also perform their part in the pious work; Father Buteux discharged similar duties amongst the Montagnais and Atichamegues neophytes. The Atichamegues have located themselves on a small height back of Sillery. 'When the Reverend Father visits them each evening, during the prevalence of snow storms, he picks his way in the forest, lantern in hand, but sometimes losing his footing, he rolls down the hill.' Thus passed for the Sillery Indians, the early portion of the winter. In the middle of January they all came and located themselves about a quarter of a league from Quebec, to make tobogins and began the first hunt, which lasted about three weeks. Each day they travelled a quarter of a league to Quebec to attend mass, generally at the chapel of the Ursuline Convent, where Father Buteux and also the nuns instructed them. In February they sought the deep woods to hunt the moose." "On my return to Sillery," adds Father Vimont, "twelve or thirteen infirm old Indians, women and children, who had been left behind, followed me to the Hospital, where we had to provide for them until the return, at Easter, of the hunting party."

Whilst the savage hordes were being thus reclaimed from barbarism at Sillery, a civilized community a few hundred miles to the east of it were descending to the level of savages. We read in Hutchinson's

History of Massachusetts Bay, of our Puritan brethren of Boston, occasionally roasting defenceless women for witchcraft; thus perished, in 1645, Margaret Jones; and a few years after, in 1656, Mrs. Ann Hibbens, the lady of a respectable Boston merchant. Christians cutting one another's throats for the love of God. O, civilization, where is thy boast!

During the winter of 1656-7, Sillery contained, of Indians alone, about two hundred souls.

Let us now sum up the characteristics of the Sillery of ancient days in a few happy words, borrowed from the *Notes* [187] published in 1855 on that locality, by the learned Abbé Ferland.

"A map of Quebec by Champlain exhibits, about a league above the youthful city, a point jutting out into the St. Lawrence, and which is covered with Indian wigwams. Later on this point received the name of Puiseaux, from the first owner of the Fief St. Michael, bounded by it to the southwest. [188] On this very point at present stands the handsome St. Columba church, surrounded by a village." [189]

"Opposite to it is the Lauzon shore, with its river *Bruyante* [190] (the 'Etchemin'), its shipyards, its numerous shipping, the terminus of the Grand Trunk Railway; the villages and churches of Notre Dame de Lévis, St. Jean Chrysostôme and Saint Romuald. To your right and to your left the St. Lawrence is visible for some twelve or fifteen miles, covered with inward and outward bound ships. Towards the east the landscape is closed by Cap Tourment, twelve leagues distant, and by the cultivated heights of the *Petite Montagne* of St. Féréol, exhibiting in succession the *Côte de Beaupré*, (Beauport), (L'Ange Gardien, &c.) the green slopes of the Island of Orleans, Cape Diamond, crowned with its citadel, and having at its feet a forest of masts, Abraham's Plains, the Coves and their humming, busy noises, St. Michael's Coves forming a graceful curve from Wolfe's cove to Pointe à Puiseaux. Within this area thrilling events once took place, and round these diverse objects historical souvenirs cluster, recalling some of the most important occurrences in North America; the contest of two powerful nations for the sovereignty of the New World; an important episode of the revolution which gave birth to the adjoining Republic. Such were some of the events of which these localities were the theatre. Each square inch of land, in fact, was measured by the footsteps of some of the most remarkable men in the history of America: Jacques Cartier, Champlain, Frontenac, Laval, Phipps, d'Iberville, Wolfe, Montcalm, Arnold, Montgomery, have each of them, at some time or other, trod over this expanse.

"Close by, in St. Michael's Cove, M. de Maisonneuve and Mademoiselle Mance passed their first Canadian winter, with the colonists intended to found Montreal. Turn your eyes towards the west, and although the panorama is less extensive, still it awakens some glorious memories. At Cap Rouge, Jacques Cartier established his quarters, close to the river's edge, the second winter he spent in Canada, and was succeeded in that spot by Roberval, at the head of his ephemeral colony. Near the entrance of the Chaudière river stood the tents of the Abnquois, the Etchemins and the Souriquois Indians, when they came from the shores of New England to smoke the calumet of peace with their brethren the French; the river Chaudière in those days was the highway which connected their country with Canada. Closer to Pointe à Puiseaux is Sillery Cove where the Jesuit Fathers were wont to assemble and instruct the Algonquin and Montagnais Indians, who were desirous of becoming Christians. It was from that spot that the neophytes used to carry the faith to the depths of the forest; it was here that those early apostles of Christianity congregated before starting with the joyous message for the country of the Hurons, for the shores of the Mississippi, or for the frozen regions of Hudson's Bay. From thence went Father P. Druilletes, the bearer of words of peace on behalf of the Christians of Sillery, to the Abnquois of Kennebeki, and to the puritans of Boston. Near this same mission of Sillery, Friar Liégeois was massacred by the Iroquois, whilst Father Poncet was carried away a captive by these barbarous tribes.

"Monsieur de Sillery devoted large sums to erect the necessary edifices for the mission, such as a chapel, a missionary residence, an hospital, a fort, houses for the new converts, together with the habitations for the French. The D'Auteuil family had their country seat on the hill back of Pointe à Puiseaux; and the venerable Madame de Monceau, the mother-in-law of the Attorney-General Ruelle D'Auteuil, was in the habit of residing there from time to time, in a house she had constructed near the chapel."

In 1643, Father Bressani having been taken prisoner by the Iroquois, and having heard them discuss a plan to seize on the white maidens of Sillery (such were the names the Nuns went by); wrote it on some bark, which a Huron Indian having found, took it to Governor Montmagny. The Governor then organized a guard of six soldiers, who each day relieved one another at Sillery, to watch over the village—the incursions of the savages increasing, the soldiers refused to remain any longer, and Governor Montmagny gave the Hospitalières the use of a small house on the beach of the river in the lower town. (*Hist. de l'Hôtel-Dieu*, p. 50.)

Francis Parkman furnishes interesting details of the arrival of Piesharit, a famous Indian chief, at Sillery in 1645, and of a grand council held by deMontmagny, in the Jesuits House, which exists to this

day, probably the oldest structure of the kind in Canada, dating from 1637.

"As the successful warriors approached the little mission settlement of Sillery, immediately above Quebec, they raised their song of triumph and beat time with their paddles on the edges of their canoes; while, from eleven poles raised aloft, eleven fresh scalps fluttered in the wind. The Father Jesuit and all his flock were gathered on the strand to welcome them. The Indians fired three guns, and screeched in jubilation; one Jean Baptiste, a Christian chief of Sillery, made a speech from the shore; Pisharet repeated, standing upright in his canoe, and to crown the occasion, a squad of soldiers, marching in haste from Quebec, fired a salute of musketry, to the boundless delight of the Indians. Much to the surprise of the two captives, there was no running of the gauntlet, no gnawing off of finger-nails or cutting off of fingers; but the scalps were hung, like little flags, over the entrance of the lodges, and all Sillery betook itself to feasting and rejoicing. One old woman, indeed, came to the Jesuit with a pathetic appeal. "Oh, my father! let me caress these prisoners a little: they have killed, burned, and eaten my father, my husband and my children." But the missionary answered with a lecture on the duty of forgiveness.

On the next day, Montmagny came to Sillery and there was a grand council in the house of the Jesuits. Pisharet, in a solemn harangue, delivered his captives to the Governor, who replied with a speech of compliment and an ample gift. The two Iroquois, were present, seated with a seeming imperturbability, but great anxiety of heart; and when at length they comprehended that their lives were safe, one of them, a man of great size and symmetry, rose and addressed Montmagny." [191]

It would be indeed a pleasant and easy task to recall all the remarkable events which occurred in this neighborhood. One thing is certain, the cool retreats studding the shores of the St. Lawrence were equally sought for by the wealthy in those days as they have been since by all those who wish to breathe pure air and enjoy the scenery.

The Sillery settlement commenced to be deserted about the beginning of the last century. After the cession of Canada the care of the buildings was neglected, and they soon fell to ruins; but the residence of the missionary fathers was preserved, and the ruins of the other structures remained standing long enough to be susceptible of identification with certainty. Several of the old inhabitants recollect having seen the church walls demolished, and they were of great solidity. Abbé Ferland himself, twenty years ago, saw a portion of those walls standing above ground. The ruins of the hospital and the convent were razed about fifty years ago, and in demolishing them several objects were discovered, some of which must have belonged to the good ladies, the *Hospitalières* nuns.

For the benefit of those who might feel inclined to explore the remaining vestiges of M. Sillery's foundation, I shall furnish some details on the locality. About the centre of Sillery Cove can be seen a cape, not very high, but with its sides perpendicular. The position of surrounding objects point it out as the spot on which stood the fort intended to protect the village; there also, in a dry soil, stood the cemetery, from which several bodies were exhumed in the course of last summer (1854) At the foot of the cape, on your left, is the missionaries' house now converted into a residence for the clerks of Messrs. E. R. Dobell & Co. This building has been kept in repair, and is still in a good state of preservation. In a line with it, and nearest the St. Lawrence, can be discovered the foundation of the church. This edifice stood north-east and south-west.

Near the wall closest to the river ran a spring of water, perfectly clear, and, no doubt, used for the wants of the church and of the presbytery. Several other streams of excellent water run down the hill and intersect the grounds in all directions. No misconception can exist as to where the chapel stood, as there are still (in 1855) living several persons who saw the walls standing, and can point out the foundations which have since been identified and enclosed by stone pillars and chains. To the right of the small cape, and on a line with the chapel, stood the hospital, now deserted for more than two centuries. Over its foundation an elm has grown,—'tis now a handsome and large tree; six feet from the ground its circumference measures two fathoms (12 feet), which makes its diameter about three and a half. Heriot thus describes the locality in 1806:—

"From hence to Cap Rouge the scenery, on account of its beauty and variety, attracts the attention of the passenger. At Sillery, a league from Quebec, on the north shore, are the ruins of an establishment which was begun in 1637, intended as a religious institution for the conversion and instruction of natives of the country; it was at one time inhabited by twelve French families. The buildings are placed upon level ground, sheltered by steep banks, and close by the borders of the river; they now only consist of two old stone houses, fallen to decay, and of the remains of a small chapel (the chapel has of late been repaired and fitted up for a malt house, and some of the other buildings have been converted into a brewery). [192] In this vicinity the Algonquins once had a village; several of their tumuli, or burying places, are still discoverable in the woods, and hieroglyphics cut on the trees remain, in some situations, yet unaffected." [193]

On the 6th June, 1865, we determined to afford ourselves a long-promised treat, and go and survey, with Abbé Ferland's *Notes on Sillery* open before us, and also the help of that eminently respected authority in every parish, the "oldest inhabitant," the traces of the Sillery settlement of 1637. Nor had we long to wait before obtaining ocular demonstration of the minute exactitude with which our old friend, the Abbé, had investigated and measured every stone, every crumbling remain of brick and mortar. The first and most noticeable relic pointed out was the veritable house of the missionaries, facing the St. Lawrence, on the north side of the road, on Sillery Cove; it was the property of the late Henry Le Mesurier, Esquire, of Beauvoir. Were it in the range of possible events that the good fathers could revisit the scene of their past apostolical labours and view their former earthly tenement, hard would be the task to identify it. The heavy three-foot-thick wall is there yet, as perfect, as massive, as defiant as ever; the pointed gable and steep roof, in spite of alterations, still stands—the true index of an old French structure in Canada. Our forefathers seemed as if they never could make the roof of a dwelling steep enough, doubtless to prevent the accumulation of snow. But here ends all analogy with the past; so jaunty, so cosy, so modern does the front and interior of Sillery "Manor House" look—thus styled for many years past. Paint, paper and furniture have made it quite a snug abode. Nor was it without a certain peculiar feeling of reverence we, for the first time, crossed that threshold, and entered beneath those fortress-like walls, where for years had resounded the orisons of the Jesuit Fathers, the men from whose ranks were largely recruited our heroic band of early martyrs—some of whose dust, unburied, but not unhonoured, has mingled for two centuries with its parent earth on the green banks of Lake Simcoe, on the borders of the Ohio, in the environs of Kingston, Montreal, Three Rivers, Quebec—a fruitful seed of christianity scattered bountifully through the length and breadth of our land; others, whose lifeless clay still rests in yon sunny hillock in the rear, to the west of the "Manor House"—the little cemetery described by Abbé Ferland. Between the "Manor House" and the river, about forty feet from the house, inclining towards the south, are the remains of the foundation walls of the Jesuit's church or chapel, dating back to 1640. On the 13th June, 1657, fire made dreadful havoc in the residence of the Jesuits (*Relations*, for 1657, p. 26); they stand north-east and south-west, and are at present flush with the greensward; a large portion of them were still visible about thirty-five years ago, as, attested by many living witnesses; they were converted into ballast for ships built at this spot, and into materials for repairing the main road by some Vandal who will remain nameless. From the Manor House you notice the little cape to the south-west mentioned in Abbé Ferland's *Notes*, though growing smaller and smaller every year from the quantities of soil and stone taken from it, also to repair the road. The large elm pointed out by the Abbé as having grown over the spot where the hospital stood is there yet, a majestic tree. The selection of a site for the little cemetery is most judicious, several little streams from the heights in the rear filter through the ground, producing a moisture calculated to prevent decomposition and explanatory of the singular appearance of the bodies disinterred there in 1855. Every visitor will be struck with the beauty, healthiness and shelter which this sequestered nook at Sillery presents for a settlement, and with its adaptability for the purposes for which it was chosen, being quite protected against our two prevailing winds, the north-east and south-west, with a warm southern exposure.

Many years after the opening of the Algonquin and Montagnais school at Sillery, the Huron Indians, after being relentlessly tracked by their inveterate foes, the Five Nations, divided into five detachments; one of these hid on the Great Manitoulin Island, others elsewhere; a portion came down to Quebec on the 26th July, 1650, [194] under the direction of Father Ragueneau, and, on the 28th July, 1650, settled first on the Jesuits land at Beauport; in March, 1651, they went to *Ance du Fort*, on the lands of Mademoiselle de Grandmaison, on the Island of Orleans. But the Iroquois having scented their prey in their new abode, made a raid on the island, butchered seventy-one of them, and carried away some prisoners. The unfortunate redskins soon left the Island in dismay, and for protection, encamped in the city of Quebec itself, under the cannon of the fort, constructed by Governor d'Aillebout to receive them, near the Jesuits College (at Cote de St. Michel); in 1667, they settled on the northerly frontier of Sillery, [195] in Notre Dame de Foy [now St. Foye]; restless and scared, they again shifted their quarters on the 29th December, 1693, and pitched their erratic tents at Ancienne Lorette, which place they also abandoned many years afterwards to go and settle at *Jeune* or Indian Lorette, where the remnants of this once warlike race [196] (the *nobles* amongst Indian tribes) exist, now crossed with their Caucasian brethren, and vegetate in obscurity—exotic trees transplanted far from their native wilds.

Shall we venture to assert that Sillery equals in size some of the German principalities, and that, important though it be, like European dynasties, it has had its periods of splendor succeeded by eras of medieval obscurity. From 1700 down to the time of the conquest, we appeal in vain to the records of the past for any historical event connected with it; everywhere reigns supreme a Cimmerian darkness. But if the page of history is silent, the chronicles of the *ton* furnish some tit-bits of drawing-room chit-chat. Thus, as stated in Hawkins' celebrated *Historical Picture of Quebec*, [197] the northern portion of the parish skirting the St. Foye road "was the favorite drive of the Canadian belle." In these few words, of Hawkins is involved an intricate question for the salons, a problem to solve, more abstruse than the

one which agitated the Grecian cities respecting the birth of Homer. Who then was the Canadian Belle of former days? The Nestors of the present generation still speak with admiration of a fascinating stranger who, close to the end of the last century, used to drive on the St. Foye road, when a royal duke lived in the city, in what is now styled "The Kent House," on St. Louis street. The name of this distinguished traveller, a lady of European birth, was Madame St. Laurent; but, kind reader, have patience. The Canadian belle who thus enjoyed her drives in the environs of Quebec was not Madame St. Laurent, as it is distinctly stated at page 170 of Hawkins that this occurred before the conquest, viz., 1759. Might it have been that vision of female loveliness, that spotless and beautiful Mrs. De Léry, whose presentation at court, with her handsome husband, shortly after the conquest, elicited from His Majesty George III. the expression which history has preserved, "If such are all my new Canadian subjects, I have indeed made a conquest;" or must we picture to ourselves as the Canadian belle that peerless beauty, that witty and aspiring Madame Hughes Pean, Intendant Bigot's fair charmer, mysteriously hinted at, in all the old Quebec guide books, as "Mrs. P——." Madame Hughes Pean, [198] whose husband was Town Major of Quebec, owned a seigniory in the vicinity of the city—some say at St. Vallier, where Mons Pean used to load with corn the vessels he dispatched elsewhere; she also was one of the gay revellers at the romantic Hermitage, Bigot's shooting lodge at Charlesbourg. Old memoirs seem to favour this version. Be this as it may the St. Foy road was a favorite drive even a century before the present day; so says Hawkins' historical work on Quebec—no mean authority, considering that the materials thereof were furnished by that accomplished scholar and eminent barrister, the late Andrew Stuart, father of the present Judge Stuart, and compiled by the late Dr. John Charlton Fisher, one of the able joint editors of the New York *Albion*, and father of Mrs. Ed. Burstall, late of Sillery. Who was the reigning belle in 1759, we confess that all our antiquarian lore has failed to satisfactorily unravel. The battles of 1759 and 1760 have rendered Sillery, St. Foye, and the Plains of Abraham classic ground. The details of these events, having appeared elsewhere, [199] the reader is referred to them.

Those of the present day desirous to ascertain the exact spot in the environs of Quebec where past events have taken place, ought to be careful not to be misled by subsequent territorial divisions for municipal or canonical purposes. Many may not be aware that our forefathers included under the denomination of Abraham's Heights that plateau of comparatively level ground extending in a south-easterly direction from the *Coteau Ste. Geneviève* towards the lofty banks which line the River St. Lawrence, covering the greatest part of the land on which subsequently have been built the St. Lewis and St. John's suburbs, the hilly portion towards the city and river, where stands the Asile Champêtre; thence south-east, being then called Buttes à Nepveu; the land close by, between the Plains and Pointe à Puiseaux, as Côte St. Michael; the ascent from the valley of the St. Charles towards this plateau was through the hill known as Côte d'Abraham. The locality afterwards known as Woodfield and Spencer Wood, in the fief of St. Michael, was designated as the wood of Sames, thus called after a celebrated French ecclesiastic of Quebec, Bishop Dosquet, who owned there a country seat in 1753—then known as Sames—later on, as Woodfield. To the west lay the Gomin Wood—which had taken its name from a French botanist, Dr. Gomin, who had located himself on land on which it is said, Coulonge Cottage was subsequently built in order to study the Flora of Sillery, which is very varied and rich.

The old Sillery settlement, which lay within the limits of the parish of Ste. Foye, was, in 1855, placed under the distinguished tutelage of a Saint, dear to those who hail from the Emerald Isle, and called St. Columba of Sillery. Thus the realms heretofore sacred to the Archangel, St. Michael and to St. Joseph, have peaceably passed under the gentle sway of St. Columba, despite the law of prescription. The British residents of Sillery—and this ought to console sticklers for English precedents and the sacredness of vested rights—did not permit the glory of the Archangel to depart, and soon after the erection of St. Columbia into a parish, the handsome temple of worship called St. Michael's church, came into existence. [200]

OUR COUNTRY SEATS.

In the preceding paper a general sketch has been attempted of that portion of the St. Lawrence highlands adjoining Quebec to the west—a locality remarkable for the numerous residences it contains of "the nobility of commerce," as a contemporary facetiously styles our merchants. We shall, in the following go over a great portion of the same ground, delineating, first the land area west of Quebec proper, where was fought the battle of the 13th Sept., 1759, *the Plains or Abraham*, and next detail, specifically, the most attractive of these country residences, enlarging our canvass, however, so as to comprise also descriptions of rural homes beyond the limits of Sillery. Many other abodes we would also desire to take in these pages, but space precludes it. It is hoped we won't be misunderstood in our literary project: far is it from our intention to write a panegyric of individuals or a paean to success, although sketches of men or domestic recollections may frequently find their place in the description of their abodes. No other desire prompted us but that of attempting to place prominently before the public the spots with which history or nature has more specially enriched Quebec. Quebecers ought to

be proud of their scenery and of the historical ivy which clings to the old walls of Stadacona. Neighbouring cities may grow vast with brick and mortar; their commerce may advance with the stride of a young giant; their citizens may sit in high places among the sons of men, but can they ever compare with our own fortress for historical memories or beautiful scenery? We shall assign the first place to the mansion which still crowns the Montmorenci Falls, once the abode of the father of our Sovereign; we shall then view the residences on the St. Lewis road in succession, then those along the St. Foy road, and finally close this paper with the description of other remarkable spots in the neighborhood of Quebec.—Lorette, Château Bigot, Montmorency Falls, Chaudière Falls.

THE PLAINS OF ABRAHAM.

"Aux plaines d'Abraham, rendez-vous des batailles, revenez voir ces lieux, oh! revenez encore, officiers du *Grand Roi*, revenez tous aussi, La Barre, Frontenac, Denonville, Tracy! alignez vous, soldats, Carignan et Guienne, appuyez, Languedoc et Béarn et la Reine."—*Alp. de Puibusque*.

"Among modern Battle-fields," says Col. (now Lt. General) Beatson, "none surpass in romantic interest the Plains or Heights of Abraham."

No Quebecker would have the hardihood to challenge the assertion of this able engineer officer, stationed here from 1849 to 1854, and who spared neither time nor pains, with the assistance of our historians and antiquarians, Ferland, Faribault and McGuire, to collect authentic information on this subject. Col. Beatson compiled a volume of historical notes, which he published in 1858, when stationed at Gibraltar. [201]

The Plains of Abraham will ever be famous, as having witnessed, more than one century back, the deadly encounter of the then two leading nations of Europe—England and France—to decide the fate of Canada—one might say (by the series of events it led to) the destinies of North America.

Of this mighty duel, which crimsoned with human gore these fields one murky September morning, in 1759—Smollett, Carlyle, Bancroft, Hawkins, Smith, Garneau, Ferland, Miles and other historians have vied with one another to furnish a graphic account. Of the origin of the name, none until lately could tell.

"Notwithstanding," adds Col. Beatson, "the world-like celebrity of these Plains, it was not until very recently that the derivation of their name was discovered; and as it is comparatively unknown, even in Canada, the following explanation of its origin will doubtless possess attractions for such as are fond of tracing to their sources the names of celebrated localities, and who may be surprised to learn that upwards of a century previous to the final conquest of Canada by the British arms, the scene of the decisive struggle for national supremacy in the northern division of the New World had derived its name from one who, if not a Scotchman by birth, would seem to have been of Scottish lineage. This apparently improbable fact will, however, appear less extraordinary when it is known that he was a sea-faring man; and when it is considered how close was the alliance and how frequent the intercourse which, for centuries before that period, had subsisted between France and Scotland.

"This individual, whose name was Abraham Martin, is described in a legal document, dated the 15th August, 1646, and preserved among the archives of the Bishop's Palace, at Quebec, as (the King's) Pilot of the St. Lawrence; an appointment which probably conferred on its possessor considerable official rank; for we find that Jacques Quartier, or Cartier, the enterprising discoverer and explorer of the St. Lawrence, when about to proceed in 1540, on his third voyage to Canada, was appointed by Francis I, Captain General and Master Pilot of the expedition which consisted of four vessels.

"That Martin was a person of considerable importance in the then infant colony of New France may also be inferred from the fact that, in the journal of the Jesuits and in the parish register of Quebec, he is usually designated by his Christian name only, Maître Abraham; as well as from the circumstance of Champlain, the distinguished founder of Quebec and father of New France, having been god-father to one of Abraham's daughters (Hélène) and of Charles de St. Etienne, Sieur de la Tour, of Acadian celebrity, having stood in the same relation to Martin's youngest son, Charles Amador.

"The earliest mention of Martin's name occurs in the first entry of the parish register of Quebec, viz., on, the 24th of October, 1621; when his son Eustache, who died shortly afterwards, was baptized by father Denis, a Franciscan Friar. The second baptism therein

recorded is that of his daughter Marguerite, which took place in 1624; and it is stated in the register that these children were born of the legitimate marriage of Abraham Martin surnamed or usually known as *the Scot* ("dict l'Ecossois.") Their family was numerous; besides Anne and other children previously to the opening of the register in 1621, the baptism of the following are therein recorded:—

Eustache,..... \ / 1621.
Marguerite,..... | | 1624.
Marie,..... | | 1627.
Adrien,..... | Born in | 1635.
Madelaine,..... | | 1640.
Barbe (Barbara),..... | | 1643.
Charles Amador,..... / \ 1648.

who was the second Canadian raised to the priesthood, and became a canon at the erection of the chapter of Quebec."

As the reader will observe there is nothing to connect the Plains with that of the patriarch of Genesis. Nay, though our Scotch friend owned a family patriarchal in extent, on referring to The Jesuits' Journal we find, we regret to say, at page 120 an Entry, according to which the "Ancient Mariner" seems to have been very summarily dealt with; in fact committed to prison for a delinquency involving the grossest immorality. The appellation of Plains of Abraham was formerly given by our historians to that extensive plateau stretching from the city walls to the Sillery Wood, bounded to the north by the heights of land overhanging the valley of the St. Charles, and to the south by the *coin du cap* overlooking the St. Lawrence, whose many indentures form coves or timber berths, for storing square timber, &c., studded with deep water wharves.

The hill in St. John suburbs or ascent leading up from the valley of the St. Charles, where St. Roch has since been built to the table-land above, was from time immemorial known as COTE D'ABRAHAM, Abraham's Hill. Why did it bear that name?

On referring to the Parish Register of Quebec, from 1621 to 1700, one individual seems to have borne the name of Abraham, and that person is Abraham Martin, to whom under the appellation of *Maître Abraham*, repeated reference is made both in the Register and the Jesuits' Journal.

Abraham Martin, according to the documents quoted by Col. Beatson, owned in two separate lots—one of twenty and the other of twelve *arpents*—thirty-two *arpents* of land, covering, as appears by the subjoined Plan or Diagram copied from his work, a great portion of the site on which St. John and St. Louis Suburbs have since been erected. Abraham's property occupied, it would seem, a portion of the area—the northern section—which, for a long period, also went under the name of Abraham's Plains. It adjoined other land of the Ursuline Ladies then owned on *Côteau St. Louis*, closer to the city, when 1667, [202] it was purchased by them; at that time, the whole tract, according to Col. Beatson, went under the general name of Plains of Abraham. Such appear to be the results of recent researches on this once very obscure question.

THE BATTLE FIELD.

Two highways, lined with country seats, forest trees or cornfields run parallel, at a distance varying from one to half a mile, leading into Quebec: the *Grande Allée*, or St. Louis and the Ste. Foye road. They intersect from east to west the expanse, nine miles in length, from *Cap Rouge* to the city. These well known chief arteries of travel were solidly macadamized in 1841. At the western point, looms out the oak and pine clad cliffs of a lofty cape—*Cap Rouge* or *Redclyffe*. Here wintered, in 1541-2, the discoverer of Canada, Cartier and his followers, here, in 1543-4, his celebrated follower, Roberval, seems also to have sojourned during the dreary months of winter.

A small stream, at the foot of the cape, meanders in a north westerly direction through St. Augustin and neighbouring parishes, forming a deep valley all around the cape. The conformation of the land has led geologists to infer that, at some remote period, the plateau, extending to Quebec, must have been surrounded on all sides by water, the *Cap Rouge* stream and St. Charles being the outlets on the west, north and east. This area increases in altitude until it reaches the lofty summit of Cape Diamond, its eastern boundary. Nature itself seems to have placed these rugged heights as an insurmountable barrier to invasion from the St. Lawrence. With the walls, bastion and heavy city guns; with artillery in position on the *Cap Rouge* promontory; cavalry patrolling the Sillery heights; a numerous army on the only accessible portion of the coast—Beauport, Quebec, if succoured in time, was tolerably safe; so thought some of the French engineers, though not Montcalm.

"The two engagements," says Chauveau, "that of the 15th September, 1759, and that of the 28th of April, 1760, occupied nearly all the plateau hereinbefore described. The first, however, it would seem, was fought chiefly on the St. Louis road, whilst the second took place on the Ste. Foye road. Each locality has its monument, one erected in the honour of Wolfe, on the identical spot where he fell; the other in 1855, to commemorate the glorious fate of the combatants of 1760, where the carnage was the thickest, viz: on the site where stood Dumont's mill (a few yards to the east of the dwelling of J. W. Dunscomb, Esq.)

"The victory of 1759 was a fitting reward of Wolfe's valour, punished the infamies of the Bigot *régime* and withdrew Canada from the focus of the terrible chastisement which awaited France soon after—in the Reign of Terror—for her impiety and immorality. The victory of April, 1760, was a comforting incident—a species of compensation to a handful of brave and faithful colonists, for the crushing disaster which had befallen their cause, the preceding September. It was the crowning—though bootless victory—to the recent brilliant, but useless success of the French arms at Carillon, Monongahela, Fort George, Ticonderoga, Beauport Flats. It was, moreover, the last title, added to numerous others, to the esteem and respect of their conquerors."

Of the second battle of the Plains, that of 28th April 1760, called by some writers "The battle of Ste. Foye," by others "The battle of Sillery Wood," so bloody in its results, so protracted in its duration, we have in *Garneau's History* the first complete account, the historian Smith having glossed over with striking levity this "French victory." The loss of the rival Generals, at the battle of the Plains, of September, 1759, though an unusual incident in warfare, was not without precedent. Generals Braddock and DeBeaujeu in 1755, had both sealed on the battlefield their devotion to their country with their blood on the shores of the Monongahela, in Ohio; in this case as in that of Wolfe and Montcalm, he whose arms were to prevail, falling first.

In 1759, everything conspired to transform this conflict into an important historical event. Even after the lapse of a century, one sometimes is fain to believe, it sums up all which Europe recollects of primitive Canada. The fall of Quebec did not merely bring to a close the fierce rivalry of France and England in America. It lent an immense prestige to Great Britain, by consolidating her maritime supremacy over France—a supremacy she then so highly prized. The event, after the discouraging news which had prevailed, was heralded all over England by the ringing of the bells, and public thanksgiving. Bonfires blazed through the length and breadth of the land, it was a national victory which King, Peers and Commons could not sufficiently extol, and still what has been the ultimate result? By removing the French power from Canada—the only counterpoise to keep down the restless and thriving New England colonies, New England, from being strong got to be defiant. The surrender of Canada hastened the American Revolution. The rule of Britain soon ceased to exist in the New England Provinces; and later on, in 1810, by the abrogation of the right of search on the high seas, her maritime supremacy became a dead letter. As Mr. Chauveau has remarked, "if the independence of America meant the lessening of the British prestige, it remains yet to be proved that France has benefitted thereby."

How much of these momentous changes can be traced to the incidents (perhaps the treason of Bigot), [203] which made the scale of victory incline to British valour on the 13th of September, 1759!

Those desirous of obtaining a full account of the two battles of the Plains are referred among other works, to "Quebec Past and Present." I shall merely borrow from Col. Beatson's very rare volume details not to be found in the ordinary histories.

"It has," says Col Beatson, "been alleged that Montcalm in hastening to meet the British on an open plain, and thereby to decide in a single battle, the fate of a fertile Province nearly equal in extent to one-half of Europe, was not only forgetful of his usual caution, but acted with culpable temerity."

Such action, however, proceeded from no sudden impulse, but from a noble resolve deliberately formed after the most mature consideration and recorded some time previously.

Painfully convinced how little security the weak defences of the city could afford against the determined assault of well disciplined and ably led troops, he believed that however great the risk of meeting his daring adversary in the open field, this course was the only one that seemed to promise him any chance of success. Besides, he had a force numerically [204] superior to that of the English General, could he have concentrated them at one spot. Bougainville with the flower of the French army, the grenadiers and volunteers, 3,000 strong, according to professor Dussieux, was at Cap Rouge, six miles from the battlefield and took no part in the fight, having arrived there more than one hour after the fate of Canada was decided. 1,500 men had been left at the Beauport camp to repel the feint by Admiral

Saunders' ships, on the morning of the 13 Sept., 1759. The Charlesbourg, Lorette and Beauport militia had been granted leave to return home that week, to look after their harvest: a curious coincidence.

The French army was as follows, viz:

Left The Royal Roussillon Regiment, a battalion Regulars. Militia.	
Wing of the marines, or colony troops, and	
Canadian militia.....	1,300 2,300
Centre.—The Regiments of Béarn and militia.	720 1,200
Right The Regiments of La Sarre and Languedoc,	
Wing a battalion of the marine, and militia.....	1,600 400

	3,620 3,900

Wolfe's *field-state* on the morning of the 13th September, showed only 4,828 men of all ranks, from the General downwards; but of these every man was a trained soldier.

And within little more than an hour's march from the Plains, he could not honourably have remained inactive while believing that only a part of the enemy's force was in possession of such vantage ground; and neither the dictates of prudence [205] nor his own chivalrous spirit and loyal regard for the national honour, would permit him to betray a consciousness of weakness by declining the combat, on finding himself unexpectedly confronted by the whole of Wolfe's army. Relying, doubtless, on the prestige of his victories during the campaign of the proceeding year (1758) in which he had been uniformly successful, and in which at Ticonderoga, with four thousand men he had defeated General Abercromby at the head of nearly four times that number—he endeavoured by a confident bearing and encouraging expressions [206] to animate his troops with hopes which he himself could scarcely entertain; and though almost despairing of success, boldly resolved to attempt, by a sudden and vigorous onset, to dislodge his rival before the latter could intrench himself in his commanding position, and it is surely no blot on his fame that the superior discipline and unflinching steadiness of his opponents, the close and destructive volley [207] by which the spirited but disorderly advance of his battalions was checked, and the irresistible [208] charge which completed their confusion, rendered unavailing his gallant effort to save the colony; for (to borrow the words of the eloquent historian of the *Peninsular War*), "the vicissitudes of war are so many that disappointment will sometimes attend the wisest combinations; and a ruinous defeat, the work of chance close the career of the boldest and most sagacious of Generals, so that to judge a commander's conduct by the event alone is equally unjust and unphilosophical."

In the remarkable letter said to have been addressed to his cousin, M. de Molé, *Président au Parlement de Paris*, and dated *from the camp before Quebec, 22nd August, 1759*,—"a fortnight before the battle— MONTCALM thus pathetically describes how hopeless would be the situation in the event of WOLFE effecting a landing near the city; and, with a firm heart, foretold his own fate,

"Here I am, my dear cousin, after the lapse of more than three months still contending with Mr. WOLFE, who has incessantly bombarded Quebec with a fury unexampled in the attack of any place, which the besieger has wished to retain after his capture.

"Nearly all the whole of Lower Town has been destroyed by his batteries and of the Upper Town a great part is likewise in ruins. But even if he leaves not one stone upon another, he will never obtain possession of the capital of the colony whilst his operations continue to be confined to the opposite side of the river.

"Notwithstanding all his efforts during these three months, he has hitherto made no progress towards the accomplishment of his object. He is ruining us, but without advantage to himself. The campaign can scarcely last another month, in consequence of the approach of the autumnal gales, which are so severe and so disastrous to shipping.

"It may seem that, after so favourable a prelude, the safety of the colony can scarcely be doubtful. Such, however, is not the case, as the capture of Quebec depends on a *coup-de-main*. The English have entire command of the river, and have only to effect a landing on this side, where the city without defences is situated. Imagine them in a position to offer me battle! *which I could no longer decline, and which I ought not to gain.*

"Indeed, if M. WOLFE understands his business he has only to receive my first fire, give a volley in return, and then charge; when my Canadians—undisciplined, deaf to the sound of

the drum, and thrown into confusion by his onset—would be incapable of resuming their ranks. Moreover, as they have no bayonets with which to oppose those of the enemy, nothing would remain for them but flight; and then— behold me beaten without resource.

"Conceive my situation! a most painful one for a General-in-Chief, and which causes me many distressing moments.

"Hitherto, I have been enabled to act successfully on the defensive; but will a continuance in that course prove ultimately successful? that is the question which events must decide! Of this, however, you may rest assured, that I shall probably not survive the loss of the colony. There are circumstances which leave to a General no choice but that of dying with honour; such may soon be my fate; and I trust that in this respect posterity will have no cause to reproach my memory." [209]

MONTCALM, conspicuous in front of the left wing of his line, and WOLFE, at the head of the 28th Regiment, and the Louisbourg Grenadiers, towards the right of the British line, must have been nearly opposite to each other at the commencement of the battle, which was most severe in that part of the field; and, by a singular coincidence each of these heroic leaders had been twice wounded during the brief conflict before he received his last and fatal wound.

But the valiant Frenchman, regardless of pain, relaxed not his efforts to rally his broken battalions in their hurried retreat towards the city, until he was shot through the loins, when within a few yards of the St. Louis Gate. And so invincible was his fortitude that not even the severity of this mortal stroke could abate his gallant spirit or alter his intrepid bearing. Supported by two grenadiers—one at each side of his horse—he re-entered the city; and in reply to some woman who, on seeing blood flow from his wounds as he rode down St. Louis street, on his way to the château, [210] exclaimed, *Oh, mon Dieu! mon Dieu! le marquis est tué!* courteously assured them that he was not seriously hurt, and beg them not to distress themselves on his account. *Ce n'est rien! Ce n'est rien! Ne vous affligez pas pour moi, mes bonnes amies.* The last words of WOLFE—imperishably enshrined in history—excite, after the lapse of a century, the liveliest admiration and sympathy, and similar interest may, perhaps be awakened by the narrative of the closing scene in the eventful career of his great opponent.

On the 24th of March, 1761, the French troops who had served in Canada under Montcalm, through M de Bougainville, applied to the British Government for leave to raise a monument to the illustrious dead hero. The British Government, through Mr. Pitt, sent back to Paris on the 10th April, 1761, a graceful letter of acquiescence. The inscription had been prepared by the *Académie des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres*. Unfortunately the marble on which the inscription was engraved by some cause or other never reached Canada. However, in 1831, Lord Aylmer erected over the tomb of the marquis, in the Ursuline Convent, a simple mural tablet of white marble, having the following concise and beautiful epitaph from his Excellency's own pen—

HONNEUR
à
MONTCALM
Le Destin en lui déroband la Victoire
L'a récompensé par une mort glorieuse.

In the course of the following year (1832), there was also erected by his Lordship a small monument on the battle-field to indicate the spot where WOLFE expired, which structure, having become injured, has since given place to a pedestal and column about thirty-five feet high, surmounted by a Roman helmet wreathed with a laurel, and sword; both in bronze.

On two sides of the pedestal are inserted bronze panels, with inscriptions cast in bold relief; one of which thus briefly records the place, circumstances, and date of the conquering hero's death:

Here Died
WOLFE
Victorious
September the 13th, 1759.

The other is as follows:

"This pillar was erected

By the British Army in Canada, A.D. 1849;
His Excellency Lieut.-General Sir Benjamin
d'Urban,
G.C.B.; K.C.H.; K.C.T.S., &c.,
Commander of the Forces,
To replace that erected by Governor-General
Lord Aylmer, G.C.B.,
Which was broken and defaced, and is deposited
underneath.

From the foregoing, all admit that the Plains of Abraham must recall memories equally sacred to both nationalities inhabiting Quebec.

The 13th September, 1759, and the 28th April, 1760, are two red-letter days in our annals; the undying names of Wolfe and Montcalm claim the first, the illustrious names of Levis and Murray, the second.

In the September engagement Montcalm's right wing rested on the Ste. Foye road; his left on the St. Louis road, near the Buttes-à-Nepveu (Perrault's Hill.)

In the April encounter, Murray's hardy warriors occupied the greatest portion of the north-western section of the plateau. His right wing rested on Coteau Ste. Genevieve, St. John Suburbs, and his left reached to the edge of the cliff, overhanging the St Lawrence, near Marchmont. On the 13th September, the French began the fight; on the 28th April it was the British who fired first. Fifteen years later, in 1775, the Heights of Abraham became the camping ground of other foes. This time the British of New England were pitted against the British of New France; we all know with what result.

BATTLEFIELD PARK.

The departure from our shores of England's red coated legions, in 1871, amongst other voids, left waste, untenanted, and unoccupied, the historic area, for close on one century reserved as their parade and exercising grounds on review days—The Plains of Abraham. This famous battle-field does not, we opine, belong to Quebec alone; it is the common property of all Canada. The military authorities always so careful in keeping its fences in repair handed it over to the Dominion, which made no provision for this purpose. On the 9th March, 1875, the Dominion Government leased it to the Corporation of the city of Quebec, for ten years of the lease under which it was held from the Religious Ladies of the Ursulines of Quebec, provided the Corporation assumed the conditions of the lease, involving an annual rental of two hundred dollars.

The extensive conflagration of June 1876, which laid waste one-half of St. Louis Suburbs, and the consequent impoverished state of the municipal finances prevented the City authorities from voting any money to maintain in proper order the fences of the Plains. Decay, ruin and disorder were fast settling on this sacred ground, once moistened by the blood of heroes, when the citizens of Quebec spontaneously came to the rescue. No plan suggested to raise the necessary funds obtained more favour than that of planting it with some shade-trees, and converting it into a Driving Park. This idea well carried out would, in a measure, associate it with the everyday life of all citizens of all denominations. Its souvenir, its wondrous river-views alone would attract thousands. It would be open *gratis* to all well-behaved pedestrians. The fatigued tradesman, the weary labourer, may at any time saunter round and walk to the brink of the giddy heights facing Levi; feast their eyes on the striking panorama unrolled at their feet; watch the white winged argosies of commerce float swan-like on the bosom of the mighty flood, whilst the wealthy citizen, in his panelled carriage, would take his afternoon drive round the Park *en payant*. The student, the scholar, the traveller might each in turn find here amusement, and fresh air and shade, and with sketch book and map in hand, come and study or copy the formation of the battle-field and its monument; whilst the city *belle* on her palfrey, or the youthful equestrian, fresh from college, might enjoy a canter round the undulating course in September on all days, except that Autumn week sacred to the turf, ever since 1789, selected by the sporting fraternity.

In November, 1876, an association was formed, composed as follows: His Honour the Lieut.-Governor, His Worship the Mayor, Chief Justice Meredith, Hon. Judge Tessier, Hon. E. Chinic, Hon. D. E. Price, Chs. E. Levey, Hon. P. Garneau, Col. Rhodes, John Gilmour, John Burstall, Hon. C. C. DeLéry, J. Bte. Renaud, Jos. Hamel, J. M. LeMoine, Hon. Thos. McGreevy,

Hon. C. Alleyn, C. F. Smith, A. P. Caron, Thos. Beckett, James Gibb, R. R. Dobell, with E. J. Meredith, Secretary. Hon. E. Chinic, and Messrs. C. F. Smith, and R. R. Dobell were named Trustees to accept for the nominal sum of \$1, the lease held by the City Corporation, the Corporation continuing liable for the annual rent of \$200. Though the late period of the season prevented the association from doing anything, beyond having the future Park suitably fenced in, the praiseworthy object in contemplation has not been lost sight of, and active measures in furtherance of the same will yet be taken.

It would be unjust to close this hasty sketch without awarding a word of praise and encouragement to one of the most active promoters of the scheme, R. R. Dobell, Esq., of Beauvoir, Sillery. (These lines penned in 1876, we recall this day, with regret, the excellent idea of Battlefield Park having fallen through, on the promoters discovery that the 99 years lease, granted by the Ursuline Nuns would expire in a very few years, when the Nuns would resume the site).

THE DUKE OF KENT'S LODGE,—MONTMORENCI.

"Oh! give me a home where the cataract's foam
Is admired by the poor and the rich, as they roam
By thy banks, Montmorenci, so placid and fair,
Oh! what would I give, could I find a home there."

The Montmorenci heights and beaches have become famous on account of the successful defence made there during the whole summer of 1759, by Montcalm, against the attacks of Wolfe's veterans. Finally, the French lines having been deemed impregnable on the Beauport side, a fort and barracks [211] were repeatedly talked of at Isle aux Coudres, to winter the troops. Wolfe was, however, overruled in his councils, and a spot near Sillery pointed out for a descent, possibly by a French renegade, Denis de Vitré, [212] probably by Major Stobo, who, being allowed a good deal of freedom during his captivity, knew the locality well. Stobo had been all winter a prisoner of war in the city, having been sent down from Fort Necessity, on its surrender, to Quebec, in 1754, by the French, from whom he escaped in the beginning of May, 1759, and joined Durell and Saunders' fleet long before it reached Point Levi. These same heights, celebrated for their scenery, were destined, later on, to acquire additional interest from the sojourn thereat of a personage of no mean rank—the future father of our august Sovereign.

Facing the roaring cataract of Montmorenci stands the "Mansion House," built by Sir Frederic Haldimand, C.B., [213] when Governor of the Province—here Sir Frederic entertained, in 1782, the Baronness Redesdale, the wife of the Brunswick General, who had come over with Burgoyne to fight the continentals in 1775,—a plain-looking lodge, still existing, to which, some years back, wings have been added, making it considerably larger. This was the favourite summer abode of an English Prince. His Royal Highness Edward Augustus, Colonel of the Royal Fusileers, subsequently Field Marshal the Duke of Kent, "had landed here," says the *Quebec Gazette* of the 18th August, 1791, from H. M. ships *Ulysses* and *Resistance*, [214] in seven weeks from Gibraltar, with the 7th or Royal Regiment of Fusileers." The Prince had evidently a strong fancy for country life, as may be inferred by the fact that, during his prolonged stay in Halifax, as Commander-in-Chief of the Forces, he owned also, seven miles out of the city, a similar rustic lodge, of which Haliburton has given a charming description. 'Twas on the 11th of August the youthful colonel, with his fine regiment, landed in the Lower Town; on the 12th was held in his honour, at the Château St. Louis, a levée, whereat attended the authorities, civil, military and clerical, together with the gentry. In the afternoon "the ladies were presented to the Prince in the Château." Who, then, attended this levée? Did he dance? If so, who were his partners? No register of names; no list of Edward's partners, such as we have of the Prince of Wales. [215] No *Court Journal*! Merely an entry of the names of the signers of the address in the *Quebec Gazette* of the 18th August, 1791. Can we not, then, re-people the little world of Quebec of 1791?—bring back some of the principal actors of those stormy political, but frolicsome times? Let us walk in with the "nobility and gentry," and make our best bow to the scion of royalty. There, in fall uniform, you will recognize His Excellency Lord Dorchester, the Governor-General, one of our most popular administrators; next to him, that tall, athletic military man, is the Deputy Governor-General, Sir Alured Clark. He looks eager to grasp the reins of office from his superior, who will set sail for *home* in a few days. See how thoughtful the Deputy Governor appears; in order to stand higher with his royal English master he chuckles before-hand over the policy which gives to many old French territorial divisions, right English names—Durham, Suffolk, Prince Edward, York, Granville, Buckinghamshire, Herefordshire, Kent. The western section of Canada will rejoice in the new names of Hesse, Luneberg, Nassau, Mecklenburg. That Deputy Governor will yet live to win a *baton* [216] of Field Marshal under a Hanoverian sovereign. He is now in close conversation with Chief Justice William Smith, senior. Round there are a bevy of Judges, Legislative Councillors, Members of Parliament, all done up to kill, *à l'ancienne mode*, by

Monsieur Jean Laforme, [217] court hair-dresser, with powdered periwigs, ruffles and formidable pigtails. Here is Judge Mabane, Secretary Pownall, Honorable Messrs. Finlay, [218] Dunn, Harrison, Holland, Collins, Caldwell, Fraser, Lymburner; Messrs. Lester, Young, Smith junior. Mingled with them you also recognize the bearers of old historic names—Messrs. de Longueuil, Baby, de Bonne, Duchesnay, Dunière, Guérout, de Lotbinière, Roc de St. Ours, Dambourgès, de Rocheblave, de Rouville, de Boucherville, Le Compte, Dupré, Bellestre, Taschereau, de Tonnancour, Panet, de Salaberry, and a host of others. Were these gentlemen all present? Probably not, they were likely to be. Dear reader, you want to know also what royal Edward did—said—was thought of —amongst the Belgravians of old Stadacona, during the three summers he spent in Quebec.

"How he looked when he danced, when he sat at his ease,
When his Highness had sneezed, or was going to sneeze."

Bear in mind then, that we have to deal with a dashing Colonel of Fusileers—age twenty-five—status, a prince of the blood; add that he was ardent, generous, impulsive, gallant; a tall, athletic fellow; in fact, one of George III.'s big, burly boys—dignified in manner—a bit of a statesman; witness his happy and successful speech [219] at the hustings of the Charlesbourg election, and the biting rebuke it contained in anticipation—for Sir Edmund Head's unlucky post-prandial joke about the *superior* race. Would you prefer to know him after he had left our shores and become Field Marshal the Duke of Kent? Take up his biography by the Rev. Erskine Neale, and read therein that royal Edward was a truthful, Christian gentleman—a chivalrous soldier, though a stern disciplinarian— an excellent husband—a persecuted and injured brother—a neglected son— the munificent patron of literary, educational and charitable institutions—a patriotic Prince—in short, a model of a man and a paragon of every virtue. But was he all that? we hear you say. No doubt of it. Have you not a clergyman's word for it—his biographer's? The Rev. Erskine Neale will tell you what His Royal Highness did at Kensington Palace, or Castlebar Hill. Such his task; ours, merely to show you the gallant young colonel, emerging bright and early from his Montmorenci Lodge, thundering with his spirited pair of Norman horses over the Beauport and Canardière road; one day, "sitting down to whist and partridges for supper," at the hospitable board of a fine old scholar and gentleman, M. de Salaberry, then M.P.P. for the county of Quebec, the father of the hero of Châteauguay, and who resided near the Beauport church. The old de Salaberry mansion has since been united by purchase to Sarnoc, Col. B. C. A. Gugy's estate. Another day you may see him dash past Belmont or Holland House or Powell Place, occasionally dropping in with the *bonhomme* of a good, kind Prince, as he was—especially when the ladies were young and pretty. You surely did not expect to find an anchorite in a slashing Colonel of Fusileers—in perfect health, age, twenty-five. Not a grain of asceticism ever entered, you know, in the composition of "Farmer George's" big sons; York and Clarence, they were no saints; neither were they suspected of asceticism; not they, they knew better. And should royal Edward, within your sight, ever kiss his hand to any fair daughter of Eve, inside or outside of the city, do not, my Christian friend, upturn to heaven the whites of your eyes in pious horror; princes are men, nay, they require at times to be more than men to escape the snares, smiles, seductions, which beset them at every step in this wicked, wicked, world. How was Montmorenci Lodge furnished? Is it true that the Prince's remittances, from Carlton House never exceeded £5,000 per annum during his stay here?—Had he really as many bells to summon his attendants in his Beauport Lodge as his Halifax residence contained—as he had at Kensington or Castlebar Hill? Is it a fact that he was such a punctual and early riser, that to ensure punctuality on this point, one of his servants was commanded to sleep during the day in order to be sure to be awake at day-break to ring the bell?—Did he really threaten to court-martial the 7th Fusileers, majors, captains, subs and privates, who might refuse to sport their pig-tails in the streets of Quebec, as well as at Gibraltar?

Really, dear reader, your inquisitiveness has got beyond all bounds; and were Prince Edward to revisit those shores, we venture to say, that you would in a frenzy of curiosity or loyalty even do what was charged by De Cordova, when Edward's grandson, Albert of Wales, visited, in 1860, Canada and the American Union:—

"They have stolen his gloves and purloined his cravat
Even scraped a souvenir from the nap of his hat."

Be thankful if we satisfy even one or two of your queries. He had indeed to live here on the niggardly allowance of £5,000 per annum. The story [220] about censuring an officer for cutting off his pig-tail refers not to his stay in Canada, but to another period of his life. He lived rather retired; a select few only were admitted to his intimacy; his habits were here, as elsewhere, regular; his punctuality, proverbial; his stay amongst us, marked by several acts of kindness, of which we find traces in the addresses presented on several occasions, thanking him for his own personal exertions and the assistance rendered by his gallant men at several fires which had occurred. [221] He left behind some warm admirers, with whom he corresponded regularly. We have now before us a package of his letters dated "Kensington Palace." Here is one out of twenty; but no, the records of private friendship must

remain inviolate.

The main portion of the "Mansion House," at Montmorenci, is just as he left it. The room in which he used to write is yet shown; a table and chair—part of his furniture—are to this day religiously preserved. The lodge is now the residence of the heirs of the late G. B Hall, Esquire, the proprietors of the extensive saw mills at the foot of the falls.

THE DUKE OF KENT, THE QUEEN'S FATHER, AT QUEBEC, 1791-4.

Of the numerous sons of King George III., none, perhaps, were born with more generous impulses, none certainly more manly—none more true in their attachments, and still none more maligned neglected—traded than he, who, as a jolly Colonel of Fusileers spent some pleasant years of his life at Quebec from 1791 to '94, Edward Augustus, father of our virtuous and beloved Sovereign.

We wish to be understood at the outset. It is not our intention here to write a panegyric on a royal Duke; like his brothers, York and Clarence—the pleasure-loving, he, too, had his foibles; he was not an anchorite by any means. His stern, Spartan idea of discipline may have been overstretched, and blind adherence to routine in his daily habits may have justly invited the lash of ridicule. What is pretended here, and that, without fear of contradiction, is that his faults, which were those of a man, were loudly proclaimed, while his spirit of justice, of benevolence and generosity was unknown, unrecognized, except by a few. No stronger record can be opposed to the traducers of the memory of Edward, Duke of Kent, than his voluminous correspondence with Col. DeSalaberry and brothers, from 1791 to 1815—recently, through the kindness of the DeSalaberry family, laid before the public by the late Dr. W. J. Anderson, of Quebec.

The Duke had not been lucky in the way of biographers. The Rev. Erskine Neale, who wrote his life, is less a biographer than a panegyrist, and his book, if, instead of much fulsome praise, it contained a fuller account—especially of the early career of his hero—of the Duke's sayings and doings in Gibraltar, Quebec and Halifax, it would certainly prove more valuable, much more complete.

Singularly enough, Neale, disposes in about three lines, of the years the Duke spent in Quebec, though, as proved by his correspondence, those years were anything but barren. Quebec, we contend, as exhibited in the Duke's letters, ever retained a green spot in his souvenirs, in after life.

The Old Château balls, the Kent House in St. Lewis street, had for him their joyful sunshine, when, as a stalwart, dashing Colonel of Fusileers, aged 25, he had his *entrées* in the fashionable drawing-rooms of 1791-4 Holland House, Powell Place (Spencer Wood, as it is now called), old Hale's receptions, Lymburner's soirees in his old mansion on Sault au Matelot street, then the fashionable quarter for wealthy merchants. The Duke's cottage *orné* at the Montmorenci Falls had also its joyous memories, but these were possibly too tender to be expatiated on in detail.

The Prince, it appears, was also present on an occasion of no ordinary moment to the colony that is when the King, his father, "granted a Lower Chamber to the two provinces in 1791."

The only original source now available for inditing that portion of the Duke's life spent in Quebec, is Neilson's old *Quebec Gazette*, supplemented with divers old traditions, not always reliable.

Dr. Anderson's compilation will certainly go far to dispel the atmosphere of misrepresentation floating around the character of Prince Edward, as he was familiarly styled when here during the past century. The character of the most humble individual, when casually mentioned in history, ought to be free from misrepresentation. Why this rule should not apply to the manly soldier who, in the streets of old Quebec in 1791, headed his gallant men wherever a riot, a fire, or a public calamity required their presence, is difficult to understand. No man was more popular in the city from the services he rendered when called on. One class, however, found in him an unrelenting disciplinarian—the refractory soldier attempting mutiny or desertion from the corps.

We are invited to these reflections from the fact that new light is now promised to us on this traduced commander, in the shape of what will no doubt be an attractive biography of

Duke Edward from the pen of a London *littérateur* of note, whose name we are not justified in giving at present. The following extract from a London letter, received this last mail by a gentleman of this city, who has succeeded in gathering together valuable materials for Canadian history, will prove what we now assert. It is addressed to Mr. LeMoine, late President of the Literary and Historical Society, whose sketch of the Prince's career in 1791, as contained in the *Maple Leaves* for 1865, seems to have obtained the full approbation of the distinguished *littérateur* now engaged in writing the life of the Duke:

"SOUTH KENSINGTON, London, May 30, 1874.

DEAR SIR,—If my note on Miss Nevill's incident [222] clears up any point hitherto obscure of Canadian life, use it by all means for your Canadian sketches. During my searches consequent to elucidate the Duke's sojourn in Canada, many curious stories came under my eye, which have never, as I am aware, been yet published in Canadian histories, when the Prince was stationed at Quebec. The London pens were in the habit of publishing from time to time incidents of considerable interest bearing on forgotten periods of the early British Constitutional History of Canada—parliamentary. My intention is to note them in the life of H.R.H., as he was present when the King granted a lower Chamber to the two provinces in 1791. From this circumstance he based his firm adherence to a constitutional Government as the safest mode to ensure freedom to all parties interested therein. My work on the Duke of Kent would have been published ere this, but I am awaiting the correspondence promised me by Lord B— addressed to Lord L—, and that also to Sir H— Douglas, formerly Lieutenant-Governor of —. Your suggestion will not be lost sight of. *Maple Leaves* have been fully culled for information concerning the Prince. Holland Farm and the Duke at Montmorenci give a correct picture of life in Quebec in 1791— information unknown to Rev. Mr. Neale in 1850.

If not too much trouble, could you let me know whether these works, of which I enclose a list, mention the Duke in Canada, for the British Museum does not possess these publications, which obliges me to seek information from such a person as yourself, who is versed in Canadian affairs. I am anxious to give a correct account of the Duke in Canada. This period of his life has escaped all the biographers of the Prince, Philippart and Neale, &c. If I should meet any striking incident relative to Canadian affairs, I shall forward it to your address."— *From Quebec Morning Chronicle*.

L'ASYLE CHAMPÊTRE.

Founded by Joseph Francois Perrault, the pioneer of lay education in the Province of Quebec.

"In these days of ambitious, showy villas and grand mansions, whose lofty and imposing proportions, elaborate architectural ornaments, conspicuous verandahs and prominent sites are all designed, not only to gratify the taste and pride of their owners, but to impress with wonder and admiration the ordinary observer, it may be interesting to give a description of Mr. Perrault's residence, a fair specimen of a comfortable and well ordered dwelling of the olden time. My object, in describing it, is to convey to the present generation some idea of the taste and domestic architecture of our ancestors, especially to those who, in culture and social influence, might truly be regarded as representative men. For a similar purpose, I have thought of presenting such social pictures of the good old times, of his habits and practices, as marked his connection with his relatives and neighbors, and in this way an instructive lesson may be learned.

Mr. Perrault's abode was a building of one storey, with attics in front and two in rear, in the style of the eighteenth century, on the north side of the St. Louis Road, on the spot known to historians as les buttes à nepveu, to-day, as Perrault's Hill, upon which the residence of Mr. Henry Dinning now stands. As all students are aware, this is classic ground; here was fought the main struggles of the battles of the Plains of Abraham and of St. Foy; Murray's troops having entrenched themselves here on the eve of the engagement with de Levis. A stone wall with an elegant railing divided the property from the main road, near which was a graceful little nestled summer house, overgrown with creepers and vines; through an avenue with flowery borders, between lines of lofty vases, filled with blooming plants, the visitor reached the house, which occupied the centre of a garden of four acres. Above the door, at the summit of a flight of steps, was inscribed in gilt letters, *Asyle Champêtre*. It was a double house with a conservatory at each end, the first erected in Canada, filled with exotic and native plants, at some distance on either side were miniature Norman turrets. Mr. Perrault had selected this favourable site for his residence, carefully noting all its advantages. The rays of the rising sun flashed through the front windows, cheering him in his morning labours, while as the day wore on, a flood of mellow light

suffused the western portion of his chamber. From such vantage ground, Mr. Perrault, of an evening, could observe the movements of the heavenly bodies, the position of the planets and the various phenomena of the firmament; the study of which had great attractions for him, and created in his mind a gratitude to the great architect for all His vast works and beneficent care. On entering the visitor found himself in the reception room, of about twenty-four feet square, with a large bay window towards the north, and used as a drawing room and study. In whatever direction one looked, the view was attractive; to the south, the commanding heights of Point Levi, with the chasm between, where rolled by the great St. Lawrence; to the east, the picturesque island of Orleans, dividing the river into two channels, and the imposing old Citadel, or martial crown of the city on Cape Diamond; to the north, the meandering river in the beautiful valley of St. Charles, the heights of Charlesbourg and Lorette, the shore of Beauport, the faint trace of the *embouchure* of the Montmorenci, and the grand Laurentian mountain range in the distance; and to the west, the battle fields of 1759 and 60, memorable for their heroic deeds and momentous results—views most charming, exquisite and impressive.

The front grounds were utilized as a model garden and orchard, in which every improvement in horticulture had been adopted and were laid out in plots and gravelled walks. In rear of the house was a miniature pond, enlivened by waterfowl and turtles, and whose banks were adorned with water plants and ferns, and receding thence were plateaux, covered with flowers of every description.

In addition to the picturesque appearance and commanding position of Mr. Perrault's house, the internal arrangements of the apartments deserve notice, particularly as in them often met the leading men of Quebec, where they discussed the fluctuations of the public mind, benevolent enterprises and matters of general interest. The parlor in the *Asyle Champêtre* was well known to the élite and leaders of society of that day; elegantly, but not luxuriously, furnished; the carpet was made of flax, sown and grown on the grounds adjoining his schools, and woven by the pupils; the walls were hung with valuable paintings and ornamented by objects of *virtù* artistically arranged. From the centre descended a lustre of six candles; at the rear angles were large circular mirrors, one concave and the other convex, with lights on each side, reflecting every object in movement in the apartment. Two bronze statues, or candelabra, with lights, guarded either side of the hall door, in keeping with the surroundings; the hangings and furniture were in the style of Louis XIV., in which the colours harmoniously blended. On the left hand of this apartment was Mr. Perrault's library, in which was a choice collection of Greek, Latin, English, French and Spanish works, on philosophy, history and *les belles lettres*. No one had a higher respect for the classics than he; the odes of Horace, the poems of Virgil and the orations of Cicero were as familiar to him as the best sermons of Bossuet or the tragedies of Racine. On the right was another room, with a piano and organ, to which the family devoted much attention, and lovers of music were certain of hearing there excellent performances and well-cultivated voices.

Those who had the privilege of enjoying his hospitality on ordinary occasions, could never forget the hearty welcome of their whole-souled entertainer; and on two particular days, the first of January and the *fête de St. Joseph*, his patron saint, they had still better reason for its remembrance. These social gatherings were for months looked forward to as the events of the season, and for many a day subsequently they recalled most agreeable recollections. As was then the custom, the guests arrived early in the afternoon and took their departure at the unfashionable hour of nine, and in the interval engaged themselves in dancing, in games, in listening to brilliant executions on different musical instruments and the rich melody of well-trained voices, in ballad and song, clever repartees and intellectual conversation, while the supper table, laden with all the delicacies procurable, was a continual feast from the opening to the close of the entertainment. The guests were escorted down the avenue by their host and his family, and as he bade them good night, the shouts and merry laughter of the younger ones rang joyfully in the night air, startling the passers by with their frolicsome happiness.

Mr. Perrault's table had a wide reputation, and although he never issued general invitations, it was rarely without two, or more, guests, for those who happened to be at the *Asyle* at meal time were cordially invited to join in the family repast. From taste and habit, his board ever presented a tempting display; but, as regards himself, he was most abstemious, partaking sparingly and of but few dishes, while to his guests his hospitality was unbounded. His old cook sometimes found her task hard, or pretended to; and on one occasion, returning from confession, she remarked that she had said to M. le Curé, when he counselled patience and submission, "*je voudrais bien vous y voir,*" (I would like to see you in my place). Even in those days cooks were testy, for, when Mr. Perrault found fault with her, she would answer as impertinently as one could in these days: "*voulez-vous que je vous dise la vérité? Vous commencez à être dégoûté de ma cuisine,*" (Do you want me to tell you the truth? You are getting tired of my cooking). To the tried and impatient, the above incidents will cause them to ask themselves if there be any truth in the old saying: "God sent us food and the devil sent us cooks."

A custom illustrative of the habits of that period, was the visit of relations on New Year's morning. Old and young presented themselves at five o'clock and repaired in a file to Mr. Perrault's bedroom to

receive his blessing. He afterwards rose, dressed and made all happy by giving them suitable presents and paying graceful compliments. Later in the day was witnessed a still more interesting scene, when his pupils, of both sexes, and doubtless to their fullest number, arrived at his hospitable mansion to offer him their grateful acknowledgements of his kindness. A table, close by where he sat, in a large arm chair, was covered with piles of "horns of plenty," filled with sweetmeats, and to each he presented one, with a small piece of silver; and these children, who needed more substantial gifts, had but to make their wants known and they were rarely refused.

On that day he also made calls immediately after Grand Mass, in the extremity of his politeness carrying his hat under his arm, regardless of the weather, with the *queue* of his wig blown to and fro by the wind. His arrival, as a matter of course, caused a social stir, often recalled with pleasure by many afterwards.

MARCHMONT.

"Oh! give me a home on that bold classic height,
Where in sweet contemplation in age's dark night,
I may tread o'er the plain where as histories tell
Britain's stout-hearted Wolfe in his victory fell."

Adjoining the expanse of table land, now known as the Plains of Abraham, and divided from it to the east by a high fence, lies with a southern exposure a level and well-cultivated farm—Marchmont— tastefully laid out some sixty summers ago by Sir John Harvey, next occupied for several years by Sir Thomas Noel Hill, subsequently owned by Hon. John Stewart, and for more than twenty years the residence of John Gilmour, Esquire, of the well-known Glasgow house of Pollock, Gilmour & Co. [223] To the west, Marchmont farm is bounded by Wolfesfield; to the south by the river heights, having a valuable timber cove (Wolfe's cove) attached to it. The dwelling, a cheerful and sunny residence, decks a sloping lawn, not far from the high bank, embedded as it were in a clump of fir, ash, maple and pine trees, which conceal it from St. Lewis road, and afford, on the opposite side, a variety of charming glimpses of our noble estuary, the main artery of western commerce. A spacious and richly-stocked conservatory opens on the drawing-room to the west of the house. The embellishment was erected by the late John Gilmour, who also added a vinery.

In the summer months, visitors travelling past Marchmont cannot fail to notice the magnificent hawthorn hedge, interspersed here and there with young maple, which encloses it on the St. Lewis road.

Marchmont, even shorn of its historical memories, would much interest an observer who had an eye to agricultural pursuits carried to a high state of perfection. The outlines and arrangements for raising cattle, poultry, &c., are on a truly comprehensive scale.

Connected with Marchmont, there are incidents of the past, which will ever impress it on the mind of the visitor. A century back, over this same locality, the tide of battle surged for several hours when Wolfe's army had ascended the cliff. No later than 1860, the crumbling bones of fallen warriors were discovered whilst laying the foundation of the flag-staff to the east of the house. They were buried again carefully under the same flagstaff—erected to salute the Prince of Wales when passing Marchmont. Let us hear one of the actors on that eventful September morning of 1759—Capt. John King:—

"Before day break," says he, "this morning we made a descent upon the north shore, about half a mile to the eastward of Sillery; and the light troops were fortunately, by the rapidity of the current, carried lower down, between us and Cape Diamond. We had in this detachment thirty flat-bottomed boats, containing about 1600 men. This was a great surprise on the enemy, who, from the natural strength of the place, did not suspect, and consequently were not prepared against, so bold an attempt. The chain of sentries which they had posted along the summit of the heights, galled us a little and picked off several men (in the boat where I was one man was killed; one seaman, with four soldiers, were slightly, and two mortally wounded, and some officers), before our light infantry got up to dislodge them. This grand enterprise was conducted and executed with great good order and discretion; as fast as we landed the boats were put off for reinforcements, and the troops formed with much regularity; the General, with Brigadiers Monckton and Murray, were ashore with the first division. We lost no time, but clambered up one of the steepest precipices that can be conceived, being almost a perpendicular and of an incredible length; as soon as we gained the summit all was quiet, and not a shot was heard, owing to the excellent conduct of the infantry under Colonel Howe. It was by this time clear day-light. Here we formed again, the

river and the south country in our rear, our right extending to the town, our left to Sillery, and halted a few moments. The general then detached the light troops to our left to rout the enemy from their battery, and to disable their guns, except they should be rendered serviceable to the party who were to remain there; and this service was soon performed. We then faced to the right and marched towards the town by files, till we came to the Plains of Abraham, an even piece of ground which Wolfe had made choice of, while we stood forming upon the hill. Weather showery; about six o'clock the enemy first made their appearance upon the heights, between us and the town; whereupon we halted and wheeled to the right, forming the line of battle."

For some time past Marchmont has been occupied by Col. Ferdinand Turnbull, of the Q. O. Canadian Hussars.

ANECDOTE OF WOLFE'S ARMY.

"After the conquest of Quebec, the troops had to make shift for quarters wherever they could find a habitable place; I myself made choice of a small house in the lane leading to the Esplanade, where Ginger the Gardner now lives (1828), and which had belonged to Paquet the schoolmaster—although it was scarcely habitable from the number of our shells that had fallen through it. However, as I had a small party of the company, I continued to get a number of little jobs done towards making it passably comfortable for the men, and for my own part I got Hector Munro, who was a joiner by trade, to knock up a kind of "cabinet" (as the Canadians called it) in one corner of the house for myself. We had a stove, but our Highlanders, who know no better, would not suffer the door to be closed, as they thought if they could not naturally *see* the fire, it was impossible that they could *feel* it. In this way they passed the whole of the winter; three or four would sit close up to the door of the stove, and when these were a little warmed, three or four others would relieve them, and so on. Some days they were almost frozen to death, or suffocated by the smoke, and to mend the matter they had nothing better than green wood!

I contrived somehow or other to procure six blankets, so that notwithstanding that I was almost frozen during the day, being the whole winter out on duty, superintending the party of our Highlanders, making fascines in the woods, still I passed the nights pretty comfortably. 'Twas funny enough to see, every morning, the whole surface of the blankets covered with ice, from the heat of my breath and body. We wore our kilts the whole of this time, but there was no accident, as we were sheltered by the woods. I bought myself a pair of leather breeches, but I could not walk in them, so I laid them aside.

When the spring came round, the French again made their appearance on high ground between the town and Abraham's Plains, and General Murray must needs march us out to fight them. At this time scarcely a man in the garrison but was afflicted with colds or coughs. The day fixed on orders was the 28th April, 1760, at seven in the morning, and cold and raw enough it was! Before the sortie I took a biscuit and, spread a bit of butter over it, and I set about 'cranching' it, and said to Hector Munro, for whom I had a great attachment: "You had better do as I am doing, for you cannot know when you may be able to get your next meal." Hector answered, "I will not touch anything; I have already taken my last meal, for something tells me that I shall never require another meal in this world." "Hout! man," said I, "you are talking nonsense; take a biscuit, I tell you." But no, Hector would have none! Well, the hour came for parading, and we were soon afterwards marched out of the garrison. It was my lot to act as covering sergeant to Lieutenant Fraser of our Grenadiers, who had already been wounded at the affair of the Falls, through the belly and out at his back, without his scarcely having felt it. (This Lieutenant Fraser was nephew to my friend Captain Baillie, who was the first man killed at the landing at Louisbourg, and who, had he lived, would have been the means of securing to me my commission, as had been the understanding between him and Colonel Fraser, when I volunteered in Scotland for service in America). Early in the action with the French, Lieut. Fraser received a shot in the temple, which felled him to the very spot on which he then stood, and as not an inch of ground was to be lost, I had to move up into line, which I could not have done without my resting one foot upon his body! The affair went altogether against us, and we had to retreat back into the town.

When I got back to my quarters, I there found poor Hector Munro, who not being able to walk, had been carried in, owing to a wound he had received in the lower part of the belly, through which his bowels were coming out! He had his senses about him, and reminded me of our conversation just before the battle. He was taken to the Hôtel Dieu, where he died the next morning, in great agony. When I first saw the French soldiers I thought them a dirty, ragged set—their clothing was originally white. Many of them, particularly in the 'Regiment de la Reine,' had a bit of blue ribbon to the buttonhole of their coat, with a little white shell fixed to it, which they called 'Papa,' and this, it seems, was a mark of honour for having distinguished themselves on some former occasion. I, at first, mistook them for Freemasons! After the battle of the Plains of Abraham, on the 13th September, fifty- nine, when a great many of the French lay killed and wounded on the field (we killed seventy-two officers alone) it was horrid to see the effect of blood and dust on their white coats! They lay there as thick as a flock of sheep, and just as they had fallen, for the main body had been completely routed off the ground, and had not an opportunity of carrying away their dead and wounded men. I recollect to have lost a regimental coat by their means. There was no place about the town to put the wounded in, and they had to be carried down the bank to Wolfe's cove, and from thence put into boats and taken across to the lower ferry-place at Point Levis, for the purpose of their being placed under the care of our surgeons at the church (St Joseph's), which was converted into a temporary hospital. Our men had nothing better to carry them on than a handbarrow with canvass laid across it. By this means it required two of our men to carry one of them to the top of the hill at Point Levis.

The business going on very slowly, I at last got out of patience looking at them, so I set to work and took up a wounded man to my own share, and did not let him down at the top of the hill but landed him safe at the temporary hospital. By the time that we had done with them I was fatigued enough, and 'afaith, I spoiled my red coat into the bargain!

The poor fellows would cry out lustily when they were in an uneasy position, but we could not understand a word of what they said. One of them had one of his cheeks lying flat down upon his shoulder, which he got by attempting to run away, though he had a Highlander at his heels. When the French gave themselves up quietly they had no harm done them, but faith! if they tried to outrun a Heelandman they stood but a bad chance, for whash went the broadsword!"—(*Related in August, 1828, as stated in the Diary of Volunteer Sergt. Jas. Thompson.*)

WOLFESFIELD

"The hill they climb'd, and halted at its top, of more than mortal size."

"The horror of the night, the precipice scaled by Wolfe the empire he with a handful of men added to England, and the glorious catastrophe of contentedly terminating life where his fame began... Ancient story may be ransacked, and ostentatious philosophy thrown into the account, before an episode can be found to rank with Wolfe's."—(*William Pitt.*)

The successful landing at this spot of the English forces, who, in 1759, invaded Quebec, no less than its scenery, lends to Wolfesfield peculiar interest. Major, afterwards General, John Hale, later on conspicuous for gallantry during the long and trying siege of Quebec, in 1775-6, was one of the first men who, in 1759, put his foot on the heights in front of the locality where now stands the dwelling, having climbed up the hill by the *ruisseau St. Denis*, heading the flank Company of the Lascelles or 47th Regiment. General Wolfe made the main body of the army march up, Indian file, by a pathway which then existed where the high road is at present. At the head of this path may yet be seen the remains of the French entrenchments, occupied on that day by a militia guard of 100 men, chiefly Lorette militiamen, a portion of whom had that very night obtained leave to go and work on their farms, [224.] who fired at Major Hale's party, and then, says an old manuscript, thinking they had to deal with the whole English army, they surrendered, with their officer, Capt. De Vergor, who, being wounded, could not escape, and exclaimed, "Sauvez vous." This was shortly after midnight, and Wolfe, notwithstanding the grievous indisposition he was then labouring under, organized a plan to get up supplies and ammunition from the *bateaux*, this he had accomplished by four in the morning, when he drew up his men on Marchmont field. The sailors of the *bateaux* were the men employed in carrying up the provisions and ammunition. Wolfe had grog served out to them as they reached, tired and panting,

the top of the hill with their loads, using to each kind and encouraging words. The crowning success which followed is lengthily described elsewhere. The first house built at Wolfesfield was by Captain Kenelm Chandler, [225] David Munro, Esquire, was the next proprietor. The occupant for forty years was an old and respected Quebec merchant, well known as the "King of the Saguenay," on account of the extensive mills he owned in that region—William Price, Esq., the respected father of a patriarchal family of sons and daughters. Mr. Price added much to the beauty of the place, which enjoys a most picturesque river view. In front of the dwelling there is a fine lawn, shaded by some old thorn and oak trees, with comfortable rustic seats close by the ravine St. Denis. This ravine is a favourite locality for botanizing excursionists. Wolfesfield, without being as extensive as some of the surrounding estates, is one of the most charming rural homes Quebec can boast of.

As these pages are going through the press, we clip from a Quebec journal the following tribute to the worth of our late excellent neighbour, Wm. Price, Esq., a son of the Laird of Wolfesfield:

MONUMENT TO THE LATE WILLIAM PRICE, ESQ.

"A large and costly monument in granite is now in course of erection at Chicoutimi to the memory of the late Wm. Price. The people of Chicoutimi are erecting the monument as a token of their respect and admiration for the memory of their late representative in the Legislative Assembly of Quebec. The column will be fifty feet in height, and will, it is expected, be completed by the month of September next. Being placed upon an elevated site, it will be visible for many miles up and down the Saguenay river."

THE CAPTURE OF QUEBEC.

The following dramatic account of the capture of Quebec is taken from the fifth volume of Mr. Carlyle's *Biography of Frederick the Great*:

"Above Quebec, night of September 12-13th, in profound silence, on the stream of the St. Lawrence, far away, a notable adventure is going on. Wolfe, from two points well above Quebec ('as a last shift, we will try that way'), with about five thousand men, is silently descending in rafts, with purpose to climb the heights somewhere on this side of the city, and be in upon it, if Fate will. An enterprise of almost sublime nature; very great, if it can succeed. The cliffs all beset to his left hand; Montcalm, in person, guarding Quebec with his main strength.

Wolfe silently descends; mind made up; thoughts hushed quiet into one great thought; in the ripple of the perpetual waters, under the grim cliffs and the eternal stars. Conversing, with his people, he was heard to recite some passages of Gray's *Elegy*, lately come out to those parts; of which, says an ear-witness, he expressed his admiration in an enthusiastic degree: 'Ah, these are tones of the Eternal Melodies, are not they? A man might thank heaven had he such a gift; almost as we might for succeeding here, gentlemen!'

Next morning (Thursday, 13th September, 1759), Wolfe, with his 5,000, is found to have scrambled up some woody neck in the height, which was not quite precipitous; has trailed one cannon with him, the seamen busy bringing up another; and by ten of the clock, stands ranked (just somewhat in the Frederick way, though on a small scale); ready at all points for Montcalm, but refusing to be over-ready. Montcalm on first hearing of him, had made haste: *Oui, je les vois où ils ne doivent pas être; je vais les écraser* (to smash them)!" said he, by way of keeping his people in heart. And he marches up beautifully skilful, neglecting none of his advantages. His numerous Canadian sharpshooters, preliminary Indians in the bushes, with a provoking fire. 'Steady!' orders Wolfe; 'from you, not one shot till they are within thirty yards!' And Montcalm, volleying and advancing, can get no response, more than from Druidic stones; till at thirty yards, the stones become vocal—and continued so at a dreadful rate; and in a space of seventeen minutes, have blown Montcalm's regulars, and their second in command, and their third into ruin and destruction. In about seven minutes more the army was done 'English falling on with bayonet, Highlanders with claymore'; fierce pursuit, rout total—and Quebec and Canada as good as finished. The thing is yet well known to every Englishman; and how Wolfe himself died in it, his beautiful death."

ELM GROVE.

Elm Grove, until recently owned, though not inhabited, by the Marquise de Bassano, will be familiar to many, from having been the residence during

the summer of 1878, of His Holiness the Pope's Apostolic Ablegate—Bishop Conroy.

This eminent prelate, prematurely struck down by death at Newfoundland, in the midst of his mission of peace and good will to all men spent many busy, let us hope pleasant, hours in this cool retreat.

The plantation of elms from which this seat takes its name, together with other trees, conceals the dwelling so entirely from the road, that unless by entering the grounds no idea can be formed of their beauty and extent; amidst the group of trees there is one of lordly dimensions, in the centre of the garden. The new dwelling at Elm Grove is a stately, substantial structure; its internal arrangement and heating apparatus, indicate comfort and that *bien-être* for which Quebec homes are proverbial. A winding, well-wooded approach leads up to the house from the porter's lodge and main road. From the upper windows an extensive view of Charlesbourg, Lorette, Beauport, Point Levi and surrounding parishes may be obtained.

Elm Grove, owned for many years by John Saxton Campbell, Esq., was purchased in 1856 by J. K. Boswell, Esq., who resided there for nearly twenty years. John Burstall, Esquire, late of Kirk Ella, has within a few months acquired it from Madame la Marquise de Bassano, and it bids fair ere long to take its place among the first and best kept country seats in the environs of the city.

THORNHILL.

".....let us pierce into the midnight depth
Of yonder grove, of wildest, largest growth,
That, forming high in air a woodland quire,
Nods o'er the mount beneath"

There is a peculiar feature noticeable about Quebec country seats which speaks volumes for their attractiveness as healthy and pleasant retreats; not only have they been at all times sought after by wealthy and permanent residents, Canadian born, but also by men of European birth, holding for the time being the highest position in the country, both under the French and under the English monarchs. Thus the celebrated Intendant Talon was the first owner of Belmont; Intendant Bigot had his luxurious château at Charlesbourg; Attorney General Ruelle D'Auteuil used, near two centuries back, to spend his summer months at Sillery, where, later on, Bishop Dosquet, a French ecclesiastic, had his pretty villa at Samos (Woodfield). Vaudreuil was also a Canadian land-owner. Later on Governor Murray purchased extensively on the St. Foy road, amongst others, Belmont and the "Sans Bruit" farm, Governor Haldimand must have his lodge at Montmorenci Falls, subsequently occupied by the father of our august Queen; Hector Theophilus Cramahé (afterwards Lieut.-Governor), in 1762, had his estate—some 500 acres of cornfield and meadows—at Cap Rouge, now Meadowbank, owned by Lt.-Col. Chs. Andrew Shears. The Prime Minister of Canada, in 1854, and a late Governor of British Guiana, Sir Francis Hincks, following in the footsteps of Sir Dominick Daly, must needs locate himself on the St. Lewis road, and in order to be close to his chief, the late Earl of Elgin, then residing at Spencer Wood, the Premier selected and purchased Thornhill, across the road, one of the most picturesque country seats in the neighbourhood. You barely, as you pass, catch a glimpse of its outlines as it rests under tall, cone-like firs on the summit of a hillock, to which access is had through a handsomely laid out circuitous approach between two hills. An extensive fruit and vegetable garden lies to the east of the house; a hawthorn hedge dotted here and there with some graceful young maple and birch trees, fringes the roadside; a thorn shrubbery of luxuriant growth encircles the plantation of evergreens along the side of the mound which slopes down to the road, furnishing a splendid croquet lawn. One of the chief beauties of the landscape is the occasional glimpses of the Grande Allée and Spencer Wood, obtained from the house. The dwelling was erected many years ago by Alexander Simpson, Esq., then Manager of the Bank of Montreal, at Quebec. Forming a portion of it to the west, and looking towards Charlesbourg, there is a snug English-looking little nest, "Woodside," with the prettiest of thorn and willow hedges. Thornhill has exchanged hands, and been for many years the seat of Archibald Campbell, Esq., P.S.C., at Quebec.

SPENCER WOOD.

On the South side of the St. Louis road, past Wolfe and Montcalm's famed battle-field, two miles from the city walls, lies, embowered in verdure, the most picturesque domain of Sillery—one might say of Canada—Spencer Wood. [226]

This Celebrated Vice-Regal Lodge was (1780-96) known as Powell Place, when owned by General Henry Watson Powell. It took its name of Spencer Wood from the Right Honorable Spencer Perceval, [227] the illustrious relative of the Hon. Henry Michael Perceval, whose family possessed it from 1815

to 1833, when it was sold to the late Henry Atkinson, Esquire, an eminent and wealthy Quebec merchant. Hon. Mr. Perceval, member of the Executive and Legislative Council, had been H. M.'s Collector of Customs at Quebec for many years, and until his death which took place at sea, 12th October, 1829. The Percevals lived for many years in affluence in this sylvan retreat. Of their elegant receptions Quebecers still cherish pleasant reminiscences. Like several villas of England and France, Spencer Wood had its periods of splendor alternated by days of loneliness and neglect, short though they were. Spencer Wood, until 1849, comprised the adjoining property of Spencer Grange. Mr. Atkinson that year sold the largest half of his country seat—Spencer Wood—to the Government, as a gubernatorial residence for the hospitable and genial Earl of Elgin, reserving the smaller half (now owned by the writer), on which he built conservatories, vineries, a pinery, orchid house, &c., far more extensive than those of Spencer Wood proper. Though the place was renowned for its magnificence and princely hospitality in the days of Lord Elgin, there are amongst the living plenty to testify to the fact that the lawns, walks, gardens, and conservatories were never kept up with the same intelligent taste and lavish expenditure as they were during the sixteen years (1833-1849) when this country seat owned for its master Mr. Atkinson.

THE LATE HONORABLE MRS. M. H. PERCEVAL. FORMERLY OF SPENCER WOOD, QUEBEC.

Through the kindness of Mrs. Peter Sheppard, of Quebec, we are enabled to furnish some further particulars touching the estimable and accomplished lady who, during the protracted sojourn of her family at Spencer Wood, seems to have won the hearts of all those admitted to her charmed circle some fifty years ago. Mrs. Sheppard [228] not only renders to the worth of her lamented friend a merited tribute, she also furnishes a curious page of Quebec history, Quebec festivities in the olden times, which may interest our readers. "The Honorable Michael H. Perceval was closely connected with the Earl of Egmont's family, who were Percevals. The "Spencer" was borrowed from the Earl's eldest son "Spencer;" the name was given to their beautiful domain purchased from old LeHoullier about 1815, as well as to their eldest son, Col. (now Major General) Spencer Perceval, who was here in garrison in 1840, in the Coldstream Guards, as well as his uncle, Col. Perceval, also serving in the Guards. When a girl in my teens, many happy days did I spend in the Perceval family, who were as passionately fond of music, as I then was. They had "at homes" every Monday, one week for dancing, the next for music, (the latter I never missed attending, to play on the harp,) they had also grand dinners *de cérémonie*. Amongst the *habitués* I can yet recall some names; Hon. Mathew Bell and lady; (Mrs. B. was a Miss McKenzie, of Three Rivers,) Miss Bell (Mrs. Walker,) Sir John Pownal, the Montizamberts, Judge Kerr and Misses Kerr, Miss Uniacke, the Duchesnays, the Vanfelsons, De Gaspés, Babys and others. (I may be wrong in quoting some names after half a century.)

Mr. Perceval, was a member of the Legislative Council, as well as Collector of Customs, an imperial appointment which yielded him £8000 in fees per annum. English and French society were equally welcome under his hospitable roof. His beautiful and accomplished wife, was the eldest daughter of Sir Charles Flower, Lord Mayor of London, in 1809—had filled the position of Lady Mayoress, when 18 years of age, her father being a widower; she brought her husband £40,000 and subsequently inherited £100,000. She was eminently fitted to grace Spencer Wood—her beauty, her refined and cordial manners made her receptions eminently attractive. Her education was perfect, she was mistress of four languages, English, French, Italian and Latin, which studies she took great trouble in keeping up and which she herself taught to her children, ten in number, besides teaching them the piano, the harp and drawing. Instead of fancy work the young ladies were taught to repair their clothes and do plain sewing; this did not prevent them from making most brilliant matches. The family left Spencer Wood in 1828, to spend a year in Italy, at Florence, intending to return, but the Hon. M. H. Perceval, died at sea on the 12th Oct., 1829, and the family never returned.

The daughters married as follows: the eldest, Eliza, was wedded to Sir George Denys, Bart.; the second, Caroline, to Col. Alexander Houstoun, of Clerkington; the third, Isabella, to a wealthy French nobleman, Baron de Veauce; the fourth, Mary Jane, to Sir James Matheson, Bart.; the fifth died at the age of 18. The eldest son [229] "Spencer" is a General officer. There were several other sons; George Ramsay, who entered the army, Michael Henry and Col. Charles Perceval.

I can recall the time also when Lady Dalhousie and Mrs. Sheppard, of Woodfield, would come to Spencer Wood, in their botanizing excursions. Spencer Wood, later on, was also a favorite resort of Lady Aylmer, in 1832, whilst at an earlier period, the Duke of Richmond's family, in 1818, used to come and ramble about the grounds, lunching there with all the junior folks.

This charming and beloved lady, my old friend, Ann Perceval, died at Lewes Castle, Stornaway, Scotland, the seat of her son in law, Sir James Matheson, on the 23rd Nov., 1876, most deservedly regretted, at the very advanced age of eighty-seven years."—24 January, 1877.

Spencer Wood garden is described in London's *Encyclopedia of Gardening*, page 341, and also in the *Gardener's Magazine* for 1837, at page 467. Its ornate style of culture, which made it a show-place for all strangers visiting Quebec, was mainly due to the scientific and tasty arrangements of an eminent landscape gardener, M. P. Lowe, [230] now in charge of the Cataraqui conservatories.

Well can we recall the time when this lordly demesne extended from Wolfefield, adjoining Marchmont, to the meandering Belle-Borne brook, which glides past the porter's lodge at Woodfield, due west, the historic stream *Ruisseau Saint Denis*, up which clambered the British hero, Wolfe, to conquer or die, intersecting it at Thornhill. It was then a splendid old seat of more than one hundred acres, a fit residence for the proudest nobleman England might send us as Viceroy—enclosed east and west between two streamlets, hidden from the highway by a dense growth of oak, maple, dark pines and firs—the forest primeval—letting in here and there the light of heaven on its labyrinthine avenues; a most striking landscape, blending the sombre verdure of its hoary trees with the soft tints of its velvety sloping lawn, fit for a ducal palace. An elfish plot of a flower garden, alas! how much dwarfed, then stood in rear of the dwelling to the north, it once enjoyed the privilege of attracting many eyes. It had also an extensive and well-kept fruit and vegetable garden, enlivened with flower beds, the centre of which was adorned with the loveliest possible circular fount in white marble, supplied with the crystal element from the Belle-Borne rill by a hidden aqueduct; conservatories, graperies, peach and forcing houses, pavilions picturesquely hung over the yawning precipice on two headlands, one looking towards Sillery, the other towards the Island of Orleans, the scene of many a cosy tea-party; bowers, rustic chairs *perdues* among the groves, a superb bowling green and archery grounds. The mansion itself contained an exquisite collection of paintings from old masters, a well-selected library of rare and standard works, illuminated Roman missals, rich portfolios with curious etchings, marble busts, quaint statuettes, medals and medallions, *objets de vertu* purchased by the millionaire proprietor during a four years' residence in Italy, France and Germany. Such we remember Spencer Wood in its palmy days, when it was the ornate home of a man of taste, the late Henry Atkinson, Esquire, the President of the Horticultural Society of Quebec.

May I be pardoned, for lingering lovingly on this old spot, recalling "childhood scenes" of one dear to me and mine!

The following, written by a valued old friend of Mr. Atkinson, is dated Brighton, England:

On a sketch of Spencer Wood sent to the writer (Miss A.), with her album, Oct. 18, 1848.

Dear Spencer Wood! What a group of pleasing remembrances are clustered around me as I gaze upon this visible image and type of thee. Thy classic lawn, with its antiquated oaks and solemn pines; thy wood-crowned cliffs and promontories, with the sparkling sunlight reflected on a thousand sheaves from the broad surface of Jacques Cartier's river, hundreds of feet below. And then the quiet repose of thy ample mansion, with its stores of art and models of taste within and without; thy forest shades, thy gardens, thy flowers and thy fruit. But most of all, thy gay and happy inmates, their glad and joyous hearts beating with generous emotions, and their countenances brightened with the welcome smile. Ah! how I seem to hear, as in time past I have heard, their lively prattle, or their merry laugh echoing across the lawn, or through the flower garden, or along the winding paths down the steep slope to the pavilion.

And can it be that I shall never again realize these happy scenes! I would fain hope otherwise; but life is a changeful drama, and time fleeting; this world is *not* our home.

Adieu, then, dear friends. May God's blessing ever rest upon you; and should it be His providence that we meet not again here, may we all so use His dealings with us in this disciplinary state that we may be sure to meet.

Brighton, Dec. 20th. In memory of some pleasant moments.

E. E. DOUGLASS.

In the beginning of the century Spencer Wood, as previously stated, was known as Powell Place. His Excellency Sir James Henry Craig spent there the summers of 1808-9-10. Even the healthy air of Powell

Place failed to cure him of gout and dropsy. A curious letter from Sir James to his secretary and *chargé d'affaires* in London, H. W. Ryland, Esquire, dated "Powell Place, 6th August, 1810," has been, among others, preserved by the historian Robert Christie. It alludes in rather unparliamentary language to the *coup d'état* which had on the 19th March, 1810, consigned to a Quebec dungeon three of the most prominent members of the Legislature, Messrs. Bédard, Taschereau and Blanchet, together with Mr. Lefrançois, the printer of the *Canadien* newspaper, for certain comments in that journal on Sir James' colonial policy. Sir James had spent the greatest part of his life in the army, actively battling against France; a Frenchman for him was a traditional enemy. This unfortunate idea seems more than once to have inspired his colonial policy with regard to the descendants of Frenchmen whom he ruled.

Born at Gibraltar, of Scotch parents, James Henry Craig entered the English service in 1763 at the age of 15, and on many occasions distinguished himself by his courage. During the war of the American revolution he served in Canada, and was present at the unfortunate affair of Saratoga.

SIR JAMES CRAIG TO MR. RYLAND.

QUEBEC, Powell Place, 6th August, 1810.

My Dear Ryland,—Till I took my pen in my hand I thought I had a great deal to say to you, and now I am mostly at a loss for a subject. * * * We have remained very quiet; whatever is going on is silently. I have no reason to think, however, that any change has taken place in the public mind; *that* I believe remains in the same state. Bishop Plessis, on the return from his tour, acknowledged to me that he had reason to think that some of his *curés* had not behaved quite as they ought to have done; he is now finishing the remainder of his visitations.

Blanchette and Taschereau are both released on account of ill-health; the former is gone to Kamouraska to bathe, the latter was only let out a few days ago. He sent to the Chief Justice (Sewell) to ask if he would allow him to call on him, who answered, by all means. The Chief Justice is convinced he is perfectly converted. He assured him that he felt it to be his duty to take any public occasion, by any act whatever that he could point out, to show his contrition and the sense he entertained of his former conduct.

He told the Chief Justice in conversation that Blanchette came and consulted him on the subject of publishing the paper, "Prenez vous par le bout du nez," and that having agreed that it would be very improper that it should appear, they went to Bédard, between whom and Blanchette there were very high words on the occasion. I know not what Panet is about, I have never heard one word of or about him. In short, I really have nothing to tell you, nor do I imagine that I shall have, till I hear from you. You may suppose how anxious I shall be till that takes place. We have fixed the time for about the 10th September; till then I shall not come to any final resolution with respect to the bringing the three delinquents to trial or not. I am, however, inclined to avoid it, so is the B—; the C. J. is rather, I think, inclined to the other side, though aware of the inconvenience that may arise from it. Blanchette and Taschereau have both, in the most unequivocal terms, acknowledged the criminality of their conduct, and it will be hinted that if Bédard will do the same it may be all that will be required of them; at present his language is that he has done nothing wrong, and that he does not care how long he is kept in prison.

We have begun upon the road to the townships (the Craig Road, through the Eastern Townships) * * * We shall get money enough, especially as we hope to finish it at a third of what it would have cost if we would have employed the country people. (It was made by soldiers.)

The scoundrels of the Lower Town have begun their clamour already, and I should scarcely be surprised if the House should ask, when they meet, by what authority I have cut a road without their permission. The road begins at St. Giles and will end at the township of Shipton.

Yours most faithfully,

(Signed,) J. H. CRAIG.

(History of Canada, Christie, vol. VI., p. 128.)

Very different, and we hope more correct, views are now promulgated on colonial matters from Powell Place.

If Sir James, wincing under bodily pain, could write angry letters, there were occasions on which the "rank and fashion" of the city received from him the sweetest epistles imaginable. The 10th of August of each year (his birthday, perhaps) as he informs us in another letter, was sacred to rustic enjoyment, conviviality and the exchange of usual courtesies, which none knew better how to dispense than the sturdy old soldier.

The English traveller, John Lambert, thus notices it in his interesting narrative in 1808:—"Sir James Craig resided in summer at a country house about four or five miles from Quebec, and went to town every morning to transact business. This residence is called Powell Place, and is delightfully situated in a neat plantation on the border of the bank which overlooks the St. Lawrence, not far from the spot where General Wolfe landed and ascended to the heights of Abraham. Sir James gave a splendid breakfast *al fresco* at this place in 1809 to all the principal inhabitants of Quebec, and the following day he allowed his servants and their acquaintances to partake of a similar entertainment at his expense."—(Lambert's Travels, 1808, p. 310.)

Spencer Wood has ever been a favourite resort for our Governors—Sir James Craig—Lord Elgin—Sir Edmund Walker Head—Lord Monk—Lord Lisgar, and Lord Dufferin on his arrival in 1872, none prized it so highly, none rendered it more attractive than the Earl of Elgin. Of his *fêtes champêtres*, *recherchés* dinners, *château* balls, a pleasant remembrance still lingers in the memory of many Quebecers and others. Several circumstances added to the charms and comfort of Spencer Wood in his day. On one side of St. Louis Road stood the gubernatorial residence, on the opposite side at Thornhill, dwelt the Prime Minister, Sir Francis Hincks. Over the vice-regal "walnuts and wine," how many knotty state questions have been discussed, how many despatches settled, how many political points adjusted in the stormy days which saw the abolition of the Seignioral Tenure and Clergy Reserves. At one of his brilliant postprandial speeches,—Lord Elgin was much happier at this style of oratory than his successor, Sir Edmund Head,—the noble Earl is reported to have said, alluding to Spencer Wood, "Not only would I spend here the rest of my life, but after my death, I should like my bones to rest in this beautiful spot;" and still China and India had other scenes, other triumphs, and his Sovereign, other rewards for the successful statesman.

Sir Edmund Head's sojourn at Spencer Wood was marked by a grievous family bereavement; his only son, a promising youth of nineteen summers, was, in 1858, accidentally drowned in the St. Maurice, at Three Rivers, while bathing. This domestic affliction threw a pall over the remainder of the existence of His Excellency, already darkened by bodily disease. Seclusion and quiet were desirable to him.

A small private gate still exists at Spencer Grange, which at the request of the sorrowful father was opened through the adjoining property with the permission of the proprietor. Each week His Excellency, with his amiable lady, stealing a few moments from the burthen of affairs of State, would thus walk through unobserved to drop a silent tear on the green grave at Mount Hermon, in which were entombed all the hopes of a noble house. On the 12th March, 1860, on a wintry evening, whilst the castle was a blaze of light and powdered footmen hurried through its sounding corridors, to relieve of their fur coats and mufflers His Excellency's guests asked at a state dinner that night—Sir John A. Macdonald, Sir Geo. E. Cartier, Mr. Pennefather and others—the alarm of fire was sounded, and in a couple of hours, of the magnificent pile a few charred ruins only remained. There was no State dinner that night.

One of the last acts of the Ministry in retiring in 1861, was the signing of the contract to rebuild Spencer Wood. The appropriation was a very niggardly one, in view of the size of the structure required as a vice-regal residence. All meretricious ornaments in the design were of course left out. A square building, two hundred feet by fifty, was erected with the main entrance, in rear, on the site of the former lovely flower garden. The location of the entrance and consequent sacrifice of the flower garden for a court, left the river front of the dwelling for the private use of the inmates of the *Château* by excluding the public. Lord Monk, the new Governor-General, took possession of the new mansion and had a plantation of fir and other trees added to conceal the east end from public gaze. Many happy days were spent at Spencer Wood by His Lordship and family, whose private secretary, Denis Godley, Esq., occupied the picturesque cottage "Bagatelle," facing the Holland Road, on the Spencer Grange property. If illustrious names on the Spencer Wood Visitor's Register could enhance the interest the place may possess, foremost, one might point to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, visiting in 1860 the site probably more than once surveyed and admired, in 1791-4, by his grand-father, Prince Edward, Duke of Kent, in his drives round Quebec, with the fascinating Baroness de St. Laurent. Conspicuous among all those familiar with the portals of Spencer Wood, may be mentioned other Royal Princes—the Duke of Edinburgh and Prince Arthur, Princess Louise, Prince Leopold; with Dukes and Earls—the Duke of Newcastle, Manchester, Buckingham, Argyll, Athol. Sutherland, Prince Napoleon, Generals Grant, Sherman, &c.

Since Confederation, Spencer Wood has been successively tenanted by Sir.

N. F. Belleau, Lieutenant-Governor Caron, Lieutenant-Governor Letellier de St. Just, and Lieutenant-Governor Robitaille, the present occupant of the seat.

To the late Lieut.-Governor Letellier is due the initiation of the *soirées littéraires*, which united under his hospitable roof the literary talent of the Ancient Capital, and his successor, Lieut.-Governor Robitaille, not only followed this enlightened course, but also added *soirées musicales* and *artistiques*.

Spencer Wood was not included in the schedule and division of property handed over by the Dominion Government to the Province of Quebec—it was, however, about that time presented as a gift to our province, solely as a gubernatorial residence—as such to be held, and consequently cannot be sold by the Government of the Province of Quebec.

HENRY WATSON POWELL was commissioned a Lieutenant in the 46th Foot, March 10th, 1753. He was promoted to a captaincy in the 2nd Battalion of the 11th Foot, September 2nd, 1756, but upon that battalion's being detached from the 11th and renumbered in 1758, his regimental number became the 64th. He served in the expedition against the French West India Islands in 1759, and went with his regiment to America in 1768. June 2nd, 1770, he became Major of the 38th Foot, and July 23rd, 1771, Lieutenant-Colonel of the 53rd Foot, which was then stationed at Minorca. He accompanied his corps to Canada in the spring of 1776, and on June 10th of that year, a few days after his arrival, Sir Guy Carleton appointed him a Brigadier General and assigned him to the 2nd Brigade, which consisted of the 34th, 53rd and 20th Regiments. When Gen. Gordon's brigade was broken up on the death of that officer, August 1st, 1776, the 62nd was added to Powell's brigade, and in November of that year, upon General Nesbit's death, Gen. Powell was transferred to the command of the 1st Brigade, consisting of the 9th, 47th, 31st and 21st Regiments, save that the 53rd was substituted for the 21st. Gen. Powell served under Gen. Carleton in 1776, and the next year accompanied Burgoyne. In organizing the troops for Burgoyne's expedition in 1777, Gen. Powell was assigned to the 2nd Brigade, consisting of the 20th, 21st and 62nd Regiments. The 62nd was left at Ticonderoga, however with Prince Frederick's (German) Regiment and a portion of Captain Borthwick's company of the Royal Artillery July 5th when the Americans evacuated that fort, and August 10th Gen. Powell was sent back to assume command of that post, his regiment, the 53rd, being also ordered to relieve the 62nd. Though he successfully repelled the American Col. Brown's attack on Ticonderoga and for four days maintained a gallant defence, the enemy retreating September 22nd, yet inasmuch as a considerable part of four companies of the 53rd were surprised in the old French lines and at the outposts by the American advance, and a number of American Prisoners were recaptured, the affair was not one of unmixed satisfaction to either side.

When the toils of adversity began to tighten round Burgoyne in October Gen. Powell was sorely puzzled as to his duty for though he was out of Sir Guy Carleton's military jurisdiction yet that officer was accessible while Burgoyne, his own proper commander was not. The following letter, there fore, written by Sir Guy to Gen. Powell, after Burgoyne's surrender, though in ignorance of that event, throws some light upon the awkwardness of Powell's situation. The letter reads as follows:—

QUEBEC, the 20th October, 1777.

SIR,—I have this moment received your letter of the 19th instant, wherein you demand orders from me for your guidance in your present emergency. It is impossible that I should give orders to you, not alone because the post you are in has been taken out of my command, but the distance is too great for my being able to judge of the situation of Gen Burgoyne or of the exigencies of the place you are at which must depend upon the other, as if you were subject to my commands ignorant as I am of the strength or weakness of your post, I should under all the other circumstances think it best for His Majesty's service to suffer you to act by your own judgment, so you will there fore easily see the greater necessity there is as matters are for my leaving you to pursue such steps, as shall be suggested to you by your own prudence and reason. I can only recommend to you not to balance between two opposite measures, whereby you may be disabled from following the one or the other with advantage but that either you prepare, with vigour to put to place in such a situation as to be able to make the longest and most resolute defence or that you prepare in time to abandon it with all the stores while your retreat may be certain. Your own sense will tell you that this latter would be a most pernicious measure if there be still hopes of General Burgoyne coming to your post.

I am, sir, &c.

Though Sir Guy did not feel at liberty to issue orders to Gen. Powell yet he immediately despatched Gen. Maclean with the 31st regiment, the Royal Highland Emigrants and a detachment of artillery with four guns to take post and entrench at Chimney Point, near Crown Point, in order to keep up communication with Ticonderoga. Two or three weeks later Gen. Powell abandoned Ticonderoga and withdrew to Canada. After a short tarry at St. John's he was posted at Montreal, where he commanded during the winter of 1777-8. Then he was stationed at St John's and in the autumn of 1780, after Lieut.-Colonel Bolton's unfortunate loss on Lake Ontario, we find him in command of the upper posts with his headquarters at Niagara. By Gen. Haldimand's order of October 21st, 1782, Brig.-Gen. Maclean was assigned to the command of the upper posts, and Gen. Powell was appointed commandant of Quebec. How long he remained at Quebec has not been ascertained, but in 1780 he bought a fine estate on the St. Lewis Road, about two and a half miles from Quebec to which he gave the name of Powell Place and which he did not dispose of until 1796, when he sold it to Francis Lehoullier. This place was subsequently known as Spencer Wood, but it has since been divided, the larger portion being still known as Spencer Wood, and serving as the residence of the Lieutenant-Governor, while the smaller portion consisting of about forty acres and known as Spencer Grange, belongs to and is the property of J. M. LeMoine, President of the Literary and Historical Society of Quebec.

Gen. Powell became a Colonel in the army February 19th, 1779; a Major General, November 20th, 1782; Colonel of the 69th Foot, April 16th, 1792; Colonel of the 15th Foot, June 20th, 1794 (not April 20th, as printed in Burgoyne's Orderly Book); A Lieutenant-General, May 3rd, 1796, and a General, January 1st, 1801. He died at an advanced age at Lyme, England, July 14th, 1814.

Army Lists—Gentleman's Magazine, vol. 84, p. 190; Burgoyne's Orderly Book, p. 10; Hadden's Journal; Haldimand Papers; LeMoine's Maple Leaves, 3rd series; J. M. LeMoine's Title Deeds." (*From Gen. Horatio Rogers' Notes on HADDEN'S JOURNAL of Burgoyne's Campaign, 1776.*)

A FÊTE CHAMPÊTRE AT POWELL PLACE.

(From the French of P. A. DeGaspé.)

"At half-past eight A.M., on a bright August morning (I say a bright one, for such had lighted up this welcome *fête champêtre* during three consecutive years), the *élite* of the Quebec *beau monde* left the city to attend Sir James Craig's kind invitation. Once opposite Powell Place (now Spencer Wood) the guests left their vehicles on the main road, and plunged into a dense forest, following a serpentine avenue which led to a delightful cottage in full view of the majestic St. Lawrence; the river here appears to flow past amidst luxuriant green bowers which line its banks. Small tables for four, for six, for eight guests are laid out facing the cottage, on a platform of planed deals—this will shortly serve as a dancing floor *al fresco*; as the guests successively arrive, they form in parties to partake of a *déjeuner en famille*. I say *en famille*, for an *aide-de-camp* and a few waiters excepted, no one interferes with the small groups clubbed together to enjoy their early repast, of which cold meat, radishes, bread, tea and coffee form the staples. Those whose appetites are appeased make room for new comers, and amuse themselves strolling under the shade of trees. At ten the cloth is removed; the company are all on the *qui vive*. The cottage, like the enchanted castle in the Opera of Zemira and Azor, only awaits the magic touch of a fairy; a few minutes elapse, and the chief entrance is thrown open; Little King Craig followed by a brilliant staff, enters. Simultaneously an invisible orchestra, located high amidst the dense foliage of large trees, strikes up "God Save the King." All stand uncovered, in solemn silence, in token of respect to the national anthem of Great Britain.

"The magnates press forward to pay their respects to His Excellency Those who do not intend to "trip the light fantastic toe" take seats on the platform where his Excellency sits in state; an A.D.C. calls out, *gentlemen, take your partners*, and the dance begins.

"Close on sixty winters have run by since that day, when I, indefatigable dancer, figured in a country dance of thirty couples. My footsteps, which now seem to me like lead, scarcely then left a trace behind them. All the young hearts who enlivened this gay meeting of other days are mouldering in their tombs, even *she*, the most beautiful of them all, *la belle des belles*—she, the partner of my joys and of my sorrows—she who on that day accepted in the circling dance, for the first time, this hand, which two years after was to lead her to the hymeneal altar—yes, even she has been swept away by the tide of death. [231] May not I also

say, with Ossian, 'Why art thou sad, son of Fingal! Why grows the cloud of thy soul! the sons of future years shall pass away, another race shall arise! The people are like the waves of the ocean, like the leaves of woody Morven—they pass away in the rustling blast, and other leaves lift their green heads on high.'

"After all, why, indeed, yield up my soul in sadness? The children of the coming generation will pass rapidly, and a new one will take its place! Men are like the surges of the ocean, they resemble the leaves which hang over the groves of my manor, autumnal storms cause them to fall, but new and equally green ones each spring replace the fallen ones. Why should I sorrow? Eighty-six children, grand-children, and great-grand-children, will mourn the fell of the old oak when the breach of the Almighty shall smite it. Should I have the good fortune to find mercy before the Sovereign Judge: should it be vouchsafed to me to meet again the angel of virtue who cheered the few happy days I passed in this vale of sorrow, we will both pray together for the numerous progeny we left behind us. But let us revert to the merry meeting previously alluded to. It is half-past two in the afternoon, we are gaily going through the figures of a country-dance, 'Speed the plough' perhaps, when the music stops short, everyone is taken aback, and wonders at the cause of interruption. The arrival of two prelates, Bishop Plessis and Bishop Mountain, gave us the solution of the enigma; an aide-de-camp had motioned to the bandmaster to stop on noticing the entrance of the two high dignitaries of the respective churches. The dance was interrupted whilst they were there, and was resumed on their departure. Sir James had introduced this point of etiquette from the respect he entertained for their persons.

"At three the loud sound of a hunters horn is heard in the distance; all follow His Excellency in a path cut through the then virgin forest of Powell Place. Some of the guests from the length of the walk, began to think that Sir James had intended those who had not danced to take a "constitutional" before dinner, when, on rounding an angle a huge table, canopied with green boughs, groaning under the weight of dishes, struck on their view—a grateful oasis in the desert. Monsieur Petit, the *chef de cuisine*, had surpassed himself, like Vatel, I imagine he would have committed suicide had he failed to achieve the triumph by which he intended to elicit our praise. Nothing could exceed in magnificence, in sumptuousness this repast—such was the opinion not only of Canadians, for whom such displays were new, but also of the European guests, though there was a slight drawback to the perfect enjoyment of the dishes—the *materials which composed them we could not recognize*, so great was the artistic skill, so wonderful the manipulations of Monsieur Petit, the French cook.

"The Bishops left about half an hour after dinner, when dancing was resumed with an increasing ardor, but the cruel mammas were getting concerned respecting certain sentimental walks which the daughters were enjoying after sunset. They ordered them home, if not with their menacing attitude with which the goddess Calypso is said to have spoken to her nymphs, at least with frowns; so said the gay young *cavaliers*. By nine o'clock, all had re-entered Quebec."

SPENCER GRANGE.

"Retirement, rural quiet, friendship, books"—*Thomson*

When Spencer Wood became the gubernatorial residence, its owner (the late Hy. Atkinson) reserved the smaller half, Spencer Grange, some forty acres, divided off by a high brick wall and fence, and terminating to the east in a river frontage of one acre. A small latticed bower facing the St. Lawrence overhangs the cliff, close to where the Belle Borne rill—nearly dry during the summer months—rushes down the bank to Spencer Cove, in spring and autumn,—a ribbon of fleecy whiteness. To the south, it is bounded by Woodfield, and reaches to the north at a point opposite the road called Stuart's road which intersects Holland farm, leading from the St. Lewis to the Ste. Foye highway. The English landscape style was adopted in the laying out of the flower garden and grounds; some majestic old trees were left here and there through the lawns; three clumps of maple and red oak in the centre of the meadows to the west of the house grouped for effect; fences, carefully hidden away in the surrounding copses; hedges, buildings, walks and trees brought in here and there to harmonize with the eye and furnish on a few acres a perfect epitome of a woodland scene. The whole place is girt round by a zone of tall pine, beech, maple and red oaks, whose deep green foliage, when lit up by the rays of the setting or rising sun, assume tints of most dazzling brightness,—emerald wreaths dipped into molten gold—overhanging under a leafy arcade, a rustic walk, which zigzags round the property, following to the southwest the many windings of the Belle Borne streamlet. This sylvan region most congenial to the tastes of a naturalist, echoes in spring and summer with the ever-varying and wild minstrelsy of the robin, the

veery, the songsparrow, the red-start, the hermit-thrush, the red-eyed flycatcher and other feathered choristers, while the golden-winged woodpecker or rain fowl, heralds at dawn the coming rain of the morrow, and some crows, rendered saucy by protection, strut through the sprouting corn, in their sable cassocks, like worldly clergymen computing their tythes. On the aforesaid walk, once trodden over by the prince of American naturalists, the great Audubon, whilst on a visit to Mr. Atkinson at Spencer Wood, was conferred the name of *Audubon Avenue*, by his Sillery disciple, the author of the *Birds of Canada*. The grand river views of Spencer Wood, are replaced by a woodland scenery, sure to please the eye of any man of cultivated taste, accustomed to the park-like appearance of the south of England. In front of the mansion, close to the lawn, stands the noblest elm tree of Sillery (*Ulmus Americanus*), leafy to its very roots. Here, amidst literature and flowers, after leaving Spencer Wood, lived for several years Henry Atkinson, a name in those regions once synonymous with ornamental gardens and flowers. Graperies, conservatories, an orchid house soon sprung up under his hand at this spot, larger than Spencer Wood had ever boasted of in its palmiest days, since 1860, it is the seat of J. M. LeMoine.

The advent in Quebec of the great Audubon is heralded thus in the Quebec *Gazette* of the 23rd September, 1842:—

"To the Editor of the Quebec *Gazette*"

SIR,—It does not appear to be known to the Quebec public that one of the most distinguished men of the present age is now on a visit to our city—John James Audubon, the author of the magnificent work entitled 'Ornithological Biography; or an Account of the Habits of the Birds of America, etc.' I understand that Mr. Audubon devoted nearly fifty years of his life to this interesting subject, and has placed before the world, at a cost of £27,000 sterling, the whole family of the feathered tribe, giving to each its natural size, and coloured to the very life. Mr. Audubon has brought one copy [232] of his work with him, let as hope it may be secured by our citizens. It is his first visit to Quebec, the splendid scenery of which has induced him to prolong his stay a few days. His present portfolio contains several beautiful specimens of the quadrupeds of America, now in course of publication by him as a companion to the above splendid work, which only requires to be seen to ensure him a numerous list of subscribers in this neighborhood.

"In order to afford Mr. Audubon every facility in the pursuit of his arduous and interesting undertaking, the President of the United States and the Commander-in-Chief, General Winfield Scott, have furnished him the necessary documents to ensure him a cordial reception throughout the Union.

"Mr. Audubon thus speaks of his meeting on the coast of Labrador, a British officer well known to us all in Quebec—"But few days had elapsed, when one morning we saw a vessel making towards our anchorage, with the gallant flag of England waving in the breeze and as she was moored within a cable's length of the *Ripley*, I soon paid my respects to her commander, Captain Bayfield, of the Royal Navy. The politeness of British naval officers is proverbial, and from the truly frank and cordial reception of this gentleman and his brave companions in arms, I felt more than ever assured of the truth of this opinion. On the *Gulnare* there was an amiable and talented surgeon, who was a proficient in botany. We afterwards met the vessel in several other harbors.'

"The name of John James Audubon, we should hope, is quote sufficient to ensure him a cordial welcome throughout the British dominions in America, and we sincerely hope that his visit to Quebec may hereafter be a source of pleasing remembrance to him.

"H.

"Quebec, Sept. 23, 1842."

(*From the Antiquarian and Numismatic Journal.*)

MY VISIT TO SPENCER GRANGE, QUEBEC, IN 1856, THE COUNTRY SEAT OF J. M. LEMOINE.

BY BENJAMIN SULTE, THE HISTORIAN OF "THREE RIVERS."

[Translated from the French.]

One of the greatest attractions for me, says Mr. Sulte, in visiting Spencer Grange, was its museum of Canadian birds, comprising two-thirds of the Feathered tribe of the Dominion, with a fair sprinkling of foreign specimens in the skin, and a collection of birds' eggs. Our

friend, long known among Canadian naturalists for his persevering efforts during twenty years to popularize [233] the beautiful and instructive study of ornithology, had evidently met with more than one ally—in fact, many sympathizers. I am inclined to think—in his special branch of natural history., Each class of birds, in this apartment, has its corner; judging by the label, its "habitation," as well as name.

The thrushes and flycatchers of Canada, from their exquisite bright tints or delicate arrow-shaped markings, are particularly conspicuous.

The cinnamon-backed cuckoo must be a graceful minstrel in our green hedges in July, though I am ashamed to admit I never was lucky enough to meet him. The oriole, blue jay, officer-bird, summer red-bird, indigo-bird and golden-winged woodpecker form a group of striking beauty; a most excellent idea, I would say, to thus place in juxtaposition the most gorgeously habited of our feathered choristers for the sake of contrasts.

A succession of drawers contain the nests and eggs, scientifically labelled, of many Canadian species, and of some of the most melodious songsters of France and England; pre-eminent stands the Italian, French and Devonshire nightingale and its eggs. Our time was much too limited to allow us to treasure up all the anecdotes and theories anent birds, their mysterious spring and autumn migrations, their lively memory of places, so agreeably dealt out to us. We cannot, however, entirely omit noticing some curious objects we saw—the tiny nest of a West Indian humming bird male out of a piece of sponge, and the *cubiculum* of a redheaded woodpecker, with its eggs still in it, scooped out of the decayed heart of a silver birch tree, with the bird's head still peering from the orifice in the bark. Here, as well as in the library, the presentations were numerous: Col. Rhodes was represented by a glossy Saguenay raven. I listened, expecting each moment to hear it, like Poe's nocturnal visitor, "ghostly, grim and ancient," croak out "nevermore!"

The late Hon. Adam Fergusson Blair, once a familiar of Spencer Grange, was remembered by some fine Scotch grouse, ptarmigan and a pair of capercaillie, in splendid feather, brought from Scotland. A good specimen of the silvery gull, shot at Niagara Falls, was a gift from John William McCallum, Esq., now of Melbourne, E.T.—an early friend of our friend, whilst a very rare foreign bird (a Florida or glossy ibis), shot at Grondines, had been contributed by Paul J. Charlton, Esq., a Quebec sportsman. What had brought it so far from home?

At the head of the grave, omniscient owls, like the foreman of a grand jury, stood a majestic "grand duc," the largest owl of the Pyrénées, resembling much our Virginian species,—a donation from a French *savant*, Le Frère Ogérien. The owls have ever been to me a deep subject of study, their defiant aspect, thoughtful countenances, in which lurks a *souçon* of rapacity, remind me of a mayor and town council bent on imposing new taxes without raising too much of a row.

A gaudy and sleek bird of Paradise had been donated by Miss Caron, of the adjoining *château*. There was also a newly-patented bird-trap, sent by a New York firm, in the days of Boss Tweed, Conolly, Field and other birds of prey I noticed boxes for sparrows to build in, designed by Col W Rhodes. On the floor lay a curious sample of an Old World man-trap, not sent from New York, but direct from England, a terror to poachers and apple stealers, French swords and venomous looking bayonets, of very ancient design, a rusty, long Indian musket barrel together with *tibiae* and *tarsi*, labelled 1759-60, presents from H. J. Chouinard, Esq., the owner in 1865 of the site of the battlefield at St. Foye, where stands *Le Monument des Braves*. A bristling-fretful porcupine, a ferocious-looking lynx, and several well-mounted specimens of game had been donated by McPherson Le Moyne, Esq., the President of the "Montreal Fish and Game Protection Club," also several other contributions from the same.

Who had sent the colossal St. Bernard dog, like another Maida, talking over the lawn, we had not an opportunity of asking. We patted him, all trembling.

The flower garden is laid out in the modern landscape style. Fences carefully concealed, a deep fringe of hard wood trees on one side, a trim lilac hedge on the other, and a plantation of shrubs, roan, barbary, sumac, lilac and young maple. On the side west of the house was observable, next to a rustic seat, in the fork of a white birch, an archaeological monument made with the key-stone of Prescott and Palace Gates when removed by order of the City Corporation, [234] it stands about ten feet in height.

From this spot, spanned by a little rustic bridge, a walk meanders round the property to

the west, canopied by a grove of silver birch, oak, beach, pine and maple. Along the serpentine brook, Belle-Borne, now so diminutive, and which, according to the historian Ferland, two centuries ago turned the wheel of a mill below, is visible a dam, creating a small pond in May, June and July, a favorite bathing place, we are told, for the thrushes, robins and other songsters of the adjoining groves. This tiny runlet is fringed with several varieties of ferns, dog-tooth violets and other algae—(*From L'Opinion Publique.*)

SPENCER OR BAGATELLE COTTAGE.

"We have many little Edens
Scattered up and down our dales;
We've a hundred pretty hamlets,
Nestling in our fruitful vales,
Here the sunlight loves to linger,
And the summer winds to blow,
Here the rosy spring in April,
Leapeth laughing from the snow."

On the western corner of the Spencer Grange property, and dependant to it, can be seen from the road, *Bagatelle*—a long, straggling, picturesque cottage, in the Italian style, with trees, rustic seats, walks and a miniature flower-garden round it; a small prospect pavillion opens on the St. Lewis road, furnishing a pretty view of the blue range of mountains to the north; in summer it peeps from under clusters of the green or purple leaves of some luxuriant *Virginian* creepers—our American ivy—which climb round it. *Bagatelle* was generally occupied by an *attaché* of Spencer Wood, in the days of the Earl of Elgin and Sir Edmund W. Head.

Bagatelle is a quiet little nest, where our Canadian Laureate, Fréchette, might be tempted to pen an invitation to his brother bard of the city, LeMay, somewhat in the manner of the soft warbler of Albion towards his friend the Revd. P. D. Maurice:

"Where, far from smoke or noise of town,
I watch the twilight falling brown
All round a careless ordered garden,
Close to the ridge of a noble down.

You'll have no scandal while you dine,
But honest talk and wholesome wine,
And only hear the magpie gossip
Garrulous under a roof of pine.

For groves of pine on either hand,
To break the blast of winter, stand;
And further on the hoary channel
Tumbles a breaker on chalk and sand."

The poet has sometimes received as well as sent out poetical invitations. Here is one from Water Savage Landor.

"I entreat you, Alfred Tennyson,
Come and share my haunch of venison,
I have, too, a bin of claret,
Good, but better when you share it.
Though 'tis only a small bin
There's a stock of it within,
And, as sure as I'm a rhymer,
Half a butt of Rudesheimer,
Come, among the sons of men is none
Welcomer than Tennyson?"

THE WOODFIELD OF THE PAST.

"Deambulatio per loca amoena."—*Frascatorius*

"Unquestionably the most ornate and richly laid-out estate around Quebec is Woodfield, formerly the elegant mansion of the Honorable Wm. Sheppard, afterwards of Fairymead, Drummondville. For many years past it has become the permanent residence of the Gibb family. The horticultural department and

conservatory are under the immediate charge of Andrew Torrance, Esq., Mrs. Gibb's brother. His taste is too well known to require any praise, and truly may it be said that the lovers of sweet flowers, trim hedges, and fairy scenery, can easily beguile several hours together in exploring the broad acres of Woodfield, equal in extent to Spencer Wood itself. In the year 1646, the company of New France, under M. de Montmagny, conceded this land, a lot of ground, with a frontage of three *arpents*, to Jean Bouvart dit Lafortune. Jean Beauvart resold in 1649 to Barthélémy Gaudin, in 1702 this land was possessed by Guillaume Pagé dit Garey. In 1724, Nicholas de la Nouiller purchased it and sold it in 1731 to Monseigneur Dosquet, Bishop of Samos. In 1762, the seminary, then proprietor of these grounds, conceded to Thomas Ainsley, the portion on which stood the house, built by Bishop Dosquet. Judge Mabane acquired it in 1769, he died in 1792, when his sister Miss. Isabella Mabane purchased it in 1794 and held it until 1805, when the Honorable Matthew Bell purchased it.

Let us hear on this subject one who knows how to describe and embellish a country seat.—

"In the early part of the last century," says the Honorable Wm. Sheppard, "this estate was in the possession of Monseigneur Dosquet, [235] titular Bishop of Samos *in partibus infidelum*, and he gave it that name after his Episcopal title. He built a substantial stone residence near the brow of the hill, overlooking the St. Lawrence—a one story house—with a high peaked roof, long and narrow, after the mode of building in those days, something in the style of the manor house at Beauport. The name of Samos is now superseded by that of Woodfield, yet it is still in use as applied to the high road passing on its western side, commencing at the termination of the road leading from Quebec in that direction, called the Grand Allée, where it forks into the Samos road and the Chemin Gomin at Spencer Wood. It is not known how long Bishop Dosquet occupied his estate.

"Soon after the cession of Canada to the British Crown, this property passed into the hands of Judge Mabane, [236] by purchase, from the reverend proprietors of the seigniory. Mr. Mabane changed the name to Woodfield, and made extensive alterations to the house, adding to it a second story, giving it by other additions a more imposing appearance from the river, and adding two pavillion wings, connected with the house by corridors. In 1775-6 it was converted into an hospital for American soldiers.

"About the year 1807, the late Honorable Matthew Bell purchased Woodfield from Miss Mabane, the Judge's sister. Mr. Bell occupied the house as a summer dwelling only, and it is not known that he improved the estate to any extent, unless it were the garden, which he enlarged and stocked with choice fruit trees. Previous to the purchase of Mr. Bell, Woodfield was occupied as a dwelling during several years (1795-1802) by Bishop Mountain, the first Protestant Bishop of Quebec. During his occupation he removed a bridge which spanned Bell Borne Brook, with the intention of cutting off communication with Powell Place (Spencer Wood), the neighboring estate, for reasons which it is not now necessary to enter into. The bridge was subsequently restored, by the sons of Sir R. S. Milnes, Governor General, and was known by the name of Pont Bonvoisin.

"In 1816 Woodfield passed into the possession of Mr. William Sheppard, by purchase, from Mr. Bell. Mr. Sheppard improved the house and grounds greatly, erecting vineries and a large conservatory, changing the front of the house so as to look upon a rising lawn of good extent, interspersed with venerable oaks and pine, giving the whole a striking and pleasing aspect. The alteration in the house gave it a very picturesque appearance, as viewed from the foot of the old avenue, backed by sombre pines Mr. Sheppard added to the estate about sixty acres of land on its southern side, it being now bounded by the road leading to St. Michael's Cove. During the alterations made in the house, a leaden foundation plate was discovered, stating that the house was built in 1732, by Bishop Dosquet. This plate was deposited for safe keeping in the Museum of the Literary and Historical Society, where (if still extant) it may be consulted.

"In December 1842, the house was unfortunately destroyed by fire, and with it a valuable library of some three thousand volumes, many of them costly illustrated works on Natural History and other sciences. Shortly afterwards a new house was built on a more desirable and commanding site, in the midst of splendid old oaks and pines, looking down upon an extensive lawn, with the St Lawrence in the middle distance, the view terminated by the South Shore, studded with cheerful-looking cottages. To suit the new site Mr. Sheppard laid out a new approach, placing the entrance somewhat nearer Quebec, than the old avenue, following the roundings of Belle Borne Brook, and leaving it with a striking sweep, among groups of trees, to the house. This approach is one of the greatest attractions of the place. He also built a large conservatory in connection with the house.

"Woodfield changed hands in 1847, having been purchased by Thos. Gibb, Esq., who exchanged it with his brother, Jas. Gibb, Esq., a wealthy merchant of Quebec, president of the Quebec Bank, who added much to the beauty of the estate. [237] Woodfield, with the improvements and embellishments made by the preceding proprietor is one of the most imposing and showy places in Canada, well worthy

the encomiums passed upon it by J. Jay Smith, Esq., of Philadelphia, editor of the *Horticulturist*, who, with a party of friends, visited it in 1857. He says, in that work, 'James Gibb, Esq., at Woodfield, possesses one of the most charming places on the American continent. Thoroughly English in its appurtenances, and leaving out its views of the St. Lawrence, its lawns, trees, and superb garden are together, a model of what may be accomplished. The whole scene was enchanting. The traveller felt as if he was transported to the best parts of England, our whole party uniting in an exclamation of pleasure and gratification. Here is everything in the way of well-kept lawns, graperies and greenhouses, outhouses for every possible contingency of weather, gardens, redolent of the finest flowers, in which bulbs of the best lilies make a conspicuous figure, and every species of fruit that can be grown. The traveller who does not see Woodfield has not seen Canada in its best trim.'

"The remains of one redoubt [238] are visible near Belle Borne Brook, just above Pont Bonvoisin, or Bridge of Friendship, no doubt intended to guard the approach to Quebec by the footpath from Pointe à Puiseaux. Another large one was on the west side of Samos road, nearly opposite the entrance gate of the new approach to Woodfield, it commanded the Samos road.

"Woodfield once could boast of a well-stocked aviary. The garden, of large extent, has always been celebrated for its fruit and flowers, for the taste in which it was laid out, and for the beautiful prospect obtained from it of the Citadel of Quebec, of the intervening portion of the St. Lawrence, with the numerous shipping in the harbour busily engaged in taking in their return cargoes of the staple article of exportation."

Since this sketch was published in the *Maple Leaves* for 1865, death has borne heavily on the estimable Gibb family we then knew at Woodfield; and in 1879, Mr. John Lawson Gibb sold the old homestead as a site for an ornate rural cemetery.

"WOODFIELD CONSERVATORY—On 10th Feby, 1869 we availed ourselves of the opportunity afforded to the public of visiting this celebrated conservatory, and feasting our eyes on the immense mass of floral treasures which it contains. Flora's rarest gifts from every quarter of the globe are here in full bloom. The Indian Azaleas are magnificent beyond description—the one near the entrance called 'Criterion' is exquisitely beautiful, Roi Leopold, purpurea and alba are also very handsome. The Dielytra, or Bleeding Heart, is chaste and beautiful the Joy plant (*Chorozema*) from the Swan River, struck us as particularly interesting, the colours of the flower are so harmoniously blended, the Golden-leaved Geranium (Cloth of Gold)—well worthy the name, with intense scarlet flowers, is very pretty Numerous Camelias of every shade and colour, these we think may well be called the Queen of winter flowers rivalling in beauty the famous "rose." The Cinerarias and Cape cowslips are very fine, and so are the Acacias Many beautiful and interesting Ferns, the most remarkable being the elks-horn, walking fern, hearts-tongue, maiden-hair and silver-braken."—*Morning Chronicle*.

SOUS LES BOIS.

This country seat, two miles from the city limits, stands in view of Pointe à Puiseaux, at Sillery, exactly fronting the mouth of the Etchemin River Imagine a roomy, substantial, one story cottage equally well protected in winter against the piercing north, east and west winds, surrounded by large oaks and pines to temper the rays of an August sun, and through whose foliage the cool river breeze murmurs in the vernal season, wafting pleasure and health to the inmates Add one of those unrivalled river landscapes, peculiar to Sillery, well cultivated fruit gardens, pastures, meadows, and lawns intersected by a long curving avenue, fringed with single trees at times, at others tastefully concealed in a clump of evergreens, and leading to the house by a circuitous approach, which hides the mansion until you are a few feet of it Place in it a toiling professional man, eager, after a dusty summer day's work in St Peter street, to breathe the coolness and fragrance of his rustic homestead, and enjoy the presence of his household gods, again, add to it the conviction in his heart that country life has increased the span of his existence by twenty years, and you have a faint idea of one of our many Canadian homes, of *Sous les Bois* the former residence of Errol Boyd Lindsay, Esq., one of the few remaining Quebecers who can recall the festivities of Powell Place, when Sir James Craig flourished there in 1809.

In 1870, *Sous les Bois* was disposed of for educational purposes. The flourishing Jésus Marie Academy, with its shiny dome and lofty walls, looms out in the very centre of the demesne The Lindsay manor, at present, is the hospitable lodge of the devoted and talented almoner of the Convent, Rev. Abbé Octave Audette.

SILLERY HOUSE.

This handsome dwelling, is situated at the foot of the Cape, close to the Jesuits' old house, on a line with the river: it stands in the centre of an extensive garden, with here and there some large forest trees interspersed.

The residence was built a few years back by the late John Sharples, Esquire, of the firm of Sharples & Co., whose vast timber coves are in view from Sillery house.

ST. MICHAEL'S CHURCH, SILLERY

"A rural chapel neatly dress'd,
In covert like a little nest;
And thither young and old repair
This Sabbath day, for praise and prayer."

—*The White Doe of Rylstone.*

St. Michael's Church was built by some spirited parishioners, in front of Mount Hermon Cemetery; a not inappropriate monument on their part to the memory of the ancient and worthy patron of the parish. St. Michael's Church was weekly honoured by the attendance of the Sovereign's representative and *suite* when inhabiting Spencer Wood; and on fine summer days by the rank and fashion of the neighbouring metropolis. It is a handsome cut-stone church, in the Gothic style. The incumbent for many years has been the Rev. Anthony A. Von Iffland.

This neat Gothic structure was erected in 1854, at a cost of \$12,400, the proceeds of the munificent donations of several members of its congregation and others. The ground on which it stands was presented, as a gift, by Mrs. Jas. Morrin. Several handsome stained-glass windows, representing scriptural scenes, have been recently added. We read, amongst others, the following names on the list of subscribers to the foundation of the chapel, parsonage and school-house:—

Sir Edmund Head Lord Monck The Lord Bishop Mountain
Colonel Rhodes Henry Lemesurier Denis Godley
Ed. Burstall Charles E. Levey Jos. B. Forsyth
Captain Retallack Captain Pemberton Colonel Boomer
J. Walker E. Jackson F. H. Andrews
Miss Mountain D. D. Young C. N. Montizambert
Miss Cochran Rev. A. Mountain Mrs. Carroll
F. Burroughs W. F. Wood Robert Hamilton
Wm. Petry Honorable W. Walker Mrs. J. Gibb
W. Price Michael Stevenson Major H. W. Campbell
T. K. Ramsay Mrs. Helmuth Okill Stuart
Lieut.-Colonel Mountain John Jordan
Miss Guerout Hon. Henry Black G. B. Symes & Co.
J. F. Taylor Mrs. Montizambert C. Coker
G. Alford Mrs. Forsyth H. S. Scott.
N. H. Bowen G. Hall Mrs. G. R. Mountain
Charles Hamilton J. K. Boswell James Gibb
Rich Tremain T. G. Penny J. H. Oakes
Miss Taylor W. Drum Mrs. Woodbury
Dr. Boswell W. Herring Miss George
Charles Wilson John Giles Charles O'Neill
Preston Copeman Thomas Nelson Society for the Promotion
Thomas Beckett Barthy W. Goff of Christian Knowledge

Through the aid and efforts of the late Charles E. Levey, Esq., of Cataracoui, a handsome organ was subscribed for in England, and now graces St. Michael's Chapel.

MOUNT HERMON

A SPOT DEAR TO QUEBECERS

Oh, Hermon! oft I wander o'er,
Thy silent records of the past,
In fancy, when the storm and roar
Of icy winter holds thee fast,

But, when the gentle spring-time tells
'Tis time to rove amid the flow'rs,
I love to walk amid thy dells,
And dream once more of happy hours.

All seems a dream! thy lovely slopes,
O'ershadowed with primeval trees,
Are rich with many blighted hopes,
And ceaseless tears, *He* only sees
What broken hearts, and scatter'd homes,
And grief of mourners ne'er since met,
One pictures by these solemn tombs,
This scene of parting and regret!

Bless'd spot! though long, long years ago
That loving one was buried here,
My soul still ever seeks to know
When once again we shall be near!
A day ne'er pass'd in foreign climes,
At home, or on the restless sea,
But I have sought thee many times,
Oh, Hermon! ever dear to me.

S. B. F.

In this neighbourhood is situated Mount Hermon Cemetery. It is about three miles from Quebec, on the south side of the St. Lewis road, and slopes irregularly, but beautifully, down the cliff which overhangs the St. Lawrence. It is thirty two acres in extent, and the grounds were tastefully laid out by the late Major Douglas, U. S. Engineers, whose taste and skill had been previously shown in the design of Greenwood Cemetery, near New York. A carriage drive, upwards of two miles in extent, affords access to all parts of the grounds, and has been so arranged as to afford the most perfect view of the scenery. The visitor, after driving over the smooth lawn-like open surface, finds himself suddenly transferred by a turn of the road into a dark avenue of stately forest trees, from which he emerges to see the broad St. Lawrence almost beneath him, with the city of Quebec and the beautiful slopes of Point Levi in the distance.

Many beautiful monuments now adorn the grounds, some of which are from Montreal and some from Scotland; but the great majority are the productions of Mr. Felix Morgan, of Quebec, and do credit to his taste and skill. Many of them are beautiful and costly structures of Italian marble. The Aberdeen and Peterhead granite is much used at present for monuments to the departed.

A neat gothic lodge at the entrance of the grounds contains the office and residence of the superintendent. In the former, a complete plan of the grounds is kept, every separate grave being marked upon it with its appropriate number, so that at any future time, on consulting it, the exact spot of interment can be ascertained, and the Register which is also kept, affords information respecting the places of birth, age, and date of death.

There are few sites round Quebec more attractive to visit, especially during the month of September, than the last abode of the departed, crowning the green banks of the St. Lawrence at Sillery—the Cemetery of Mount Hermon. Apart from possessing some of the most picturesque scenery in America, this spot borrows from the glories of autumn tints of a fairy brightness. In providing for the repose of the dead, the citizens of all denominations seemed to have vied to surpass one another. Scarcely had the skilful designer, Major Douglas, U.S.E., completed the laying out of the Mount Hermon grounds, when a strong desire was manifested in all quarters to do away with *intra mural* burials. In a very short time, the Roman Catholics had selected as a cemetery the lovely old seat of the late Mr. Justice P. Panet, on the banks of the St. Charles, whilst a few years later the shady groves of Belmont, on the Ste. Foye road, were required for a similar object. The ornamentation of a *necropolis* must naturally be a work of time, trees do not spring up in one summer, nor do lawns clothe themselves with a soft, green velvety surface in one season, and if the flowers in Mount Hermon are so beautiful and so well attended to, the secret in a measure possibly rests with the landscape gardener located at the entrance, and who professes to furnish flowers for the adornment of cemetery lots, and to plant and keep them fresh during the summer. The St. Charles, St. Patrick and Belmont Cemeteries, which do not enjoy in the same measure these facilities, cannot be expected to possess all the rustic adornments of their elder brother. One may safely predict that ere many summers go by, our public cemeteries, by their natural beauty, are likely to attract crowds of strangers, as Greenwood and Mount Auburn do in the States. Chaste monumental marbles, on which can be detected the chisel of English, Scotch and Canadian artists, are at present noticeable all over the grounds, tastefully laid out and smiling *parterres* of

annuals and perennials throw a grateful fragrance over the tomb where sleeps mayhap a beloved parent, a kind sister, an affectionate brother, a true friend, a faithful lover. How forcibly all this was brought to our minds recently on strolling through the shady walks of Mount Hermon. Under the umbrageous trees, perfumed by roses and lilies, tombs, [239] silent, innumerable tombs on all sides, on marble, the names of friends, kindred, acquaintances, solemn stillness all round us, at our feet the placid course of our majestic flood. There were indeed many friends round us, though invisible, nay, on counting over the slumberers, we found we had more, though not dearer friends, in this abode of peace than within the walls of yonder city. Overpowered by mournful, though soothing thoughts, we walked along pondering over those truthful reflections of Washington Irving:—

"There is a voice from the tomb sweeter than song, there is a recollection of the dead to which we turn ever from the charms of the living Oh, the grave! the grave! It buries every error, covers every defect, extinguishes every resentment. From its peaceful bosom spring none but fond regrets and tender recollections. * * * The grave of those we loved—what a place for meditation. There it is that we call up in long review the whole history of virtue and gentleness, and the thousand endearments lavished upon us almost unheeded in the daily intercourse of intimacy; there it is that we dwell upon the tenderness, the solemn, awful tenderness of the parting scene; the bed of death with all its stifled grief; its noiseless attendants; its mute, watchful assiduities; the last testimonies of expiring love; the feeble, faltering, thrilling (oh, how thrilling!) pressure of the hand; the last fond look of the glazing eye, turning upon us from the threshold of existence; the faint, faltering accents struggling in death to give once more assurance of affection! aye, go to the grave of buried love and meditate! There settle the account with thy conscience for every past benefit unrequited, every past endearment unregarded of that being who can never, never, never return to be soothed by thy contrition. If thou art a child and hast ever added a sorrow to the soul, or a furrow to the silvered brow of an affectionate parent; if thou art a husband and hast ever caused the fond bosom that ventured its whole happiness in thy arms to doubt one moment of thy kindness or thy truth; if thou art a friend and hast ever wronged in thought, word or deed the spirit that generously confided in thee; if thou art a lover and hast ever given one unmerited pang to that true heart that now lies cold and still beneath thy feet, then be sure that every unkind look, every ungracious word, every ungentle action will come thronging back upon thy memory and knocking dolefully at thy soul....

Then weave that chaplet of flowers and strew the beauties of nature about the grave; console thy broken spirit if thou canst with these tender, though futile, tributes of regret; but take warning over the dead, and be more faithful and affectionate in the discharge of thy duties to the living." Reader, allow not pensive September to close in without visiting Mount Hermon, linger under its silent shades, go partake of the joy of grief, and meditate at the grave of a buried love.

"MONUMENT TO LIEUT. BAINES, R.A.—Few of our readers but recollect and cherish the name of Lieut. Baines, who unfortunately lost his life while gallantly endeavoring to arrest the progress of the conflagration which destroyed the greater portion of St. Roch's suburbs in October, 1866. His gallant devotion to duty, and his zeal in one of the most praiseworthy and charitable objects that ever engaged the attention of man, has caused his memory to be cherished with love and respect by every one of our citizens. Last year the ladies of the General Hospital sent a tribute of their gratitude to his widowed mother in England, worked by their own hands. Now the citizens of Quebec have completed their share of the grateful task. We had the mournful pleasure yesterday of viewing one of the most chaste and graceful monuments that adorn Mount Hermon Cemetery, erected by public subscription, and placed over the grave of one whose memory is so dearly cherished by all. The monument is of the Egyptian style of architecture, an obelisk 18 feet in height, with a base of 4 feet 10 inches, designed and modelled by our talented fellow-citizen, Mr. F. Morgan, sculptor, St. John street, so many of whose classic memorials of the dead grace Mount Hermon. It is cut from a solid block of imported sandstone, and in chasteness of design or execution is not excelled on this continent. It bears the following inscription:—

Erected by the citizens of Quebec
To preserve the memory
and to record their gratitude for the
gallant services of
Lieut. Henry Edmund Baines,
Royal Artillery,
whose death was occasioned by his noble
efforts to arrest the progress

of the calamitous fire
which, on the 14th Oct., 1866
destroyed a large portion of the city.
Born at Shrewsbury, England, April 4, 1840
Died at Quebec Oct. 27, 1866

Surmounting the epitaph is the coat of arms of the Royal Artillery, chiselled out of the solid block by the hands of a finished artist, with the motto of the regiment in a scroll underneath—" *Quo fas et gloria ducunt*" The erection of this, monument to the memory of the brave but unfortunate young officer is a noble tribute of gratitude on the part of our citizens, and in entrusting its execution to our talented fellow-townsmen, Mr. Morgan, the committee has shown a wise, discretion that makes the completion of their task one upon which they may heartily congratulate themselves.

A VOICE FROM MOUNT HERMON

DEDICATED TO MRS. BAINES, BY MRS. A. CAMPBELL

My dust lies sleeping here,
 Mother dear!
In this, far off distant land,
Away from your little band,
And the touch of loving hand,
Your boy lies sleeping here,
 Mother dear!

The Ocean rolls between
 Mother dear!
You and your own boy's grave,
And the distant rush of waves
On the pebbly shore to lave,
Is the requiem sung between,
 Mother dear!

Mine is a sweet green spot.
 Mother dear!
And the song of the bird
Is ever heard
In the trees that gird
Us, in this quiet spot
 Mother dear!

And echo answers here
 Mother dear!
The tinkle of chapel bell,
And the murmur of its knell
And the mourners "*It is well,*"
 Echo answers here,
 Mother dear!

To picture my last home,
 Mother dear!
I am laid me down to rest,
Where "Our Father" saw 'twas best,
In this quiet little nest,
For my last home,
 Mother dear!

And my spirit is with Him,
 Mother dear!
In the precious home above,
Where all is light and love,
There rests your own dear dove,
 Now with Him,
 Mother dear!

Through Jesus' blood I'm here,
Mother dear!
In this happy, heavenly land,
One of a glorious band,
Touched by His healing hand,
Through Jesus I am here,
Mother dear!

So dry that bitter tear,
Mother dear!
'Twill not be very long
Ere with Jesus you'll sing the song,
Sung by those who to Him belong,
And wipe that bitter tear—
Mother dear!

BARDFIELD

THE LATE BISHOP MOUNTAIN'S COUNTRY SEAT.

"Far from me and my friends be that frigid philosophy, which can make us pass unmoved over any scenes which have been consecrated by virtue, by valour, or by wisdom."—
JOHNSON.

Pleasant the memories of our rustic homes! 'Tis pleasant, after December's murky nights, or January and February's inexorable chills, to go and bask on the sunny banks of our great river, under the shade of trees, in the balmy spring, and amidst the gifts of a bountiful nature, to inhale fragrance and health and joy. Pleasant, also, to wander during September in our solemn woods, "with footsteps inaudible on the soft yellow floor, composed of the autumnal sheddings of countless years." Yes, soothing to us are these memories of home—of home amusements, home pleasures, and even of home sorrows. Sweeter still, even though tinged with melancholy, the remembrance of the departed friends,—those guardian spirits we once saw moving in some of our Canadian homes in the legitimate pride of hospitality—surrounded by young and loving hearts—enshrined in the respect of their fellow men.

Oft has it been our privilege at that festive season of our year, when a hallowed custom brings Canada's sons and daughters together with words of greeting and good-fellowship, to wend our way to Bardfield, high on the breezy hills of Sillery, and exchange a cordial welcome with the venerable man who had dwelt in our midst for many long years. Seldom has it been our lot to approach one who, as a scholar, a gentleman, a prelate, or what is more than all those titles put together, a truly good man, impressed himself more agreeably on our mind.

Another revolution of the circling year and the good pastor, the courteous gentleman, the learned divine, our literary [240] friend and neighbour, the master of Bardfield, had been snatched from among us and from an admiring public. Where is the Quebecer who has not noticed the neat cottage on the north of the St. Lewis road, where lived and died the Lord Bishop Mountain? As you pass, you see as formerly its lovely river view, gravelled walks, curving avenue, and turfy lawns, luxuriant hedges designed by a hand now cold in death. Bardfield continues to be occupied by Miss Mountain and other members of the late Bishop's family. A school house, in the rural Gothic style, quite an ornament to Sillery, has been erected by His Lordship's family, as a memorial of the sojourn at this spot of this true friend of suffering humanity and patron of education.

Bardfield, founded about forty years ago by an eminent merchant of Quebec, Peter Burnet, Esquire, was recently purchased by Albert Furness, Esquire and by him leased to Charles Earnest Levey, Esquire, until Kirke Ella, the property of Mr. Levy, is rebuilt.

THE FAMILY OF MOUNTAIN

The family of Mountain, which is a very old Norman family, and therefore of French extraction, originally wrote their name "de Montaigne," from the name of their estates at Périgord, near Bordeaux, and as stated in the life of one of its members, the well-known Michael Seigneur de Montaigne, the essayist and philosopher, "This race was noble, but noble without any great lustre till his time, which fortune showed him signal favours, and, together with honorary and titular distinctions, procured for him the collar of the Order of St. Michael, which at that time was the utmost mark of honour of the French *noblesse*, and very rare. He was twice elected mayor of Bordeaux, his father, a man of great honour and equity,

having formerly also had the same dignity."

Michael left only a daughter—Leonor or Leonora, who by marrying a distant cousin of the same name, preserved the estates in the family, as they had been for more than a century before they were inherited by her father. These remained in possession of the senior branch until the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, when, having espoused the Protestant cause, they were forced to sacrifice them and quit the country in 1685, with what ready money they could hastily get together. With this they purchased an estate in Norwich, England; from which in after generations several of the family went out to Canada, and among them the late Bishop of Quebec.

To him, likewise I have heard attributed the irreverent piece of wit alluded to by the *Witness*; but with equal injustice, as his son, the late Bishop of Quebec assured me. [241]

It is one of those sayings evidently made up for people whose names or position suit for hanging them on.

George Mountain, D.D., Archbishop of York, was a contemporary of Michael de Montaigne, and a scion of the same family, though through a younger branch, which appears to have crossed over from France about the time of the massacre of St. Bartholomew in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and for the same reason that the elder branch did afterwards, namely, because of their religious tenets.

It is not by any means improbable that by this separation from the rest of his family, who were still adherents of the Roman Catholic faith, and the consequent abandonment of worldly prospects for the sake of religious principles, the Archbishop's progenitors may have been reduced in circumstances, but only comparatively with what he had lost before, for history shows that the Archbishop himself was, born at Callwood Castle, educated at Queen's College, Cambridge, chosen a Fellow in 1591, and Junior Proctor of that University in 1600, Dean of Westminster in 1610, Bishop of Lincoln in 1617, Bishop of London in 1621, Bishop of Durham in 1627, and Archbishop of York in 1628.

JACOB J. C. MOUNTAIN,

Formerly of Coteau de Lac, Canada, now Vicar of Bulford, England.
BULFORD VICARAGE, Amesbury, Salisbury, May 30, 1877.

BENMORE.

We like to portray to ourselves our energetic neighbour of Benmore House, such as we can recall him in his palmy, sporting days of 1865; we shall quote from the *Maple Leaves* of that year:

"It will not be one of the least glories of 'Our Parish,' even when the Province will have expanded into an empire, with Sillery as the seat of Vice Royalty, to be able to boast of possessing the Canadian, the adopted home of a British officer of wealth and intelligence, known to the sporting world as the Great Northern Hunter. Who had not heard of the *battues* of Col. Rhodes on the snow-clad peaks of Cap Tourment, on the Western Prairies, and all along the Laurentian chain of mountains? One man alone through the boundless territory extending from Quebec to the North Pole, can dispute the belt with the Sillery Nimrod, but then, a mighty hunter is he; by name in the St. Joachim settlement, Olivier Cauchon, to Canadian sportsmen known as *Le Roi des Bois*. It is said, but we cannot vouch for the fact—that Cauchon, in order to acquire the scent, swiftness and sagacity of the cariboo, has lived on cariboo milk, with an infusion of moss and bark, ever since his babyhood, but that this very winter (1865) he killed, with slugs, four cariboo at one shot, we can vouch for.

A few weeks since, a *habitant* with a loaded sleigh passed our gate; on the top of his load was visible a noble pair of antlers. "Qui a tué— ces cariboo?" we asked. Honest John Baptiste replied, "Le Colonel Rhodes, Monsieur." Then followed a second—then a third. Same question asked, to which for reply—"Le Colonel Rhodes, Monsieur." Then another sleigh load of cariboo, in all twelve Cariboo, two sleighs of hare, grouse and ptarmigan, then a man carrying a dead *carcajou*, then in the distance, the soldier-like phiz of the Nimrod himself, nimbly following on foot the cavalcade. This was too much, we stopped and threatened the Colonel to apply to Parliament for an Act to protect the game of Canada against his unerring rifle. Were we not fully aware of the gratifying fact, that, under recent legislative enactment, the fish and game of Canada have much increased, we might be inclined to fancy that the Colonel will never rest until he has bagged the last moose, the last cariboo in the country.

Benmore nestles cosily in a pine grove on the banks of the great river, the type of an English Country

gentleman's homestead. In front of the house, a spacious piazza, from which you can watch the river craft; in the vast surrounding meadows, a goodly array of fat Durhams and Ayrshires, in the farm-yard, short-legged Berkshires squeaking merrily in the distance, rosy-cheeked English boys romping on the lawn, surrounded by pointers and setters: such, the grateful sights which, greeted our eyes one lovely June morning round Benmore House, the residence of the President of the Quebec Game Club, and late member of Parliament for Megantic." (Written in 1865.)

IMPORTATION OF BIRDS.

Sixteen years have elapsed since these lines were penned, and the Colonel has devoted much time, spent a large amount of capital on his vegetable farm and his green houses. Agriculturalists and naturalists will know him as the introducer of the English sparrow and the Messina quail.

THE SPARROW AND QUAIL.

Information for Mr. Lemoine on the importation of the European house sparrow and on that of the migratory quail. In consequence of great complaints all over the United States of the ravages of insects and particularly of caterpillars, amongst street and park trees and their visible destruction, it was generally recommended to girdle the trees with tin troughs containing oil or some liquid, also to pick the insects off the infected trees. This course had been followed to a very considerable extent, when it struck me the importation of the common house sparrow would meet the difficulty. In 1854 I imported sparrows. I turned loose six birds at Portland, Maine, and brought about as many more to Quebec.

On turning the birds loose at Portland, I wrote a letter to the *Portland Advertiser*, recommending the English sparrow as an insect destroyer, especially in the early spring months when the native birds are away on their migrations. This idea of picking off insects with birds commended itself to the municipal authorities of Boston and other large cities, who made large importations of sparrows, with the result of saving their ornamental trees from destruction.

The first colony of sparrows failed at Quebec. I therefore made two more importations, succeeding at last by wintering over thirteen birds —This occurred about ten years ago, there are now house sparrows all over Canada, our French Canadians say "*C'est un oiseau qui suit la Religion*" frequenting churches, convents and sacred places, and it is considered a privilege to have so good a bird about the house. The sparrow lives readily in Canada, as it feeds on the droppings of the horse and takes shelter down the chimneys or under the roofs of the houses. The enemies of the sparrow are very numerous, notably the great Northern Shrike, the owls, hawks and in summer the swifts and swallows. I have seen the English sparrow from New York to St. Francisco, and from the Saguenay to Florida. In some places the bird is used as an article of food, and there is no doubt this will be the case generally; it will also become an object of sport for young shooters and trappers in America, the same as it has always been in Europe.

THE QUAIL.

I imported this bird in 1880, turning loose over 100 birds between Quebec and the river Saguenay, I cannot say what has been the result; the French population have taken much interest in this importation, because they understand it is a bird well known in France as La Caille, and I have no doubt it will become quite numerous in our French settlements wherever it is established.

Large numbers of migratory quail have been imported for the State of Maine, 2,500 birds were turned loose in 1880, in all about 10,000 quails have been imported for the United States and Canada during the last few years, and as no importations are being made this year we shall see what the migratory instinct does for the North in the spring of the year?

It is very certain the migratory quail leave for parts unknown at an early period in the autumn, but where they go to and whether they return to the north has not been established; whilst they are with us, they are very friendly, frequently mixing with the chickens in the back yards. It is not improbable the feeling which gives hospitality to the house sparrow will extend itself to the Farmer's Quail, and that the latter bird may receive the same treatment from the settler as he gives to ordinary domestic fowl, such as Pigeons, Guinea fowl, and so on.—*W. Rhodes.*

BENMORE, 4th February, 1881.

N.B.—The house sparrow has indeed multiplied amazingly and though an emigrant and not "un enfant du sol" has found a hearty welcome. 'Tis said that he scares away our singing birds, if he should thus interfere with the freedom of action of the *natives*, he will get the cold shoulder, even though he should be an *emigrant*.

The sparrow though a long suffering bird is neither meek nor uncomplaining. A "limb of the law" is, we are told, responsible for the following:

A HUMBLE APPEAL.

(To the Editor of the Morning Chronicle.)

DEAR SIR,—Oft, doubtless, passing through the Ring,
Me you have seen in autumn, summer, spring—
Picking, with gleesome chirp, and nimble feet,
My scanty living from the public street;
Or else devouring in those golden hours,
Insects from cabbages and other flowers:—
Ah me! those happy days!—but they are past,
And winter with his harsh and biting blast
Remind me and my fellow-sparrows bold
Of coming snow-storms, ice and sleet and cold;
Reminds us, too, of those far-off abodes,
Whence we were rudely reft by Col. R—s,
On his acclimatizing purpose bent,
And moved by scientific sentiment,
My heart is anxious, Sir, from what I know
Of last years sufferings from cold and snow,
Another winter's hardships, will, I fear,
Cause us poor colonists to disappear.
What shall we do, Dear Sir?—how shall we live,
Unless our charitable townsmen give
Us aid in food and shelter, otherwise
Each of us young and old, and male and female, dies!
Could we not make our *friend* our *Garnishee*,
And seize his chattels by a *tiers sais*?
(I tell him, Sir, that living mid the frosts
Is harder far than paying *lawyers' costs*)
Or do you think, (I write in great anxiety,)
We have a claim on the St. George Society?
We are compatriots—an exiled band,
From the fair pickings of our native land,
Cast on this frigid shore by savage Fate,
With mouths to fill, and bills to liquidate.
Dear Sir, I leave our case now with you, pray
To make it public do not long delay,
But give it, (I don't mean to be ironical,)
A prominent position in the CHRONICLE.
My wife and children cry to me for corn
With feeble earnestness and chirp forlorn,
My eye is dim, my heart within me pines,
My claws so numb I scarce can scratch two lines,
My head—no more will I your feelings harrow,
But sign me,
Truly yours,
Till death,
All Souls' Day. COCKSPARROW.

CLAREMONT.

THE SEAT OF THOMAS BECKETT, ESQUIRE.

"A house amid the quiet country's shades,
With length'ning vistas, ever sunny glades,
Beauty and fragrance clustering o'er the wall.

A porch inviting, and an ample hall."

Claremont was founded by Lieut.-Governor R. E. Caron, and was his family mansion—ever since he left Spencer Grange which he had temporarily leased,—until he was named Lt.-Governor of the Province of Quebec. We find in it, combined the taste and comfort which presides in Canadian homes; and in the fortunes of its founder, an illustration of the fact, that under the sway of Britain, the road to the highest honours has ever been open to colonists, irrespective of creed or nationality.

Claremont stands about one acre from the main road, three miles from Quebec, a handsome, comfortable and substantial villa. The umbrageous grove of trees which encloses it from view, is a plantation laid down by the late occupant about twenty-five years ago; its growth has been truly wonderful. The view from the veranda and rear of the house is magnificent in the extreme. To the west of the dwelling, environed in forest trees well protected against our northern "blizzards," lies the fruit, flower and vegetable garden, laid out originally by Madame Caron; watered by an unfailing spring, its dark rich soil produces most luxuriant vegetables, and Mr. Beckett's phlox, lilies, pansies, roses, generally stand well represented on the prize list of the Quebec Horticultural Society, of which Mr. Beckett is a most active member.

Claremont [242] is indicated by one of the most reliable of our historians, the Abbé Ferland, as the spot where one of the first Sillery missionaries, Frère Liégeois met with his end at the hands of some hostile Indians. This occurred in the spring of 1655. The missionary at the time was helping the colonists to build a small redoubt to protect their maize and wheat fields from the inroads of their enemies. On viewing, at Sillery, in 1881, Claremont the luxurious country seat of a successful merchant, memory reverts to the same locality two centuries back, when every tree of the locality might have concealed a ferocious *Iroquois* bent on his errand of death.

From the cupola of Claremont, a wondrous vista is revealed. The eye gazing northward, rests on the nodding pinnacles of the spruce, hemlock and surrounding pine. Towards the south-east and west you have before you nearly every object calculated to add effect to the landscape. Far below at your feet, rushes on the mighty St. Lawrence, with its fleet of merchantmen and rafts of timber; the church of St. Romuald, half way up the hill; facing you, the Etchemin stream, its mills, its piers, crowded with deals; to the west, the roaring Chaudière, "La Rivière Bruyante" of early times, in the remote distance, on a bright morning, are also plainly visible, the hills of the White Mountains of Maine.

THE WILD FLOWERS OF SILLERY.

"Everywhere about us are they glowing,
Some like stars, to tell us spring is born;
Others, their blue eyes, with tears o'erflowing,
Stand like Ruth amid the golden corn."

Are you an admirer of nature, and sweet flowers? Would you, most worthy friend, like to see some of the bright gems which spring, whilst dallying over the sequestered, airy heights and swampy marshes of our woods drops along our path? Follow, then, sketch book and pencil in hand, the fairy footsteps of one of the most amiable women which old England ever sent to our climes, accompany the Countess of Dalhousie on a botanizing tour through Sillery woods; you have her note book, if not herself, to go by. For May, see what an ample store of bright flowers scattered around you; fear not to lose yourself in thickets and underbrush; far from the beaten track a noble lady has ransacked the environs over and over again, sometimes alone, sometimes with an equally enthusiastic and intelligent friend, who hailed from Woodfield; [243] sweet flowers and beautiful ferns attract other noble ladies to this day in that wood. Are you anxious to possess the first-born of spring? Whilst virgin snow still whitens the fields, send a young friend to pluck for you, from the willow, its golden catkins:—

"The first gilt thing
Decked with the earliest pearls of spring."

The Gomin Wood will, with the dawn of May, afford you materials for a wreath, rich in perfume and wild in beauty. The quantity of wild flowers, to be found in the environs of Quebec has called forth the following remarks from one of Flora's most fervid votaries, a gentleman well known in this locality:—"A stranger," says he, "landing in this country, is much surprised to find the flowers which he has carefully cultivated in his garden at home, growing wild at his feet. Such as dog-tooth violets, trilliums and columbines. I was much excited when I discovered them for the first time; the *trillium*, for which I had paid three shillings and six-pence when in England, positively growing wild. I could scarcely believe that I had a right to gather them; having paid so much for one, I felt that it was property, valuable property running wild, and no one caring to gather it. No one? Yes! some did, for *we* carried all that we could find, and if the reader will stroll along the hedges on St. Lewis road he will find them in

abundance: dark purple flowers, growing on a stalk naked to near the summit, where there is a whorl of three leaves, its sepals are three, petals three, stamens twice three, and its stigmas three, hence its name of *trillium*. We have a few of the white varieties. After the purple *trillium* has done flowering, we have the painted trillium of the woods; the *trillium grandiflorum* is abundant at Grosse Isle. The dog-tooth violet early arrested my attention; the spotted leaves and the bright yellow flowers, fully recurved in the bright sunshine, contrasted beautifully with the fresh green grass on the banks on which they are usually found, the bulbs are deep-seated, and the plant will at once, from the general appearance of the flower, be recognized as belonging to the lily family.

"The marsh marigolds, with the bright yellow buttercup-looking flowers, are now in full luxuriance of bloom in wet places near running water; they may not be esteemed beautiful by all, and yet all God's works, and all his flowers, are good and beautiful. Let any one see them as I have seen them, a large flowerbed of an acre and more, one mass of the brightest yellow, a crystal stream meandering through their midst, the beautiful Falls of Montmorenci across the river rolling their deep strains of Nature's music, the rising tide of the St. Lawrence beating with refreshing waves at their feet, and a cloudless azure sky over head, from which the rosy tints of early morn had hardly disappeared, and if his soul be not ready to overflow with gratitude to the Supreme Being who has made everything so beautiful and good, I do not know what to think of him. I would not be such a man, 'I'd rather be a dog and bay the moon.'"

The whole Gomin bog is studded with *Smilacina Bifolia*, sometimes erroneously called *the white lily of the valley*, also the *Smilacina Trifolia*, the *Dentaria*, the *Streptopus roseus* or twisted stem, a rose-colored flower, bearing red berries in the fall. There are also in this wood, *trillium*, the May flower, *Hepatica*, and *Symplocarpus*, thickets crowned with *Rhodoras* in full bloom—a bush a few feet high with superb rose-colored flowers—the general appearance of a cluster of bushes is most magnificent. In the same locality, further in the swamp, may be found the *Kalmia angustifolia* bearing very pretty compact rose-colored flowers like small cups divided into five lobes, also the beautiful Ladies' Slipper Orchis (*Cypripedium humile*) in thousands on the borders of the swamp,—such is Sillery wood in May. The crowded flora of June is the very carnival of nature, in our climes. "Our Parish" is no exception. The Ladies' Slippers, *Kalmia Smilacina*, etc., may still be gathered in the greatest abundance throughout most of this month. Here is also the bunch of Pigeon berry, in full bloom, the Brooklime Spedwell, the Blue-eyed-grass, the herb Bennet, the Labrador Tea, the *Oxalis Stricta* and *Oxalis acetosella*, one with yellow, the other with white and purple flowers: the first grows in ploughed fields, the second in the woods. "Our sensitive plant; they shut up their leaves and go to sleep at night, and on the approach of rain. These plants are used in Europe to give an acid flavor to soup." Here also flourishes the *Linnea Borealis*, roseate bells, hanging like twins from one stalk, downy and aromatic all round. In the middle of June, the Ragwort, a composite flower with yellow heads, and about one-half to two feet high, abounds in wet places by the side of running streams. Also, the Anemone, so famous in English song, principally represented by the *Anemone Pennsylvanica*, growing on wet banks, bearing large white flowers; add the *Corydalis*, *Smilacina racemosa* resembling Solomon's Seal. Here we light on a lovely Tulip bed; no—'tis that strangely beautiful flower, the pitcher plant (*Saracenia Purpurea*). Next we hit on a flower not to be forgotten, the *Myosotis palustris* or Forget-me-not. Cast a glance as you hurry onwards on the *Oenothera pumila*, a kind of evening primrose, on the false Hellebore—the one-sided *Pyrola*, the Bladder Champion—*silene inflata*, the sweet-scented yellow Mellilot, the white Yarran, the *Prunella* with blue labrate flowers the Yellow Rattle, so called from the rattling of the seeds. The perforated St. John's Wort is now coming into flower everywhere, and will continue until late in August; it is an upright plant, from one to two feet high, with clusters of yellow flowers. The Germans have a custom for maidens to gather this herb on the eve of St. John, and from its withering or retaining its freshness to draw an augury of death or marriage in the coming year. This is well told in the following lines:—

"The young maid stole through the cottage door,
And blushed as she sought the plant of power;
Then silver glow-worm, O lend me thy light,
I must gather the mystic St. John's Wort to-night,
The wonderful herb whose leaf must decide
If the coming year shall make me a bride.
And the glow-worm came
With its silvery flame,
And sparkled and shone
Through the night of St. John;
While it shone on the plant as it bloomed in its pride,
And soon has the young maid her love-knot tied.
With noiseless tread
To her chamber she sped,

Where the spectral moon her white beams shed.

"Bloom here, bloom here, thou plant of power,
To deck the young bride in her bridal hour;
But it dropped its head, the plant of power,
And died the mute death of the voiceless flower
And a withered wreath on the ground it lay,
And when a year had passed away,
All pale on her bier the young maid lay;
 And the glow-worm came,
 With its silvery flame,
 And sparkled and shone
 Through the night of St. John;
And they closed the cold grave o'er the maid's cold clay,
On the day that was meant for her bridal day."

Let us see what flowers sultry July has in store for us in her bountiful cornucopia. "In July," says a fervent lover of nature, "bogs and swamps are glorious indeed," so look out for Calopogons, Pogonias, rose-colored and white and purple-fringed Orchises, Ferns, some thirty varieties, of exquisite texture,

"In the cool and quiet nooks,
By the side of running brooks;
In the forest's green retreat,
With the branches overhead,
Nestling at the old trees' feet,
Choose we there our mossy bed.

On tall cliffs that won the breeze,
Where no human footstep presses,
And no eye our beauty sees,
There we wave our maiden tresses,"

the Willow-herb, the true Partridge-berry, the Chimaphila, Yellow Lily, Mullein, Ghost Flower, Indian Pipe, *Lysimacha Stricta*, Wild Chamomile. August will bring forth a variety of other plants, amongst others the *Spirantes*, or Ladies' Tresses, a very sweet-scented Orchis, with white flowers placed as a spiral round the flower stalk, the purple *Eupatorium*, the Snake's head, and crowds of most beautiful wild flowers, too numerous to be named here. [244] (From *Maple Leaves*, 1865).

BEAUVOIR.

"The merchant has his snug retreat in the vicinity of the metropolis, where he often displays as much pride and zeal in the cultivation of his flower garden, and the maturing of his fruits, as he does in the conduct of his business, and the success of a commercial enterprise." — *Rural Life in England—Washington Irving*.

Situated on the left bank of the River St. Lawrence, about four miles from the city, on the Sillery heights, and overlooking the river. The site was selected about half a century back by the late Hon. A. N. Cochrane, who acquired the property in September, 1830, and after holding it for nineteen years sold it to the Hon. John Stewart, who built the residence, which was occupied for a number of years by the late Henry LeMesurier, Esq., and was finally destroyed by fire in 1866. It was subsequently rebuilt, and afterwards purchased by the present occupant R. R. Dobell, Esq., who has since added considerably to the building and extended the property by the addition of about twelve acres purchased from the Graddon estate, and about the same quantity purchased from Mr. McHugh, the whole now comprising about thirty-five acres. The grounds are beautifully wooded and descend by a series of natural terraces to the river, on the banks of which are the extensive timber coves and wharves known as Sillery Cove, with the workmen's cottages, offices, &c., fringing the side. There is also telegraphic communication between this cove and the city. Here too is the site of the ancient church of the Récollet Fathers, within the precincts of which lie buried the remains of Rev. Ed. Massé, one of the earliest missionaries sent from France to Canada by the Jesuits, the expense of the mission was chiefly borne by the Chevalier Brulart de Sillery. Here also is the old MANSION HOUSE, and a little higher up the cliff is the ancient burial ground of the Huron Indians, where the remains of many of this tribe can still be found. The property is bounded on the west by the historical stream of St. Michaels brook, so often mentioned in the narratives of the siege of Quebec in 1759. This stream used to be well stocked with trout, and promises to regain its former character in this respect, as the present proprietor intends to re-stock it.

Mr. Dobell has collected here some very fine specimens of Canadian Game, which the art of the taxidermist has rendered very life-like. His oil paintings are deserving of notice and attracted attention at a recent exhibition of art, &c., at the Morrin College, they appear in the printed catalogue as follows:

—

A Scene in Wales, (Morning)..... by Marcham.
A Scene in Wales, (Evening)..... "
Reading the Bible, "
Our Saviour,—an old painting on copper..
Dead Canary,..... S. M. Martin.
Fox and Ducks,..... "
Prairie Hen,..... "
View of Quebec,..... Creswell.
Egyptian Interior,..... Kornan.
Dead Game,..... "
Two Oil Paintings,..... after Guido Reni.
Girl and Birdcage,—a Dutch painting.....
Prisoners,..... by Jacobi.
Flower Piece,..... Victor
Pandora and Casket,—old painting.....

The chief charm of Beauvoir is in its beautiful level lawn and deep overhanging woods, recalling vividly to mind the many beautiful homes of merry England. Mr. Dobell the proprietor is largely engaged in mercantile operations, and for many years past has carried on the most extensive business in the lumber trade.

In 1865 we alluded as follows to this bright Canadian Home, which the shadow of death was soon to darken:

"Crowning a sloping lawn, intersected by a small stream, and facing the Etchemin Mills, you notice on the south side of the St. Lewis road, next to Clermont, a neat dwelling hid amongst huge pines and other forest trees; that is one of our oldest English country seats. Family memories of three generations consecrate the spot. Would you like a glimpse of domestic life as enjoyed at Sillery? then follow that bevy of noisy, rosy- cheeked boys in Lennoxville caps, with gun and rod in hand, hurrying down those steep, narrow steps leading from the bank to the Cove below. How they scamper along, eager to walk the deck of that trim little craft, the *Falcon*, anchored in the stream, and sitting like a bird on the bosom of the famed river. Wait a minute and you will see the mainsail flutter in the breeze. Now our rollicking young friends have marched past ruins of "chapel, convent, hospital," &c., on the beach; you surely did not expect them to look glum and melancholy. Of course they knew all about "Monsieur Puiseaux," "le Chevalier de Sillery," "the house where dwelt Emily Montague"; but do not, if you have any respect for that thrice happy age, the halcyon days of jackets and frills, befog their brains with the musty records of departed years. Let the lads enjoy their summer vacation, radiant, happy, heedless of the future. Alas! it may yet overtake them soon enough! What care could contract their brow? Have they not fed for the day their rabbits, their pigeons, their guinea-pigs? Is not that faithful Newfoundland dog "Boatswain," who saved from drowning one of their school-mates, is he not as usual their companion on ship-board or ashore? There, now, they drop down the stream for a long day's cruise round the Island of Orleans. Next week, peradventure, you may hear of the *Falcon* and its jolly crew having sailed for Portneuf, Murray Bay, the Saguenay or Bersimis, to throw a cast for salmon, sea-trout or mackerel, in some sequestered pool or sheltered bay.

"There we'll drop our lines, and gather
Old Ocean's treasures in."

Are they not glorious, handsome, manly fellows, our Sillery boys? No wonder we are all proud of them, of the twins as much as the rest, and more so perhaps. "Our Parish" you must know, is renowned for the proportion in which it contributes to the census: twins—a common occurrence; occasionally, triplets.

Such we knew this Canadian home in the days of the late Henry Lemesurier.

MONTAGUE COTTAGE.

"I knew by the smoke which so gracefully curled,
Above the green wood that a cottage was near."
—*Moore's Woodpecker.*

Facing Sillery hill, on the north side of "Sans Bruit," formerly the estate of Lieut.-Col. the Hon. Henry Caldwell, Mr. Alfred P. Wheeler, [245] the Tide Surveyor of H. M. Customs, Quebec, built in 1880, a comfortable and pleasing little cottage. He has called it Montague Cottage [246] in memory of Wolfe's brave assistant Quarter Master General Col. Caldwell, of Sans Bruit, the Col. Rivers of "The Novel and the preferred suitor of Emily Montague who addressed her romantic 'Sillery letters to Col. Rivers from a house not far from the Hill of Sillery.

It is stated in all the old Quebec Guide Books that the house in which the 'divine Emily then dwelt stood on the foot of Sillery Hill, close to Mrs. Graddon's property at Kilmarnock, her friend Bella Fermor probably lived near her. Vol. I of the Work, page 61, states; "I am at present at an extremely pretty farm on the banks of the River St. Lawrence, the house stands as the foot of a steep mountain covered with a variety of trees forming a verdant sloping wall, which rises in a kind of regular confusion, shade above shade a woody theatre, and has in front this noble river, on which ships continually passing present to the delighted eye the most charming picture imaginable. I never saw a place so formed to inspire that pleasing lassitude, that divine inclination to saunter, which may not improperly be called the luxurious indolence of the country. I intend to build a temple here to the charming goddess of laziness. A gentleman is coming down the winding path on the side of the hill, whom by his air I take to be your brother. Adieu. I must receive him, my father is in Quebec. Yours,

ARABELLA FERMOR.

THE HISTORY OF EMILY MONTAGUE.

On the 22nd March 1769, a novelist of some standing Mrs. Frances Brooks an officer's lady, [247] author of *Lady Julia Mandeville* published in London a work in four volumes, which she dedicated to His Excellency the Governor of Canada, Guy Carleton afterwards Lord Dorchester, under the title of the *History of Emily Montague* being a series of letters addressed from Sillery by Emily Montague the heroine of the tale, to her lively and witty friend Bella Fermor—to some military admirers in Quebec, Montreal, and New York—to some British noblemen, friends of her father.

This novel, whether it was through the writer's *entourage* in the world or her *entrée* to fashionable circles, or whether on account of its own intrinsic literary worth, had an immense success in its day. The racy description it contains of Canadian scenery, and colonial life, mixed with the fashionable gossip of our Belgravians of 1766, seven years after the conquest, caused several English families to emigrate to Canada. Some settled in the neighborhood of Quebec, at Sillery, it is said. Whether they found all things *couleur-de-rose*, as the clever Mrs. Brooke had described them,—whether they enjoyed as much Arcadian bliss as the Letters of *Emily Montague* had promised—it would be very ungallant for us to gainsay, seeing that Mrs. Brooke is not present to vindicate herself. As to the literary merit of the novel, this much we will venture to assert, that setting aside the charm of association, we doubt that *Emily Montague* if republished at present, would make the fortune of her publisher. Novel writing, like other things, has considerably changed since 1766, and however much the florid Richardson style may have pleased the great grandfathers of the present generation, it would scarcely chime in with the taste of readers in our sensational times. In Mrs. Brooke's day Quebecers appear to have amused themselves pretty much as they do now, a century later. In the summer, riding, driving boating, pic-nics at Lake St. Charles, the Falls of Montmorenci, &c. In winter tandems, sleigh drives, toboganing at the ice cone, tomycod fishing on the St. Charles, Château balls; the formation of a *pont* or ice-bridge and its breaking up in the spring—two events of paramount importance. The military, later on, the promoters of conviviality, sport and social amusements; in return obtaining the *entrée* to the houses of the chief citizens; toying with every English rosebud or Gallic-lily, which might strew their path in spite of paternal and maternal admonitions from the other side of the Atlantic; occasionally leading to the hymeneal altar a Canadian bride, and next introducing her to their horror-stricken London relatives, astounded to find out that our Canadian belles, were neither the colour of copper, nor of ebony; in education and accomplishments, their equals—sometimes their superiors when class is compared to class. Would you like a few extracts from this curious old Sillery novel? Bella Fermor, one of Emily Montague's familiars, and a most ingrained *coquette*, thus writes from Sillery in favour of a military protégé on the 16th September, 1766, to the "divine" Emily, who had just been packed oft to Montreal to recover from a love fit. "Sir George is handsome as an Adonis ... you allow him to be of an amiable character; he is rich, young, well-born, and he loves you..."

All in vain thus to plead Sir. George's cause, a dashing Col. Rivers (meant, we were told, by the Hon. W. Sheppard, to personify Col. Henry Caldwell, of Belmont) had won the heart of

Emily, who preferred true love to a coronet. Let us treasure up a few more sentences fallen from Emily's light-hearted confidante. A postscript to a letter runs thus— "Adieu, Emily, I am going to ramble in the woods and pick berries with a little smiling civil captain [we can just fancy we see some of our fair acquaintances' mouths water at such a prospect], who is enamoured of me. A pretty rural amusement for lovers." Decidedly; all this in the romantic woodlands of Sillery, a sad place it must be confessed, when even boarding school misses, were they to ramble thus, could scarcely escape contracting the *scarlet* fever. Here goes another extract:—

(BELLA FERMOR TO MISS RIVERS. LONDON)

"Sillery, Sept. 20th, (1766)—10 o'clock.

"Ah! we are vastly to be pitied; no beaux at all at the general's, only about six to one; a pretty proportion, and what I hope always to see. We—the ladies I mean—drink chocolate with the general to-morrow, and he gives us a ball on Thursday; you would not know Quebec again. Nothing but smiling faces now: all gay as never was—the sweetest country in the world. Never expect to see me in England again; one is really somebody here. I have been asked to dance by only twenty-seven. ..."

Ah! who would not forgive the frolicsome Bella all her flirtations? But before we dismiss this pleasant record of other days, yet another extract, and we have done.

(BELLA FERMOR TO LUCY RIVERS)

"Sillery—Eight in the evening.

"Absolutely, Lucy, I will marry a savage and turn squaw (a pretty soft name for an Indian Princess!) Never was anything so delightful as their lives. They talk of French husbands, but commend me to an Indian one, who lets his wife ramble five hundred miles without asking where she is going.

"I was sitting after dinner, with a book, in a thicket of hawthorn near the beach, when a loud laugh called my attention to the river, when I saw a canoe of savages making to the shore. There were six women and two or three children, without one man amongst them. They landed and tied the canoe to the root of a tree, and finding out the most agreeable shady spot amongst the bushes with which the beach was covered, (which happened to be very near me) made a fire, on which they laid some fish to broil, and fetching water from the river, sat down on the grass to their frugal repast. I stole softly to the house, and ordering a servant to bring some wine and cold provisions, returned to my squaws. I asked them in French if they were of Lorette, they shook their heads—I repeated the question in English, when the eldest of the women told me they were not, that their country was on the borders of New England, that their husbands being on a hunting party in the woods, curiosity and the desire to see their brethren, the English, who had conquered Quebec, had brought them up the great river, down which they should return as soon as they had seen Montreal. She courteously asked me to sit down and eat with them, which I complied with and produced my part of the feast. We soon became good company, and brightened the chain of friendship with two bottles of wine, which put them in such spirits that they danced, sung, shook me by the hand, and grew so fond of me that I began to be afraid I should not easily get rid of them.

"Adieu! my father is just come in and has brought some company with him from Quebec to supper.

"Yours ever,

"A. FERMOR."

KIRK ELLA

"This villa, erected in 1850 on the north side of the St. Lewis road, facing Cataracoui, affords a striking exemplification of how soon taste and capital can transform a wilderness into a habitation combining every appliance of modern refinement and rustic adornment. It covers about eighty-two acres, two thirds of which are green meadows, wheat fields, &c., the remainder, plantations, gardens and lawn. The cottage itself is a plain, unpretending structure, made more roomy by the recent addition of a dining room, &c., in rear. On emerging from the leafy avenue, the visitor notices two *parterres* of wild flowers—kalmias, trilliums, etc.,—transplanted from the neighboring wood, with the rank, moist soil of

the Gomin marsh to derive nourishment from, they appear to thrive. In rear of these *parterres* a granite rockery, festooned with ferns, wild violets, &c., raises its green gritty, rugged outline. This pretty European embellishment we would much like to see more generally introduced in our Canadian landscape; it is strikingly picturesque. The next object which catches the eye is the conservatory in which are displayed the most extensive collection of exotics in Sillery. In the centre of some fifty large camellia shrubs there is a magnificent specimen of the *fimbriata* variety—white leaves with a fringed border; it stands twelve feet high with corresponding breadth. When it is loaded with blossoms in the winter the spectacle is exquisitely beautiful. In the rear of the conservatory are a vinery, a peach and apricot house; like the conservatory, all span-roofed and divided off in several compartments, heated by steam-pipes and furnaces, with stop-cocks to retard or accelerate vegetation at will. On the 31st May, when we visited the establishment, we found the black Hamburg grapes the size of cherries; the peaches and apricots correspondingly advanced; the cherries under glass quite over. One of the latest improvements is a second flower garden to the west of the house, in the English landscape style. In rear of this garden to the north, there existed formerly a cedar swamp, which deep subsoil draining with tiles has converted into a grass meadow of great beauty; a belt of pine, spruce, tamarack, and some deciduous trees, thinned towards the south-west, let in a glimpse of the St. Lawrence and the high-wooded Point Levi shores, shutting out the view of the St. Lewis road, and completely overshadowing the porter's lodge; out-houses, stables, root-house, paddocks and barns are all on a correspondingly extensive scale. We have here another instance of the love of country life which our successful Canadian merchant likes to indulge in; and we can fancy, judging from our own case, with what zest Mr. Burstall the portly laird of Kirk Ella, after a toilsome day in his St. Peter street counting-house, hurried home to revel in the rustic beauty which surrounds his dwelling." Such was Kirk Ella in 1865.

Mr. Burstall having withdrawn from business, removed to England and died there a few years back. Kirk Ella has now become the property of Charles Ernest Levey, Esq., only son of the late Charles E. Levey, Esq., formerly of Cataracoui. The dwelling having been destroyed by fire in 1879, the new owner decided on erecting a handsome roomy mansion on the same site. The visitor at Kirk Ella, after paying his devoirs to the youthful Chatelain and Chatelaine, can admire at leisure Mr. Levey's numerous and expensive stud: "Lollypop", "Bismark," "Joker," "Jovial," "Tichborne," "Burgundy," "Catch-him-alivo," a crowd of fleet steeds, racing and trotting stock, surrounded by a yelping and frisky pack of "Peppers," "Mustards," "Carlos," "Guys," "Josephines," "Fidlers;" Mastiffs, French Poodles, Fox Terriers, Bulldogs, —Kirk Ella is a perfect Elysium for that faithful though noisy friend of man, the dog.

CATARACOUI.

The conflagration of Spencer Wood, on the 12th March, 1860, made it incumbent on the Provincial Government to provide for His Excellency Sir Edmund Head a suitable residence. After examining several places, Cataracoui, the residence of Henry Burstall, Esquire, opposite to Kirk Ella was selected, and additions made, and still greater decorations and improvements ordered when it became known that the First Gentleman in England, our Sovereign's eldest son, was soon to pay a flying visit to Her Majesty's Canadian lieges. Cataracoui can boast of having harbored two princes of the blood royal, the prince of Wales, and his brother Alfred; a circumstance which no doubt much enhanced its prestige in the eyes of its owner. It was laid out about 1836 by Jas. B. Forsyth, Esq., the first proprietor, and reflects credit on his taste.

This seat, without possessing the extensive grounds, vast river frontage, and long shady walks of Spencer Wood, or Woodfield, is an eminently picturesque residence. A new grapery with a lean-to roof, about ninety feet in length, has just been completed: the choicest [248] varieties of the grape vine are here cultivated. Several tasty additions have, also, recently been made to the conservatory, under the superintendence of a Scotch landscape gardener, Mr. P. Lowe, formerly in charge of the Spencer Wood conservatories, &c. We had the pleasure on one occasion to view, on a piercing winter day, from the drawing room of Cataracoui, through the glass door which opens on the conservatory, the rare collections of exotics it contains,—a perfect grove of verdure and blossoms,—the whole lit up by the mellow light of the setting sun, whose rays scintillated in every fantastic form amongst this gorgeous tropical vegetation, whilst the snow-wreathed evergreens, surrounding the conservatory waved their palms to the orb of day in our clear, bracing Canadian atmosphere—summer and winter combined in one landscape; the tropics and their luxuriant magnolias, divided by an inch of glass from the realms of old king frost and his hardy familiars, the pine and the maple. Charming was the contrast, furnishing a fresh proof of the comfort and luxury with which the European merchant, once settled in Canada, surrounds his home. What, indeed, can be more gratifying, during the arctic, though healthy, temperature of our winter, than to step from a cosy drawing-room, with its cheerful grate-fire, into a green, floral bower, and inhale the aroma of the orange and the rose, whilst the eye is charmed by the blossoming camellia of virgin whiteness; the wisteria, spirea, azalea, rhododendron, and odorous daphne, all blending their perfume or exquisite tints. Cataracoui has been recently decorated, we may

say, with regal magnificence, and Sillery is justly proud of this fairy abode, for years the country seat of the late Charles B. Levey, Esq., and still occupied by Mrs. Levey and family.

ROSEWOOD.

"Along their blushing borders, bright with dew,
And in yon mingled wilderness of flowers,
Fair-handed Spring unbosoms every grace;
Throws out the snow-drop and the crocus first;
The daisy, primrose, violet darkly blue,
And polyanthus of unnumber'd dyes;
The yellow wall-flower, stain'd with iron-brown;
And lavish stock that scents the garden round;
From the soft wing of vernal breezes shed,
Anemones; auriculas, enrich'd
With shining meal o'er all their velvet leaves;
And full ranunculas, of glowing red.
Then comes the tulip race, where beauty plays
Her idle freaks; from family diffus'd
To family, as flies the father dust,
The varied colors run; and while they break
On the charm'd eye th' exulting florist marks,
With sweet pride, the wonders of his hand.
No gradual bloom is wanting; from the bud,
First-born of spring, to summer's musky tribes
Nor hyacinths, of purest virgin white,
Low bent, and blushing inward; nor jonquils
Of potent fragrance; nor narcissus fair,
As o'er the fabled fountain hanging still;
Nor broad carnations, nor gay spotted pink;
Nor, shower'd from every bush, the damask rose."

A tiny and unostentatious cottage buried among the trees. All around it, first, flowers; secondly, flowers; thirdly, flowers. The garden, a network of walks, and spruce hedges of rare beauty; occasionally you stumble unexpectedly on a rustic bower, tenanted by an Apollo or Greek slave in marble, or else you find yourself on turning an angle on the shady bank of a sequestered pond, in which lively trout disport themselves as merrily as those goldfish you just noticed in the aquarium in the hall hung round with Krieghoff's exquisite "Canadian scenery." You can also, as you pass along, catch the loud notes issuing from the house aviary and blending with the soft, wild melody of the wood warblers and robin; but the prominent feature of the place are flowers, sweet flowers, to charm the eye and perfume the air. Do not wonder at that; this was the summer abode of a gentleman whose name usually stood high on the Montreal and Quebec exhibition prize list, and who was as successful in his commercial ventures as he had been in the culture of carnations, zenias, gladiolus, roses and dahlias. We remember seeing six hundred dahlias in bloom at Rosewood at the same time, the *coup d'oeil* and contrasts between the varieties were striking in the extreme.

This rustic cottage was the summer residence of the late Jas. Gibb, Esq., of the old firm of Lane, Gibb & Co., a name remembered with gratitude, in several educational and charitable institutions of Quebec for the munificent bequests of its owner.

RAVENSWOOD.

Near some fair town I'd have a private seat,
Built uniform, nor little, nor too great;
Better if on a rising ground it stood,—
On this side fields, on that a neighboring wood;
A little garden, grateful to the eye,
Where a cool rivulet runs murmuring by."

In the year 1848, Mr. Samuel Wright, of Quebec, purchased from John Porter, Esq., that upper portion of Meadowbank (the old estate of Lieutenant Governor Cramahé in 1762), which lies to the north of the Cap Rouge or St. Lewis road, and built a dwelling thereon. In 1846 Mr. Wright's property was put in the market, and Ravenswood acquired by the present owner, William Herring, Esq., of the late firm of Charles E. Levey & Co. No sylvan spot could have been procured, had all the woods around

Quebec been ransacked, of wilder beauty. In the centre, a pretty cottage; to the east, trees; to the west, trees; to the north and south, trees— stately trees all around you. Within a few rods from the hall door a limpid little brook oozes from under an old plantation, and forms, under a thorn tree of extraordinary size and most fantastically shaped limbs, a reservoir of clear water, round which, from a rustic seat, you notice speckled trout roaming fearlessly. Here was, for a man familiar with the park-like scenery of England, a store of materials to work into shape. That dense forest must be thinned; that indispensable adjunct of every Sillery home a velvety lawn, must be had; a peep through the trees, on the surrounding country, obtained; the stream dammed up so as to produce a sheet of water, on which a birch canoe will be launched; more air let in round the house; more of the forest cut away; and some fine beech, birch, maple, and pine trees grouped. The lawn would look better with a graceful and leafy elm in the centre, and a few smaller ones added to the perspective. By dint of care, elms of a goodly size were removed from the mountain brow. The efforts of the proprietor to plant large trees at Ravenswood have been eminently successful, and ought to stimulate others to add such valuable, such permanent elements of beauty, to their country seats. One plantation, by its luxuriance, pleased us more than any other, that which shades both sides of the avenue. Few of our places can boast of possessing a more beautifully-wooded and gracefully-curved approach to the house than Ravenswood. You see nothing of the dwelling until you emerge from this neat plantation of evergreens. We once viewed it under its most fascinating aspect; 'tis pretty in the bright, effulgent radiance of day, but when the queen of night sends forth her soft rays, and allows them to slumber silently on the rustling boughs of the green pines and firs, with the dark, gravelled avenue, visible here and there at every curve, no sounds heard except the distant murmur of the *Chaudière* river, the effect is striking.

THE WOODS OF SILLERY.

I know each lane, and every valley green,
Dingle, or bushy dell, of this wild wood;
And every bosky bourn from side to side,
My daily walks and ancient neighborhood.
—Comus, *Shakespeare*.

"You, doubtless, imagine you have now seen Sillery under every aspect; there never was a greater mistake, dear reader. Have you ever viewed its woods in all their autumnal glory, when September arrays them in tints of unsurpassed loveliness? We hear you say, no. Let us then, our pensive philosopher, our romantic blushing rose bud of sweet sixteen, our *blasé* traveller, let us have a canter over Cap Rouge road out by St. Louis gate, and returning by the St. Foy road, nine miles and more, let us select a quiet afternoon, not far distant from the Indian summer, when

The gentle wind a sweet and passionate wooer,
Kisses the blushing leaf, and stirs up life
Within the solemn woods of ash, deep crimsoned,
And Silver beech, and maple yellow-leaved,"

and then you can tell us whether the glowing description below is overdrawn:

"There is something indescribably beautiful in the appearance of Canadian woods at this season of the year, especially when the light of the rising or setting sun falls upon them. Almost every imaginable shade of green, brown, red and yellow, may be found in the foliage of our forest trees, shrubs, and creeping vines, as the autumn advances and it may truly be said that every backwood's home in Canada is surrounded by more gorgeous colourings and richer beauties than the finest mansions of the nobility of England.

"Have our readers ever remarked the peculiarly beautiful appearance of the pines at this season of the year? When other trees manifest symptoms of withering, they appear to put forth a richer and fresher foliage. The interior of the tree, when shaded from the sun, is a deep invisible-green, approaching to black, whilst the outer boughs, basking in the sunlight, show the richest dark-green that can be imagined. A few pine and spruce trees scattered among the more brightly-colored oaks, maple, elms and beeches, which are the chief denizens of our forests, give the whole an exceedingly rich appearance. Among the latter, every here and there, strange sports of nature attract attention. A tree that is still green will have a single branch, covered with red and orange leaves, like a gigantic bouquet of flowers. Another will have one side of a rich maroon, whilst the other side remains green. A third will present a flounce or ruffle of bright buff, or orange leaves round the middle, whilst the branches above and below continue green. Then again some trees which have turned to a rich brown, will be seen intertwined and festooned by the wild vine or red root, still

beautifully green; or a tree that is still green will be mantled over by the Canadian ivy, whose leaves have turned to a deep reddish-brown. In fact, every hue that painters love, or almost could imagine, is found standing out boldly or hid away in some recess, in one part or another of a forest scene at this season, and all so delicately mingled and blended that human art must despair of making even a tolerable imitation. And these are beauties which not even the sun can portray; the photographer's art has not yet enabled him to seize and fix them on the mirror which he holds up to nature. He can give the limbs and outward flourishes, but not the soul of such a scene. His representation bears the same relation to the reality that a beautiful corpse does to the flashing eye and glowing cheek of living beauty."—
(From "*Maple Leaves*," 1865.)

LONGWOOD.

THE COUNTRY SEAT OF THE HON. WM. SMITH
(1760-1847.)

Here there was laughing of old, there was weeping,
Haply of lovers none ever will know,
Whose eyes went seaward a hundred sleeping
Years ago.

The ghost of a garden fronts the sea,
A girdle of brushwood and thorn encloses
The — square slope of the blossomless bed
Where the weeds that grew green from the graves of its roses
Now lie dead.

The fields fall southward, abrupt and broken,
To the low last edge of the long lone land,
If a step should sound or a word be spoken
Would a ghost not rise at the strange guest's hand?
SWINBURNE'S *Forsaken Garden*.

On a grey, cheerless May afternoon, I visited what I might call the ruins of this once bright abode—Longwood—at Cap Rouge. Here the eccentric, influential and scholarly historian of Canada and statesman, the Honorable William Smith, spent the evening of his long and busy life. Whence the name Longwood? Did the Hon. William bestow on his rustic home the name of the residence where sojourned his illustrious contemporary—his admired hero, Napoleon I. (born like himself in 1769), to commemorate his own release from the cares of State? Was Cap Rouge and its quiet and sylvan bowers to him a haven of rest like St. Helena might have been to the *Petit Capora*?

The locality, at present, can only attract from its woodland views. The house, of one story, is about eighty feet in length by forty in breadth, of wood, with an oval window over the entrance to light up that portion of the large attic. Its roomy lower apartments and attics must have fitted it admirably for a summer retreat. It is painted a dull yellow; the blinds may have been once green. When I saw it, I found it as bleak, as forlorn, as the snows and storms of many winters can well make a tenantless dwelling.

Outside, the "ghost of a garden" had stared at me, and when the key turned and grated in the rusty old lock of this dreary tenement, with its disjointed floors, disintegrated foundations, darkened apartments with shutters all closed, I almost thought I might encounter within the ghost of the departed historian;

All within is dark as night:
In the windows is no light;
And no murmur at the door,
So frequent on its hinge before,

still the time had been when the voice of revelry, the patter of light feet, the meeting of many friends, had awakened gladsome echoes in these now silent halls of Longwood. Traditions told of noted dinner parties, of festive evenings, when Quebec could boast of a well appointed garrison, and stately frigates crowded its port.

How many balls at the Barons' Club? how many annual dinners of the Veterans of 1775, at Menut's? how many *levees* at the old Château, had the Laird not attended from the first, the historical levee of Dec. 6, 1786, "where the Governor-General, Lord Dorchester, monopolised the kissing," so graphically depicted by William's dignified papa, [249] the Chief Justice, down to the jocund *fêtes champêtres* of

Sir James Craig at Powell Place immortalized by old Mr. DeGaspé—to the gay *soirees* of the Duke of Richmond—the literary *reunions* of the scholarly Earl of Dalhousie—the routs and lawn parties at Spencer Wood.

The Honorable William Smith, a son of the learned chief Justice of New York in 1780—of all Canada in 1785, was indeed a prominent figure in Quebec circles for more than half a century; his high, confidential and official duties, his eminent position as member of the Executive Council, to which his powerful protector Earl Bathurst had named him in 1814—his refined and literary tastes, his tireless researches in Canadian annals, at a time when the founts of our history as yet unrevealed by the art of the printer, lay dormant under heaps of decaying—though priceless—M.SS. in the damp vaults of the old Parliament Buildings; these and several other circumstances surround the memory, haunts and times of the Laird of Longwood with peculiar significance.

But for the Honorable William one bleak autumn came, when the trees he had planted ceased to lend him their welcome shade—the roses he had reared, to send perfume to his tottering frame—the garden he had so exquisitely planned, to gladden his aged eyes. He then bid adieu forever to the cherished old spot and retired to his town house, now the residence of Hon. Chas. Alleyn, Sheriff of Quebec, [250] where those he loved received his last farewell on the 7th December, 1847, bequeathing Longwood to his son Charles Webber Smith, who lived some years there as a bachelor, then decked out his rustic home for an English bride and retired to England where he died in 1879. Desolation and silence has reigned in the halls of Longwood for many a long day, and in the not inappropriate words of Swinburne,

Not a flower to be prest of the foot that falls not.
As the heart of a dead man the seed plots are dry;
From the thickets of thorns whence the nightingale calls not,
Could she call, there were never a rose to reply.

Chief Justice Smith [251] concerning house-keeping, house-furnishing château ceremonies, etc, at Quebec in 1786, wrote thus in a letter to his wife:

QUEBEC, 10th Dec., 1786.

Mrs. Janet Smith, New York.

My dear Janet,

"Not a line from you yet! so that our approach to within 600 miles is less favourable to me hitherto, than when the ocean divided us by three thousand. It is the more vexatious, as we are daily visited by your Eastern neighbors, who, caring nothing for you, know nothing of you, and cannot tell me whether McJoen's or the Sopy Packet is arrived. If the latter is not over, there will be cause for ill boding respecting Mr. Lanaudière, who, I imagine, left the channel with the wind that brought us out.

If the packet is on the way for Falmouth, get my letters into it for Mr. Raphbrigh, it contains a bill for £300 sterling to enable him to pay for what you order. You have no time to spare. A January mail often meets with easterly winds off the English coast, that blows for months, and we shall be mortified if you arrive before the necessary supplies, which, to be in time, must come in the ships that leave England in March or on the beginning of April.

I have found no house yet to my fancy. None large enough to be hired. We shall want a drawing-room, a dining or eating-room, my library, our bedroom, one for the girls, another for Hale and William, and another for your house-keeper and hair-dresser. Moore and another man servant will occupy the eight. And I doubt if there is such a house to be hired in Quebec. To say nothing of quarters for the lower servants who, I think must be negroes from New York as cheapest and least likely to find difficulties. My Thomas's wages are 24 guineas and with your three from England will put us to £100 sterling per annum.

If you bring blacks from New York with you, let them be such as you can depend upon. Our table will always want four attendants of decent appearance. The hurry of the public arrangements prevents me from writing, as I intended, to my friends on the other side of the water, nor even to Janet *upon the great wish of my heart*, tell her so, but she will know what can be done in time, for she cannot leave England till April or May, at any time before August to be here in good season. I have written to Vermont upon the subject of Moore Town and hear nothing to displease me, as yet, if no mischief has been done to our interests in that country, there will be peace, I believe; but of this more when I have their Governor's answer to my letters. They already ask favours and must first do justice.

Our winter is commenced and yet I was never less sensible of the frost. The stoves of

Canada, in the passages, temper the air through all the house. I sit ordinarily by a common hearth which gives me the thermometer at 71 or 72, nearly summer heat. The close cariole and fur cap and cloak is a luxury only used on journeys. The cariole alone suffices in town. The Rout of last Thursday demonstrates this: 50 ladies in bright head dresses and not a lappet or frill discomposed. All English in the manner, except the ceremony of kissing which my Lord D. (Dorchester) engrossed all to himself. His aide-de-camp handed them through a room where he and I were posted to receive them. They had given two cheek kisses and were led away to the back rooms of the château, to which we repaired when the rush was over. The gentlemen came in at another door. Tea, cards, etc., that till 10 o'clock and the ceremony ended. I stole away at 9 and left your son to attend the beauty of the evening, a Mrs. Williams, wife to a major Williams and a daughter to Sir John Gibbons of Windford, a lady of genteel manners as well as birth. He did not find his lodging till near midnight. We had a dance that day at the Lt. Governor's. You must know General Hope. He was often at General Robertson's under the name of Col. Harry Hope, nephew to Lord Hopetown in Scotland, to Lord Darlington (by his mother's second marriage) in England. His table is in very genteel fashion. It reminds me that Mrs. Mallet must not forget all those little ornaments of plate, glass, etc., that belong to a dining-room. No water plates, the rooms don't require them, the plates being sufficiently heated by the stoves. But water dishes are necessary for soup and fish *fricassees* all in the shape of the proper dishes for such articles. Don't forget, among others, the silver gravy cups with double cavities, the larger for hot water. They are small hand ones, not unlike a tea pot. Mrs. Mallet will find these at all the great shops and particularly at Jones, in Cockspur street, near Charing Cross, where I bought my Mary's watch chain. William that understands Latin and French letters better than his native tongue, importunes my ordering a set of classical books, which he is welcome to, if you can purchase at N. Y. a small bill for about £15 sterling and enclose it in my letter to Mr. Ryland. If that is inconvenient to you stop my letter, and I will find other means to gratify his inclination. There is a very good library [252] here, and many private ones at my friends. How wretched your general affairs? if our Yankey informers speak the truth, multitudes are disposed to turn their heads from that draught, which I thought they would not long relish. Lord D. with the generosity and charity he always indulged, bids them welcome, disposed as he says to favour even the independant Whigs of America, above any other nation under heaven, for tho' no longer brethren, they are at least our cousins, branches from the same stock.

I have infinite consolation, in having dissuaded the parties from the steps, that led to all the calamities they have felt and still dread and more cheerfully will grasp at the means to lessen these afflictions, as the surest path to the greatest glory. I am solicited from Cambridge for a gift for pious uses, and find that you have been applied to, and probably will again. My promise shall most certainly be fulfilled. It was to give a lot for a church. But as I told them it was to be a gift to *Christianity* and not to Sectarianism. Religion and party are two different things. Tell them so that my gift will be to all Protestants, that is to say to the majority of the town being protestants, be the denomination what it may, and that I may not be imposed upon, I shall put my seal to no deed, before they bring me Dr. Rodger's certificate upon the subject. My best respects to him with compliments to Mrs. T., Mr. Ainslie, Mr. and Mrs. Foxcraft and all your friends.

The snapping of my wood fires makes me think of yours. Don't forget them yourself. *Your three hundred acres of shingles*, chills the blood in my veins.... Adieu. The broad hand of Heaven protect you!

I am, my dearest,

Most faithfully yours,

W. S.

MEADOWBANK.

"THE COUNTRY SEAT OF LIEUT.-COL. ANDREW CHARLES STUART.

Happy, is he who in a country life
Shuns more perplexing toil and jarring strife,
Who lives upon the natal soil he loves
And sits beneath his old ancestral groves."

—*Downing.*

Facing Ravenswood, on the road to Cape Rouge, on the breezy banks of the noble river, there lies a magnificent expanse of verdure, with here and there a luxuriant copse of evergreens and sugar maple. It crowns a graceful slope of undulating meadows and cornfields. The dwelling, a plain, straggling white cottage, lies *perdu* among the green firs and solemn pines. Over the verdant groves, glimpses of the white cottages of Levi and New Liverpool occasionally catch the eye. This rustic landscape, pleasant at all times, becomes strikingly picturesque, at the "fall of the leaf"—when the rainbow-tinted foliage is, lit up by a mellow, autumnal sun. Under this favored aspect it was our happiness to view it in September, 1880.

"Bright yellow, red and orange
The leaves came down in hosts;
The trees are Indian princes
But soon they'll turn to ghosts."

In 1762, this broad, wild domain was owned by Lt.-Gov. Hector Theophilus Cramahé of Quebec, and according to an entry in the Diary of Judge Henry, he apparently was still the proprietor in 1775, at the time of the blockade of Quebec. In 1785, the land passed by purchase to one of Fraser's Highlanders, Capt. Cameron. It was from 1841 to 1875, the cherished abode of a cultured English gentleman, the late John Porter, the able secretary and treasurer of the Quebec Turnpike Trust. It did one good to see the courteous old bachelor, cosily seated in his ample, well selected library, surrounded by a few congenial friends, the toils of the day over—the dust of St. Peter Street shaken off. Mr. Porter was a fair type of the well-informed English country gentleman, well read in Debrett, with a pedigree reaching as far back as William the Norman. At his demise, he bequeathed this splendid farm to the son of a valued old friend. Andrew Chs. Stuart, Esq., of the law firm of Ross, Stuart & Stuart, Quebec, now Lt.-Col. Andrew Charles Stuart, of the 8th Batt. "Royal Rifles," Quebec.

Col. Stuart, the possessor of ample means, having a taste for agricultural pursuits, has lately become an active member of the Quebec Turf Club, as well as a successful breeder of prize cattle. His stud is renowned all over Canada. Col. Stuart lately took up his residence at Meadowbank, since which time a transformation seems to have come over the land; sprightly parterres of flowers, dainty pavilions, trim hedges, rustic seats, hanging baskets of ferns, are conspicuous, where formerly hay alone flourished. A neighboring rill has been skilfully enlisted to do duty, dammed up, bridged over, gently coaxed to meander, whimple and bubble, like Tennyson's brook, here and there rippling over and rushing into cool trout ponds, under the shade of moss and trees, until it leaps down to the St. Lawrence.

A small race-course has been laid out, south of the house, in a declivity towards the St. Lawrence to exercise the thoroughbreds and keep healthy the pet charger for parade days, as well as ladies' palfreys, which are not forgotten at Meadowbank.

In an enclosure protected by stone pillars and chains, under the shade of a handsome tree, may be read on a board, the following name, recently inscribed,

"ASTREA"

This marks the spot where a favourite saddle-horse, who died prematurely, now rests. All now wanting to perfect this scene of rustic beauty is a cottage *orné* or a *Chalet Suisse*.

A RAID ON MEADOWBANK IN 1775, AND HOW KING GEORGE'S FRIENDS, THE "QUEBEC TORIES" WERE THEN PLUNDERED.

The following extract from Judge Henry's Diary seems to refer to the country seat, now known as Meadowbank:

Arnold's little army had retreated to Pointe aux Trembles on the 15th Nov. On the 2nd December, 1775, they retraced their steps to Quebec and in the evening arrived at St. Foy. On the 12th of December, Henry [253] says "The officers and men still wore nothing else than the remains of the summer clothing, which being on their back, had escaped destruction in the disaster of the wilderness." At this time the snow lay three feet deep over the whole country. One fine morning a fellow addressed Simpson who was the only officer in quarters and said "that about two miles up the St. Lawrence lay a country seat of Governor Cromie's (Cramahé?) stocked with many things they wanted and he would be our guide. Carioles were immediately procured. The house, a neat box, was romantically situated on the steep bank of the river, not very distant from a chapel. [254] Though in the midst of winter the spot displayed the elegant taste and abundant wealth of the owner. The house was closed; knocking, the hall door was opened to us by an Irishwoman who, of the fair sex, was the largest and most brawny that ever came under my notice. She was the stewardess of the

house. Our questions were answered with an apparent affability and frankness. She introduced us into the kitchen, a large apartment, well filled with these articles which good lovers think necessary to the happy enjoyment of life. Here we observed five or six Canadian servants huddled into a corner of the kitchen trembling with fear. Our prying eyes soon discovered a trap door leading into the cellar. The men entered it; firken after firken of butter,—lard, tallow, beef, pork, fish and salt, all became a prey. While the men were rummaging below the lieutenant descended to cause more despatch. My duty was to remain at the end of the trap door with my back to the wall, and rifle cocked as a sentry, keeping a strict eye on the servants. My good Irishwoman frequently beckoned to me to descend; her drift was to catch us all in the trap. Luckily she was comprehended. The cellar and kitchen being thoroughly gutted, and the spoil borne to the carriages, the party dispersed into the other apartments. Here was elegance. The walls and partitions were beautifully papered, and decorated with large engravings, maps, &c., and of the most celebrated artists. A noble view of the City of Philadelphia upon a large scale taken from the neighborhood of Cooper's Ferry drew my attention and raised some compunctive ideas; but war and the sciences always stand at arms length in the contests of mankind. The latter must succumb in the tumult. Our attention was much more attracted by the costly feather beds, counterpanes, and charming rose blankets, which the house afforded. Of these there was a good store and we left not a jot behind us. The nooks and crevices in the carioles were filled with smaller articles; several dozen of admirably finished case knives and forks; even a set of dessert knives obtained the notice of our cupidity. Articles of a lesser moment nor a thousandth part so useful, did not escape the all-grasping hands of the soldiery. In a back apartment there stood a mahogany couch or settee in a highly finished style. The woodwork of the couch was raised on all sides by cushioning, and costly covered by a rich figured silk. This to us was lumber, besides our carioles were full. However, we grabbed the mattress and pallets all equally elegant as the couch. Having, as we thought, divested his Excellency of all the articles of prime necessity, we departed, ostensibly and even audibly accompanied by the pious blessings of the stewardess for our moderation. No doubt she had her mental reservations; on such business as this we regarded neither. Near the chapel we met a party of Morgan's men coming to do that which we had already done. The officer appeared chagrined when he saw the extent of our plunder. He went on, and finally ransacked the house, and yet a little more the stables. The joy of our men, among whom the plunder was distributed in nearly equal portions was extravagant. Now an operation of the human mind, which often takes place in society, and is every day discernable by persons of observation, became clearly obvious. Let a man once with impunity desert the strict rule of rules, all subsequent aggression is not only increased in atrocity, but is done without a qualm of conscience. Though our company was composed principally of freeholders, or the sons of such, bred at home under the strictures of religion and morality, yet when the reins of decorum were loosed and the honorable feeling weakened, it became impossible to administer restraint. The person of a Tory or his property became fair game, and this at the denunciation of some base domestic villain.

On the morning following December 13, the same audacious scoundrel again returned, and another marauding expedition started under his guidance to a farm "said to belong to Gov. Cromie (Cramahé?) or some other inhabitant of Quebec. It was further than the former scene." The farm-house, though low, being but one story, was capacious and tolerably neat. The barn built of logs, with a thrashing floor in the centre, was from 70 to 80 feet in length. The tenant, his wife and children shuddered upon our approach. Assurances that they should be unharmed relieved their fears. The tenant pointed out to us the horned cattle, pigs and poultry of his landlord. These were shot down without mercy or drove before us to our quarters. Thus we obtained a tolerable load for our caravan, which consisted of five or six carioles. "With this disreputable exploit marauding ceased. A returning sense of decency and order emanating from ourselves produced a sense of contrition. It is a solemn truth that we plundered none but those who were notoriously Tories and then within the walls of Quebec."

THE HIGHLANDS.

The range of heights extends from Spencer Wood, west, to the black bridge over the stream at Kilmarnock, gradually recedes from the road, leaving at its foot a spacious area interspersed with green pastures, lawns, ploughed fields and plantations. On the most elevated plateau of this range stands "The Highlands," a large substantial fire-brick dwelling, with an ample verandah, erected a few years back by Michael Stevenson, Esquire, merchant, of Quebec. The site is recommended by a fine view of the river St. Lawrence, an airy and healthy position, and the luxuriant foliage of the spruce, pine and maple in the background. The internal arrangements of the dwelling, whether regard be had to ventilation in summer or heating in winter, are on the most modern and improved plan. "The

Highlands" lie above St. Michael's Cove teeming with historical recollections, a little to the west thereof, in front of St. Lewis road of historic renown, over which pranced, in 1663, the Marquis of Tracy's gaudy equipage and splendid body-guard wearing, as history tells, the uniform of the *Gardes de la Reine*. In Sept., 1759, [255] the Rochbeaucourt Cavalry, with their "blue uniforms and neat light horses of different colours," scoured the heights in all directions, watching the motions of the English fleet, which may be seen in the plate of the siege operations, lying at anchor at Sillery, ready, the huge black leviathans, to hurl destruction on the devoted city. In 1838, we remember well noticing Lord Durham's showy equipage with outriders, thundering daily over this same road: the Earl being a particular admirer of the Cap Rouge scenery. This seat has passed over, by purchase, to Chas. Temple, Esq., son of our late respected fellow-townsmen, Major Temple, who for a series of years served in that 15th regiment, to whose prowess the Plains of Abraham bore witness during the war of the conquest. "The Highlands" are now occupied by J. W. Stockwell, Esquire.

WINTER FOX HUNTING IN CANADA.

From time immemorial, Merry England has been renowned for her field sports; prominent amongst which may be reckoned her exciting pastime of Fox-hunting, the pride, the glory, *par excellence* of the roystering English squire. Many may not be aware that we also, in our far-off Canada, have a method of Fox-hunting peculiarly our own—in harmony with the nature of the country—adapted to the rigors of our arctic winter season—the successful prosecution of which calls forth more endurance, a keener sight, a more thorough knowledge of the habits of the animal, a deeper self-control and greater sagacity, than does the English sport; for, as the proverb truly says, "*Pour attraper la bête, faut être plus fin qu'elle.*" [256]

A short sketch [257] of a Canadian Fox-hunt may not, therefore, prove uninteresting. At the outset, let the reader bear in mind that Sir Reynard *Canadensis* is rather a rakish, dissipated gentleman, constantly turning night into day, in the habit of perambulating through the forests, the fields, and homesteads, at most improper hours, to ascertain whether, perchance, some old dame Partlett, some hoary gobbler, some thoughtless mother-goose, allured to wander over the farm-yard by the jocund rays of a returning March sun, may not have been outside of the barn, when the negligent stable-boy closed up for the night; or else, whether some gay Lothario of a hare in yonder thicket may not, by the silent and discreet rays of the moon, be whispering some soft nonsense in the willing ear of some guileless doe, escaped from a parent's vigilant eye. For on such has the midnight marauder set his heart: after such does noiselessly prowl, favoured by darkness—the dissipated rascal—*querens quem devoret*—determined to make up, on the morrow, by a long meridian *siesta* on the highest pinnacle of a snow-drift, for the loss of his night's-rest. Should fortune refuse the sly prowler the coveted hen, turkey, goose, or hare, warmly clad in his fur coat and leggings, with tail horizontal, he sallies forth over the snow-wreathed fields, on the skirts of woods, in search of ground mice, his ordinary provender. But, you will say, how can he discover them under the snow? By that wonderful instinct with which nature has endowed the brute creation to provide for their sustenance, each according to its nature, to its wants. By his marvellously acute ear, the fox detects the ground mouse under the snow, though he should utter a noise scarcely audible to a human ear. Mr. Fox sets instantly to work, digs down the earth, and in a trice gobbles up *mus*, his wife, and young family. Should nothing occur to disturb his arrangements, he devotes each day in winter, from ten or half-past ten in the forenoon, to repose; selecting the loftiest snow-bank he can find, or else a large rock, or perchance any other eminence from which—

"Monarch of all *he surveys*"—

he can command a good view of the neighborhood, and readily scent approaching danger. Nor does he drop off immediately in a sound sleep, like a turtle-fed alderman; but rather, like a suspicious, blood-thirsty land pirate, as he is, he first snatches hastily "forty winks," then starts up nervously, for several times, scanning all around with his cruel, cunning eye—snuffing the air. Should he be satisfied that no cause of alarm exists, he scrapes himself a bed, if in the snow and, warmly wrapped in his soft fur cloak, he coils himself up, cat-fashion, in the sun, with his brushy tail brought over his head, but careful to keep his nose to the direction from which the wind blows, so as to catch the first notice of and scent the lurking enemy. On a stormy, blustery day, the fox will, however, usually seek the shelter of some bushes or trees, and on such occasion is usually found under the *lee* of some little wooded point, where, steeped in sweetest sleep, he can at leisure dream of clucking hens, fat turkeys, and tender leverets—sheltered from the storm, and still having an uninterrupted view before him. The hunter, when bent on a fox hunt, is careful to wear garments whose colour blends with the prevailing hue of frosted nature: a white cotton *capot*, and *capuchon*

to match, is slipped over his great coat; pants also white—everything to harmonize with the snow; a pair of snow-shoes and a short gun complete his equipment. Once arrived at the post where he expects to meet reynard, he looks carefully about for signs of tracks, and having discovered fresh ones, he follows them, keeping a very sharp look-out. Should he perceive a fox, and that animal be not asleep, it is then that he has need of all his wits and of all the knowledge of the animal's habits he may possess. As previously stated, the fox depends principally on his scent, to discover danger; but his eye is also good, and to succeed in approaching within gun shot of him in the open country, the gunner must watch every motion most carefully, moving only when the animal's gaze is averted, and stopping instantly the moment he looks towards him, no matter what position the sportman's may be at that time. No matter how uncomfortable he may feel; move he dare not, foot nor limb; the eye of the fox is on him, and the least movement would betray him and alarm his watchful quarry. It will be easily conceived that to successfully carry out this programme, it requires nerves of steel and a patience *à toute épreuve*. It has been the good luck of one of our friends once to approach thus a fox, within twenty feet, without his detecting him; needless to say, it was done moving against the wind. Some few hunters can so exactly imitate the cry of the ground mouse, as to bring the fox to them, especially if he is very hungry; but it is not always that this plan succeeds. The animal's ear is keen; the slightest defect in the imitation betrays the trap, and away canters alarmed reynard at railroad speed. Some sportsmen prefer to watch the fox, and wait until he falls asleep which they know he will surely do, if not disturbed, and then they can approach him easily enough against the wind. It is not unusual for them to get within fifteen feet of the animal, before the noise of their footsteps causes him to wake.—As may readily be supposed in such cases, his awakening and death are generally simultaneous.

It is a fact worthy of note, that the fox, if undisturbed, will every day return to the same place to sleep, and about the same hour. These animals are not as abundant as they were a few years back.

The extent of country travelled by a fox by moonlight, each night, is very great. Not many years ago, a Quebec hunter [258] who is in the habit of enjoying his daily walk at peep of day, informed the writer that on many occasions he has seen the sly wanderer, on being disturbed from the neighborhood of the tanneries in St. Vallier street, hieing away at a gallop towards the Lorette and Charlesbourg mountains, a distance of nine miles each way.

CAPE ROUGE COTTAGE.

With its rear facing St. Augustin parish, eight miles from the city a commodious dwelling graces the summit of the lofty cape or promontory, which terminates westward the elevated *plateau*, on the eastern extremity of which, Champlain, in 1608, raised the lily-spangled banner of the Bourbons. Unquestionably the environs of Quebec are rich in scenery, revelling one half of the year in rural loveliness, the other half enjoying that solid comfort, which successful enterprise, taste and free institutions communicate to whatever they touch; but no where, not even at Spencer Wood, or Woodfield, has nature lavished such beautiful landscapes, such enchanting views. Three centuries ago, Europeans had pitched here their tents, until the return of spring, attracted by the charms of the spot; three hundred years after that, a man of taste—to whom we may now without fear, give his due, as he is where neither praise nor censure can be suspected,—an English merchant had selected this site for its rare attractiveness; here he resided for many summers. In 1833 he removed to Spencer Wood. We allude to the late Henry Atkinson, who was succeeded at the Cap Rouge Cottage by William Atkinson, Esq., merchant of London, England. Mr. William Atkinson lived in affluence and happiness at Cap Rouge, several years. There are yet at Quebec those who remember the kind-heartedness and hospitality of this English gentleman of the old school.

Geo. Osborne, Esq., was the next occupant of the cottage. The estate consisted formerly of close on one hundred acres of land, extending north across the king's highway, with a river frontage of about twenty acres, the lot on the south side of the road is laid out, one half in a park, the remainder in two or three fruit and flower gardens, divided by brick walls to trail vines and ripen fruit. It lies quite sheltered with a southerly exposure, bounded by the lofty, perpendicular river banks; the base, some two hundred feet below, skirted by a narrow road, washed by the waves of the St. Lawrence. A magnificent avenue extends along the high bank under ancient, ever-verdant pines, whose far outspreading branches, under the influence of winds, sigh a plaintive but soothing music, blending their soft rustle to the roar of the Etchemin or the Chaudière rivers before easterly gales; how well Pickering has it:—

"The overshadowing pines alone, through which I roam,
Their verdure keep, although it darker looks;

And hark! as it comes sighing through the grove,
The exhausted gale, a spirit there awakes
That wild and melancholy music makes."

From the house verandah, the eye plunges westward down the high cape, following the capricious windings of the Cap Rouge stream far to the north, or else scans the green uplands of St. Augustin, its white cottages rising in soft undulations as far as the sight can reach. Over the extreme point of the southwestern cape hangs a fairy pavilion, like an eagle's eyrie amongst alpine crags, just a degree more secure than that pensile old fir tree which you notice at your feet stretching over the chasm; beneath you the majestic flood, Canada's pride, with a hundred merchantmen sleeping on its placid waters, and the orb of day dancing blithely over every ripple. Oh! for a few hours to roam with those we love under these old pines, to listen to the voices of other years, and cull a fragrant wreath of those wild flowers which everywhere strew our path.

Is there not enough of nature's charm around this sunny, truly Canadian home? And how much of the precious metal would many an English duke give to possess, in his own famed isle, a site of such exquisite beauty? We confess, we denizens of Quebec, we do feel proud of our Quebec scenery; not that on comparison we think the less of other localities, but that on looking round we get to think more of our own.

Cap Rouge, from it having been the location of Europeans, early in the sixteenth century, must claim the attention of every man of cultivated mind who takes a pleasure in scrutinizing the past, and in tracing the advent on our shores of the various races of European descent, now identified with this land of the West, yearning for the bright destinies the future has in store.

At the foot of the Cape, on which the Cape Rouge Cottage now stands, Jacques Cartier and Roberval wintered, the first in 1541-2; the second in 1543-4. Recent discoveries have merely added to the interest which these historical incidents awaken. The new *Historical Picture of Quebec*, published in 1834, thus alludes to these circumstances:—

"We now come to another highly interesting portion of local history. It has been stated that the old historians were apparently ignorant of this last voyage of Cartier. Some place the establishment of the fort at Cape Breton, and confound his proceedings with those of Roberval. The exact spot where Cartier passed his second winter in Canada is not mentioned in any publication that we have seen. The following is the description given of the station in Hakluyt: 'After which things the said captain went, with two of his boats, up the river, beyond Canada'—the promontory of Quebec is meant—'and the port of St. Croix, to view a haven and a small river which is about four leagues higher, which he found better and more commodious to ride in, and lay his ships, than the former. * * * The said river is small, not passing fifty paces broad, and ships drawing three fathoms water may enter in at full sea; and at low water there is nothing but a channel of a foot deep or thereabouts. * * * The mouth of the river is towards the south, and it windeth northward like a snake; and at the mouth of it, towards the east, there is a high and steep cliff, where we made a way in manner of a pair of stairs, and aloft we made a fort to keep the nether fort and the ships, and all things that might pass as well by the great as by the small river.'" Who that reads the above accurate description will doubt that the mouth of the little river Cap Rouge was the station chosen by Jacques Cartier for his second wintering place in Canada? The original description of the grounds and scenery on both sides of the river Cap Rouge is equally faithful with that which we have extracted above. The precise spot on which the upper fort of Jacques Cartier was built, afterwards enlarged by Roberval, has been fixed by an ingenious gentleman of Quebec, at the top of Cap Rouge height, a short distance from the handsome villa and establishment of H. Atkinson (now of James Bowen) There is, at the distance of about an acre to the north of Mr. Atkinson's house, a hillock of artificial construction, upon which are trees indicating great antiquity, and as it does not appear that any fortifications were erected on this spot, either in the war of 1759, or during the attack of Quebec by the Americans in 1775, it is extremely probable that here are to be found the interesting site and remains of the ancient fort in question.

"On his return to the fort of Charlesbourg Royal, the suspicions of Cartier as to the unfriendly disposition of the Indians were confirmed. He was informed that the natives now kept aloof from the fort, and had ceased to bring them fish and provisions as before. He also learned from some of the men who had been at Stadacona, that an unusual number of Indians had assembled there—and associating, as he always seems to have done, the idea of danger with any concourse of the natives, he resolved to take all necessary precautions, causing everything in the fortress to be set in order.

"At this crisis, to the regret of all who feel an interest in the local history of the time the relation of Cartier's third voyage abruptly breaks off. Of the proceedings during the winter which he spent at Cap Rouge, nothing is known. It is probable that it passed over without any collision with the natives, although the position of the French, from their numerical weakness, must have been attended with

great anxiety.

"It has been seen that Roberval, notwithstanding his lofty titles, and really enterprising character, did not fulfil his engagement to follow Cartier with supplies sufficient for the settlement of a colony, until the year following. By that time the Lieutenant General had furnished three large vessels chiefly at the King's cost, having on board two hundred persons, several gentlemen of quality, and settlers, both men and women. He sailed from La Rochelle on the 16th of April, 1542, under the direction of an experienced pilot, by name John Alphonse, of Xaintonge. The prevalence of westerly winds prevented their reaching Newfoundland until 7th June. On the 8th they entered the road of St. John, where they found seventeen vessels engaged in the fisheries. During his stay in this road, he was surprised and disappointed by the appearance of Jacques Cartier, on his return from Canada, whither he had been sent the year before with five ships. Cartier had passed the winter in the fortress described above, and gave as a reason for the abandonment of the settlement, 'that he could not with his small company withstand the savages which went about daily to annoy him.' He continued, nevertheless, to speak of the country as very rich and fruitful. Cartier is said, in the relation, of Roberval's voyage in Hakluyt, to have produced some gold ore found in the country, which on being tried in a furnace, proved to be good. He had with him also some *diamonds*, the natural production of the promontory of Quebec, from which the Cape derived its name. The Lieutenant General having brought so strong a reinforcement of men and necessaries for the settlement, was extremely urgent with Cartier to go back again to Cap Rouge, but without success. It is most probable that the French, who had recently passed a winter of hardship in Canada, would not permit their Captain to attach himself to the fortunes and particular views of Roberval. Perhaps, the fond regret of home prevailed over the love of adventure, and like men who conceived that they had performed their part of the contract into which they had entered, they were not disposed to encounter new hardships under a new leader. In order, therefore, to prevent any open disagreement, Cartier weighed anchor in the course of the night without taking leave of Roberval, and made all sail for France. It is impossible not to regret this somewhat inglorious termination of a distinguished career. Had he returned to his fort, with the additional strength of Roberval, guided by his own skill and experience, it is most probable that the colony would have been destined to a permanent existence. Cartier undertook no other voyage to Canada; but he afterwards completed a sea chart, drawn by his own hand, which was extant in the possession of one of his nephews, Jacques Noël, of St. Malo, in 1587, who seems to have taken great interest in the further development of the vast country discovered by his deceased uncle. Two letters of his have been preserved, relating to the maps and writings of Cartier: the first written in 1587, and the others a year or two latter, in which he mentions that his two sons, Michael and John Noël, were then in Canada, and that he was in expectation of their return. Cartier himself died soon after his return to France, having sacrificed his fortune in the case of discovery. As an indemnification for the losses their uncle had sustained, this Jacques Noel and another nephew, De la Launay Chaton, received in 1588, an exclusive privilege to trade to Canada during, twelve years, but this was revoked four months after it was granted.

"Roberval, notwithstanding his mortification at the loss of Cartier's experience and aid in his undertaking, determined to proceed, and sailing from Newfoundland, about the end of June, 1543, he arrived at Cap Rouge, 'four leagues westward of the Isle of Orleans,' towards the end of July. Here the French immediately fortified themselves, 'in a place fit to command the main river, and of strong situation against all manner of enemies.' The position was, no doubt, that chosen by Jacques Cartier the year previous. The following is the description given in Hakluyt of the buildings erected by Roberval: 'The said General on his first arrival built a fair fort, near and somewhat westward above Canada, which is very beautiful to behold, and of great force, situated upon a high mountain, wherein there were two courts of buildings, a great tower, and another of forty or fifty feet long, wherein there were divers chambers, a hall, a kitchen, cellars high and low, and near unto it were an oven and mills, and a stove to warm men in, and a well before the house. And the building was situated upon the great River of Canada called *France-Prime* by Monsieur Roberval. There was also at the foot of the mountain another lodging, where at the first all our victuals, and whatsoever was brought with us, were sent to be kept, and near unto that tower there is another small river. In these two places above and beneath, all the meaner sort was lodged.' This fort was called *France-Roy*, but of these extensive buildings, erected most probably in a hasty and inartificial manner, no traces now remain, unless we consider as such the mound above mentioned, near the residence of Mr. Atkinson, at Cap Rouge.

"On the 14th September, Roberval sent back to France two of his vessels, with two gentlemen, bearers of letters to the King; who had instructions to return the following year with supplies for the settlement. The natives do not appear, by the relation given, to have evinced any hostility to the new settlers. Unfortunately, the scurvy again made its appearance among the French and carried off no less than sixty during the winter. The morality of this little colony was not very rigid—perhaps they were pressed by hunger, and induced to plunder from each other—at all events the severity of the Viceroy towards his handful of subjects appears not to have been restricted to the male sex. The method adopted by the Governor to secure a quiet life will raise a smile; 'Monsieur Roberval used very good

justice, and punished every man according to his offence. One whose name was Michael Gaillon, was hanged for his theft. John of Nantes was laid in irons, and kept prisoner for his offence; and others also were put in irons, and divers whipped, as well men as women, by which means they lived quiet.'

"We have no record extant of the other proceedings of Roberval during the winter of 1543. The ice broke up in the month of April; and on the 5th June, the Lieutenant General departed from the winter quarters on an exploring expedition to the Province of Saguenay, as Cartier had done on a former occasion. Thirty persons were left behind in the fort under the command of an officer, with instructions to return to France, if he had not returned by the 1st of July. There are no particulars of this expedition, on which, however, Roberval employed a considerable time. For we find that on the 14th June, four of the gentlemen belonging to the expedition returned to the fort, having left Roberval on the way to Saguenay; and on the 19th, some others came back, bringing with them some six score weight of Indian corn; and directions for the rest to wait for the return of the Viceroy, until the 22nd July. An incident happened in this expedition, which seems to have escaped the notice of the author of the treaties on the *canon de bronze* (Amable Barthelot), which we have noticed in a former chapter. It certainly gives an authentic account of a ship wreck having been suffered in the St. Lawrence, to which, perhaps, the finding of the cannon, and the tradition about Jacques Cartier, may with some possibility be referred. The following is the extract in question: 'Eight men and one bark drowned and lost, among whom were Monsieur de Noire Fontaine, and one named La Vasseur of Constance.' The error as to the name might easily arise, Jacques Cartier having been there so short a time before, and his celebrity in the country being so much greater than that of Roberval, or of any of his companions."

Cap Rouge Cottage is now owned by James Bowen, Esq.

BEAUSÉJOUR.

Flooded in sunny silence sleep the kine,
In languid murmurs brooklets float and flow,
The quaint farm-gables in rich light shine
And round them jasmined honeysuckles twine,
And close beside them sun-flowers burn and blow.

About one mile beyond the St. Foye Church, there is a fertile farm of one, hundred acres, lying chiefly on the north side of the road. The dwelling, a roomy, one story cottage, stands about two acres from the highway, from which a copse of trees interrupts the view.

There are at present in this spot, several embellishments—such as trout ponds—which bid fair to render it worthy of the notice of men of taste. It was merely necessary to assist nature in order to obtain here most gratifying results. Between the road fence and the dwelling, a small brook has worn its bed, at the bottom of a deep ravine, sweeping past the house lawn westward, and then changing its course to due north-west the boundary in that direction between that and the adjoining property. The banks of the ravine are enclosed in a belt of every imaginable forest shrub,—wild cherry, mountain ash, raspberry, blueberry, interspersed here and there with superb specimens of oak, spruce, fir and pine. A second avenue has been laid out amongst the trees between the road fence and the brook, to connect with the lawn at the west of the house, by a neat little bridge, resting on two square piers about twenty-five feet high: on either side of the bridge a solid dam being constructed of the boulders and stones removed from the lower portion of the property, intended to form two trout ponds of a couple of acres in length each, a passage in the dam is left for the water-fall, which is in full view of the bridge. On the edge of the bank, overhanging the ravine, nature seems to have pointed out the spot for a pavilion, from which the disciples of Isaac Walton can throw a cast below. The green fringe of the mountain shrubs in bud, blossom or fruit, encircling the farm, materially enhances the beauty of this sylvan landscape,—the eye resting with particular pleasure on the vast expanse of meadow of vivid green, clothed in most luxuriant grass, some 10,000 bundles of hay for the mower, in due time. About two acres from the house, to the west, is placed a rustic seat, under two weather-beaten, though still verdant oaks, which stretch their boughs across the river: closer again to the cottage, the eye meets two pavilions. The new avenue, rustic bridges, ponds and pavilions, are due to the good taste of the present owner, Louis Bilodeau, Esq. This rural home was for several years occupied in summer by Stephen Sewell, Esq., and does not belie its name— Beauséjour.

BELMONT.

Owners—Intendant Talon, 1670; General James Murray, 1765; Sir John Caldwell, 1810; J. W. Dunscomb. Esquire, 1854-81.

That genial old joker, Sir Jonas Barrington, in his *Sketches*, has invested the Irish homes and Irish

gentry with features certainly very original—at times so singular as to be difficult of acceptance. True, he lived in an age and amongst a people proverbial for generous hospitality, for conviviality carried to its extreme limit. Gargantuan banquets he describes, pending which the bowls of punch and claret imbibed appear to us something fabulous. Irish squires, roystering Irish barristers, toddling home in pairs after having stowed away under their belts as many as twelve bottles of claret a piece, during a prolonged sitting, *i.e.*, from 6 P.M. to 6 A.M. Such intrepid diners-out were known as "Twelve bottle men," and verily, if the old Judge is to be credited, they might have been advantageously pitted even against such a Homeric guzzler as history depicts Aurora Konigsmark's sturdy son, Maréchal de Saxe, who, in his youth, 'tis said, tossed off, at one draught and without experiencing any ill-effects, one whole gallon of wine.

The first time our eye scanned the silent and deserted banquetting halls of Belmont, with their lofty ceilings, and recalling the traditional accounts of the hospitable gentlemen, whose joviality had once lit up the scene, visions of social Ireland of Barrington's day floated uppermost in our mind. We could fancy we saw the gay roysterers of times by-gone—first a fête champêtre of lively French officers from Quebec, making merry over their Bordeaux or Burgundy, and celebrating the news of their recent victories at Fontenoy, [259] Lauffeld or Carillon, to the jocund sound of *Vive la France! Vive le Maréchal de Saxe! à la Claire Fontaine*, &c then Governor Murray, surrounded by his veterans, Guy Carleton, Col. Caldwell, Majors Hale, Holland, and some of the new subjects, such as the brave Chs. De Lanaudière, [260] complimenting one another all around over the feats of the respective armies at the two memorable battles of the Plains, and all joining loyally in repeating the favorite toast in Wolfe's fleet, *British colours on every French fort, port and garrison in America!* Later on, at the beginning of the present century, a gathering of those Canadian Barons, so graphically delineated by John Lambert in his *Travels in Canada*, in 1808—one week surrounding the festive board of this jolly Receiver General of Canada at Belmont, the next at Charlesbourg, making the romantic echoes of the Hermitage ring again with old English cheers and loyal toasts to "George the King," or else installing a "Baron" at the Union Hotel, Place d'Armes,—possibly in the very Council-room in which the State secrets of Canada were in 1865 daily canvassed—and flinging down to the landlord as Lambert says, "250 guineas for the entertainment." Where are now the choice spirits of that comparatively modern day, the rank and fashion who used to go and sip claret or eat ice-cream with Sir James Craig, at Powell Place? Where gone the Mures, Paynters, Munros, Matthew Bells, de Lanaudières, Lymburners, Smiths, Finlays, Caldwells, Percevals, Jonathan Sewells? Alas! like the glories of Belmont, departed, or living in the realms of memory only!

This estate, which, until lately, consisted of four hundred and fifty acres, extending from the line of the Grande Allée down to the Bijou wood, was *conceded* in 1649 by the Jesuit Fathers to M. Godfroy. It passed over, in 1670, to the celebrated Intendant Talon, by deed of sale executed on the 28th of September, 1670, before Romain Becquet, Notaire Royal. Messire Jean Talon is described in that instrument as "Conseiller du roi en ses conseils d'état et premier Intendant de justice, police et finance de la Nouvelle France, Isle de Terrebonne, Acadie et pays de l'Amérique Septentrionale." Shortly after the conquest it was occupied by Chief Justice Wm. Gregory. In 1765 it was sold for £500 by David Alves of Montreal, to General James Murray, who, after the first battle of the Plains, had remained Governor of Quebec, whilst his immediate superior, Brigadier Geo. Townshend, had hurried to England to cull the laurels of victory. In 1775, we find that one of the first operations of the American General Montgomery was to take possession of "General Murray's house, on the St. Foy road." General Murray also, probably, then owned the property subsequently known as Holland's farm, where Montgomery had his headquarters. All through our history the incidents, actors and results of battles are tolerably well indicated, but the domestic history of individuals and exact descriptions of localities are scarcely ever furnished, so that the reader will not be surprised should several *lacunae* occur in the description of Belmont, one of the most interesting Canadian country seats in the neighbourhood of Quebec. The history of Holland House might also, of itself, furnish quite a small epic; and, doubtless, from the exalted social position of many of the past owners of Belmont, its old walls, could they obtain utterance, might reveal interesting incidents of our past history, which will otherwise ever be buried in oblivion.

In the memory of Quebecers, Belmont must always remain more particularly connected with the name of the Caldwells, three generations of whom occupied its spacious halls. The founder of this old family, who played a conspicuous part in Canadian politics for half a century, was the Hon. Col. Henry Caldwell, for many years Receiver General of the Province, by royal appointment, and member of the Legislative Council. He came first to Canada in 1759, says Knox, [261] as Assistant Quartermaster General to Wolfe, under whom he served. When appointed Receiver General, the salary attached to that high office [262] was £400 per annum, with the understanding that he might *account* at his convenience, he never accounted at all, probably as it was anything but *convenient* to do so, having followed the traditional policy of high officials under French rule, and speculated largely in milk, &c. The fault was more the consequences of the system than that of the individual, and had his ventures turned out well, no doubt the high-minded Colonel and Receiver General would have made matters

right before dying. In 1801 Col. Caldwell was returned member for Dorchester, where he owned the rich Seigniorship of Lauzon, and most extensive mill at the Etchemin river, the same subsequently owned by J. Thomson, Esq., and now by Hy. Atkinson, Esq. The colonel was re-elected by the same constituency in 1805, and again in 1809, lived in splendor at Belmont, as a polished gentleman of that age knew how to live, and died there in 1810. Belmont is situated on the St. Foye road, on its north side, at the end of a long avenue of trees, distant three miles from Quebec. The original mansion, which was burnt down in 1798, was rebuilt by the Colonel in 1800 on plans furnished by an Engineer Officer of the name of Brabazon. It stood in the garden between the present house and main or St. Foye road. The cellar forms the spacious root house, at present in the garden. Col Caldwell's exquisite entertainments soon drew around his table some of the best men of Quebec, of the time, such as the gallant Gen. Brock, John Colt man, William Coltman, the Hales, Foy, Haldimand, Dr. Beeby of Powell Place, J. Lester, John Blackwood. In 1810 Mr. John Caldwell, son of the Colonel, accepted the succession with its liabilities, not then known. He however made the Lauzon manor his residence in summer, and was also appointed Receiver General. In 1817 Belmont was sold to the Hon. J. Irvine, M.P.P., the grandfather of the present member for Megantic, Hon. George J. Irvine. Hon. Mr. Irvine resided there until 1833. The beautiful row of trees which line the house avenue and other embellishments, are due to his good taste. In 1838 the property reverted to the late Sir Henry Caldwell, the son of Sir John Caldwell, who in 1827, had inherited the title by the death of an Irish relative, Sir James Caldwell, the third Baronet (who was made a Count of Milan by the Empress Maria Theresa, descended by his mothers' side from the 20th Lord Kerry). John Caldwell of Lauzon, having become Sir John Caldwell, *menait un grain train*, as the old peasants of Etchemin repeat to this day. His house, stud and amusements were those of a baron of old, and of a hospitable Irish gentleman, spreading money and progress over the length and breadth of the land. At his death, which happened at Boston in 1842, the insignificant Etchemin settlement, through his efforts, had materially increased in wealth, size and population. There was, however, at his demise, an *error* in his Government balance sheet of £100,000 on the wrong side!

Belmont lines the St. Foye heights, in a most picturesque situation. The view from the east and north-western windows is magnificently grand; probably one might count more than a dozen church spires glittering in the distance—peeping out of every happy village which dots the base of the blue mountains to the north. In 1854 this fine property was purchased by J. W. Dunscomb, Esq., Collector of Customs, Quebec, who resided there several years, and sold the garden for a cemetery to the Roman Catholic Church authorities of Quebec, reserving 400 acres for himself. The old house, within a few years, was purchased by Mr. Wakeham, the late manager of the Beauport Asylum. His successful treatment of diseases of the mind induced him to open, at this healthy and secluded spot, under the name of the "Belmont Retreat," a private *Maison de Santé*, where, wealthy patients are treated with that delicate care which they could not expect in a crowded asylum. The same success has attended Mr. Wakeham's enterprise at Belmont which crowned it at Beauport.

AN IRISH EDUCATION IN THE OLDEN TIMES.

Among the old stories handed down in Canadian homes

"In the long nights of winter,
When the cold north winds blow,"

of the merry gatherings and copious feasts of other days, one is told
of a memorable entertainment at Belmont, given a crowd of friends.

Some assert it was the Belmont anniversary dinner of the battle of Waterloo and bring in of course Blucher, Hougomont! Belle-Alliance and what not. It is, however, more generally believed among the aged, judging from the copious libations and kindly toasts drunk, that it partook of a more intimate character and was merely a *fête de famille*, to commemorate the safe return of sir John Caldwell's only son from Ireland, where he had just completed his collegiate course at Dublin, be that as it may, it unquestionably was meant to solemnise an important family or national event.

As was wont, in those hospitable times, the "landlord's flowing bowl," alas! had been emptied too often. Some of the "Barons of the round table" were in fact preparing for a timely retreat, before the city gates should be closed, [263] the genial host soon put a stop to such a treasonable practice, exclaiming that the sentry would let them pass at any hour, so they need only follow the Commandant, their fellow guest, who of course had the countersign, closing his well timed remarks, by raising his voice and proclaiming in an authoritative tone "no heel taps here," the stately banquet hall re-echoed with cheers "a bumper, a bumper," resounded on all sides, "to the future Sir Harry, who has just completed

his Irish education." The future Sir Harry was soon on his legs, and in a voice mellow with old port, youth and fun, responded "Friends, fellow countrymen, brothers, (this last expression was challenged as he was an only son) I am indeed proud of my Dublin education, we have something, however better before us than a disquisition on the excellence of the various systems of continental courses, to be brief, I now challenge any here present to meet me on the classics, astronomy, the cubic root or glass to glass, you have your choice." "Glass to glass," they one and all replied. Toasts, songs, healths of every member of the Royal family, were gone through with amazing zest as time advanced towards the small hours of the morning, the guests, one by one disappeared from the banqueting room, some, alas! under the mahogany, more with the genial commander of the garrison, whilst the stalwart Irish student, still undaunted and meeting the foe, glass to glass—a veritable giant, fresher as he went on.

Old Sir John, a well seasoned diner-out, at last found himself solitary at his end of the table, whilst his son adorned the other end defiantly.

Looking round in dismay and fearing, if he continued the healths, to be unequal to cope with such an intrepid Dublin student, he the last gave up, flinging himself majestically back in his chair, exclaiming "D——n your Irish education!"

HOLLAND FARM.

This estate, which formerly comprised two hundred acres of ground, extending from the brow of the St. Foye heights to St Michael's Chapel on the Samoa or St. Lewis road, possesses considerable interest for the student of Canadian history, both under French and English rule. The original dwelling, a long high-peaked French structure, stood on an eminence closer to the St. Foye road than does the present house. It was built about the year 1740, by a rich Lower Town merchant, Monsieur Jean Taché [264] who resided there after his marriage in 1742 with Mademoiselle Marie Anne Jolliet de Mingan, granddaughter to the celebrated discoverer of the Mississippi, Louis Jolliet. Monsieur Jean Taché was also *Syndic des Marchands*, member of the Supreme Council of Quebec, and ancestor to Sir. E. P. Taché. He at one time owned several vessels, but his floating wealth having, during the war of the conquest, become the prize of English cruisers, the St. Peter street Nabob of 1740, as it has since happened to some of his successors in that *romantic* neighbourhood, —lost his money. Loss of fortune did not, however, imply loss of honour, as old memoirs of that day describe him, "Homme intègre et d'esprit." He had been selected, in the last year of French rule, to go and lay at the foot of the French Throne the grievances of the Canadians. About this time, the St. Foye road was becoming a fashionable resort, *Hawkin's Picture of Quebec* calls it "The favorite drive of the Canadian Belle before the conquest." This is an interesting period in colonial life, but imperfectly known,—nor will a passage from Jeffery, an old and valued English writer, illustrative of men, manners and amusements in the Colony, when it passed over to the English monarch, be out of place:—

"The number of inhabitants being considerably increased, they pass their time very agreeably. The Governor General, with his household; several of the *noblesse* of exceeding good families; the officers of the army, who in France are all gentlemen; the Intendant, with a Supreme Council, and the inferior magistrates; the Commissary of the Marine; the Grand Provost; the Grand Hunter; the Grand Master of the Woods and Forests, who has the most extensive jurisdiction in the world; rich merchants, or such as live as if they were so; the bishops and a numerous Seminary; two colleges of Récollets, as many of Jesuits; with three Nunneries; amongst all those you are at no loss to find agreeable company and the most entertaining conversation. Add to this the diversions of the place, such as the assemblies at the Lady Governness's and Lady Intendant's; parties at cards, or of pleasure, such as in the winter on the ice, in sledges, or in skating; and in the summer in chaises or canoes; also hunting, which it is impossible not to be fond of in a country abounding with plenty of game of all kinds.

"It is remarked of the Canadians that their conversation is enlivened by an air of freedom which is natural and peculiar to them, and that they speak the French in the greatest purity and without the least false accent. There are few rich people in that Colony, though they all live well, are extremely generous and hospitable, keep very good tables, and love to dress very finely.... The Canadians have carried the love of arms, and glory, so natural to their mother country, along with them.... War is not only welcome to them but coveted with extreme ardor." [265]

During the fall of 1775, the old mansion sheltered Brigadier Richard Montgomery, [266] the leader of the American forlorn hope, who fell on the 31st December of that year, at Près-de-Ville, Champlain street, fighting against those same British whom it had previously been his pride to lead to victory. About the year 1780, we find this residence tenanted by a worthy British officer, who had been a great favourite with the hero of the Plains of Abraham. Major Samuel Holland had fought bravely that day

under General Wolfe, and stood, it is said, after the battle, close by the expiring warrior. His dwelling took the name of Holland House: he added to it, a cupola, which served in lieu of a *prospect tower*, wherefrom could be had a most extensive view of the surrounding country. [267] The important appointment of Surveyor General of the Province, which was bestowed on Major Holland, together with his social qualities, abilities and education, soon gathered round him the *élite* of the English Society in Quebec at that time. Amongst the distinguished guests who frequented Holland House in 1791, we find Edward, afterwards Duke of Kent. The numerous letters still extant addressed by His Royal Highness from Kensington Palace, as late as 1814, to the many warm friends he had left on the banks of the St. Lawrence, contain pleasant reminiscences of his sojourn amongst his royal father's Canadian lieges. Amongst other frequenters of Holland House, may also be noted a handsome stranger, who after attending—the gayest of the gay—the Quebec Château balls, Regimental mess dinners, Barons' Club, tandem drives, as the male friend of one of the young Hollands was, to the amazement of all, convicted at a mess dinner of being a lady [268] in disguise. A *fracas* of course ensued. The lady-like guest soon vamosed to England, where *he* became the lawful spouse of the Hon. Mr. C——, the brother to Lord F——d. One remnant of the Hollands long endured; the old fir tree on that portion of the property purchased by James Creighton, farmer. Holland tree was still sacred to the memory of the five slumberers, who have reposed for more than a century beneath its hoary branches. Nor has the recollection of the "fatal duel" faded away. Holland farm, for many years, belonged to Mr. Wilson of the Customs Department, Quebec, in 1843 it passed by purchase to Judge George Okill Stuart, of Québec; Mr. Stuart improved the place, removed the old house and built a handsome new one on a rising ground in rear, which he occupied for several summers. It again became renowned for gaiety and festivity when subsequently owned by Robert Cassels, Esquire, for many years Manager of the Bank of British North America at Quebec. Genl. Danl. Lysons had leased it in 1862, for his residence, when the unexpected vote of the House of Assembly on the Militia Bill broke through his arrangements. Holland House is still the property of Mr. Cassels.

THE HOLLAND TREE.

(BY THE AUTHOR OF "MAPLE LEAVES")

"Woodman spare that tree."

It has often been noticed that one of the chief glories of Quebec consisted in being surrounded on all sides by smiling country seats, which in the summer season, as it were, encircle the brow of the old city like a chaplet of flowers; those who, on a sunny June morning, have wandered through the shady groves of Spencer Wood, Woodfield, Marchmont, Benmore, Kilmarnock, Kirk Ella, Hamwood, Beauvoir, Clermont, and fifty other old places, rendered vocal by the voices of birds, and with the sparkling waters of the great river or the winding St. Charles at their feet, are not likely to gainsay this statement.

Amongst these beautiful rural retreats few are better known than Holland Farm, in 1780 the family mansion of Surveyor-General Holland, one of Wolfe's favourite engineer officers. During the fall of 1775 it had been the headquarters of Brig. General Montgomery, who chose it as his residence during the siege of Quebec, whilst his colleague, Col. Benedict Arnold, was stationed with his New Englanders at the house southeast of Scott's Bridge, on the Little River road, for many years the homestead of Mr. Langlois. This fine property, running back as far as Mount Hermon Cemetery, and extending from the St. Louis or Grand Allée road, opposite Spencer Wood, down to the St. Foye road, which it crosses, is bounded to the north by the *cime du cap*, or St. Foye heights. For those who may be curious to know its original extent to an eighth of an inch, I shall quote from Major Holland's title-deed, wherein it is stated to comprise "in superficies, French measure, two hundred and six arpents, one perch, seven feet eight inches, and *four eighths of an inch*," from which description one would infer the Major had surveyed his domain with great minuteness, or that he must have been rather a stickler for territorial rights. What would his shades now think could they be made cognizant of the fact that that very château garden, [269] which he possessed and bequeathed to his sons in the year 1800, which had been taken possession of for military purposes by the Imperial authorities, is held by them to this day? Major Samuel Holland had distinguished himself as an officer under General Wolfe, on the Plains of Abraham, lived at Holland House [270] many years, as was customary in those days, in affluence, and at last paid the common debt to nature. He had been employed in Prince Edward Island and Western Canada on public surveys.

The Major, after having provided for his wife, Mary Josette Rolet, bequeathed his property to Frederick Braham, John Frederick, Charlotte, Susan and George Holland, [271] his children. In 1817, Frederick Braham Holland, who at that time was an ordnance storekeeper

at Prince Edward Island, sold his share of the farm to the late William Wilson, of the Customs. Ten years later, John Frederick and Charlotte Holland also disposed of their interest in this land to Mr. Wilson, who subsequently, having acquired the rights of another heir, viz., in 1835, remained proprietor of Holland Farm until 1843, when the property by purchase passed over to Judge Geo. Okill Stuart, of this city. Mr. Stuart built on it a handsome mansion now known as Holland House, which he subsequently sold to Rob. Cassells, Esq., of Quebec, late manager of the Bank of British North America.

Holland Farm has been gradually dismembered: Coulonge Cottage, at the outlet of the Gomin Road, [272] is built on Holland farm. A successful gold digger by the name of Sinjohn purchased in the year 1862 a large tract of the farm fronting the St. Louis road with Thornhill as its north eastern and Mr. Stuart's new road as its south-western boundary. His cottage is shaded by the Thornhill Grove, with a garden and lawn and adjoins a level pasturage entirely denuded of shrubs and forest trees. [273] To a person looking from the main gate, at Spencer Wood in the direction of the south gable of Holland House, exactly in a straight line, no object intervenes except a fir tree which detaches itself on the horizon, conspicuous from afar over the plantation which fronts the St. Foye road. That tree is the Holland Tree. Well! what about the Holland Tree? What! you a Quebecker and not to know about the Holland Tree? the duel and the slumberers who have reposed for so many years under its shade!

Oh! but suppose I am not a Quebecker. Tell me about the Holland Tree. Well, walk down from the St. Louis road along Mr. Stuart's new road and we shall see first how the rest of the 'slumberers' has been respected. Hear the words which filial affection dictated to Frederick Braham, John Frederick and Charlotte Holland, when on the 14th July 1827, they executed a deed [274] in favor of Wm. Wilson conveying their interest in their father's estate.

"Provided always and these presents as well as the foregoing deed of sale and conveyance are so made and executed by the said Robert Holland acting as aforesaid (as attorney of the heirs Holland) upon and subject to the *express* charge and *condition* that is to say, that the said William Wilson his heirs and assigns shall forever hold sacred and inviolable the small circular space of ground on the said tract or piece of land and premises enclosed with a stone wall and wherein the remains of the late Samuel Holland, Esquire, father of the said vendors and of his son the late Samuel Holland jr., Esq., are interred, and shall and will allow tree ingress and egress at all times to the relatives and friends of the family of the said Samuel Holland for the purpose of viewing the state and condition of the said space of ground and making or causing to be made such repairs to the wall enclosing the same or otherwise providing for the protection of the said remains as they shall see fit."

Not many years back the 'small circular space' which Mr. Wilson bound himself to hold sacred and inviolable and which contained two neat marble slabs with the names of Messrs. Holland, senior and junior, and other members of the family engraved on them, was inclosed within a substantial stone wall to which access was had through an iron gate, the walls were covered with inscriptions and with the initials of those who had visited a spot to which the fatal issue of a deadly encounter lent all the interest of a romance. Nothing now is visible except the foundation, which is still distinct: the monument stones have disappeared, the wall has been razed to the ground, some modern Vandal or a descendant of the Ostrogoths [275] (for amongst all civilized nations, the repose of the dead is sacred) has laid violent hands on them! When Mr. Wilson sold Holland farm in 1843 he made no stipulation about the graves of the Hollands, he took no care that what he had agreed to hold inviolable should continue to be so held.

The tragical occurrence connected with the Holland Tree is much out of the ordinary run of events, it seems very like the plot of a sensation novel—a dark tale redolent with love, jealousy and revenge. Two men stood, some sixty years ago, in mortal combat, not under the Holland Tree, as it has generally been believed but near Windmill Point, Point St Charles, at Montreal, one of them Ensign Samuel Holland, of the 60th Regiment, the other was Capt Shoedde. The encounter, it was expected would be a deadly one in those duelling days blood alone could wipe out an insult. Old Major Holland, on bidding adieu to his son is reported to have said, "Samuel, my boy, here are weapons which my loved friend General Wolfe, presented me on the day of his death. Use them, to keep the old family name without stain." Of this memorable affair W. H. Henderson, Esq., of Hemison, has kindly furnished me with the following details.

'The duel originated from some, it was considered, unjustifiable suspicions on the part of Capt. Shoedde of his (Holland's) intimacy with Mrs. Shoedde so palpably unfounded that

young Holland applied to his father as to whether in honour he was bound to take notice of the matter. The Major replied by forwarding by post his pistols. Ensign Holland was mortally wounded at the first shot, but in his agony rose on his knees and levelled his pistol, aiming for Capt. Shoedde's heart, who received the ball in his arm laid over his breast.'

Mr. Holland was conveyed to the Merchants Coffee House, in the small lane, near the river side, called Capital street, where he expired in great pain. The battalion in which this gentleman served was at that time, commanded by Major Patrick Murray, a relative of the British General of Quebec fame, with whom I became very intimate in the years 1808 and 1809. Major Murray's account of the duel agreed with the general report prevalent in 1799 in Montreal. Murray thought that the challenge had been given by young Holland and not by Shoedde. Murray subsequently married sold his commission, and purchased the seignory of Argenteuil. At that time Sir George Prevost was also a Major In the 60th Regiment of 1790, whilst Murray's commission dated of 1784. Sir George gave Murray in 1812 a colonel's commission in the militia, who raised the corps of lawyers in Montreal known, as styled by the humorous old man, "as The Devil s Own."

A SCANDAL OF THE LAST CENTURY.

One of the young Hollands had also been a party to a *scandalum magnum*, which created much gossip amongst our grandfathers, about the time H.R.H the Duke of Kent was at Quebec.

At a regimental mess dinner a handsome young fellow, having, in these days of hard swearing and hard drinking, exceeded in wine, was convicted of being a lady in disguise, attending as the guest of young Holland, and whose sex was unknown to young Holland.

This lady, whom all Quebec knew as Mr. Nesbitt, turned out to be a Miss Neville, left for England, and was eventually married to Sir J. C—, brother of Lord F—, a British nobleman.

One of the Nestors of the present generation, Col. J. Sewell, has related to me the circumstances as he heard them in his youth from the lips of a man of veracity and honour—Hon. W. Smith, son of Chief Justice Smith.

Here are his own words:—"Hon. Mr. Smith told me that Mr. Nesbitt, *alias* Miss Neville, was dining at a mess dinner of the 24th Grenadiers at the Jesuits' Barracks, upper Town market place—Having sacrificed too freely to the rosy god, an officer of the 24th, Mr. Broadstreet, I think, helped him to the balcony ... when having to lean on his supporter, Mr. Broadstreet became confident Nesbitt was a girl in disguise. Nesbitt drove out after dinner to Holland House and Broadstreet told the joke all round. Nesbitt hearing of it, sent him, next day, a challenge for originating such a report.

Mr. Broadstreet, not knowing how to act, applied to one of his superior officers—Capt. Doyle (subsequently Genl. Doyle, who married at Quebec, a Miss Smith), for advice, saying: "How can I fight a girl?" to which Capt. Doyle rejoined, "I will act as your second. If Nesbitt is a girl, you shall not fight him, and I engage to prove this fact." He then drove out to Holland House, and found the gay Lothario Nesbitt flirting with the young ladies. He observed him attentively, and having tried an experiment, calculated to throw light on the mysterious foreigner, he went to complain direct to the Governor and Commander in Chief; Lord Dorchester, who, on hearing the perplexity caused by Mr. Nesbitt, sent for Dr. Longmore, the military physician, and ordered him to investigate of what sex Nesbitt might be.

Mr. Nesbitt stormed—refused to submit—vowed he would go direct to England and make a formal complaint of the indignity with which he was threatened.

Hon. Jonathan Sewell,—later on Chief Justice, by persuasion, succeeded in pouring oil on the troubled waters. Nesbitt confessed, and Quebec was minus of a very handsome but beardless youngster, and the English Court journals soon made mention of a fashionable marriage in high life.

HAMWOOD.

How sweet it is, when mother Fancy rocks
The wayward brain, to saunter through a wood

An old place, full of many a lovely brood,
Tall trees, green arbours, and ground-flowers in flocks
And wild rose tiptoe upon hawthorn stocks,

— *Wordsworth.*

How many vicissitudes in the destinies of places, men, families, nations! See yonder mansion, its verdant leaves, with the leafy honours of nascent spring encircling it like a garland, exhaling the aroma of countless buds and blossoms, embellished by conservatory, grapery, avenues of fruit and floral trees. Does not every object bespeak comfort, rural felicity, commercial success!

When you enter that snug billiard-room, luxuriously fitted up with fire place, ottomans, &c., or when, on a balmy summer evening, you are seated on the ample verandah, next to the kind host, do you not my legal friend, feel inclined to repeat to yourself "Commerce, commerce is the turnpike to health, to affluence, the path to consideration." But was the scene always so smiling, and redolent of rustic enjoyment.

If so, what means yon stately column, [276] surmounted by its fat, helmetted Bellona, mysteriously looking round as if pregnant with a mighty unfathomable future. Ask history? Open Capt. Knox's *Journal of the Siege of Quebec*, and read therein how, in front of that very spot where you now stand, along that identical road, over which you emerged from the city, war once threw her sorrows, ask this brave British officer to retrace one of those winter scenes he witnessed here more than one hundred years ago: the howling blast of the north sighing through the few remaining gnarled pines and oaks spared by Albion's warriors; add to it tired teams of English troops, laboriously drawing, yoked eight by eight, long sledges of firewood for Murray's depressed, harassed garrison, and you have something like John Knox's *tableau* of St. Foye Road on the 7th December, 1759.—

"Our garrison, now undergo incredible fatigue, not only within but also without the walls, being obliged to load and sleigh home firewood from the forest of St. Foy, which is near four miles distant, and through snow of a surpassing depth, eight men are allowed to each sleigh, who are yoked to it in couples by a set of regular harness, besides one man who guides it behind with a long stout pole, to keep it clear of ruts and other obstructions. We are told that M. de Lévis is making great preparations for the long-meditated assault on this place (Quebec) with which we are menaced. Christmas is said to be the time fixed for this enterprise, and *Monsieur* says, 'if he succeed he shall be promoted to be *Maréchal de France*, and if he fail, Canada will be lost, for he will give it up.'" [277]

Do not, dear reader, however fear for the old rock, it is tolerably secure so long as Fraser's Highlanders and British Grenadiers garrison it.

We have here endeavored to contrast the smiling present with the dreary past; peace, progress, wealth, as we find it to-day in this important appendage of the British Crown, ready to expand into an empire, with the dismal appearance of things when it was scantily settled, and in those dark days when war stalked through our land. Hamwood takes its name from that of the paternal estate of the Hamiltons, county of Meath, Ireland, and without pretending to architectural excellence, it is one of the loveliest spots on the St. Foye road. It belongs to Robert Hamilton, Esq., a leading merchant of Quebec.

BIJOU.

And I have heard the whispers of the trees,
And the low laughter of the wandering wind,
Mixed with the hum of golden-belted bees,
And far away, dim echoes, undefined,—
That yet had power to thrill my listening ear,
Like footsteps of the spring that is so near.

—(*Wood Voices*, KATE S. McL.)

Shall we confess that we ever had a fancy for historical contrasts? It is our weakness, perhaps our besetting sin; and when, on a balmy June day, at the hour when the king of day is sipping the dew-drops from the flowers, we ride past this unadorned but charming little Canadian home, next to Westfield, on the St. Foye heights, as it were sunning itself amidst emerald fields, fanned by the breath of the fragrant morn, enlivened by the gambols of merry childhood; memory, in spite of us, brings back the ghastly sights, the sickening Indian horrors, witnessed here on the 28th April, 1760. There can be no doubt on this point; the mute, but eloquent witnesses of the past are dug up every day: shot, shell, bullets, old bayonets, decayed military buttons, all in the greatest profusion.

"The savages," says Garneau, "who were nearly all in the woods behind during the fight, spread over the battle-field when the French were pursuing the enemy, and killed many of the wounded British,

whose scalps were afterwards found upon neighboring bushes. As soon as De Lévis was apprised of the massacre, he took vigorous measures for putting a stop to it. Within a comparatively narrow space nearly 2,500 men had been struck by bullets. The patches of snow and icy puddles on the ground were so reddened with the blood shed, that the frozen ground refused to absorb, and the wounded survivors of the battle were immersed in pools of gore and filth, ankle deep."

Such *was* the deadly strife in April, 1760, on the identical spot on which, reader, you and we now stand on the St. Foye heights. Such is *now* the smiling aspect of things as you see them at Bijou, which crowns the heights over the great Bijou marsh, etc., the dwelling of Andrew Thomson, Esq., (now President of the Union Bank of Quebec.) Some natural springs in the flower garden, in rear of the dwelling, and slopes of the ground, when turned to advantage, in the way of terraces and fountains, bid fair to enhance materially the beauty of this rustic spot.

ANECDOTE OF WOLFE'S ARMY (1760).—QUEBEC.

By a volunteer (J. T.).

"At the Battle of the Plains of Abraham we had but one Piper, and because he was not provided with Arms and the usual other means of defence, like the rest of the men, he was made to keep aloof for safety:—When our line advanced to the charge, General Townshend observing that the Piper was missing, and knowing well the value of one on such occasions, he sent in all directions for him, and he was heard to say aloud. "Where's the Highland Piper?" and "Five pounds for a Piper;" but devil a bit did the Piper come forward the sooner. However, the charge, by good chance, was pretty well effected without him, as all those that escaped could testify. For this business the Piper was disgraced by the whole of the Regiment, and the men would not speak to him, neither would they suffer his rations to be drawn with theirs, but had them serv'd out by the Commissary separately, and he was obliged to shift for himself as well as he could.

The next spring, in the month of April, when the Garrison of Quebec was so madly march'd out, to meet the French, who had come down again to attack us, and while we were on the retreat back to the Town, the Highlanders, who were a raw undisciplin'd set, were got into great disorder, and had become more like a mob than regular soldiers. On the way I fell in with a captain Moses Hazen, [278] a Jew, who commanded a company of Rangers, and who was so badly wounded, that his servant, who had to carry him away, was obliged to rest him on the grounds at every twenty or thirty yards, owing to the great pain he endured. This intrepid fellow, observing that there was a solid column of the French coming on over that high ground where Commissary General Craigie [279] built his house, and headed by an Officer who was at some distance in advance of the column, he ask'd his servant if his fuzee was stil loaded? (The servant opened the pan, and found it is still prim'd). "Do you see," says Captain Hazen, "that fellow there, waving his sword to encourage those other fellows to come forward?"—Yes, says the servant, I do Sir;—Then, says the Captain again, "just place your back against mine for one moment, 'till I see if I can bring him down." He accordingly stretch'd himself on the ground, and, resting the muzzle of his fuzee on his toes, he let drive at the French Officer. I was standing close behind him, and I thought it perfect madness to attempt it. However, away went the charge after him, and faith down he was in an instant. Both the Captain and myself were watching for some minutes, under an idea that altho' he *had* laid down, he might perhaps take it into his head to get up again. But no. And the moment that he fell, the whole column that he was leading on, turn'd about and decamp'd off leaving him to follow as well as he might! I could'nt help telling the Captain that he had made a capital shot, and I related to him the affair of the foolish fellow of our grenadiers who shot the savage at the landing at Louisbourg, altho' the distance was great, and the rolling of the boat so much against his taking a steady aim. "Oh! yes, says Captain Hazen, you know that a *chance shot* will kill the Devil himself."

But, to return to the Highlanders: so soon as the Piper had discovered that his men had scatter'd and were in disorder, he as soon recollected the disgrace that still hung upon him, and he likely bethought to give them a blast of his Pipes. By the Lord Harry! this had the effect of stopping them short, and they allow'd themselves to be formed into a sort of order. For this opportune blast of his chanters, the Piper gain'd back the forgiveness of the Regiment, and was allow'd to take his meals with his old messmates, as if nothing- at-all had happened.

On the 6th May, 1760, which was after we had been driven back to the town by the French, and while they yet lay in their trenches across that high ground where the martello tower

now stands, there came a ship of war in sight, and she was for some considerable time tacking across and across between Pointe Lévis and the opposing shore. We were at a loss to know the meaning of all this, when the commanding Officer of Artillery bethought himself to go and acquaint General Murray (who had taken up his Quarters in Saint Louis Street, now (1828) the Officer's Barracks) of the circumstance: He found the General in a meditative mood, sitting before the fire in the chimney place. On the Officer acquainting him that there was a ship of war in sight, the General was quite electrified! He instantly got up, and, in the greatest fury, order'd the Officer to have the colours immediately hoisted on the citadel! Away he went, but dev'l a bit could the halliards be made to go free until at last, a sailor was got hold of, who soon scrambl'd up the flagstaff, and, put all to rights in a jiffy.

All this time the ship of war did not show her own colours, not knowing whether the town was in the hands of the French or the English, but as soon as she perceived our flag, she hoisted English colours, and shaped her course towards the town, and was soon safe at anchor opposite to the King's Wharf. Our men had been all the winter in bad spirits from coughs and colds, and, their having been obliged to retreat from the French, did'nt help much to mend the matter. However, when they heard that an English man-o-war was come, it was astonishing how soon they became stout-hearted; faith, they were like lions, and just as bold! The man-o-war prov'd to be the "Lowestoffe," which had been detached from the main fleet below, with orders to make the best of time through the ice, and take up the earliest intelligence of the approach of the fleet. Her sides were very much torn by the floating ice. Our having hoisted colours for the first time since the conquest, and a ship of war having made her appearance, led the French to imagine that there was something strange going on. Indeed they expected a fleet as well as ourselves, and this arrival brought them out of their trenches, as thick as midges; they appeared to us like so many pigeons upon a roost! whilst they were gaping at us in such an exposed position, they received a salute from the whole line of our guns, extending from Cape Diamond down to the Barrack Bastion, and yet they went off almost like a single volley. It was fearful enough to see how they tumbled down in their intrenchments, like so many sacks of wool! Their seeing soldiers passing ashore from our frigate, they thought that we were about to receive powerful reinforcements, and they scamper'd away, their killed and wounded men along with them. Our men soon were allow'd to go out, and they regaled themselves upon the soup and pork which the French had left cooking on the fires. That single discharge disabled so many of our guns, that we had to get others then in the lower town, and our men were so weak that they could not drag them up, but which was at last done with the help of the sailors just arrived in the Fleet.

In about three days after the arrival of the "Lowestoffe" the remainder of the Fleet came up to Quebec, and finding that the French had some ships lying above Wolfe's Cove, they went up to look after them. As soon as the French had seen them coming on, they slipp'd their cables, and endeavor'd to get out of the way with the help of the flood-tide, but the Commodore's ship got upon a ledge of rocks, and stuck fast, and the crew took to the boats, and got ashore, leaving the ship to take care of itself. There was found, on board of this ship, one Mons. Cugnet and an Englishman call'd Davis, both of whom had their hands tied behind their back, and a rope about their neck, and they were inform'd that they both were to be hang'd at the yard-arm so soon as the ship's company had finish'd their breakfast!

Monsieur Cugnet was the person who, at the Island of Orleans, gave General Wolfe the information where would be the best place to get up the bank above the Town, and Davis, who had been taken prisoner by the French, some years before, had given some other kind of information, and they both were to be punish'd as spies. However, they not only got off with their lives, but were afterwards, well rewarded by our Government. The former was appointed French-Translator to the Government Offices, and something more, which enabled him to live respectably; and Davis, who had been a grenadier-soldier, got a pension of twenty five pounds a year: they both lived a long time in the enjoyment of it."

MORTON LODGE.

The extensive green pastures which General James Murray owned, in 1768, on the St. Foy road, under the name of *Sans bruit*, [280] form at present several minor estates. One of the handsomest residences of this well wooded region was Morton Lodge, on the south side of the highway, and bounded by the Belvidère road,—about thirty-two acres in extent. It was honored with this name by one of its former owners, the builder of the lodge, some sixty years ago—the late James Black, Esquire. Morton Lodge is built in the cottage style, with a suite of roomy apartments forming a spacious wing in rear; the lawns in front of the house, with a grove of trees, add much to its beauty; a handsome conservatory to the

east opens on the drawing room; it is located in the centre of a flower garden. The additional attraction of this residence, when owned by the late David Douglas Young was an extensive collection of paintings, purchased at various times by the owner both in Canada and in Europe: the French, Flemish and Italian schools were well represented, as well as Kreighoff's winter scenery in Canada.

Morton Lodge, for many years was the residence of David Douglass Young, Esquire, once President of the Quebec Bank, and formerly a partner of the late George B. Symes, Esquire. Mr. Young claimed, on the maternal side, as ancestor, Donald Fraser, one of Fraser's (78th) Highlanders, a regiment which distinguished itself at the taking of Quebec, whilst fighting under Wolfe, on these same grounds.

Forming a portion of this estate, to the west, may be noticed a cosy little nest, *Bruce's Cottage*, as it was formerly called—now Bannockburn—surrounded on all sides by trees, lawns and flowers.

WESTFIELD.

"What, sir, said I," cut down Goldsmith's hawthorn bush, that supplies so beautiful an image in the DESERTED VILLAGE! 'Ma foy,' exclaimed the bishop (of Ardagh,) 'is that the hawthorn bush? then ever let it be saved from the edge of the axe, and evil to him that would cut from it a branch.'"—*Howitt's Homes and Haunts of British Poets.*

At Mount Pleasant, about one mile from St. John's Gate, a number of agreeable suburban residences have sprung up, as if by enchantment, within a few years. This locality, from the splendid view it affords of the valley of St. Charles, the basin of the St. Lawrence and surrounding country, has ever been appreciated. The most noticeable residence is a commodious cut-stone structure, inside of the toll, erected there a few years back by the late G. H. Simard, Esq., member for Quebec, and later, purchased by the late Fred. Vannovous, Esq., Barrister. Its mate in size and appearance a few acres to the west, on the St. Foye road, is owned by the Hon. Eugene Chinic, Senator. In the vicinity, under the veil of a dense grove of trees, your eyes gather as you drive past, the outlines of a massive, roomy homestead, on the north side of the heights, on a site which falls off considerably; groups of birch, maple, and some mountain ash and chesnut trees, flourish in the garden which surrounds the house; in rear, flower beds slope down in an enclosure, whose surface is ornamented with two tiny reservoirs of crystal water, which gushes from some perennial stream, susceptible of great embellishment at little cost, by adding *Jets d'eau*. The declivities in rear seem as if intended by nature to be laid out into lovely terraces, with flowers or verdure to fringe their summits.

In the eastern section of the domain stands,

"The hawthorne bush, with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age and whispering lovers made."

Whether it blossoms on Christmas Day, like the legendary White Thorn of Glastonbury, "which sprang from Joseph of Arimathea's dry staff, stuck by him in the ground when he rested there" deponent sayeth not. This majestic and venerable tree, branching out like a diminutive cedar of Lebanon, is indeed the pride of Westfield. It is evidently of very great age, though each summer as green, as fruitful as ever; the oldest inhabitant cannot recall when it was smaller. If trees could reveal what has passed under their boughs, would not the veteran hawthorn tell of wounded men resting beneath it; of the strange garb and cries of combatants, English, French, Celts, Canadians and Indians, on that luckless 28th April, 1760, when Murray's soldiers, were retreating in hot haste from St. Foye and placing the city walls between them and Levi's victorious legions; of shot, shell and bullets, [281.] whistling through its hoary branches, on that memorable 13th of September, 1759, when the *Sauvages d'Ecosse*, with their reeking claymores, were slashing at, and pursuing the French, flying from the battle field, over the St. Foye heights, to the French Camp on the north bank of the St. Charles, in a line with the Marine Hospital. Various indeed for as are the attractions of stately trees; we can understand why this one is the pride of Westfield. To us, an old denizen of the country, a stately tree has ever been a companionable; in fact, a reverential object. In our eyes 'tis not only rich in its own native beauty; it may perchance also borrow interest from associations and become a part of our home—of ourselves: it may have overshadowed the rustic seat, where, in our infant years, one dear to us and now departed, read the Sunday hymn or taught us with a mother's sanctifying love to become a good citizen, in every respect worthy of our sire. Perchance it may have been planted on the day of our birth; it may also commemorate the natal hour of our first-born, and may it not like ourselves, in our early days, have required the fostering care of a guardian spirit,—the dews from heaven to refresh it and encourage its growth. Yes, like the proprietor of Westfield, we dearly love the old trees of our home.

We were invited to ascend to the loftiest point of this dwelling, and contemplate from the platform on the roof the majestic spectacle at our feet. Far below us waved the nodding pinnacles of countless forest trees; beyond and around us, the site of the old battle-fields of 1759 and 1760, to the east, the

white expanse of the St. Lawrence sleeping between the Beauport, Orleans and Point Levi shores; to the northwest, the snake-like course of the St. Charles, stealing through fertile meadows, copses of evergreens—until, by a supreme effort, it veers round the compass at the Marine Hospital; there, at sunset, it appears as if gamboling in the light of the departing luminary, whose rays anon linger in fitful glances on the spires of Lorette, Charlesbourg and St. Sauveur, until they fade away, far away in the cerulean distance, over the sublime crags of *Tsononthouan*,

—"of these our hills the last that parleys
with the setting sun."

or else gild in amber tints, the wooded slopes of the lofty ridges to the west.

Westfield, forms part of a larger expanse of land, formerly known as the "Upper Bijou," crowning the heights, overhanging the valley of the St. Charles, where existed the "Lower Bijou," marshy and green meadows, once sacred to snipe, and on which the populous suburb St. Sauveur has recently sprung up. It was granted in free and common soccage, to the late Charles Grey Stewart, Esq., in 18—; he resided there many years.

In 1870, this lovely old homestead, became the property of the Hon. David Alex. Ross, Barrister, M.P.P. for the county of Quebec, its present occupant. Several embellishments have been added to it by this gentleman and his lady; at present, the views, groves, parterres of Westfield during the summer months are more attractive than ever.

COUCY-LE-CASTEL.

"Sol Canadien, terre chérie
Par des braves tu fus peuplé,
Ils cherchaient, loin de leur patrie,
Une terre de liberté,
Qu'elles sont belles, nos campagnes,
Au Canada qu'on vit content!

About the year 1830 that portion of the environs of Quebec watered by the River St. Charles, in the vicinity of Scott's bridge, had especially attracted the attention of several of our leading citizens as pleasant and healthy abodes for their families. Two well known gentlemen in particular, the bearers of old and respected names, the late Honorable Mr. Justice Philippe Panet, and his brother the Honorable Louis Panet, "Senator selected two adjoining lots covering close on eighty acres, on the banks of the St. Charles, the Cahire-Coubat of ancient days. The main road to the east intervenes between the Hon. Judge Panet's seat and the mossy old dwelling in which Col. Arnold had his head-quarters during the winter of 1775-76, now the residence of the Langlois family. Judge Panet built there an elegant villa on an Italian design, brought home after returning from the sunny clime of Naples, the rooms are lofty and all are oval. Several hundred sombre old pines surround the house on all sides.

The neighboring villa, to the west, was planted by the Honorable Louis Panet, about 1830; also the grounds tastefully laid out in meadows, plantations and gardens, symmetrically divided off by neat spruce, thorn, and snowball hedges, which improve very much their aspect. One fir hedge, in particular, is of uncommon beauty. To the west an ancient pine, a veritable monarch of the forest, rears his hoary trunk, and amidst most luxuriant foliage looks down proudly on the young plantation beneath him, lending his hospitable shades to a semi-circular rustic seat—a grateful retreat during the heat of a summer's day. Next to this old tree runs a small rill, once dammed up for a fish-pond, but a colony of muskrats having "unduly elected domicile thereat," the finny denizens disappeared as if by magic; and next, the voracious *rodents* made so many raids into the vegetable garden that the legal gentleman, who was lord of the manor, served on them *a notice to quit*, by removing the dam. The ejected amphibii crossed the river in a body and "elected domicile" in the roots of an elm tree at Poplar Grove, opposite and in full view of the castle, probably by way of a threat. On the high river banks is a twelve-pounder used formerly to crown a miniature fort erected over there. We remember on certain occasions hearing at a distance its loud *boom*. Coucy-le-Castel is surrounded on two sides by a spacious piazza, and stands on an elevated position close to the river bank. From the drawing-room windows is visible the even course of the fairy Cahire-Coubat, hurrying past in dark eddies, under the pendulous foliage of some graceful elms which overhang the bank at Poplar Grove, the mansion of the late L. T. McPherson, Esq. Now and again from the small fort, amidst the murmur of rapids not far distant, you may catch the shrill note of the king-fisher in his hasty flight over the limpid stream, or see a lively trout leap in yonder deep pool; or else, in the midsummer vacation, see a birch canoe lazily floating down from *la mer Pacifique*, impelled by the arm of a pensive law student, dreaming perchance of Pothier or Blackstone,— perchance of his lady love, whilst paddling to the air:—

"Il y a longtemps que je t'aime
Jamais je ne t'oublierai."

The neighborhood of running water; the warbling of the birds; the distant lowing of kine in the green meadows; the variety and beauty of the landscape, especially when the descending orb of day gilds the dark woods to the west, furnish a strikingly rural spectacle at Coucy-le-Castel, thus named from a French estate in Picardy, owned by the Badelarts, ancestors, on the maternal side, of the Panets.

In 1861 Coucy-le-Castel was purchased by Judge Jean Thomas Taschereau, of Quebec, under whose care it is acquiring each year new charms. A plantation of deciduous trees and evergreens has taken the place of the row of poplars which formerly lined the avenue. The Judge's *Château* stands conspicuous amongst the pretty but less extensive surrounding country seats, such as the old mansion of Fred. Andrews, Esq., Q. C., the neat cottage of Fred. W. Andrews, Esq., Barrister, festooned with wild vines.

RINGFIELD.

FRANCISCUS PRIMUS, DEI GRATIA, FRANCORUM REX REGNAT.

Inscription on cross erected 3d May, 1536, by Jacques Cartier.

We will be pardoned for devoting a larger space than for other country seats, in describing Ringfield, on account of the important events of which it was the theatre.

Close to the Dorchester Bridge to the west, on the Charlesbourg road, there was once an extensive estate known as Smithville—five or six hundred acres of table land owned by the late Charles Smith, Esq., who for many years resided in the substantial large stone dwelling subsequently occupied by A. Laurie, Esq., at present by Owen Murphy, Esq., opposite the Marine Hospital. Some hundred acres, comprising the land on the west of the *ruisseau* Lairet, known as *Ferme des Anges*, [282] were detached from it and now form Ringfield, whose handsome villa is scarcely visible from the Charlesbourg road in summer on account of the plantation of evergreens and other forest trees which, with white-thorn hedge, line its semicircular avenue on both sides. One might be inclined to regret that this plantation has grown up so luxuriantly, as it interferes with the striking view to be had here of the Island of Orleans, St. Lawrence, and surrounding parishes. Before the trees assume their vernal honours there can be counted, irrespective of the city spires, no less than thirteen steeples of churches in so many parishes. Ringfield takes its name from its circular meadow (Montcalm's hornwork). In rear it is bounded to the west by the little stream called Lairet, with the *ruisseau* St. Michel in view; to the south, its natural boundary is the meandering Cahire-Coubat. [283]

Ringfield has even more to recommend it than the rural beauty common to the majority of our country seats; here were enacted scenes calculated to awaken the deepest interest in every student of Canadian history. On the banks of the River St. Charles, 1535-36, during his second voyage of discovery, Jacques Cartier, the intrepid navigator of St. Malo, more than three centuries back, it is now generally supposed, wintered. We have Champlain's [284] authority for this historical fact, though, Charlevoix erroneously asserts that the great discoverer wintered on the banks of the River Jacques Cartier, twenty-seven miles higher up than Quebec. A careful examination of *Lescarbot's Journal of Cartier's Second Voyage*, and the investigations of subsequent historians leave little room to doubt Champlain's statement. [285] Jacques Cartier in his journal, written in the quaint old style of that day, furnishes us curious descriptions of the locality where he wintered, and of the adjoining Indian town, *Stadaconé*, the residence of the Chief Donacona. The Abbé Ferland and other contemporary writers have assigned as the probable site of Stadacona that part of Quebec which is now covered by a portion of the suburbs of St. John, and by that part of St. Roch looking towards the St. Charles. How graphically Jacques Cartier writes of that portion of the River St. Lawrence opposite the Lower Town, less than a mile in width, "deep and swift running," and also of the "goodly, fair and delectable bay or creek convenient and fit to harbour ships," the St. Charles (St. Croix or Holy Cross) river! and again of the spot wherein, he says, "we stayed from the 15th of September, 1535, to the 6th May, 1536, and there our ships remained dry." Cartier mentions the area of ground adjoining to where he wintered "as goodly a plot of ground as possible may be seen, and, wherewithal, very fruitful, full of goodly trees even as in France, such as oak, elm, ash, walnut trees, white-thorns and vines that bring forth fruit as big as any damsons, and many other sort of trees; tall hemp as any in France, without any seed or any man's work or labor at all." There are yet some noble specimens of elm, the survivors of a thick clump, that once stood on the edge of the hornwork. The precise spot in the St. Charles where Cartier moored his vessels and where his people built the fort [286] in which they wintered may have been, for aught that could be advanced to the contrary, where the French government in 1759 built the hornwork or earth redoubt, so plainly visible to this day, near the Lairet stream. It may also have been at the mouth of the St. Michel stream which here empties itself into the St. Charles, on the Jesuits' farm. The

hornwork or circular meadow, as the peasantry call it, is in a line with the General Hospital, Mount Pleasant, St. Bridget's Asylum and the corporation lots recently acquired by the Quebec Seminary for a botanical garden and seminary, adjoining Abraham's Plains. Jacques Cartier's fort, we know to a certainty, must have been on the north bank of the river, [287] from the fact that the natives coming from Stadacona to visit their French guests had to cross the river, and did so frequently. It does seem strange that Champlain does not appear to have known the exact locality where, seventy years previously, Stadacona had stood; the cause may lie in the exterminating wars carried on between the several savage tribes, leaving, occasionally, no vestige of once powerful nations and villages. Have we not seen in our day a once warlike and princely race—the Hurons— dwindle down, through successive decay, to what *now* remains of them?

A drawing exists, copied from an engraving executed at Paris, the subject of which, furnished by G. B. Faribault, Esquire, retraced the departure of the St. Malo mariner for France on the 6th of May, 1536. To the right may be seen, Jacques Cartier's fort, [288] built with stockades, mounted with artillery, and subsequently made stronger still, we are told, with ditches and solid timber, with drawbridge, and fifty men to watch night and day.

Next comes the *Grande Hermine*, his largest vessel, of about one hundred and twenty tons, in which Donacona, the interpreter, and two other Indians of note, treacherously seized, are to be conveyed to France, to be presented to the French monarch, Francis I. Close by, the reader will observe *l'Emerillon*, of about forty tons in size, the third of his ships; and higher up, the hull of a stranded and dismantled vessel, the *Petite Hermine*, of about sixty tons, intended to represent the one whose timbers were dug up at the mouth of the St. Michel in 1843, and created such excitement amongst the antiquaries of that day. On the opposite side of the river, at Hare Point, the reader will notice on the plate, a cross, intended to represent the one erected by Cartier's party on the 3rd May, 1536, in honour of the festival of the Holy Cross; at the foot a number of Indians and some French in the old costume of the time of Francis I. So much for Jacques Cartier and his winter quarters, in 1535- 36.

Two hundred and twenty-three years after this date we find this locality again the arena of memorable events. In the disorderly retreat of the French army on the 13th of September, 1759, from the heights of Abraham, the panic-stricken squadrons came pouring down Côte d'Abraham and Côte à Cotton, hotly pursued by the Highlanders and the 58th Regiment, hurrying towards the bridge of boats and following the shores of the River St. Charles until the fire of the hulks anchored in the river stopped the pursuit. On the north side of the bridge of boats was a *tête de pont*, redoubt or hornwork, a strong work of pentagonal shape, well portrayed in Tiffeny's plan of the Siege Operations before Quebec. This hornwork was partly wood, defended by palisades, and towards Beauport, an earthwork— covering about twelve acres, the remains (the round or ring field), standing more than fifteen feet above the ground, may be seen to this day surrounded by a ditch, three thousand [289] men at least must have been required to construct, in a few weeks, this extensive entrenchment. In the centre stood a house, visible on a plan of Mr. Parke's, in which, about noon on that memorable day, a pretty lively debate was taking place. Vaudreuil and some of the French officers were at that moment and in this spot debating the surrender of the whole colony. Let us hear an eye-witness, Chevalier Johnstone, General de Lévis' aide- de-camp, one of the Scotchmen fighting in Canada for the French king, against some of his own countrymen under Wolfe, after the disaster of Culloden. It was our good fortune to publish the recently-discovered journal of this Scotch officer for the first time in 1864. Chevalier Johnstone's description will strike every one from its singular accuracy:—

"The French army in flight, scattered and entirely dispersed, rushed towards the town. Few of them entered Quebec; they went down the heights of Abraham opposite the Intendant's Palace (past St. John's gate) directing their course to the hornwork, and following the borders of the River St. Charles. Seeing the impossibility of rallying our troops I determined myself to go down the hill at the windmill near the bake house [290] and from thence across over the meadows to the hornwork resolved not to approach Quebec from my apprehension of being shut up there with a part of our army which might have been the case if the victors had drawn all the advantage they could have reaped from our defeat. It is true the death of the General-in-chief—an event which never fails to create the greatest disorder and confusion in an army—may plead as an excuse for the English neglecting so easy an operation as to take all our army prisoners.

The hornwork had the River St. Charles before it about seventy paces broad which served it better than an artificial ditch; its front facing the river and the heights was composed of strong thick and high palisades planted perpendicularly with gunholes pierced for several pieces of large cannon in it, the river is deep and only fordable at low water at a musket shot before the fort: this made it more difficult to be forced on that side than on its other side of earthworks facing Beauport which had a more formidable appearance and the hornwork certainly on that side was not in the least danger of being taken by the English by an assault

from the other side of the river. On the appearance of the English troops on the plain of the lake house Montguet and La Motte, two old captains in the Regiment of Béarn, cried out with vehemence to M. de Vaudreuil, that the hornwork would be taken in an instant, by an assault sword in hand, that we would all be cut to pieces without quarter and nothing else would save us but an immediate and general capitulation of Canada giving it up to the English.

Montreuil told them that a fortification such as the hornwork was not to be taken so easily. In short there arose a general cry in the hornwork to cut the bridge of boats. [291] It is worth of remark that not a fourth part of our army had yet arrived at it and the remainder by cutting the bridge would have been left on the other side of the river as victims to the victors. The regiment Royal Roussillon was at that moment at the distance of a musket shot from the hornwork approaching to pass the bridge. As I had already been in such adventures, I did not lose my presence of mind, and having still a shadow remaining of that regard which the army accorded me on account of the esteem and confidence which M. de Lévis and M. de Montcalm had always shewn me publicly, I called to M. Hugon, who commanded, for a pass in the hornwork and begged of him to accompany me to the bridge. We ran there and without asking who had given the order to cut it, we chased away the soldiers with their uplifted axes ready to execute that extravagant and wicked operation.

"M. Vaudreuil was closeted in a house in the inside of the hornwork with the Intendant and some other persons. I suspected they were busy drafting the articles for a general capitulation and I entered the house, where I had only time to see the Intendant with a pen in his hand writing on a sheet of paper, when M. Vaudreuil told me I had no business there. Having answered him that what he said was true, I retired immediately, in wrath to see them intent on giving up so scandalously a dependancy for the preservation of which so much blood and treasure had been expended. On leaving the house, I met M. Dalquier, an old, brave, downright honest man, commander of the regiment of Béarn, with the true character of a good officer—the marks of Mars all over his body. I told him it was being debated within the house to give up Canada to the English by a capitulation, and I hurried him in, to stand up for the King's cause, and advocate the welfare of his country. I then quitted the hornwork to join Poulanes at the Ravine [292] of Beauport, but having met him about three or four hundred paces from the hornwork, on his way to it, I told him what was being discussed there. He answered me, that sooner than consent to a capitulation, he would shed the last drop of his blood. He told me to look on his table and house as my own, advised me to go there directly to repose myself, and clapping spurs to his horse, he flew like lightning to the hornwork."

Want of space precludes us from adding more from this very interesting journal of the Chevalier Johnstone, replete with curious particulars of the disorderly retreat of the French regiments from their Beauport camp, after dark, on that eventful 13th September, how they assembled first at the hornwork, and then filed off by detachments on the Charlesbourg road, then to Ancient Lorette, until they arrived, worn out and disheartened without commanders, at day break at Cap Rouge.

On viewing the memorable scenes witnessed at Ringfield,—the spot where the French discoverer wintered in 1535-36, and also the locality, where it was decided to surrender the colony to England in 1759—are we not justified in considering it as both the *cradle* and the *tomb* of French Dominion in the new world?

Ringfield has, for many years, been the family mansion of George Holmes Parke, Esquire.

CASTOR VILLE

"In woods or glens I love to roam,
* * * *
Or by the woodland pool to rest."

In the deepest recesses of the Lorette woods, amongst the most shady meanders of the sinuous Cahire Coubat, some five miles due north from Castel-Coucy, we know a bank, not precisely where

"The wild thyme grows,"

but where you are sure, in spring and summer, to pluck handfuls of trilliums, wild violets, ferns of rare beauty, columbines, kalmias, ladies' slippers, ladies' tresses (we mean of course the floral subjects). In this beauteous region, sacred to Pan, the Naiades, Dryades, and the daughters of Mnemosyne, you might possibly, dear reader, were you privileged with a pass from one of our most

respected friends, be allowed to wander; or perchance in your downward voyage from Lake Charles to the Lorette Falls, in that *vade mecum* of a forester's existence—a birch canoe—you might, we repeat, possibly be allowed to pitch your camp on one of the mossy headlands of Castor Ville, and enjoy your luncheon, in this sylvan spot, that is, always presuming you were deemed competent to fully appreciate nature's wildest charms, and rejoice, like a true lover, in her coyest and most furtive glances.

Castor Ville, a forest wild, where many generations of beavers, otters, caribou, boars, foxes and hares once roamed, loved and died, covers an area of more than one hundred acres. Through it glides the placid course of the St. Charles—overhung by hoary fir trees—from the parent lake to the pretty Indian Lorette Falls, a distance of about eight miles of fairy scenery, which every man of taste, visiting Lake St. Charles, ought to enjoy at least once in his life. It is all through mantled over by a dense second growth of spruce and fir trees, intersected by a maze of avenues. The lodge sits gracefully, with its verandah and artillery, on a peninsula formed by the *Grand Desert* and St. Charles streams. You can cross over in a canoe to that portion of the domain beyond the river: along the banks, a number of resting places—tiny bowers of birch bark—dingies and canoes anchored all round—here and there a *portage*—close by, a veritable Indian wigwam—*Oda Sio* [293] by name. On a bright morning in early spring, you may chance to meet, in one of the paths, or in his canoe, a white-haired hunter, the Master of Castor Ville, returning home after visiting his hare, fox, or otter traps, proudly bearing *Lepus* in his game bag, next to which you may discover a volume of *Molière*, *Montaigne* or *Montesquieu*. On selling Castle-Coucy, its loyal-hearted old proprietor, taking with him the guns of the fort, retired to the present wild demesne, in which occasionally he passes, with his family, many pleasant hours, amidst books, friends and rural amusements, far from city noises and city excitement.

Castor Ville belongs to the Hon. Louis Panet, member of the Legislative Council of Canada." (Written in 1865.)

Since this little sketch was penned, sixteen years ago, the unwelcome shadow of years has crept over our old friend, eighty-six winters and then frost has cooled the ardor of the *Chasseur*, Castor Ville for Mr. Panet has lost much of its sunshine.

THE JOYS OF WINTER.

"Oh! the snow, the beautiful snow,
Filling the earth and sky below,
Over the house-tops, over the street,
Over the heads of the people you meet,
 Dancing,
 Flirting,
 Skimming along,
Beautiful snow, it can do no wrong,
Flying to kiss a lady's cheek,
Clinging to lips in a frolicsome freak,
Beautiful snow from the heaven above,
Pure as an angel, gentle as love!

Oh! the snow, the beautiful snow
How the flakes gather and laugh as they go,
Whirling about in the maddening fun,
It plays in its glee with every one,
 Chasing,
 Laughing,
 Hurrying by,
It lights on the face and sparkles the eye!
And even the dogs, with a bark and a bound,
Snap at the crystals that eddy around,
The town is alive, and its heart is aglow!
To welcome the coming of the beautiful snow

How the wild crowds go swaying along,
Hailing each other with humour and song,
How the gay sledges, like meteors, pass by,
Bright for the moment, then lost to the eye,
 Ringing,
 Swinging,
 Dashing they go,

Over the crust of this beautiful snow,
Snow so pure when it falls from the sky,
To be trampled and tracked by the crowd rushing by,
To be trampled and tracked by the thousands of feet,
Till it blends with the filth in the horrible street."

Has it ever been your fortune, kind reader, to enjoy, in the depth of winter, a ramble in a Canadian forest, at the mystic hour when the Queen of Night asserts her silent sway? Have you ever revelled in this feast of soul, fresh from the busy hum of city life—perchance strolling up a mountain path with undulating plains of spotless whiteness behind you, or else canopied by the leafy dome of odorous pines or green hemlock, with no other companion but your trusty rifle, nor other sound but the hoot of the Great Horned Owl, disturbed by the glare of your camp fire—or the rustle of the passing hare, skulking fox, or browsing cariboo? Have you ever been compelled, venturesome hunter as you are, with the lengthening shades of evening, after a twenty miles' run, to abandon the blood-stained trail, reserving for the morrow the slaying of the stricken cariboo? Can you recall the sense of weariness, with which you retraced your heavy steps to the camp—perspiring at every pore,—panting with thirst—famished—perhaps bewildered with the flakes of the gathering storm—yea, so exhausted, that the crackling of the pine faggots of your mountain hut—watched over in your absence by your faithful Indian "Gabriel" [294]—struck on your quickened senses amidst the winter gloom like heavenly music—sounds as soft, as welcome as the first April sunbeam? Have you ever had the hardiness to venture with an Indian guide and toboggin on an angling tour far north in the Laurentian chain, to that *Ultima Thule* sacred to the disciples of old Isaac. Snow Lake, over chasm, dale, mountain, pending that month dear above all others to King Hiems— inexorable January? If so, you can indeed boast of having held communion with the grim God of Winter in some of his stern, though captivating, moods. Nor are these the only charms which the capricious monarch has in store.

Never shall I forget, one balmy March morning, sauntering along the green uplands of Sillery, towards the city, while the "sun god" was pouring overhead, waves of soft, purple light. The day previous, one of our annual, equinoctial storms had careered over the country; first, wind and snow; then wind and sleet, the latter dissolving into icy tears, encircling captive Nature in thousands of weird, glossy crystals; every tree of the forest, according to its instinct, its nature, writhing in the conqueror's cold embrace—rigid, creaking, ready to snap in twain rather than bend, as the red oak or sugar maple, or else meekly, submissively curving to the earth its tapering, frosted limbs, like the silver birch—elegant, though fragile, ornament of the Canadian park, or else, rearing amid air a graceful net-work—waving, transparent sapphire-tinted arabesques, stretched on amber pillars; witness the Golden Willow. Each gleam of sunshine investing this gorgeous tapestry with all the glories of Iris; here, rising above his compeers, a stately lord of the grove, hoary with frost and years, whose outspreading boughs are burnished, as if every twig had been touched by the hand of an enchanter, whilst there, under his shade, bends a mountain ash, smeared with the crimsoned berries of the preceding summer, now ice-coated *bon-bons* eagerly plucked by troops of roseate grosbeaks resting on the whitened branches. How lovely the contrasts!

Such, the scene in the winsome light of day. But of those objects, viewed by moonlight, who would have dared becomingly depict the wild beauty? The same incomparable landscape, with Diana's silver rays softly sleeping on the virgin snow; on each side, an avenue of oak, spruce and fir trees, the latter with their emerald boughs wreathed in solid ice, and to the earth gracefully bending in festoons—now and again kissed by the night wind; at each wavy motion disclosing their dark trunks, under the frozen foliage, like old Ocean's billows breaking on dark rocks; the burnished gold of the morn changed into silver floss, twinkling with a mild radiance, under the eye of night, like diamond tiaras—a vista fit for Queen Mab! Of such, mayhap dreamed Moorish maid, under the portals of the Alhambra. Were Armida's enchanted forests brighter?

Who can describe all thy witchery? Thy nameless graces, who can compass, serene majesty of Winter in the North? And yet all these glories of frost and moon-lit snows we once did see round our Canadian Home.

Wouldst thou fancy another view of winter less serene; a contrast such as glorious old KIT NORTH would have revelled in? Step forward, my witty, my sarcastic friend of the *Evènement* newspaper—by name Henri Fabre!

"The true season of Canada is winter; winter with its bright skies by day and its brighter stars by night. Of spring we have none. April is nothing better than a protracted thaw, with scenes of mud and melting snow. May, the month dear to poets, is frequently but an uninterrupted succession of showers to fecundate the earth; its symbol, an array of outspread umbrellas in our streets. As to our summer, it is but the epitome of the lovely summer of France and Italy for the use of new countries. Autumn is a shade better; but anon, the first frost hurries on to blanch and disperse the leaves and dim the hues of

mellowed nature. When the fields slumber under ten feet of snow; when human noses freeze before their sneezing owners have time to utter a cry for help, then is the *beau idéal* of our climate. He who on such an occasion dares to sigh for the boasted shade of trees and the murmur of gushing waters, that man is no true Canadian. The searching wind, the cold, the northern blast, [295] are part and parcel of our country; one is bound to love them. Should they increase in intensity, rub your hands, first to keep yourself warm, next to denote your patriotic joy!"

But all this won't prevent us from exclaiming with a Canadian son of song:

"Oh! dear is the Northern forest home,
Where the great pine shoots on high;
And the maple spreads its soft, green leaves
In the clear, blue, taintless sky;
Though the summer mantle paleth fast
Into winter's virgin veil
There is health in the fierce, quick lightning blast,
And strength in the icy gale;
And life glides on in a quiet calm,
Like our own great river's flow;
And dear to the hearts of her children all
Is our own FAIR LAND OF SNOW!"

SILLERY, near Quebec, 1881.

THE MANOR HOUSE, BEAUPORT.

Let us view a remnant of feudal times.

On the Beauport road, four miles from the city and about forty feet from the late Colonel B. C. A. Gugy's habitation, stood until 1879 an antiquated high-gabled French stone dwelling, very substantially put together. About thirty years back there was still existing close to and connected with it, a pavilion or tower, used in early days as a fort to protect the inmates against Indian raids. It contained the boudoir and sleeping apartments of some of the fair *seigneuresses* [296] of Beauport in the house which Robert Giffard, the first seignor built there more than two centuries ago; it is the oldest seignorial manor in Canada. Robert Giffard's house—or, more properly, his shooting box—is thought to have stood closer to the little stream to the west. The first seignor of Beauport had two daughters who married two brothers, Juchereau, the ancestors of the Duchesnays; and the manor has been in the possession of, and occupied by, the Duchesnays for more than two hundred years.

Robert Giffard had visited Canada, for the first time, in 1627, in the capacity of a surgeon; and being a great sportsman, he built himself a small house on the banks of the Beauport stream, to enjoy to perfection, his favorite amusements—shooting and fishing. No authentic data exist of the capacity of Beauport for game in former days; we merely read in the *Relations des Jésuites* that in the year 1648, 1200 ptarmigan were shot there, we also know that the quantities of ducks congregating on the adjoining *flats* caused the place to be called *La Canardière*. There is a curious old record in connection with this manor, exhumed by the Abbé Ferland; it is the exact formula used by one of the tenants or *censitaires* in rendering *foi et hommage* to the Lord of the Manor. Guion (Dion?), a tenant, had by sentence of the Governor, Montmagny, been condemned on the 30th July, 1640, to fulfil this feudal custom. The document recites that, after knocking at the door of the chief manorial entrance, and in the absence of the master, addressing the farmer, one Boulle, the said Guion, having knelt down bare headed without his sword or spurs, repeated three times the words,—"*Monsieur de Beauport, Monsieur de Beauport, Monsieur de Beauport, je vous fais et porte la foy et hommage que je suis tenu de vous porter, a cause de mon fief du Buisson, [297] duquel je suis homme de foy relevant de votre seigneurie de Beauport, lequel m'appartient au moyen du contrat que nous avons passe ensemble par devant Roussel à Mortagne, le 14 Mars, 1634, vous déclarant que je vous offre payer les droits seigneuriaux et féodaux quand dûs seront, vous réquerant me recevoir à la dite foy et homage.*" "Lord of Beauport, Lord of Beauport, Lord of Beauport, I render you the fealty and homage due to you on account of my land du Buisson ... which belongs to me by virtue of the title-deed executed between us in presence of Roussel at Mortagne, the 14th March, 1634, avowing my readiness to acquit the seignorial and feudal rents whenever they shall be due, beseeching you to admit me to the said and homage." This Guion, a mason by trade, observes the Abbé Ferland, was the man of letters and scribe of the parish. There is still extant a marriage contract, drafted by him, for two parishioners; it is one of the earliest on record in Canada, bearing date the 16th July, 1636. It is signed by the worthy Robert Giffard, the seignor, and by Francois Bellanger and Noël Langlois; the other parties affixed their mark. It possesses interest as serving to illustrate the status and education of the early French settlers. In 1628, Robert Giffard had

been taken a prisoner of war by the English, on board of Rocmont's fleet. On his return, and in acknowledgement of the services rendered by him to the colonial authorities, he obtained a grant of the seigniorship of Beauport, together with a large tract of land, on the River St. Charles. For many long years the ancestral halls of the Duchesnays, at Beauport, rang with the achievements of their warlike seigneurs. One of them, Nicholas Juchereau de St. Denys, so distinguished himself at the siege of Quebec in 1690, that his sovereign granted him "a patent of nobility." ("*Le sieur de St. Denys, seigneur de Beauport,*" says Charlevoix, "*commandait ses habitants, il avait plus de soixante ans et combattait avec beaucoup de valeur, jusqu'a ce qu'il eut un bras casse d'un coup de feu. Le Roi récompensa peu de temps après son zèle en lui accordant des lettres de noblesse.*") His son distinguished himself in Louisiana. Two other members of the family won laurels at Châteaugay. A descendant, Lieut.-Col. Théodore Duchesnay, is Deputy Adjutant General of Militia.

The late Col. Gogy, built himself, in 1865, close to the manor, a comfortable dwelling, wherein, amidst rural retirement, he divided his existence between literature, briefs and his stud, noted all over Canada. He had recently added to his domain, by purchase, a large tract of land from the adjoining property, the De Salaberry homestead, where H.R.H. the Duke of Kent, the father of our beloved Queen, in 1791 enjoyed more than one *petit souper*. The broad acres which in 1759 resounded to the tread of Montcalm's heavy squadrons, for years the quiet home of a barrister of note, now bear the name of Darnoc. *Cedant arma togae*.

Darnoc, since the death of Col. Gogy, in 1878, is occupied by Mrs. Gogy and Herman Ryland, Esq., who married a daughter of the late proprietor. The ruins of the Duchesnay Manor, more than once have been disturbed by the pick and shovel of the midnight seeker for hidden French piastres: though religiously protected against outrage by Mrs. Gogy's family, and more especially watched over by the *Genius Loci*, the divining rod and a *Petit Albert* have recently found their way there; however successfully poised and backed by the most orthodox incantations and fumigations, the magic rod has failed so far to bring to the surface either gold or silver coin. This was probably owing to the omission of a very important ceremony: the production on the spot of "a candle [298] made out of the fat of an executed murderer, as the clock strikes twelve at midnight," under suitable planetary influence.

The recent discovery of the corner stone of the old manor, and of an inscription dating back to 1634, have given rise to a spicy newspaper discussion among our antiquarians.

THE SEIGNIORIAL MANOR OF THE FIRST SEIGNEUR OF BEAUPORT, 1614.

I.H.S. M.I.A. LAN 1634 LE NTE 25 IVILET.IE.ETE-PLA PREMIERE.P.C.GIFART SEIGNEVR.DE CE.LIEV

In March 1881, the *Literary and Historical Society* of Quebec, received from the widow of the late Col. B. C. A. Gogy, of Darnoc, Beauport, a lead plate, with the above quoted inscription, and a note, stating under what circumstances Col. Gogy's family became possessed of it. This lead plate, affords a written record of the laying of the foundation stone, on the 25th July, 1634, of the historical homestead of the fighting *Seigneurs* of Beauport: the Gifart, the Juchereau, the Duchesnay.

The massive old pile alleged to have been the headquarters of the Marquis de Montcalm, during the siege of Quebec, in 1759, and in which many generations of Duchesnays and some of Col. Gogy's children were born, became the prey of flames in 1879, 'tis said, by the act of a Vandal. Thus perished the most ancient stronghold of the proud feudal Lairds of Beauport, of the stone manor of Surgeon Robert Giffard; the safe retreat against the Iroquois of the warlike Juchereau Duchesnays, one of whose ancestors, in 1645, had married Marie Gifart, or Giffard, a daughter of the bellicose Esculapius from Perche, France,—Surgeon Robert Gifart. Grim and defiant the antique manor, with its high-peaked gables, stood in front of the dwelling Col. Gogy had erected, at Darnoc, in 1865: it rather intercepted the view to be had from this spot, of Quebec. One of the memorable landmarks of the past, it has furnished a subject for the pencil of Col. Benson J. Lossing, author of the "American Revolution," and "Life of Washington," who, during his visit to Quebec, in July, 1858, sketched it with others, for *Harper's Magazine*, where it appeared, over the heading "Montcalm's Headquarters, Beauport," in the January number, 1859, page 180, from which drawing it was transferred to the columns of the *Canadian Illustrated News*, for May, 1881.

Whilst the deciphering of some of the letters I.H.S.—M.I.A. at the top of the inscription has exercised the ingenuity of our Oldbucks and Monkbarns, the plate itself and its inscription will furnish to the student of history an indefeasible proof of the exact spot, and of the date, when and where stood the oldest of our seigniorial manors,—that of Robert Gifart, on the margin of the *ruisseau de l'ours*, at Beauport, in 1634.

J. M. LeMoine Esquire, President Literary and Historical Society, Quebec:

BEAUPORT, 26th March, 1881

"SIR.—The tablet found in the Manor House of Beauport by some workmen, last summer, and only recently restored to the proprietors, is a circular plate of lead or pewter much injured by the fire which consumed the building.

Owing to the unwillingness of the men concerned to give any information, it is difficult to learn much about whereabouts in the building it was found, nor what other articles may have accompanied it, but as far as can be ascertained, this oval plate (about 1/4 of an inch in thickness) was rolled up and contained a few coins and some documents; the first cannot be traced and are spoken of as "quelques sous;" the latter, they say, crumbled into dust at once.

The inscription, as well as can be deciphered, is as follows:—

I.H.S. M.I.A. LAN 1634 LE NTE 25 IVILET.IE.ETE-PLA PREMIERE.P.C.GIFART SEIGNEVR.DE CE.LIEV

This is rudely but deeply cut into the plate, and underneath may be seen in patches, traces of a fainter etching, part of which may be a coat of arms, but this is uncertain; underneath can be seen a heart reversed, with flames springing from it upwards. All these are enclosed in a larger heart, point downwards.

The enclosed rough simile may give an idea of the lettering at the top of the circle, the plate itself being about nine inches in diameter."

(With Mrs. Gugy's compliments.)

Darnoc, 26th March, 1881.

THE BEAUPORT MANOR INSCRIPTION.

(To the Editor of the Morning Chronicle.)

"Whilst regretting the loss of the coins and document accompanying the inscription of the Beauport Manor, on account of the light it might have thrown on this remote incident of Canadian history, let us examine the case as it stands.

This rude inscription of 25th July, 1634, gives priority as to date to the Beauport Manor over any ancient structure extant in Canada this day. The erection of the manor would seem to have preceded by three years the foundation of the Jesuits' Sillery residence, now owned by Messrs. Dobell and Beckett, which dates of July, 1637. Who prepared the inscription? Who engraved the letters? Who cut on the lead the figure of the "flaming heart?" The stars? Are they heraldic? What did they typify? Did the plate come out, ready prepared from France? Had the *Académie des Inscriptions, etc.*, or any other *académie*, any hand in the business? No, for obvious reasons.

The lead-plate was imbedded in solid masonry. It is too rude to be the work of an engraver. Could it have been designed by Surgeon Gifart, the Laird of Beauport and cut on the lead-plate by the scribe and *savant* of the settlement, Jean Guion (Dion?) whose penmanship in the wording of two marriage contracts, dating from 1636, has been brought to light by an indefatigable searcher of the past—the Abbé Ferland? probably.

But if the lettered Beauport stone mason, who never rose to be a Hugh Miller, whatever were his abilities, did utilize his talents in 1634, to produce a durable record in order to perpetuate the date of foundation of this manor, he subsequently got at loggerheads with his worth *seigneur*, probably owing to the litigious tastes which his native Perche had instilled in him. Perche, we all know, is not very distant from Normandy, the hot-bed of feuds and litigation, and might have caught the infection from this neighborhood:

Governor Montmagny, in the space of eight short years, had been called on to adjudicate on six controversies which had arisen between Gifart and his vassals, touching boundaries and seigniorial rights, though the learned historian Ferland, has failed to particularize, whether among those controverted rights, was included the *Droit de Chapons* and *Droit de Seigneur*; could the latter unchaste, but cherished right of some Scotch and German feudal lords, by a misapprehension of our law, in the dark days of the colony, have been claimed by such an exacting seignior as M. de Gifart? One hopes not.

Be that as it may, the stone mason and *savant* Jean Guion had refused to do feudal homage

to "Monsieur de Beauport," and on the 30th July, 1640, six years after the date of the inscription, under sentence rendered by Governor de Montmagny, he was made to do so.

Who will decipher the I.H.S.—M.I.A. the letters at the top of the plate? Is there no defendant of the haughty Seigneur of Beauport, Rob. Gifart, to give us his biography, and tell us of his sporting days; of the black and grey ducks, brant, widgeon, teal, snipe, and curlew, etc., which infested the marshy banks of the stream—the *Ruisseau de l'Ours*, on which he had located, first his shooting box, and afterwards his little fort or block-house, against Iroquois aggression? Dr. Gifart was a keen sportsman, tradition repeats. Did the locality get the name of *Canardière* on account of the *Canards*, the ducks, he had bagged in his time? Who will enlighten us on all these points?

ENQUIRER.

Quebec, 8th April, 1881.

QUERY.—Would I. H. S. stand for *Jesus Hominum Salvator*? and M.I.A. for *Maria-Josephus-Anna*?—the Holy Family—asks Dr W. Marsden.

COUNT D'ORSONNENS LETTER

A monsieur J. M. LeMoine, président de la Société Littéraire et Historique de Québec, etc., etc.

CHER MONSIEUR,—Votre lettre du 1er avril, publiée dans le *Morning Chronicle*, en groupant, autour du premier Manoir canadien, des grands noms canadiens, des faits historiques et des traditions, semble vouloir nous faire regretter encore plus la perte d'un monument dont il ne reste plus qu'une plaque de plomb gravée sans art, avec une inscription sans orthographe. Je suis allé, comme bien d'autres, voir ce morceau de plomb, qui contient, autant que l'imprimerie peut le représenter, l'inscription suivante:

I.H.S. M.I.A. LAN 1634 LE NTE 25 IVILET.IE.ETE-PLA PREMIERE.P.C.GIFART SEIGNEVR.DE CE.LIEV

La première ligne a été, sans doute, gravée avec une pointe, l'incision plus indécise est aussi moins profonde, de même que les lettres NTE ajoutées au-dessus de PLA, pour faire le mot planté, que l'art du graveur ou la largeur du ciseau n'avait pas su contenir dans la troisième ligne.

Les lettres des trois dernières lignes ont été coupées avec un ciseau de un demi-pouce de large, l'incision est nette et bien dessinée; on voit encore les lignes qui ont été tracées dans toute la largeur de la plaque, au moyen d'une pointe pour guider le ciseau du graveur.

Dans le centre de la plaque, on distingue avec peine un écusson, portant un coeur renversé et fiammé; au centre de l'écu, trois étoiles. Impossible de dire si elles sont posées en face ou sur un champ quelconque. Le tout a dû être surmonté d'un heaume, car on voit encore de chaque côté de l'écu des lignes courbes multiples, qui doivent nécessairement représenter les lambrequins; sur le côté gauche, un bout de banderolle, mais l'*artiste* a dû abandonner sa première idée, car le haut de la banderolle se perd dans les lignes du lambrequin.

J'ai lu dans la lettre qui accompagnait l'envoi de Madame Guky, que les ouvriers, qui avaient travaillé aux ruines, disaient avoir trouvé la plaque de plomb, *roulée* avec certains documents qui seraient tombés en poussière au toucher. La chose me paraît impossible. Le dessous de la plaque indique qu'elle a été posée à plat sur un lit de mortier, et la partie gravée, du moins celle où sont gravées les armoiries qu'une pierre pesante a été placée dessus, et c'est par l'enfoncement de sa surface inégale que la plupart des lignes gravées ont été détruites. On voit encore dans le plomb oxydé l'empreinte d'une coquille pétrifiée qui se trouvait agrégée au calcaire.

En roulant le bloc supérieur, les ouvriers ont pu plier le métal; de là l'erreur de croire que la plaque était roulée, elle a dû, comme toutes choses de ce genre, être placée dans une cavité comme fond, où on avait déposé le document tombé en poussière et les "quelques sous" que ces honnêtes ouvriers ont gardés pour eux, sans doute, sans en connaître la valeur.

Peu habitué à lire de telles inscriptions, mais connaissant la piété des premiers colons du Canada, j'essayai de donner un sens courant à l'inscription et je trouvai qu'on pouvait lire ici:

Iesu Hominum Salvatore, Mariâ Immaculatâ Auspice

(Sous les auspices ou la protection de Jesus sauveur des hommes et de Marie-Immaculée)

L'an 1634,
le 25 juillet—je—été plantée
première par (ou pour) C. (chirurg.) Gifart, Seigneur de ce lieu.

Jusqu'à présent la chose se lit bien, le sens en est raisonnable et positif. Supposant le chirurgien un homme instruit et lettré, l'inscription latine se complète d'elle-même. Mais, hélas! il y un mais,—la lettre C avant Gifart me trouble un peu. Comme je n'ai sous la main aucun volume, aucune tradition du temps à consulter, je suis obligé de m'en tenir aux correspondances de journaux, et je trouve dans toutes le prénom de *Robert*—ce qui ne commence pas du tout par un C! [299] Mais le C, le malheureux C, ne serait-il pas l'initiale de Cloutier, le charpentier ou l'entrepreneur avec lequel Gifart avait fait un contrat à Mortaigne, le 14 mars 1634, quatre mois à peu près avant la pose de la première pierre? Alors il faudrait lire j'ai été plantée par Cloutier, Gifart étant seigneur de ce lieu.

Je m'arrête, le souvenir de *certaine* inscription sur certain *pont* vient troubler toutes ces belles spéculations. A force de vouloir être *savant*, on pourrait faire dire à Robert Gifart des choses qu'il n'a jamais pensées.

Si, après tout, ce Gifart n'était pas *savant*, et qu'il eut voulu dire par I. H. S., Jésus-Christ, et M. I. A., Maria, ce serait trop fort—J'aimerais mieux la théorie de M. le Dr. Marsden, et de M. Bédard, *Maria, Joachim, Anna*. Le 25 juillet étant la fête de saint Jacques, et la vigile de saint Joachim, il serait plus raisonnable de penser qu'on aurait mis la construction du premier Manoir canadien sous la protection et les auspices du saint du jour

Reste a savoir si la Saint Jacques se fêtait le 25 juillet, la Saint Joachim le 26, en l'an de notre Seigneur 1634.

Je laisse à d'autres de mieux trouver.

Quoiqu'il en soit, cette date 1634, est un centenaire mémorable, car c'est en 1534 que Jacques Cartier, visita le golfe Saint-Laurent et c'est en 1535, qu'il remonta notre beau fleuve jusqu'à Hochelaga, cent ans avant la première concession seigneuriale de Beauport.

J'ai l'honneur d'être, Monsieur,
votre humble servt.,
Cte. d'ORSONNENS

L'INSCRIPTION DU MANOIR DE BEAUPORT.

Parmi une masse de vieux documents que je possède, concernant la seigneurie de Beauport et ses seigneurs, j'ai trouvé le reçu suivant:

"Je, soussigné, confesse avoir reçu un billet de cent cinquante livres de monsieur de Beauport, pour ce qu'il m'avait promis pour faire sa bâtisse de logis de Beauport.

"faict ce 27ième juillet 1642.

"P. CLUST."

Cela donnerait peut-être une explication des abréviations "P. C." de l'inscription trouvée dans les ruines du vieux manoir.

En effet, il est loisible de supposer que cet architecte a fait ce que ses confrères modernes font encore, et qu'il a gravé ses initiales sur l'inscription commémorative de la pose de la première pierre *plantée dans la bâtisse de Beauport*.

H. J. J. DUCHESNAY.

La Beauce, 14 avril, 1881.

H. V'S LETTER.

(ABBÉ H. VERREAU?)

La *Minerve* a publié l'inscription de la plaque trouvée à Beauport. Le *Journal de Québec* l'a reproduite aussi; mais avec une certaine différence. Pour l'étude des personnes éloignées et pour l'utilité de la science, il est bien désirable qu'on en prenne de nombreuses impressions sur plâtre. Si madame Gugy accorde la permission nécessaire, elle méritera certainement la reconnaissance de ceux qui étudient notre histoire.

Il paraît que le dernier chiffre de la date se lit avec difficulté. Il est toutefois très important de le déterminer avec toute la précision possible.

A mes yeux, la date du 25 juillet entraîne plusieurs conséquences qui disparaissent avec un autre chiffre.

I. Le 25 juillet est consacré à l'apôtre saint Jacques-le-Majeur. Ne peut-on pas traduire le second groupe trilitère M. J. A. par *Majori Jacobo Apostolo*, Le premier groupe, si connu d'ailleurs, étant latin, il est naturel de supposer que le second l'est aussi.

II. La fête de saint Jacques-le-Majeur, qui tombait un mardi en 1634, était chômée; par conséquent les travaux serviles ont dû être suspendu ce jour-là.

III. Le même jour, 25 juillet 1634, Robert Giffart assistait à un mariage à Québec, ce qui peut expliquer pourquoi il était remplacé à Beauport par son fils Charles.

Mais la pose de la pierre angulaire d'une simple maison, un jour de grande fête, me semble difficile à expliquer, qu'on veuille ou non y faire intervenir les cérémonies de la Religion.

L'expression *Je été plantée* offre aussi une difficulté. A cette époque on faisait de nombreuses fautes d'orthographe, mais on avait presque toujours le mot propre.

Il est bien vrai qu'en terme d'architecture, on disait *planter un édifice* pour l'*asseoir sur la maçonnerie de ses fondements*, mais je ne sache pas qu'on ait dit *planter* les pierres des fondements.

Cette plaque n'aurait-elle pas été destinée à une croix plantée à l'endroit que Giffard voulait défricher?

Il est d'autant plus naturel qu'il ait commencé ses travaux par cet acte de foi qu'il devait songer à faire bâtir une église près de sa demeure. Dans cette supposition, on s'explique facilement que la croix ait été plantée un jour de fête solennelle où tout le monde surtout à cette époque, devait vaquer à ses devoirs religieux. Je vois dans les *Archives* de Beauport par Mgr. Langevin que la maison de Giffard, d'après M. Ferland, devait être plus près de la petite rivière que le manoir actuel.

C. Giffard, qui est désigné comme seigneur de Beauport, est le fils de Robert. Il était né en France et devait être encore assez jeune. C'est de lui que parle le *Journal* des Jésuites en disant que le fils de M. Giffard passa en France en 1646, avec d'autres jeunes gens 'tous fripons pour la plupart qui avait fait mille pièces à l'autre voyage et on donnait à tous de grands appointements.'

Ce 28 octobre il était parrain, et il s'embarquait le 31.

Il n'est plus question de lui après cette date, soit qu'il ait renoncé au Canada, soit qu'il ait péri prématurément. Le père reprit sa seigneurie de Beauport qu'il fit agrandir le mieux put.

P. S.—En écrivant ce qui précède, j'étais un peu pressé; j'aurais dû remarquer cependant que sous la lettre C, les lecteurs ne pouvaient deviner le prénom du jeune seigneur de Beauport. Il s'appelait *Charles*, et devait être né en France comme sa soeur *Marie*, qui devint Madame de la Ferté.

Dans l'intérêt de vos lecteurs je ferai remarquer que le *Dictionnaire Généalogique* renferme, à l'article Giffard, certaines erreurs. Ainsi, *Françoise* qui commence l'article est la même que *Marie Françoise* qui le termine; elle se fit religieuse à l'Hôtel-Dieu. L'épouse de *Jean Juchereau de la Ferté* fut *Marie* née en France, puisque son contrat de mariage en 1645 la dite "âgée de 17 ans environ" ce qui reporte sa naissance vers 1628. Charles assiste et signe un contrat. Ce n'est pas *Robert Giffard*, mais son fils *Joseph*, dont le corps fut

MOUNT LILAC, BEAUPORT.

Some thirty years ago, I saw, for the first time, the picturesque old manor of the Rylands at Beauport, this was in its classic days. Later on, I viewed it, mossy and forlorn, in what some might style its "non age". Of this, hereafter.

The *Château* stood embowered amidst lilac groves and other ornamental shrubs, so far as I can recollect, with a background of elms, white birch, spruce, &c. Its vaulted, lofty and well-proportioned dining-room, with antique, morocco-covered chairs, and carved *buffets* to store massive plate, its spacious hall and graceful winding staircase, its commanding position on the crest of the Beauport ridge, affording a striking view of Quebec, its well-stocked orchard, umbrageous plantations, and ample stables, from which issued, among other choice bits of blood, in 1842, the celebrated racer "Emigrant": several circumstances, in fact, conspired to impress it favorably on my youthful mind. On that occasion, I found *le milord anglais* (as a waggish Canadian peasant called him) under his ancestral roof.

Recalling our parish annals of early times, I used then to think that should England ever (which God forbid) hand back to its ancient masters "these fifteen thousand acres of snow," satirized by Voltaire, ridiculed by Madame de Pompadour, cruelly and basely deserted by Louis XV, in their hour of trial, here existed a ready-made manor for the Giffards and Duchesnays of the future, where their descendants could becomingly receive fealty and homage. (*foi et homage*) from their feudal retainers. There was, however, nothing here to remind one of the lordly pageantry of other times—the days of absolutism—of the dark era, the age of *lettres de cachet*, *corvées*, *lods et ventes*, and other feudal burthens, when the flag of the Bourbons floated over the fortress of New France. In 1846, at the time of my visit, in vain would you have sought in the farm yard for a live seigniorial capon (*un chapon vif et en plumes*) though possibly in the larder, at Christmas, you might have discovered some fat, tender turkeys, or a juicy haunch of venison. Of *vin ordinaire* ne'er a trace, but judging from the samples on the table, perhaps much mellow Madeira, and "London Stout" might have been stored in the cellars. Everywhere, in fact, was apparent English comfort, English cheer. On the walls of the banqueting apartment, or within the antique red-leathered portfolios strewn round, you would have run a greater chance of meeting face to face with the portraits of Lord Dorchester, Genl. Prescott, Sir Robert Shore Milnes, Sir James Craig, the Duke of Richmond, and other English Governors, the cherished friends of the Rylands than with the powdered head of his most sacred Majesty, the Great Louis, or the ruffled bust and sensual countenance of the voluptuous Louis XV.... But let us see more of Mount Lilac and its present belongings.

Facing the glittering cupolas of Quebec, there is a fertile area of meadow and cornfield stretching from Dorchester bridge to the deep ravine and Falls over which the Montmorency, *La Vache*, hangs its milk-white curtain of spray. On the river shore, in 1759, stood Montcalm's earth and field works of defence. Parallel to them and distant about half a mile, the highway, over which H.R.H. Prince Edward's equipage pranced daily, during the summers of 1791-3, now a macadamized road, ascends by a gentle rise, through a double row of whitewashed cottages, about seven miles, to the brow of the roaring cataract spanned over by a substantial bridge, half way, looms out the Roman Catholic temple of worship—a stately edifice, filled to overflowing on Sundays, the parochial charge in 1841 of the Rev. Charles Chiniquy, under whose auspices was built the Temperance Monument on the main road, a little past the Beauport Asylum. This constitutes the parish of Beauport, one of the first settled in the Province. It was conceded by the Company of New France, on the 31st December, 1635, to a French surgeon of some note, "le sieur Robert Giffard." Surgeon Giffard had not only skill as a chirurgien to recommend him, he could plead services, nay captivity undergone in the colonial cause. An important man in his day was this feudal magnate Giffard, to whom fealty and homage were rendered with becoming pomp, by his *consitaires*, the Bellangers—Guions—Langlois—Parents—Marcoux, of 1635, whose descendents, still bearing the old Perche or Norman name, occupy to this day the white cottages to be seen on all sides.

On the highest site of this limestone ridge, a clever, influential, refined, and wealthy Briton, the Hon. Henry Wistius Ryland, for years Civil Secretary, Clerk of the Executive Council, a member of the Legislative Council, with other appointments, purchased from Col. Johnston, a lot, then a wilderness, for a country seat in 1805. Mr. Ryland had come out to Canada with Lord Dorchester in 1795, as his secretary, at the instance, we believe, of Lord Liverpool, his protector, at the age of 21 he was acting as Paymaster of two army corps, during the War of Independence in America.

For more than thirty years, Mr. Ryland enjoyed the favour, nay the intimacy of every ruler (except Sir George Prevost) which this then mis-ruled colony owed to Downing Street.

Antipathies of race had been on the increase at Quebec, ever since the parliamentary era of 1791;

there was the French party, [300] led by fiery and able politicians, and the English oligarchy occupying nearly all the offices, and avenues to power. French armies under Napoleon I. swayed the destinies of continental Europe, their victories occasionally must have awakened here a responsive echo among their down-trodden fellow-countrymen cowardly deserted by France in 1759, whilst Nelson's victories of the Nile, of Trafalgar, of Copenhagen, and finally the field of Waterloo, had buoyed up to an extravagant pitch the spirits of the English minority of Quebec, which a French parliamentary majority had so often trammelled. It was during the major part of that stormy period that Hon. Herman Wistius Ryland, advised by the able Chief Justice Jonathan Sewell,—was in reality entrusted with the helm of state. He was, as Christie the historian observes, considered the "Fountain head of power." This subtle *diplomat* (for such will be his title in history), however hostile in his attitude he might have appeared towards the French Canadian nationality, succeeded in retaining to the last the respect of the French Canadian peasantry who surrounded him.

Probably never at any time did he wield more power than under the administration of Sir James H. Craig. His views were so much in unison with those of Sir James, that His Excellency deputed him to England with a public mission threefold in its scope, the ostensible object of which was first "to endeavor to get the Imperial Government to amend or suspend the Constitution; secondly, to render the Government independent of the people, by appropriating towards it the revenues accruing from the estates of the Sulpicians [301] of Montreal, and of the Order of the Jesuits; thirdly to seize the patronage exercised by the Roman Catholic Bishop of Quebec,—the *cures* or church livings in his diocese; contending that no Roman Catholic Bishop really existed in Canada, (but merely a superintendent of *curés*), none having been recognized by the Crown.

It has been stated that he had a fair chance of succeeding on two points, had not the great Lord Chancellor, Eldon, intervened to thwart his scheme. The correspondence exchanged between Mr. Ryland and His Excellency, Sir James H. Craig, preserved in the sixth volume of Christie's *History of Canada*, exhibits Mr. Ryland at his best, and has led some to infer that, had he been cast in a different sphere, where his talents and attainments would have been more properly appreciated and directed, he would have played a very conspicuous part. "We find the Beauport statesman in 1810, in London, [302] consulted on Canadian affairs by the leading English politicians and some of the proudest peers. The honored guest of English noblemen, [303] he appears at no disadvantage, sips their old port unawed, cosily seated at their mahogany. It must be borne in mind that, in 1810, Lord Castlereagh and Lord Liverpool had their hands pretty full with continental politics, perhaps too much so, to heed poor distant Canada.

Shortly after the arrival, at Quebec, of the Earl of Durham, viz., on the 29th July, 1838, the Hon. H. W. Ryland expired at his country seat at Beauport, aged 78 years. He was born in 1760 at Northampton in England, of a very ancient Saxon family, dating back to Edward the Confessor. Wm. Ryland his great grandfather having successfully defended Oxford against Oliver Cromwell, while his sons fought on the other side.

Mount Lilac then reverted to his son, George Herman Ryland, Esq., now Registrar at Montreal, who added much to the charms of the spot. It was offered to Lord Metcalfe subsequently as a country seat, but for reasons which it is unnecessary to enter into, the negotiations fell through. Mr. Ryland occupied it till his removal from the Quebec to the Montreal Registry, Office. Some years back the property was purchased by Mr. James Dinning, Quebec, who reserved for himself the farm, one hundred and five acres in extent, and sold in 1856, the house and twenty-three acres thereunto attached to a wealthy and whimsical old ironfounder of Quebec, Mr. John H. Galbraith. This thrifty tradesman, in order to keep his hand in order, like Thackeray's hero, continued the pursuit of his former occupation, the smelting of ore, even under the perfumed groves of Mount Lilac, and erected there an extensive grapery and conservatory, and a foundry as well; the same furnace blast thus served to produce, under glass, fragrant flowers—exquisite grapes—melting peaches, as well as solid pig iron and first class stove plates.

Mount Lilac owed a divided allegiance to Vulcan and Flora. Which of the home products pleased, the most the worthy Mr. Galbraith? is still an open question. [304]

A VISIT TO THE INDIAN LORETTE.

Of the many attractive sites in the environs of the city, few contain in a greater degree than the Huron village of Lorette during the leafy months of June, July and September, picturesque scenery, combined with a wealth of historical associations. The nine miles intervening between Quebec and the rustic *auberge* of the village, thanks to an excellent turnpike, can be spanned in little more than an hour. I shall now attempt to recapitulate some of the sights and incidents of travel which recently befell me, whilst escorting to Lorette an Old World tourist, of very high literary estate.

With a mellow autumnal sun, just sufficient to bronze the sombre tints, lingering at the close of the Indian summer, we left the St. Louis Hotel, the headquarters of tourists, and rapidly drove through *Fabrique* and Palace streets, towards the unsightly gap in our city walls, of yore yclept Palace Gate, which all Lord Dufferin's *prestige* failed to protect against vandalism, but which, thanks to his initiative, we expect yet to see *bridged over* with, graceful turrets and Norman towers.

A turn to the west brought us opposite to the scarcely perceptible ruins of the Palace [305] of the French Intendants, destroyed by the English shells in 1775, to dislodge Arnold and Montgomery's New England soldiery.

The park which intervened formerly between it and the St. Charles was many years back converted into a wood yard to store the fuel for the garrison, a portion now is used as a cattle market, opposite, stands the station and freight sheds of the Q. M. O. & O. Railway, the road skirts the park towards the populous St. Roch suburbs, rebuilt and transformed since the great fire of the 28th May, 1845, which destroyed 1,600 houses, occupying the site of former spacious pasture grounds for the city cows, styled by the early French *La Vacherie*. In a trice we reach Dorchester bridge, the second one, built there in 1822, the first, opened with great pomp by His Excellency Lord Dorchester in 1789, having been constructed a few acres to the west, and called after him. The bridge, as a means of crossing from one shore to the other, is an undoubted improvement on the scow used up to 1789.

One of the first objects on quitting the bridge and diverging westward to the Charlesbourg road, on the river bank, is the stately, solid, antique mansion of the late C. Smith, Esq, who at one time owned nearly all the broad acres intervening between the house and *Gros Pin*. It took for a time the name of Smithville and was inherited by several members of his family, who built cosy houses round it. These green fields, fringed with white birch and spruce plantations, are watered by the St. Charles, the *Kahir-Koubat* [306] of ancient days. In rear of one of the first villas *Ringfield*, owned by Geo. Holmes Parke, Esq., runs the diminutive stream, the *Lairet*, at the confluence of which Jacques Cartier wintered in 1535-6, leaving, there one of his ships, the *Petite-Hermine*, of 60 tons, whose decayed oak timbers were exhumed in 1843, by Jos. Hamel, City Surveyor of Quebec. A very remarkable vestige of French domination exists behind the villa of Mr. Parke—a circular field (hence the name Ring-field) covering about twelve acres, surrounded by a ditch, with an earth work about twenty feet high, to the east, to shield its inmates from the shot of Wolfe's fleet lying at the entrance of the St. Charles, before Quebec. A minute description has been given by General Levi's aide-de-camp, the *Chevalier* Johnstone, [307] of what was going on in this earthwork, where at noon, on the 13th Sept., 1759, were mustered the disorganized French squadrons in full retreat from the Plains of Abraham toward their camp at Beauport. Here, on that fatal day, was debated the surrender of the colony—the close of French rule: here also, close by, in 1535-6, was the cradle of French power, the first settlement and winter quarters of the French pioneers—Jacques Cartier's hardy little band.

From this spot, at eight o'clock that night (13th Sept.), began the French retreat towards the Charlesbourg church; at 4 a.m. next day the army was at Cap Rouge, disordered, panic-stricken! Oh! where was the heroic Levi!

On ascending a hill (Clearihue's) to the north, the eye gathers in the contour of a dense grove, hiding in its drooping folds "Auvergne," the former secluded country seat of Chief Justice Jonathan Sewell, now owned by George Alford, Esq.

A mile to the north, in the deep recesses of Bourg-Royal, rest the fast crumbling and now insignificant ruins of the only rural *Château* of French origin round Quebec. Was it built by Talon, or by Bigot? an unfathomable mystery. Silence and desertion reign supreme, where of yore Bigot's heartless wassailers used to meet and gamble away King Louis's card money and *piastres*.

"And sunk are the voices that sounded in mirth.
And empty the goblets and dreary the hearth!"

The tower or boudoir, where was immured the Algonquin maid Caroline, the beautiful, that too has crumbled to dust.

We are now at Lorette.

TAHOURENCHE.

"I'm the chieftain of this mountain,
Times and seasons found me here,
My drink has been the crystal fountain,
My fare the wild moose or the deer."

There exists a faithful portrait of this noble savage, such as drawn by himself and presented, we believe, to the Laval University at Quebec; for glimpses of his origin, home and surroundings, we are indebted to an honorary chief of the tribe, Ahatsistari. [308]

Paul *Tahourenché* (François Xavier Picard), Great Chief of the Lorette Hurons, was born at Indian Lorette in 1810; he is consequently at present 71 years of age. He is tall, erect, well proportioned, dignified in face and deportment; when habited in his Indian regalia: blue frock coat, with bright buttons and medals, plumed fur cap, leggings of colored cloth, bright sash and armlets, with war axe, he looks the *beau idéal* of a respectable Huron warrior, shorn of the ferocity of other days. Of the line of Huron chiefs which preceded him we can furnish but a very meagre history. Adam Kidd, who wrote a poem entitled the *Huron Chief* in 1829, and who paid that year a visit to the Lorette Indians and saw their oldest chief, *Oui-a-ra-lih-to*, having unfortunately failed to fulfil the promise he then made of publishing the traditions and legends of the tribe furnished him on that occasion, an omission which, we hope, will yet be supplied by an educated Huron; the Revd. Mr. Vincent. Of *Oui-a-ra-lih-to*, we learn from Mr. Kidd: "This venerable patriarch, who is now (in 1829) approaching the precincts of a century, is the grandson of *Tsa-a-ra-lih-to*, head chief of the Hurons during the war of 1759. *Oui-a-ra-lih-to*, with about thirty-five warriors of the Indian village of Lorette in conjunction with the Iroquois and Algonquins, was actually engaged in the army of Burgoyne, a name unworthy to be associated with the noble spirit of Indian heroism. During my visit to this old chief—May, 1829—he willingly furnished me with an account of the distinguished warriors, and the traditions of different tribes, which are still fresh in his memory, and are handed from father to son, with the precision, interest and admiration that the tales and exploits of Ossian and his heroes are circulated in their original purity to this day among the Irish." Mr. Kidd alludes also to another great chief, *Atsistari*, who flourished in 1637, and who may have been the same as the Huron Saul *Ahatsistari*, who lived in 1642.

Of the powerful tribes of the aborigines who, in remote periods, infested the forests, lakes and streams of Canada, none by their prowess in war, wisdom in council, success as tillers of the soil, intelligent and lofty bearing, surpassed the Wyandats, or Hurons. [309] They numbered 15,000 souls, according to the historian Ferland, 40,000 according to Bouchette, and chiefly inhabited the country bordering on Lake Huron and Simcoe; they might, says Sagard, have been styled the "nobles" among savages in contradistinction to that other powerful confederacy, more democratic in their ways, also speaking the Huron language, and known as the Five Nations (Mohawks,[310] Oneydoes, Onondagas, Cayugas and Senecas), styled by the French the Iroquois, or Hiroquois, from the habit of their orators of closing their orations with the word "Hiro"—*I have said*.

'Tis a curious fact that the aborigines whom Jacques Cartier had found masters of the soil, at Hochelaga (Montreal,) and Stadacona (Quebec,) in 1535, sixty-eight years later on, in 1603, when Champlain visited these Indian towns, had disappeared: a different race had succeeded them. Though it opens a wide field to conjecture, recent investigations seem to indicate that it was the Huron-Iroquois nation who, in 1535, were the *enfants du sol* at both places, and that in the interim the Algonquins had, after bloody wars, dispersed and expelled the Huron-Iroquois. The savages with whom the early French settlers held intercourse can be comprised under two specific heads—the Algonquins and the Huron-Iroquois—the language of each differing as much, observes the learned Abbé Faillon, as French does from Chinese.

It would take us beyond the limit of this sketch to recapitulate the series of massacres which reduced these warlike savages, the Hurons, from their high estate to that of a dispersed, nomadic tribe, and placed the Iroquois or Mohawks, at one time nearly destroyed by the Hurons, in the ascendant.

Their final overthrow may be said to date back to the great Indian massacres of 1648-9, at their towns, or missions, on the shores of Lakes Simcoe, the first mission being founded in 1615 by the Friar LeCaron, accompanied by twelve soldiers sent by Champlain in advance of his own party. The Jesuit mission was attacked by the Iroquois in 1648; St. Louis, St. Joseph [311], St. Ignace [312], Ste. Marie [313], St. Jean [314], successively fell, or were threatened; all the inmates who escaped sought safety in flight; the protracted sufferings of the missionaries Bréboeuf and Gabriel Lallemand have furnished one of the brightest pages of Christian heroism in New France. Bréboeuf expired on the 16th March and Lallemand on 17th March, 1649. A party of Hurons sought Manitoulin Island, then called Ekaentoton, a few fled to Virginia; others succeeded in obtaining protection on the south shore of Lake Erie, from the Erie tribe, only to share, later on, the dire fate of the nation who had dared to incorporate them in its sparse ranks.

Father P. Ragueneau (the first writer, by the by, who makes mention of Niagara Falls—*Relations de* 1648,) escorted three or four hundred of these terror-stricken people to Quebec on the 26th July, 1650, and lodged them in the Island of Orleans, at a spot since called *L'Anse du Fort*, where they were joined,

in 1651, by a party of Hurons, who in 1649, on hearing of the massacre of their western brethren, had asked to winter at Quebec. For ten years past a group of Algonquins, Montagnais and Hurons, amidst incessant alarms, had been located in the picturesque parish of Sillery; they, too, were in quest of a more secure asylum. Negotiations were soon entered into between them and their persecuted friends of the West; a plan was put forth to combine. On the 29th March, 1651, the Sillery Indians, many of whom were Hurons united with the western brethren, sought a shelter, though a very insecure one, in a fortified nook, adjoining their missionary's house, on the land of Eléonore de Grandmaison, purchased for them at *l'Anse du Fort*, in the Island of Orleans, on the south side of the point opposite Quebec. Here they set to tilling the soil with some success, cultivating chiefly Indian corn, their numbers being occasionally increased during the year 1650, by their fugitive brethren of the West, until they counted above 600 souls. Even under the guns of the picket Fort of Orleans, which had changed its name to Ile St. Marie, in remembrance of their former residency, the tomahawk and scalping-knife reached them; on the 20th May, 1656, eighty-six of their number were carried away captives, and six killed, by the ferocious Iroquois; and on the 4th June, 1656, again they had to fly before their merciless tormentors. The big guns of Fort St. Louis, which then stood at the north-west extremity of the spot on which the Dufferin Terrace has lately been erected, seemed to the Hurons a more effectual protection than the howitzers of *Anse du Fort*, so they begged from Governor d'Aillebout for leave to nestle under them in 1658. 'Twas granted. When the Marquis de Tracy had arranged a truce with the Iroquois in 1665, the Huron refugees prepared to bid adieu to city life and to city dust. Two years later we find them ensconced at Beauport, where others had squatted on land belonging to the Jesuits; they stopped there one year, and suddenly left, in 1669, to pitch their wigwams for a few years at Côte St. Michel, four and a half miles from Quebec, at the Mission of Notre Dame de Foye, now called St. Foye. On the 29th December, 1673, restless and alarmed, the helpless sons of the forest sought the seclusion, leafy shades and green fields *Ancienne Lorette*. [315] Here they dwelled nearly twenty-five years. The youths had grown up to manhood, with the terrible memories of the past still fresh on their minds. One fine day, allured by hopes of more abundant game, they packed up their household gods, and finally, in 1697, they went and settled on the elevated *plateau*, close to the foaming rapids of St. Ambroise, now known as Indian, or *Jeune, Lorette*.

"Tis here we shall now find them, 336 souls all told, [316] living in comparative ease, successful traders, exemplary Christians, but fast decaying Hurons.

"The Hurons," says Ahatsistari, [317] "are divided into four families: that of the *Deer*; of the *Tortoise*; of the *Bear*; of the *Wolf*. Thus, the great Chief François Xavier Picard—Tahourenché—is a *Deer*, and his son Paul is a *Tortoise*, because (Her Highness) Madame *Tahourenché* is a *Tortoise*; a lithe, handsome woman for all that.

"Each family has its chief, or war captain; he is elected by choice. The four war captains chose two council chiefs, the six united select a grand chief, either from among themselves or from among the honorary chiefs, if they think proper."

We append a letter, from Sister Ste. Helene, descriptive of Indian customs, in 1730. Civilization and Christianity have sensibly modified, some will say, improved the Red Skins since then.

INDIAN DRESS—LOVE MAKING-FEASTS-BURIALS.

From a MS. Letter of *Soeur Ste. Hélène*, published by Abbé Verrault.

"Would you like to learn how they dress—how they marry—how they are buried? First, you must know that several tribes go completely naked, and wear but the fig-leaf. In Montreal, you meet many stately and well-proportioned savages, walking about in this state of nudity, as proud in their bearing, as if they wore good clothes. Some have on a shirt only; others have a covering negligently thrown over one shoulder. Christianized Indians are differently habited. The Iroquois put their shirt over their wearing apparel, and over the shirt another raiment, which encloses a portion of the head, which is always bare. The men generally wear garments over their shirts; the latter, when new, is generally very white, but is used until it gets perfectly dark and disgustingly greasy. They sometimes shave a portion of their head, or else they comb one half of their hair back, the other half front. They occasionally tie up a tuft of hair very tight on the top of the head, rising towards the skies. At other times some allow a long tress of hair to fall over their face: it interferes with their eating, but it has to be put up with. They smear their ears with a white substance, or their face with blue, vermilion and black. They are more elaborate in their war-toilette than a coquette would be in dressing—in order to conceal the paleness which fear might engender. They are profuse of gold and silver brocade, porcelain necklaces, bracelets of beads—the women, especially in their youth. This is their jewellery, their diamonds, the value whereof sometimes reaches 1,000 francs. The

Abenakis enclose their heads in a small cap embroidered with beads or ornamented with brocade. They wrap their legs in leggings with a fringe three or four inches long. Their shoes consist of socks, with plaits round the toe, covering the foot. All this has its charm in their eyes; they are as vain of dress as any Frenchman. The pagan tribes, whenever love is felt, marry without any ceremonial. The pair will discover whether they love one another in silence, Indian-like. One of the caresses consists in throwing to the loved one a small pebble, or grains of Indian corn, or else some other object which cannot hurt. The swain, on throwing the pebble, is bound to look in the opposite direction, to make believe he did not do it. Should the adored one return it, matters look well, else, the game is up.

"The Christianized Indians are married in face of the church, without any contract of marriage and without stipulations, because an Indian cannot own real estate and cannot bequeath to his children. The wealthiest is the mightiest hunter. This favored individual, in his village, passes for a grand match. Bravery and great warriors they think much of—they constitute the latter their chiefs. Poverty is no disgrace at the council board, and an orator in rags will speak out as boldly, as successfully, as if he were decked out in gold cloth. They come thus poorly habited in the presence of the Governor, indulge in long harangues, and touch his hand fearlessly. When ladies are present at these interviews, they honor them thus—seize their hand and shake it in token of friendship. Before I became a nun I was present at some of these ceremonies, and having won their good opinion, they would extend to me a hand which was disgusting in the extreme, but which I had cheerfully to accept for fear of offending them. They are sometimes asked to dine at the Governor's table. Unlucky are their neighbors, especially when they happen to be ladies, they are so filthy in their persons.—1730."—*Revue Canadienne*, page 108-9.

Such the Montreal Indians in 1730.

The Lorette Chapel dates back, as well as the *Old Mill*, to 1731. In 1862 the Chapel suffered much by fire. The tribe occupies land reserved by Government, under the regulations of the Indian Bureau of Ottawa. "Indian Lorette comprises from forty to fifty cottages, on the *plateau* of the falls—spread out, without design, over an area of about twenty square acres. In the centre runs the king's highway, the outer half sloping down, towards the St. Charles. The most prominent objects are the church, a grist mill and Mr. Reid's paper mill; close by a wooden fence encloses 'God's acre,' in the centre of which a cross marks the tomb of Chief Nicholas." [318] It is indeed, "a wild spot, covered with the primitive forest and seamed by a deep and tortuous ravine, where the St. Charles foams, white as a snow drift, over the black ledges, and where the sunshine struggles through matted boughs of the pine and the fir, to bask for brief moments on the mossy rocks, or flash on the hurrying waters.... Here, to this day, the tourist finds the remnants of a lost people, harmless weavers of baskets and sewers of mocassins, the Huron blood fast bleaching out of them."

Of "free and independent electors" none here exist, the little Lorette world goes on smoothly without them. "No Huron on the Reserve can vote. No white man is allowed to settle within the sacred precincts of the Huron kingdom, composed, 1st, of the lofty *Plateau* of the village of Indian Lorette, which the tribe occupy. 2nd. Of the forty square acres, about a mile and a half to the north-west of the village. 3rd. Of the Rocmont settlement, in the adjoining County of Portneuf, in the very heart of the Laurentine Mountains, ceded to the Hurons by Government, as a compensation for the Seigniorship of St. Gabriel, of which Government took possession, and to which the Hurons set up a claim.

"In all that which pertains to the occupation, the possession and the administration of these fragments of its ancient extensive territory, the usages and customs of the tribe have force of law. The village is governed by a Council of Sachems; in cases of misunderstandings an appeal lies to the Ottawa Bureau, under the control of the Minister of the Interior (our "Downing street" wisely abstaining from interference except on very urgent occasions). Lands descend by right of inheritance; the Huron Council alone being authorized to issue location tickets; none are granted but to Huron boys, strangers being excluded. Of course, these disabilities affect the denizens of the reserve only; a Huron (and there are some, *Tahourenche*, Vincent and others) owning lands in his own right elsewhere, and paying taxes and tithes, enjoys the rights and immunities of any other British subject."

From the date of the Lorette Indian settlement in 1697, down to the year of the capitulation of Quebec—1759—the annals of the tribe afford but few stirring incidents: an annual bear, beaver, or cariboo hunt; the return of a war party, with its scalps—English, probably—as the tribe had a wholesome terror of the Iroquois; an occasional *pow wow* as to how many warriors could be spared to assist their trusted and brave allies, the French of Quebec, against the heretical soldiers of Old or New England.

We are in possession of no facts to show that these Christianised Hurons differed much from other

Christianised Indians; church services, war councils, feasting, smoking, dancing, scalping, fishing and hunting, filling in, agreeably, socially, or usefully, the daily routine of their existence. Civilization, as understood by christianised or by pagan savages, has never inspired us with unqualified admiration. The various siege narratives we have perused, whilst they bring in the Indian allies, at the close of the battle, to "finish off" the wounded at Montmorency, in July, 1759; at the plains of Abraham, in September 1759; at St. Foye, in April, 1760, generally mention the Abenakis for this delicate office of *friseurs*. The terror, nay, the horror, which the use of the tomahawk and scalping knife inspired to the British soldiery, was often greater than their fear of the French sabres and French musqueteers.

British rule, in 1759, if it did bring the Hurons less of campaigning and fewer scalps, was the harbinger of domestic peace and stable homes, with very remunerative contracts each fall for several thousands of pairs of snow-shoes, cariboo mocassins and mittens for the English regiments tenanted the Citadel of Quebec, whose wealthy officers every winter scoured the Laurentine range, north of the city, in quest of deer, bear and cariboo, under the experienced guidance of Gros Louis, Sioui, Vincent, and other famous Huron Nimrods.

The chronicles of the settlement proclaim the valour and wisdom of some of their early chiefs, conspicuous appears the renowned Ahatsistari, surnamed the Huron Saul, from his early hostility to missionaries; death closed his career, on the verdant banks of Lake Huron, in 1642, a convert to missionary teachings.

At the departure of the French, in 1759, a new allegiance was forced on the sons of the forest, St. George and his dragon for them took the place of St. Louis and his lilies. The *Deer*, the *Bear*, the *Tortoise* and the *Wolf* tribe, however, have managed to live on most friendly terms with the *Dragon*. In 1776, Lorette sent its contingent of painted and plumed warriors to fight General Burgoyne's inglorious campaigns. The services rendered to England by her swarthy allies in the war of 1812-14 were marked, for years a distribution of presents took place from the Quebec Commissariat and Indian Department. Proudly did the Hurons, as well as the Abenakis, Montagnais, Micmac and Malicite Indians bear the snow-white blankets, scarlet cloth and hunting-knives awarded them by George the King, and by the victors of Waterloo. Each year, at midsummer, the Indians in their canoes, with their live freight of hunters, their copper-coloured squaws and black-eyed papooses, rushed from Labrador, Gaspé, Restigouche, Baie des Chaleurs, and pitched their tents on a strip of land at Lévi, hence called Indian Cove, the city itself being closed to the grim monarchs of the woods, reputed ugly customers when in their cups. A special envoy, however, was sent to the Lorette Indians on similar occasions. The Indians settled on Canadian soil were distinguished for their loyalty to England, who has ever treated them more mercifully than did "Uncle Sam."

The war between England and the United States in 1812 brought the Lorette braves again to the front, and the future hero of Châteauguay, Col. De Salaberry, was sent to enlist them. Col. De Salaberry attended in person on the tribe, at Indian Lorette. A grand pow-wow had been convoked. The sons of the forest eagerly sent in their names and got in readiness when the Colonel returned a few days later to inform them that the Government had decided to retain them as a reserve in the event of Quebec being attacked from the Kennebec.

Notwithstanding this announcement, six Hurons (among whom were Joseph and Stanislas Vincent) claimed with loud cries the right to accompany the Canadian *Voltigeurs*, commanded by the Colonel.

At Châteauguay, where 300 Canadians so gloriously repelled 7,000 invaders, the brothers Vincent swam across the river to capture and make prisoners, the flying Yankees.

These swarthy warriors had but a faint idea of what military discipline meant, and thinking that, the battle being over, they could return to Lorette, left accordingly. This was a flagrant case of desertion. Nothing short of the brave Colonel's earnest entreaties, sufficed to procure a pardon for the redskins. A letter was written to Col. De Salaberry by his father, late M.P. for the county, on this subject; it has been preserved.

The Hurons attended at Beauport at the unveiling of the monument of De Salaberry on the 27th of June, 1880, and subscribed bountifully to the building fund.

What with war medals, clothing, ammunition, fertile lands specially reserved at Lorette, on the Restigouche, at Nouvelle, Isle Verte, Caughnawaga, St. Regis, &c., the "untutored savage," shielded by a beneficent legislation, watched over by zealous missionaries, was at times an object of envy to his white brethren. Age or infirmity, seldom war, tore him away from this vale of sorrow, to join the great Indian "majority" in those happy hunting grounds promised to him by his Sachems.

The Hurons were ever ready to parade their paint, feathers, and tomahawks, at the arrival of every

new Governor at Quebec, and to assure Ononchio, [319] of their undying attachment and unswerving loyalty to their great father or august mother "who dwells on the other side of the Great Lake." These traditions have descended even to the time when *Ononchio* was merely a Lieutenant-Governor under Confederation. We recollect meeting, in 31st March, 1873, a stately deputation, composed of twenty-three Hurons from Lorette, returning from Clermont, the country seat of Lieutenant-Governor Caron, where they had danced the war-dance for the ladies, and harangued, as follows, the respected Laird of Clermont, just then appointed Lieutenant-Governor:—

ONONTHIO:—

Aisten tiothi non8a [320] tishon dekha hiatanonstati deson8a8en-dio daskemion tesontamai denon8a ation datito8anens tesanonron-h8a nionde, aon8a deson8a8endio de8a desakatade; a8eti desanonronk8anion datito8anens chia ta skenrale the kiolaoutou8ison tothi chia hiaha a8eti dechienha totinahiontati desten de sendete ataki atichiai a8eti alatonthara deskemion ichionthe desten tiodeti aisten orachichiai.

Rev. Prosper *Sabatonen*. The Memory Man. (Rev. Mr. Vincent, a chief's son, then *Vicaire* at Sillery.)

Paul *Tahourenché*, 1st Chief. The Dawn of Day.

Maurice *Agnolin*, 2nd Chief. The Bear.

Francis *Sassennio*. The Victor of Fire.

Gaspard *Ondiaralethe*. The Canoe Bearer.

Philippe *Theon8atlasta*. He stands upright.

Joseph Gonzague *Odt'o rohann*. He who does not forget.

Paul Jr. *Theianontakhen*. Two United Mountains.

Honoré *Telanontouohe*. The Sentry.

A. N. Montpetit *Ahatsistari*. The Fearless Man.—And others, in all 23 warriors.

[*Translation.*]

"The chiefs, the warriors, the women and children of our tribe, greet you. The man of the woods also likes to render homage to merit: he loves to see in his chiefs those precious qualities which constitute the statesman.

"All these gifts of the Great Spirit, wisdom in council, prudence in execution, and that sagacity we exact in the Captains of our nation, you possess them all in an eminent degree.

"We warmly applaud your appointment to the exalted post of Lieutenant-Governor of the Province of Quebec, and feel happy in taking advantage of the occasion to present our congratulations.

"May we also be allowed to renew the assurance of our devotion towards our august Mother, who dwells on the other side of the Great Lake, as well as to the land of our forefathers.

"Accept for you, for Mrs. Caron and your family, our best wishes."

CHÂTEAU BIGOT.

ITS HISTORY AND ROMANCE.

"Enscneced 'mid trees this château stood
'Mid flowers each aisle and porch;
At eve soft music charmed the ear
High blazed the festive torch.

But, ah! a sad and mournful tale
Was hers who so enjoyed
The transient bliss of these fair shades
By youth and love decoyed,

Her lord was true—yet he was false,
False—false—as sin and hell
To former plights and vows he gave
To one that loved him well."

The Hermitage.

From time immemorial an antique and crumbling ruin, standing in solitary loneliness, in the centre of

a clearing at the foot of the Charlesbourg mountain, some five miles from Quebec, has been visited by the young and the curious. It was once a two story stone building, with ponderous walls. In length it is fifty-five feet by thirty-five feet broad—pierced for six windows in each story, with a well-proportioned door, in the centre. In 1843, at the date of my first visit, the floor of the second story was yet tolerably strong: I ascended to it by a rickety, old staircase. The ruin was sketched in 1858, by Col. Benj. Lossing, and reproduced in *Harper's Magazine* for January, 1859. The lofty mountain to the north-west of it is called *La Montagne des Ormes*; for more than a century, the Charlesbourg peasantry designate the ruin as *La Maison de la Montagne*. The English have christened it the *Hermitage*, whilst to the French portion of the population, it is known as *Château-Bigot*, or *Beaumanoir*; and truly, were it not on account of the associations which surround the time-worn pile, few would take the trouble to go and look at the dreary object.

The land on which it stands was formerly included in the *Fief de la Trinité* granted between 1640 and 1650 to Monsieur Denis, a gentleman from La Rochelle, in France, the ancestor of the numerous clans of Denis, Denis de la Ronde, Denis de Vitré, &c. The seigniory was subsequently sold to Monseigneur de Laval, a descendant of the Montmorency's, who founded in 1663 the Seminary of Quebec, and one of the most illustrious prelates in New France, the portion towards the Mountain was dismembered. When the Intendant Talon formed his Baronie Des Islets [321] he annexed to it certain lands of the *Fief de la Trinité*, amongst others that part on which now stands the remains of the old château, of which he seems to have been the builder, but which he subsequently sold. Bigot having acquired it long after, enlarged and improved it very much. He was a luxurious French gentleman, who, more than one hundred years ago, held the exalted post of Intendant or Administrator under the French Crown, in Canada. [322] In those days the forests which skirted the city were abundantly stocked with game: deer, of several varieties, bears, foxes, perhaps even that noble and lordly animal, now extinct in eastern Canada, the Canadian stag, or Wapiti, roamed in herds over the Laurentian chain of mountains, and were shot within a few miles of the Château St. Louis. This may have been one of the chief reasons why the French Lucullus erected the little *château*, which to this day bears his name—a resting place for himself and friends after the chase. The profound seclusion of the spot, combined with its beautiful scenery, would have rendered it attractive during the summer months, even without the sweet repose it had in store for a tired hunter. Tradition ascribes to it other purposes, and amusements less permissible than those of the chase. A tragical occurrence enshrines the old building with a tinge of mystery which the pen of the novelist has woven into a thrilling romance.

François Bigot, thirteenth and last Intendant of the Kings of France in Canada, was born in the Province of Guienne, and descended of a family distinguished by professional eminence at the French bar. His commission bears date "10th June, 1747." The Intendant had the charge of four departments: Justice, Police, Finance and Marine. He had previously filled the post of Intendant in Louisiana, and also at Louisburg. The disaffection and revolt caused by his rapacity in that city, were mainly instrumental in producing its downfall and surrender to the English commander, Pepperell, in 1745. Living at a time when tainted morals and official corruption ruled at court, he seems to have taken his standard of morality from the mother country; his malversations in office, his extensive frauds on the treasury, more than £400,000; his colossal speculations in provisions and commissariat supplies furnished by the French government to the colonists during a famine; his dissolute conduct and final downfall, are fruitful themes wherefrom the historian can draw wholesome lessons for all generations. Whether his Charlesbourg (then called Bourg Royal) castle was used as the receptacle of some of his most valuable booty, or whether it was merely a kind of Lilliputian *Parc au Cerfs*, such as his royal master had, tradition does not say. It would appear, however, that it was kept up by the plunder wrung from sorrowing colonists, and that the large profits he made by paring from the scanty pittance the French government allowed the starving residents, were here lavished in gambling, riot and luxury.

In May, 1757, the population of Quebec was reduced to subsist on four ounces of bread per diem, one lb. of beef, HORSE-FLESH or CODFISH; and in April of the following year, the miserable allowance was reduced to one half. "At this time," remarks our historian, Garneau, "famished men were seen sinking to the earth in the street from exhaustion."

Such were the times during which Louis XV.'s minion would retire to his Sardanapalian retreat, to gorge himself at leisure on the life blood of the Canadian people, whose welfare he had sworn to watch over! Such, the doings in the colony in the days of La Pompadour. The results of this misrule were soon apparent: *the British lion placed his paw on the coveted morsel*. The loss of Canada was viewed, if not by the nation, at least by the French Court, with indifference, to use the terms of one of Her Britannic Majesty's ministers, when its fate and possible loss were canvassed one century later in the British Parliament, "without apprehension or regret." Voltaire gave his friends a banquet at Ferney, in commemoration of the event; the court favourite congratulated His Majesty, that since he had got rid of these "fifteen hundred leagues of frozen country," he had now a chance of sleeping in peace; the minister Choiseul urged Louis XV. to sign the final treaty of 1763, saying that Canada would be *un*

embarras to the English, and that if they were wise they would have nothing to do with it. In the meantime the red cross of St. George was waving over the battlements on which the lily-spangled banner of the Bourbons had proudly sat with but one interruption for one hundred and fifty years, the infamous Bigot was provisionally consigned to a dungeon in the Bastille—subsequently tried and exiled to Bordeaux; his property was confiscated, whilst his confederates and abettors, such as Varin, Bréard, Maurin, Corpron, Martel, Estèbe and others, were also tried and punished by fine, imprisonment and confiscation: one Pénisseault, a government clerk (a butcher's son by birth), who had married in the colony, but whose pretty wife accompanied the Chevalier de Lévis on his return to France, seems to have fared better than the rest.

But to revert to the château walls as I saw them on the 4th of June, 1863.

During a ramble with an English friend through the woods, which gave us an opportunity of providing ourselves with wild flowers to strew over the tomb of its fair "Rosamond," [323] such as the marsh marigold, clintonia, uvularia, the star flower, veronica, kalmia, trillium, and Canadian violets, we unexpectedly struck on the old ruin. One of the first things that attracted our notice was the singularly corroding effect the easterly wind has on stone and mortar in Canada; the east gable being indented and much more eaten away than that exposed to the western blast. Of the original structure nothing is left now standing but the two gables and the division walls; they are all three of great thickness; certainly no modern house is built in the manner this seems to have been. It had two stories, with rooms in the attic, and deep cellars; a communication existed from one cellar to the other through the division wall. There is also visible a very small door cut through the cellar wall of the west gable; it leads to a vaulted apartment of some eight feet square; the small mound of masonry which covered it might originally have been effectually hidden from view by a plantation of trees over it. What could this have been built for, asked my romantic friend? Was it intended to secure some of the Intendant's plate or other portion of his ill-gotten treasure? Or else as the Abbé Ferland suggests: [324] "Was it to store the fruity old Port and sparkling Moselle of the club of the Barons, who held their jovial meetings there about the beginning of this century?" Was it his mistresses' secret *boudoir* when the Intendant's lady visited the château, like the Woodstock tower to which Royal Henry picked his way through "Love's Ladder?" *Quien sabe?* Who can unravel the mystery? It may have served for the foundation of the tower which existed when Mr. Papineau visited and described the place fifty years ago. The heavy cedar rafters, more than one hundred years old, are to this day sound: one has been broken by the fall, probably of some heavy stones. There are several indentures in the walls for fire-places, which are built of cut masonry; from the angle of one a song sparrow flew out uttering an anxious note. We searched and discovered the bird's nest, with five spotted, dusky eggs in it. How strange! in the midst of ruin and decay, the sweet tokens of hope, love and harmony! What cared the child of song if her innocent offspring were reared amidst these mouldering relics of the past, mayhap a guilty past? Could she not teach them to warble sweetly, even from the roof which echoed the dying sighs of the Algonquin maid? Red alder trees grew rank and vigorous amongst the disjointed masonry, which had crumbled from the walls into the cellar; no trace existed of the wooden staircase mentioned by Mr. Papineau; the timber of the roof had rotted away or been used for camp fires by those who frequent and fish the elfish stream which winds its way over a pebbly ledge towards Beauport. It is well stocked with small trout, which seem to breed in great numbers in the dam near the Château—a stream, did we say?

"A hidden brook,
In the leafy mouth of June,
That to the sleeping woods all night
Singeth a quiet tune"

"Enough! enough! cried my poetic companion. The fate of the fair maid, the song of birds, the rustling of groves, the murmur of yonder brook,—does not all this remind you of the accents of our laurel-crowned poet, he who sang of Claribel?"

Those who wish to visit the Hermitage, are strongly advised to take the cart-road which leads easterly from the Charlesbourg church, turning up. Pedestrians prefer the route through the fields; they may, in this case, leave their vehicle at Gaspard Huot's boarding-house—a little higher than the church at Charlesbourg,—and then walk through the fields, skirting, during the greater part of the road, the trout stream I have previously mentioned; but by all means *let them take a guide* with them.

Let us now translate and condense, from the interesting narrative of a visit paid to the Hermitage in 1831, by Mr. Amédée Papineau and his talented father, the Hon. Louis Joseph Papineau, the legend which attaches to it:

CAROLINE, OR THE ALGONQUIN MAID.

(BY AMÉDÉE PAPINEAU.)

"We drove, my father and I, with our vehicle to the foot of the mountain, and there, took a foot-path which led us through a dense wood. We encountered and crossed a rivulet, and then ascended a plateau cleared of wood, a most enchanting place; behind us and on our right was a thick forest: on our left the eye rested on boundless green fields, diversified [325] with golden harvests and with the neat white cottages of the peasantry. In the distance was visible the broad and placid waters of the St. Lawrence, at the foot of the citadel of Quebec, and also the shining cupolas and tin roofs of the city houses; in front of us, a confused mass of ruins, crenelated walls embedded in moss and rank grass, together with a tower half destroyed, beams, and the mouldering remains of a roof. After viewing the *tout ensemble*, we attentively examined each portion in detail—every fragment was interesting to us; we with difficulty made our way over the wall, ascending the upper stories by a staircase which creaked and trembled under our weight. With the assistance of a lighted candle we penetrated into the damp and cavernous cellars, carefully exploring every nook and corner, listening to the sound of our own footsteps, and occasionally startled by the rustling of bats which we disturbed in their dismal retreat. I was young, and consequently very impressionable. I had just left college; these extraordinary sounds and objects would at times make me feel very uneasy. I pressed close to my father and dared scarcely breathe; the remembrance of this subterranean exploration will not easily be forgotten. What were my sensations when I saw a tombstone, the reader can imagine? 'Here we are at last,' exclaimed my father and echo repeated his words. Carefully did we view this monument; presently we detected the letter 'C,' nearly obliterated by the action of time; after remaining there a few moments, to my unspeakable delight we made our exit from the chamber of death, and stepping over the ruins, we again alighted on the green sward. Evidently where we stood had formerly been a garden; we could still make out the avenues, the walks and plots, over which plum, lilac and apple trees grew wild.

"I had not yet uttered a word, but my curiosity getting the better of my fear, I demanded an explanation of this mysterious tombstone. My father beckoned me towards a shady old maple; we both sat on the turf, and he then told me as follows:—You have, no doubt, my son, heard of a French Intendant, of the name of Bigot, who had charge of the public funds in Canada somewhere about the year 1757; you have also read how he squandered these moneys and how his Christian Majesty had him sent to the Bastille when he returned to France, and had his property confiscated. All this you know. I shall now tell you what, probably, you do not know. This Intendant attempted to lead in Canada the same dissolute life which the old *noblesse* led in France before the Revolution had *levelled* all classes. He it was who built this country seat, of which you now contemplate the ruins. Here he came to seek relaxation from the cares of office; here he prepared entertainments to which the rank and fashion of Quebec, including the Governor General, eagerly flocked; nothing was wanting to complete the *éclat* of this *little Versailles*. Hunting was a favorite pastime of our ancestors, and Bigot was a mighty hunter. As active as a chamois, as daring as a lion was this indefatigable Nimrod, in the pursuit of bears and moose.

"On one occasion, when tracking with some sporting friends an old bear whom he had wounded, he was led over mountainous ridges and ravines very far from the castle. Nothing could restrain him; on he went in advance of every one, until the bloody trail brought him on the wounded animal, which he soon dispatched.

"During the chase the sun had gradually sunk over the western hills; the shades of evening were fast descending; how was the lord of the manor to find his way back? he was alone in a thick forest; in this emergency his heart did not fail him,—he hoped by the light of the moon to be able to return to his stray companions. Wearily he walked on, ascending once or twice a lofty tree, in order to see further, but all in vain; soon the unpleasant conviction dawned on him that like others in similar cases, he had been walking round a circle. Worn out and exhausted with fatigue and hunger, he sat down to ponder on what course he should adopt. The Queen of night, at that moment shedding her silvery rays around, only helped to show the hunter how hopeless was his present position. Amidst these mournful reflections, his ear was startled by the sound of footsteps close by; his spirits rose at the prospect of help being at hand; soon he perceived the outlines of a moving white object. Was it a phantom which his disordered imagination had conjured up; terrified he seized his trusty gun and was in the act of firing, when the apparition, rapidly advancing toward him, assumed quite a human form; a little figure stood before him with eyes as black as night, and raven tresses flowing to the night wind; a spotless garment enveloped in its ample folds this airy and graceful spectre. Was it a sylph, the spirit of the wilderness? Was it Diana, the goddess of the chase, favoring one of her most ardent votaries with a glimpse of her form divine? It was neither. It was an Algonquin beauty, one of those ideal types whose white skin betray their hybrid origin—a

mixture of European blood with that of the aboriginal races. It was Caroline, a child of love, born on the shores of the great Ottawa river; a French officer was her sire, and the powerful Algonquin tribe of the Beaver claimed her mother.

"The Canadian Nimrod, struck at the sight of such extraordinary beauty, asked her name, and after relating his adventure, he begged of her to shew him the way to the castle in the neighborhood, as she must be familiar with every path in the forest. Such is the story told of the first meeting between the Indian beauty and the Canadian Minister of Finance and Feudal Judge in the year 175—.

"The Intendant was a married man; [326] his lady resided in the capital of Canada. She seldom accompanied her husband on his hunting excursions, but soon it was whispered that something more than the pursuit of wild animals attracted him to his country seat; an intrigue with an Indian beauty was hinted at. These discreditable rumors came to the ears of her ladyship; she made several visits to the castle in hopes of verifying her worst fears; jealousy is a watchful sentinel.

"The Intendant's dormitory was on the ground floor of the building; it is supposed the Indian girl occupied a secret apartment on the flat above; that her boudoir was reached through a long narrow passage, ending with a hidden staircase opening on the large room which overlooked the garden.

"The King, therefore, for his defence
Against the furious Queen,
At Woodstock builded such a bower,
As never yet was seen.
Most curiously that bower was built,
Of stone and timber strong."

(Ballad of Fair Rosamond.)

"Let us now see what took place on this identical spot on the 2nd July, 176—. It is night; the hall clock has just struck eleven; the murmur of the neighboring brook, gently wafted on the night wind, is scarcely audible; the Song Sparrow [327] has nearly finished his evening hymn, while the *Sweet Canada* [328] bird, from the top of an old pine, merrily peals forth his shrill clarion. Silence the most profound pervades the whole castle; every light is extinguished; the pale rays of the moon slumber softly on the oak floor, reflected as they are through the gothic windows; every inmate is wrapped in sleep, even fair Rosamond who has just retired. Suddenly her door is violently thrust open; a masked person, with one bound rushes to her bed-side, and without saying a word, plunges a dagger to the hilt in her breast. Uttering a piercing shriek, the victim springs in the air and falls heavily on the floor. The Intendant, hearing the noise, hurries up stairs, raises the unhappy girl who has just time to point to the fatal weapon, still in the wound, and then falls back in his arms a lifeless corpse. The whole household are soon on foot; search is made for the murderer, but no clue is discovered. Some of the inmates fancied they had seen the figure of a woman rush down the secret stair and disappear in the woods about the time the murder took place. A variety of stories were circulated, some pretended to trace the crime to the Intendant's wife, whilst others alleged that the avenging mother of the creole was the assassin; some again urged that Caroline's father had attempted to wipe off the stain on the honour of his tribe, by himself despatching his erring child. A profound mystery to this day surrounds the whole transaction. Caroline was buried in the cellar of the castle, and the letter 'C' engraved on her tombstone, which, my son, you have just seen."

Half a century has now elapsed since the period mentioned in this narrative. In vain do we search for several of the leading characteristics on which Mr. Papineau descants so eloquently; time, the great destroyer, has obliterated many traces. Nothing meets one's view but mouldering walls, over which green moss and rank weeds cluster profusely. Unmistakable indications of a former garden there certainly are, such as the outlines of walks over which French cherry, apple and gooseberry trees grow in wild luxuriance. I took home from the ruins a piece of bone; this decayed piece of mortality may have formed part of Caroline's big toe, for aught I can establish to the contrary; Château-Bigot brought back to my mind other remembrances of the past. I recollected reading that pending the panic consequent on the surrender of Quebec in 1759, the non-combatants of the city crowded within its walls; this time not to realized, but to seek concealment until Mars had inscribed another victory on the British flag. Who would be prepared to swear that later, when Arnold and Montgomery had possession of the environs of Quebec, during the greater portion of the winter, of 1775-6, some of those prudent English merchants, (Adam Lymburner at their head), who awaited at Charlesbourg and Beauport the issue of the contest, did not take a quiet drive, to Château-Bigot, were it only to indulge in a philosophical

disquisition on the mutability of human events?

We are indebted to Mr. John D. Stewart of Quebec for a copy of the following letter from his grandfather, written in 1776, from the Château.

(Mr. Charles Stewart, father of the late Mr. Charles Grey Stewart, Comptroller of Customs, to his father.)

"HERMITAGE, June 25th, 1776.

"MY DEAR FATHER,—I was overjoyed to hear by a letter from Mr. Gray, that you and my dear mother were in good health. Nothing can give me greater pleasure than to hear so. I was very sorry to hear that my sister had been ill. I hope she is now getting better.

We have been here for this winter in a very dismal situation. The rebels came here and blocked up the town of Quebec, at the end of November. I had been not at all well for two months previous, and at that time had not got better with a pain which obliged me to stay in the country, where I had been all the summer, although greatly against my inclination. I was allowed to remain peaceably by the rebels, until the middle of January, when I was taken and carried with sword and (fixed) bayonets before their general; the reason why, was, that after their attack upon the town on the 31st December, the Yankees were obliged to demand assistance of the country people to join them. I had spoken and done what I could to hinder the people of the village where I resided from going and taking arms with them. This came to light, and I was told at their head-quarters their general, one Arnold, a horse jockey or shipmaster, who then had the command, threatened to send me over to the (New England) colonies. After being detained a ... and two days, Arnold asked me, if he had not seen me before in Quebec. I said he had, and put him in remembrance of having once dined with him; upon which he said, on condition that I gave my word of honour not to meddle in the matter, he would allow me to go away. I told him the inhabitants were a parcel of scoundrels, and beyond a gentleman's notice; upon this I got off, and remained for upwards of two months without molestation, till the tracks of persons going to town from Beauport had been observed; the country people immediately suspected me, and came with drawn cutlasses to take me; luckily I was from home, having gone two days before about fifteen miles to see an acquaintance, and when I got back they had found out who had gone in (to town). The ill-nature of the peasants to me made me very uneasy on account of all the papers I had of Mr. Gray's, and dreading their malice much, I determined to go from them. I found out a place about five miles up amongst the woods, the Hermitage which being vacant I immediately retired to it, and carried all my papers with me. Mr. Peter Stewart had gone from his house in Beauport, down with his family to the Posts, and gave me the charge of it, and having heard that they (the Yankees) were going to put 150 men in it, I sent all his furniture, &c., to the house I had taken, so that I had my house all furnished; this was in the beginning of March; since which I have remained there. The people who left the town in the fall have not been allowed to go back. A Mr. Vi... one of the most considerable merchants, went in immediately after the 6th of May, (the day when the town people made a sally with about 900 men in all, who drove nigh 3000 of the Yankees from their camp, and relieved the town) and was sent to prison and kept several days. Major John Nairn was so obliging as to come out 8 or 9 days after that affair to see me; he asked me why I had not been in town. I told him the reason; I had got no pass. The next day he sent me one; except another, this is the only one which had been granted by the Governor as yet, and it is thought some won't be allowed to go in this summer, why, I cannot say. Every person had liberty to leave or stay by a proclamation for that purpose, but as it is military law, no person dare say it is wrong

I am going now again to remain in town, having now learned a little of the French. I understand every word almost that is said, although I cannot speak it as well; however I could wish that my brother John knew as much of it. I three days ago wrote him they were gone to Halifax, but am told they are to go from there to New York soon....

I am at present studying a little of the French law. If I do not make use it, it will do me no harm. I expect you have had letters from my brother Andrew....

I wish you would send me your vouchers of all your Jamaica debts I could go easily from here to there. If I cannot get money I can get rum, which sells and will sell, at a great price in this place. I can only stay there a few months."

Nor must we forget the jolly pic-nics the barons held there some eighty years ago. [329]

On quitting these silent halls, from which the light of other days had departed, and from whence the

voice of revelry seems to have fled forever, I re-crossed the little brook, already mentioned, musing on the past. The solitude which surrounds the dwelling and the tomb of the dark-haired child of the wilderness, involuntarily brought to mind that beautiful passage of Ossian, [330] relating to the daughter of Reuthamir, the "white-bosomed" Moina:—"I have seen the walls of Balclutha, but they were desolate. The fire had resounded in the halls, and the voice of the people is heard no more. The thistle shook there its lonely head; the moss whistled to the wind. The fox looked out of the windows, the rank grass of the wall waved round its head. Desolate is the dwelling of Moina, silence is in the house.... Raise the, song of mourning, O bards! over the land of strangers. They have but fallen before us: for one day, we must fall."

L'INTENDANT BIGOT—ROMANCE CANADIENNE. PAR JOS. MARMETTE.

After perusing the Legend of *Caroline, the Algonquin Maid*, the lover of Canadian story, can find a more artistically woven plot in one of Mr. Marmette's historical novels *L'Intendant Bigot*. The following passage is from a short critique we recently published thereon:

"It is within the portals of Beaumanoir (Château-Bigot) that several of the most thrilling scenes in Mr. Marmette's novel are supposed to have taken place. A worthy veteran of noble birth, M. de Rochebrune, had died in Quebec through neglect and hunger, on the very steps of Bigot's luxurious palace, then facing the St Charles, leaving an only daughter, as virtuous as she was beautiful. One day, whilst returning through the fields (where St. Rochs has since been built) from visiting a nun in the General Hospital, she was unexpectedly seized by a strong arm and thrown on a swift horse, whose rider never stopped until he had deposited his victim at Bigot's country seat, Charlesbourg. The name of this cold-blooded villain was Soumois. He was a minion of the mighty and unscrupulous Bigot. Mdlle. de Rochebrune had a lover. A dashing young French officer was Raoul de Beaulac. Maddened with love and rage he closely watched Bigot's movements in the city, and determined to repossess his treasure, it mattered not, at what sacrifice. Bigot's was a difficult game to play. He had a *liaison* with one of the most fascinating and fashionable married ladies of Quebec, and was thus prevented from hastening to see the fair prey awaiting him at Beaumanoir. Raoul played a bold game, and calling jealousy to his help, he went and confided the deed to Madame Pean, Bigot's fair charmer, entreating her immediate interference, and after some hairbreadth escapes, arrived at the Château with her just in time to save Mdlle de Rochebrune from dishonor.

Madame Pean was returning to the city with Mdlle de Rochebrune and Raoul, when on driving past the walls of the Intendant's palace, close to the spot where Desfosses street now begins, her carriage was attacked by a band of armed men—a reconnoitering party from Wolfe's fleet, anchored at Montmorency. A scuffle ensued, shots were fired, and some of the assailants killed; but in the *mêlée* Mdlle. de Rochebrune was seized and hurried into the English boat commanded by one Capt. Brown. During the remainder of the summer the Canadian maid, treated with every species of respect, remained a prisoner on board the admiral's ship. (It is singular that Admiral Durell, whose beloved young son was at the time a prisoner of war at Three Rivers, did not propose an exchange of prisoners.) In the darkness and confusion which attended the disembarking of Wolfe's army on the night of the 12th of September, 1759, at Sillery, Mdlle. de Rochebrune slipped down the side of the vessel, and getting into one of the smaller boats, drifted ashore with the tide, and landed at Cap Rouge, just as her lover Raoul, who was a Lieutenant in La Roche-Beaucour's Cavalry was patrolling the heights of Sillery. Overpowered with joy, she rode behind him back to the city, and left him on nearing her home; but, to her horror, she spied dodging her footsteps her arch enemy the Intendant, and fell down in a species of fit, which turned out to be catalepsy. This furnishes, of course, a very moving *tableau*. The fair girl—supposed to be dead—was laid out in her shroud, when Raoul, during the confusion of that terrible day for French Rule, the 13th September, calling to see her, finds her a corpse just ready for interment. Fortunately for the heroine, a bombshell forgotten in the yard, all at once and in the nick of time igniting, explodes, shattering the tenement in fragments. The concussion recalls Mdlle. de Rochebrune to life; a happy marriage soon after ensues. The chief character in the novel, the Intendant sails shortly after for France, where he was imprisoned, as history states, in the Bastille, during fifteen months, and his ill-gotten gains confiscated. All this, with the exception of Mdlle. de Rochebrune's career, is strictly historical."

THE FALLS OF THE CHAUDIÈRE.

A tourist of a cultured mind and familiar with classic lore, standing on the lofty brow of the *Chaudière*, might, without any peculiar flights of imagination, fancy he beholds around him a solitary dell of that lovely TEMPE immortalized in song:

"Est nemos Haemoniae, praerupta quod undique claudit
Silva; vocant Tempe; per quae Peneus ab imo
Effusus Pindo, spumosis volvitur undis,
Dejectuque gravi tenues agitantia fumos
Nubila conducit, sommasque aspergine silvas
Impluit, et sonitu plus quam vicina fatigat."
Ovid Met. I—568.

The Falls of the *Chaudière*, in their chief features, differ entirely from the majestic cascade of Montmorency.

"To a person who desires nothing more than the primary and sudden electric feeling of an overpowering and rapturous surprise, the cascade of Montmorency would certainly be preferable, but to the visitor, whose understanding and sensibilities are animated by an infusion of antiquated romance, the Falls of the *Chaudière* would be more attractive." [331]

This favourite resort of tourists is accessible by two modes of travel. We would assuredly advise visitors, both on account of the striking objects to be met with, to select the water route, going the land route on their return; a small steamer plies daily, for a 10 cent fare, at stated hours, from the Lower Town market place, touching at Sillery and skirting the dark frowning cliffs of Cape Diamond, amidst the shipping, affording a unique view of the mural-crowned city. After stopping five minutes at the Sillery wharf, the steamer crosses over and lands its passengers nearly opposite the R. C. Church of St. Romuald, which, with its frescoed ceiling and ornate interior is one of the handsomest temples of worship round Quebec. Vehicles are abundant at Levi and at St. Romuald; an hour's drive will land the tourist on the weird and romantic brink of the *Chaudière*, either by following the lower road on the beach, skirting the adjoining highland, or taking the road on the heights.

"Although yielding in grandeur to Niagara and Montmorency, it possesses features more interesting than either. The river, in its course of one hundred miles over a rugged bed, full of rapids and falls, is here narrowed to a width of between three hundred and four hundred feet, and is precipitated over a height of about one hundred and thirty feet, preserving the characteristic features of its *boiling* waters, till it mingles with the St. Lawrence. Hence it has received the appropriate name of *Chaudière* or *Caldron*. Instead of descending in one continuous sheet, it is divided by large projecting rocks into three channels or cataracts, which, however, unite before reaching the basin below. A globular figure is imparted to the descending volumes of brilliant white foam, in consequence of the deep excavations of the rocks, and the clouds of spray produce in the sunshine a brilliant variety of prismatic colours. The dark-green foliage of the dense forests that overhang the torrent on both sides, forms a striking contrast with its snow-white foam.

"The wild diversity of rocks, the foliage of the overhanging woods, the rapid motion, the effulgent brightness and the—deeply solemn sound of the cataracts, all combine to present a rich assemblage of objects highly attractive, especially when the visitor, emerging from the wood, is instantaneously surprised by the delightful scene. Below, the view is greatly changed, and the falls produce an additionally strong and vivid impression.

"If strangers view the Falls from one side of the river only, the prospect from the eastern shore is recommended as preferable.

"The Falls of Montmorency are not immediately surrounded by any rugged scenery, calculated to strengthen and perpetuate the peculiar emotion which is excited by the first glimpse of the cascade, but the dreary wildness in the foliage of the encircling forest, the total absence of every vestige of human improvement, and the tumultuous waves and commotion and effulgence that incessantly occupy the mind and rivet the senses of the beholder in the survey of the *Chaudière*, conjoined with the wider expansion and larger quantity of water in the stream, in the opinion of many visitors more than compensate for the greater elevation from which the waters of the Montmorency are precipitated."

On returning to the town of Levi, the tourist, taking the upper road, may visit the Falls of Etchemin, where have existed for close on a century, the extensive saw mills of Sir John Caldwell. They are now owned by Henry Atkinson, Esq.

APPENDIX

[See p. 4.]

JACQUES CARTIER'S OFFICERS AND CREW.

Liste de l'Équipage de Jacques Cartier, conservée dans les archives de St. Malo, France—revue avec soin sur le *fac-similé* par C. H. Laverdière, Ptre., Bibliothécaire de l'Université Laval, 22 novembre, 1859.

Jacques Cartier, capne.
Thomas Fourmont, Me. de la nef.
Guille. Le breton Bastille, capne. et pilote du Galion.
Jacq. Maingar, me. du Galion.
Marc Jalobert, capne. et pilote du Courlieu.
Guille. de Marié, me. de Courlieu.
Laurent Boulain.
Estienne Nouel.
Pierre Esmery dict Talbot.
Michel Herué.
Estienne Reumevel.
Michel Audiepore.
Bertrande Samboste.
Richard Lebay, Faucamps.
Lucas père Sr., ou Lucas Jacq, Sr., Fammys.
François Guiteault, Apoticaire.
Georges Mabile.
Guillme. Sequart, charpentier.
Robin Le Fort.
Samson Ripault, barbier.
François Guillet.
Guillme. Esnault, charpentier.
Jehan Dabin, charpentier.
Jehan Duuert.
Julien Golet.
Thomas Boulain.
Michel Philipot.
Jehan Hamel.
Jehan Fleury.
Guille. Guilbert.
Colas Barbe.
Laurens Gaillot.
Guille. Bochier.
Michel Eon.
Jean Anthoine.
Michel Maingard.
Jehan Margen.
Bertrand Apuril.
Giles Staffin.
Geoffrey Olliuier.
Guille. de Guernezé
Eustache Grossin.
Guillme. Allierte.
Jehan Ravy.
Pierres Marquier, trompet.
Guille. Legentilhomme.
Raoullet Maingard.
François Duault.
Herué Henry.
Yvon Legal.
Anthoine Alierte.
Jehan Colas.
Jacq Painsault.

Dom Guille. Le Breton.
Dom Antoine.
Philippe Thomas, charpentier.
Jacq. Duboys.
Julien Plantiruet.
Jehan Go.
Jehan Legentilhomme.
Michel Douquais, charpentier.
Jehan Aismery, charpentier.
Pierre Maingart.
Lucas Clavier.
Goulset Riou.
Jehan Jacq. de Morbihan.
Pierre Nyel.
Legendre Estienne Leblanc.
Jehan Pierres.
Jehan Commuyres.
Anthoine Desgranches.
Louys Donayrer.
Pierre Coupeaulx.
Pierres Jonchée.

74 signatures; the subsequent seven signatures were added in the answer to the Quebec Prize Historical Questions, submitted in 1879.

Jean Gouyon.
Charles Gaillot.
Claude de Pontbrians.
Charles de la Pommeraye.
Jean Pouillet.
Philippe Rougemont.
De Goyelle.

"JACQUES QUARTIER, THE PILOT."

"Gerald, eleventh Earl of Kildare, was born on the 26th of February, 1525. He was ten years of age at the time of his brother's arrest, and then lying ill with the small-pox at Donore in the County Kildare. He was committed to the care of his tutor, Thomas Leverous, who conveyed him in a large basket into Offaly to his sister, Lady Mary O'Connor. There he remained until he perfectly recovered. The misfortunes of his family had excited great sympathy for the boy over the whole of Ireland. This made the government anxious to have him in their power; and they endeavored accordingly to induce O'Brien to surrender him to them. About the 5th of March, 1540, Lady Eleanor O'Donnell, suspecting that it was the intention of her husband to surrender Gerald to the English Government, resolved to send him away. She engaged a merchant vessel of St. Malo which happened to be in Donegal Bay, to convey a small party to the coast of Brittany.

"Bartholomew Warner, an agent of the English Government, sends the following account of this transaction to Sir John Wallop, the English Ambassador in France:

"After their departing from Yrlande they arrived at Murles (Morlaix) wher, as he was well receyvyd of the Captayne, whiche leadde him throughe the towne by the hande, wher he tarried 3 or 4 days, and straghtwayes, the captayne sent word to Monsieur de Chattebriande off their arrivying ther. * * * * And from thens they came in the sayde shippe to Saynt Malo, where he was also well receyvyd of them of the Town, and specially of Jacques Quartier, the pilot, which your Lordship spake off at my being at Rouene."—*The Earls of Kildare and their Ancestors, from 1057 to 1773*, by the Marquis of Kildare. 3rd edition, pp. 179, 196.

DISCOVERY OF THE REMAINS OF JACQUES CARTIER'S VESSEL, THE "PETITE HERMINE."

(Note for pages 429-431-455.)

On the 25th of August, 1843, there was much commotion among the antiquarians of our old city. Mr. Jos. Hamel, the city surveyor, had thought it proper to call the attention of the Literary and Historical Society to the remains of a vessel lying at the brook St. Michel, which falls into the River St. Charles on the north bank about half way between the General Hospital and old Dorchester Bridge. This vessel

was supposed to be the *Petite Hermine*, one of Jacques Cartier's vessels left by him at the place where he wintered in 1535-6.

"The existence of this vessel had been known to persons frequenting the place for a great many years. Part of it, the farthest out in the stream, had been carried away for firewood or otherwise, and the forepart of the vessel was covered with clay and earth from the adjoining bank to the depth of six or seven feet. This was in great part removed, leaving the keel and part of the planking and ribs visible. The vessel had been built of large-grained oak, which was mostly in a good state of preservation, although discolored, and the iron spikes and bolts were still strong. The bolts in the keel, contrary to the usual practice, had been placed in from below. This is the spot where Jacques Cartier, is supposed to have wintered. The tide rises in the entrance of the brook, where the vessel lies, about six or seven feet. This entrance forms a semi-circular cove, on each side of which towards the St. Charles, the earth is elevated so as to have the appearance of a breastwork; the bank to the west of the cove is about eighteen feet high, and it was then covered with thick brush which prevented its being fully examined. The distance of the place from town is about one mile; the road is over the Dorchester Bridge and along the north bank of the St. Charles."—(*Quebec Gazette*, August 30, 1843).

(*From the Quebec Gazette, 30th August, 1843.*)

"In the last number (August 25th, inst.) of *Le Canadien* there is an article of deep interest to the Canadian antiquarian: The long agitated question as to the *where* or *whereabouts* Jacques Cartier, on his second voyage from France to this continent spent the winter of 1535-6; whether at the embouchure of the river bearing his name emptying into the St. Lawrence some ten or eleven leagues above Quebec, or in the little river St. Charles to the north of and at the foot of the promontory on which Quebec is built, is now, it would seem, about to be solved and satisfactorily set at rest by the recent discovery of the remains of a vessel, doubtless of European construction, supposed to be those of *La Petite Hermine*, of about 60 tons burthen, one of the three (*La Grande Hermine*, *La Petite Hermine*, and *L'Emerillon*), with which on the 19th of May, 1535, that intrepid navigator left St. Malo.

The article alluded to, which we believe to be the work of the editor himself (Mr. McDonald) of *Le Canadien*, logically establishes from Jacques Cartier's narrative that the place of his wintering, or Sainte Croix, as he named it, can be none other than the little river St. Charles, as we now call it. "Coasting," says he, "the said island (Orleans) we found at the upper end of it an expanse of water very beautiful and pleasant, at which place there is a little river and bar harbor with two or three fathoms of water, which we found to be a place suitable for putting our vessels in safety. We called it *Ste. Croix*, because on that day, (14th September) we arrived there. Near this place there are natives, whose chief is Donnacona and who lives there, which place is called Stadaconé," (now Quebec). Cartier observes in another part of his narrative that *Sainte Croix* was situate half a league from *and to the north* of Quebec. Again, speaking of the residence (Stadacone) of Donnacona, he says, "*under which high land towards the north* is the river and harbour Sainte Croix, at which place we remained from the 15th of September, to the 16th of May, 1536, where the vessels remained dry."

* * * * *

"We now translate from *Le Canadien*:—"At the invitation of Mr. Jos. Hamel, City Surveyor, Hon. Wm. Sheppard, the President, and (G. B.) Faribault, Vice-President of the Literary and Historical Society of Quebec, went with him on Saturday, the 19th instant, (1843) to visit the place, and according to the position of the *debris* of the vessel, the nature of the wood it is composed of, and the character of the stones (ballast) they found at the bottom, they were satisfied that all the probabilities are in favor of Mr. Hamel's hypothesis.

"On a report of this visit, the Council of the Literary and Historical Society assembled on Monday last, and resolved on laying open the *debris*, leaving it to Mr. Faribault, the Vice-President, to make, with Mr. Hamel, the necessary arrangements for the execution. The members of the Council having no funds at their disposal, that they can legally apply to this purpose, have so far carried it on at their own expense.

"Some valuable evidences of the ancient existence of this vessel have been gathered. We shall speak of them in giving an account of the exhumation in progress, under the direction of Messrs. Faribault and Hamel. All those who can throw any light on the subject, either of their own knowledge or by what they may have learnt by tradition, are earnestly solicited to impart the same at the Office of *Le Canadien*."

"Those gentlemen ought not to be allowed to carry on this work at their sole expense. The country, the world, are interested in it. This continent in 1535, from end to end one vast wilderness, the imagination can scarcely figure to itself a more awful solitude than that in which, during the winter of 1535-6 Cartier and his faithful followers, amidst savages in an unknown country, during a Canadian

winter, at a thousand leagues from their native land, were buried in the dreary swamp (for it then must have been little better) of *Sainte Croix* now the beautiful valley of the St. Charles, covered with cheerful cottages and a redundant population. Look to-day from the Citadel of *Stadaconé* in all directions north, south, east, west, than which under heaven, there is not a more splendid panorama, and think of what it was when Cartier and his comrades first looked upon it. Contrast his landing on the flinty rock at the base of Cape Diamond, the 14th September, 1535, and reception by a few gaping savages, with that of the present Governor-General, Sir Charles Metcalfe; amidst acclaiming thousands, on the 25th (Aug. 1843)—the manner of passing a winter at *Stadaconé* in 1535-6 and at the same place in 1842-3. What changes have the three centuries wrought! What recollections have they left! And what changes will not the next three hundred years bring about? More wonderful probably than those we admire to-day. But come what may of that which men sometimes call great and glorious, nothing can obliterate or eclipse the honors justly due to the memory of the celebrated navigator and his comrades, who first "coasting the said island (now Orleans) found at the end of it an expanse of water very beautiful and pleasant, and a little bar harbour," ('hable,' as he calls it,) and wintered there at about half a league northward of and under the highland of *Stadaconé*."

"During the dismal winter Jacques Cartier must have passed in his new quarters at *Ste. Croix*, he lost, by sickness contracted, it is said, from the natives, but more probably from scurvy, twenty-five of his men. This obliged him to abandon one of his three vessels (*La Petite Hermine* it is believed) which he left in her winter quarters, returning with the two others to France. The *locale* of the *débris* or remains, not only corresponds with the description given by Jacques Cartier of *Ste. Croix*, but also with the attention and particular care that might be expected from a skilful commander, in the selection of a safe spot in an unknown region where never an European had been before him, for wintering his vessels. They lie in the bottom of a small creek or gully, known as the *ruisseau St. Michel*, into which the tides regularly flow, on the property of Charles Smith, Esq., on the north side of the St. Charles and at about half a mile following the bends of the river above the site of the old Dorchester Bridge.—They are a little up the creek at about an acre from its mouth, and their position (where a sudden or short turn of the creek renders it next to impossible that she should be forced out of it by any rush of water in the spring or efforts of the ice,) evinces at once the precaution and the judgment of the commander in his choice of the spot. But small portions of her remaining timber (oak) are visible through the mud, but they are bitumanised and black as ebony, and after reposing in that spot 307 years, seem, as far as by chopping them with axes or spades, and probing by iron rods or picks, can be ascertained, sound as the day they were brought thither. The merit of the discovery belongs to our fellow townsman, Mr. Joseph Hamel, the City Surveyor."

Quebec, 28th August, 1843.

"LE CANON DE BRONZE."—THE BRONZE CANNON.

"A few years ago an ancient cannon of peculiar make, and supposed to have been of Spanish construction, was found in the river St. Lawrence, opposite the Parish of Champlain, in the District of Three Rivers. It is now in the Museum of Mr. Chasseur, and will repay the visit of the curious stranger. The ingenious writer of the Treatise upon this piece of ordnance, published in the second volume of the TRANSACTIONS of the Literary and Historical Society of Quebec, has endeavoured to show that it belonged to Verazzani,—that the latter perished before the second voyage of Jacques Cartier, either by scurvy or shipwreck, on his way up the river towards Hochelaga. He also endeavors, with great stretch of fancy, to explain and account for the pantomime enacted by the Indians in the presence of Jacques Cartier, in order to dissuade him from proceeding to Hochelaga so late in the season, by their recollection and allusion to the death of Verazzani, some nine or ten years before. But if they had really known anything respecting the fate of this navigator—and it must have been fresh in their memory, if we recall to mind how comparatively short a period had elapsed—is it not most likely that they would have found means, through the two interpreters to communicate it to Cartier? Yet it appears that the latter never so much as heard of it, either at Hochelai, now the Richelieu, where he was on friendly terms with the chief of the village—or at Hochelaga, where it must have been known—or when he wintered at *Ste. Croix*, in the little river St. Charles—nor yet when he passed a second winter at Carouge! The best evidence, however, that the Indian pantomime had no reference to Verazzani, and to disprove at once the truth of the tradition respecting his death in any part of the St. Lawrence, is to show, which we shall do on good authority, that at the very time when Cartier was passing the winter at *Ste. Croix*, Verazzani was actually alive in Italy. From a letter of Annibal Caro, quoted by Tiraboschi, an author of undoubted reputation, in the *Storie della Letteratura Italiana*, Vol. VII. part I. pp. 261, 462, it is proved that Verazzani was living in 1537, a year after the pantomime at *Ste. Croix*!

While on the subject of the Canon de Bronze it may be noted that Charlevoix mentions also a tradition, that Jacques Cartier himself was shipwrecked at the mouth of the river called by his name, with the loss of one of his vessels. From this it has been supposed that the Canon de Bronze was lost on

that occasion; and an erroneous inscription to that effect has been engraved upon it. In the first place the cannon was not found at the mouth of the River Jacques Cartier, but opposite the Parish of Champlain; in the next, no shipwreck was ever suffered by Jacques Cartier, who wintered in fact at the mouth of the little river St. Charles. The tradition as to his shipwreck, and to the loss of one of his vessels, most probably arose from the well known circumstance of his having returned to France with two ships, instead of three, with which he left St. Malo. Having lost so many men by scurvy during his first winter in Canada, he was under the necessity of abandoning one of them, which lay in the harbour of Ste. Croix. The people of Champlain having possessed themselves of the old iron to be found on the vessel, it of course soon fell to pieces, and in process of time arose the tradition that Jacques Cartier had been shipwrecked. The removal of the scene of his supposed disaster from the St. Charles to the River Jacques Cartier. was an error of Charlevoix.

Before we conclude this notice of Verazzani: it may be mentioned, that in the Strozzi Library at Florence, is preserved a manuscript, in which he is said to have given with great minuteness, a description of all the countries which he had visited during his voyage, and from which, says Tiraboschi, we derive the intelligence, that he had formed the design, in common with the other navigators of that era, of attempting a passage through those seas to the East Indies. It is much to be desired, that some Italian Scholar would favor the world with the publication of this manuscript of Verazzani."

[See pages 71-72.]

THE FRENCH WHO REMAINED IN QUEBEC AFTER ITS CAPITULATION TO THE BRITISH IN 1629.

(From the Canadian Antiquarian)

In Canadian annals there is no period veiled deeper in Cimmerian darkness, than the short era of the occupation of Quebec by the English under Louis Kirke, extending from the 14th July 1629, to 13th July, 1632. The absence of diaries, of regular histories, no doubt makes it difficult to reconstruct, in minute details, the nascent city of 1629. Deep researches, however, in the English and French archives have recently brought to the surface many curious incidents. To the Abbé Faillon, who, in addition to the usual sources of information had access to the archives of the Propaganda at Rome, the cause of history is deeply indebted, though one must occasionally regret his partiality towards Montreal which so often obscures his judgment. Another useful source to draw from for our historians, will be found in a very recent work on the conquest of Canada in 1629 by a descendant of Louis Kirke, an Oxford graduate, it is published in England.

Those who fancy reading the present to the past, will be pleased to meet in those two last writers a quaint account of the theological feud agitating the Rock in 1629. Religious controversies were then, as now, the order of the day. But bluff Commander Kirke had a happy way of getting rid of bad theology. His Excellency, whose ancestors hailed from France, was a Huguenot, a staunch believer in John Calvin. Of his trusty garrison of 90 men a goodly portion were calvinists, the rest, however, with the chaplain of the forces, were disciples of Luther. The squabble, from theology, degenerated into disloyalty to the constituted authorities, a conspiracy was hatched to overthrow the Governor's rule and murder Kirke. His Reverence the Lutheran minister was supposed to be in some way accessory to the plot, which Kirke found means to suppress with a high hand, and His Reverence, without the slightest regard to the cut of his coat, was arrested and detained a prisoner for six months in the Jesuit's residence on the banks of the St. Charles, near Hare Point, from which he emerged, let us hope, a wiser, if not a better man. History has failed to disclose the name of the Lutheran minister.

Elsewhere [332] we have furnished a summary of the French families who remained in Quebec in 1629, after the departure of Champlain and capitulation of the place to the British. Students of Canadian history are indebted to Mr. Stanislas Drapeau, of Ottawa, for a still fuller account, which we shall take the liberty to translate.

"Over and above the English garrison of Quebec, numbering 90 men, we can make out that twenty-eight French remained. The inmates of Quebec that winter amounted to 118 persons, as follows:

1. GUILLAUME HOBOU—Marie Rollet, his wife, widow of the late Louis Hébert, Guillaume Hébert son of Louis Hébert.
2. GUILLAUME COUILLARD, son-in-law of the late Louis Hébert.—Guillemette Hébert, his wife, Louise, aged four years, Marguerite, aged three years, Louis, aged two years, their children.
3. ABRAHAM MARTIN.—Marguerite Langlois, his wife; Anne, aged twenty-five years; Marguerite, aged five years; Hélène, aged two years, their children.

4. PIERRE DESPORTES.—Francois Langlois, his wife; Hélène Langlois.

5. NICHOLAS PIVERT.—Marguerite Lesage, his wife; Marguerite Lesage, his little neice; Adrien du Chesne, Surgeon.

NICOLET; FROIDEMOUCHE; LE COQ., carpenter; PIERRE ROY, of Paris, coach- builder; ETIENNE BRUSLÉ, of Champigny, interpreter of the Hurons; NICOLAS MARSOLAIS, of Rouen, interpreter of the Montagnais; GROS JEAN, of Dieppe, interpreter of the Algonquins.

ENGLISH GARRISON.—Louis Kirke, Commandant and Governor;... Minister of Religion; Le Baillif, of Amiens, clerk to Kirke; 88 men, officers, and soldiers."

THE ARMS OF THE DOMINION.

THE SECRETARY OF STATE FOR THE COLONIES TO THE GOVERNOR GENERAL.

DOWNING STREET, October 14, 1868.

My Lord,—I have the honour to enclose a certified copy of 26th May, Her Majesty's Warrant of Assignment of 1868, Armorial Bearings for the Dominion and Provinces of Canada, which has been duly enrolled in Her Majesty's College of Arms, and I have to request that your Lordship will take such steps as may be necessary for carrying Her Majesty's gracious intentions into effect.

I have, &c,

(Signed) BUCKINGHAM AND CHANDOS.

TO THE GOVERNOR, THE RIGHT HON. VISC. MONK, &c., &c.

VICTORIA R.

VICTORIA, by the grace of God, of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, Queen, Defender of the Faith, &c.

To our right trusty and well-beloved councillor Edward George Fitzalan Howard, (commonly called Lord Edward George Fitzalan Howard), deputy to our right trusty and right entirely beloved cousin, Henry, Duke of Norfolk, Earl Marshal, and our Hereditary Marshal of England—Greeting:

Whereas, etc,... We were empowered to declare after a certain day therein appointed, that the Provinces of Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick should form one Dominion under the name of Canada, etc.,... and after the first day of July, 1867, the said Provinces should form and be one Dominion under the name of Canada accordingly.

And forasmuch as it is Our Royal will and pleasure that for the greater honour and distinction of the said Provinces, certain Armorial Ensigns should be assigned to them;

Know Ye, therefore, that We, of Our Princely Grace and special favour have granted and assigned, and by these presents do grant and assign the Armorial Ensigns following, that is to say:

FOR THE PROVINCE OF ONTARIO

Vert a sprig of three Leaves of Maple slipped, or on a chief Argent the Cross of St. George.

FOR THE PROVINCE OF QUEBEC

Or on a Fess Gules between two Fluer de Lis in chief Azure, and a sprig of three Leaves of Maple slipped vert in base, a Lion passant guardant or

FOR THE PROVINCE OF NOVA SCOTIA

Or on a Fess Wavy Azure between three Thistles proper, a Salmon Naiant Argent

FOR THE PROVINCE OF NEW BRUNSWICK

Or on Waves a Lymphad, or Ancient Galley, with Oars in action, proper on a chief Gules a Lion

passant guardant or, as the same are severally depicted in the margin hereof, to be borne for the said respective Provinces on Seals, Shields, Banners, Flags or otherwise, according to the Laws of Arms

And we are further pleased to declare that the said United Province of Canada, being one Dominion under the name of Canada, shall, upon all occasions that may be required, use a common Seal, to be called the "Great Seal of Canada," which said seal shall be composed of the Arms of the said four Provinces quarterly, all of which armorial bearings are set forth in our Royal Warrant

Our Will and Pleasure is that you, Edward George Fitzalan Howard, (commonly called Lord Edward George Fitzalan Howard) Deputy to our said Earl Marshal, to whom the cognizance of matters of this nature doth properly belong, do require and command that this Our Concession and Declaration be recorded in our college of arms, in order that Our Officers of Arms and all other Public Functionaries whom it may concern may take full notice and knowledge thereof in their several and respective departments. And for so doing this shall be your Warrant, given at our Court at St James, this twenty-sixth day of May, in the thirty-first year of Our Reign

By Her Majesty's command,

(Signed) BUCKINGHAM AND CHANDOS

"SEAL OF THE DOMINION OF CANADA—Messrs J. G. and A. B. Wyon have now on view, at 287 Regent Street, impressions from the seals of the four provinces of Canada and the Great Seal of the Dominion, just completed, with the gold medal that has been struck in commemoration of the union of the provinces. They are all designed and executed in a very high style of art. Of the seals, that for the Dominion is, of course, the largest. It represents the Queen seated under a Gothic canopy and holding the ball and sceptre, while the wings of the canopy contain the shields of the Provinces—two on either side—hanging on the stem of an oak. These Gothic canopies occupy nearly the whole of the middle space of the seal, the ground between them and the border is covered with a rich diaper, and a shield bearing the Royal Arms of England fills the space beneath the centre canopy. The border of the seal bears the inscription, "Victoria, Dei Gratia, Britanniae Regina, F. D. In Canada Sigillum." This work would add to the reputation of any other seal engraver, though it can hardly do so to that of the Messrs Wyon, whose productions have long enjoyed a high and deserved celebrity. The seal is well filled, as it should be in a Gothic design, but it is not crowded, the ornaments are all very pure in style, and the whole is in the most perfect keeping. The execution is not less remarkable, the relief is extremely high in parts (although it does not at first appear to be so, owing to the breadth of the composition), but, in spite of this difficulty, the truth, sharpness, and finish of every part have been preserved as well as they could possibly be on a medal, or even on a coin. The smaller seals for the provinces are engraved on one general design. The crown surmounts a central shield bearing the Royal Arms, below which is a smaller shield bearing the arms of the particular province—New Brunswick, Ontario, Quebec, or Nova Scotia. The Royal motto on a flowing ribbon fills up the space at the sides; a border adapted to the outline of the design runs outside this, and touches the circular border of the seal containing the legend. These seals are no less remarkable for carefulness of execution than the one to which we have referred. The medal which has been struck to commemorate the confederation of the provinces is in solid gold, and is so large and massive that its value in metal alone is £50. On the obverse there is a head of the Queen, for which Her Majesty recently gave Mr. Wyon sittings; the reverse bears an allegorical design—Britannia seated and holding the scroll of confederation, with figures representing the four provinces grouped around her. Ontario holds the sheaf and sickle; Quebec, the paddle; Nova Scotia, the mining spade; and New Brunswick the forest axe. Britannia carries her trident and the lion crouches by her side. The following inscription runs round a raised border: "Juventas et Patrius Vigor Canada Instaurata 1867." The relief on this side is extremely bold, and the composition, modelling and finish are such as to leave little to be desired. The treatment of the head on the obverse is broad and simple; the hair is hidden by a sort of hood of flowing drapery confined by a plain coronet, and the surface is but little broken anywhere. The ornaments are massive rather than rich; there is a plain pendant in the ear, and a miniature of the Prince Consort is attached to a necklace of very chaste design."—*Morning Chronicle, Quebec.*

[See page 148.]

MILITIA UNIFORMS.

Canadian militiamen will be interested in the following letter which appeared in the Toronto *Globe*.

SIR,—I observe in your "Notes from the Capital" a paragraph to the effect that Major-General Luard has taken exception to the gold lace worn by certain arms of the active militia. I am aware that this point has been raised before, and perhaps it is not a very material issue; but there is a feature—an historical one—in connection with the subject that deserves attention, and I remember when the militia

was more active than now, in the face of danger to the peace of the country, this historical point was brought into prominence. I simply suggest that a certain warrant signed by the King after the war of 1812 be unearthed. I believe it lies somewhere in the militia archives, having been transferred from the Public Record Office. According to an old officer, now dead, who was familiar with it, this warrant authorises the Canadian militia—a royal force, by the way— to wear the same uniform as His Majesty's "Royal Regiments." Hence it is that the characteristic features of the royal livery has been assumed by the artillery and the other arms of the service. My informant, who had served in 1812, also stated that it was owing to an accident that silver was assumed in 1862, the contractor in London, who supplied, in great haste, uniforms for the militia at the time of the Trent affair, assuming that "militia" uniforms must be after the style of the English force, which bears silver ornaments. The Canadian militia is, of course, on a different footing, and takes precedence after the regular army. I think, therefore, that for the sake of history and the prominent position of the Canadian militia in a warlike sense, and in view of services rendered, such as no other militia in the British service ever rendered, this point is worthy of revival and investigation. Apart from this there is the fact that a change of dress is a source of expense and embarrassment to officers. I have served in various corps for seventeen years, and I know. L. A. M. L.

[See page 24.]

HORSES.

"L'un des premiers soins du Monarque fut d'y faire passer (au Canada), à ses frais, des chevaux, tant pour faciliter aux colons les travaux de l'agriculture, que pour leur procurer leur commodité particulière, attendu que jusque-là ils n'avaient pu marcher qu'à l'aide de raquettes pendant l'hiver. Le 16 juillet 1665 on débarqua à Québec douze chevaux, les premiers envoyés de France par le Roi. Il était naturel que les sauvages, à qui ces animaux étaient entièrement inconnus, témoignassent une grande surprise en voyant ces *originaux de France*: c'est ainsi qu'ils les appelaient, par comparaison avec ces animaux du pays, n'ayant pas de mots dans leur langue pour les désigner. Ce qu'ils admiraient surtout, c'étaient qu'ils fussent si traitables et si dociles sous la main de leurs cavaliers, qui les faisaient marcher à leur fantaisie. [333] Sa Majesté a encore envoyé des chevaux, écrivait en 1667 la mère Marie de l'Incarnation, et on nous a donné pour notre part deux belles juments et un cheval, tant pour la charrue que pour le charroi. [334] "L'année 1670, le Roi envoya pareillement un étalon et douze juments, et les fit distribuer aux gentilshommes du pays, les plus zélés pour la culture des terres: une jument à M. Talon, deux juments à M. de Chambly avec un étalon, une à M. de Sorel, une à M. de Contrecoeur, une à M. de Saint- Ours, une à M. de Varenne, deux juments à M. de Lachesnaye, une à M. de Latouche, une à M. de Repentigny, enfin la douzième à M. Le Ber. Voici les conditions auxquelles le Roi faisaient ces sortes de dons aux particuliers, ils devaient les nourrir pendant trois ans: et si par leur faute, quelqu'un de ces animaux venaient à mourir, celui à qui il avait été donné était obligé de donner au receveur du Roi la somme de deux cents livres. Dans l'autre cas, il pouvait le vendre après les trois ans expirés, ainsi que les poulains qu'il aurait pu avoir; mais avec charge au bout de trois ans, de donner au receveur de Sa Majesté un poulain d'un an pour chaque cheval, ou la somme de cent livres. Il était pareillement ordonné que, lorsque ces poulains que le Roi faisait élever et nourrir seraient parvenus à leur troisième année, on les distribuer ait à d'autres particuliers, et toujours aux mêmes conditions. [335] Comme on le voit, ces conditions ne pouvaient être plus avantageuses aux particuliers, ni au pays en général; aussi Colbert, qui avait tant à coeur de voir fleurir la colonie, écrivait à M. Talon, le 11 février 1671. "Je tiendrai la main à ce qu'il soit envoyé en Canada des caavales et des ânesses, afin de multiplier ces espèces si nécessaires à la commodité des habitants." [336] De tous les animaux domestiques envoyés par le Roi dans la Nouvelle- France, les chevaux furent, en effet, ceux qui s'y multiplièrent le plus, quoique le nombre des autres y augmentât d'une manière étonnante. [337]— (*L'Histoire de la Colonie Française en Canada*, Faillon, Vol. III, p. 222.)

EXPORTATION OF CANADIAN CATTLE TO EUROPE.

According to the statistics furnished by Mr. McEachran, V.S., and Government Inspector of live stock, the total shipments for 1879 from Montreal and Quebec from toe opening to the close of navigation, as compared with the two previous years, are as follows:—

	1879	1878	1877
Cattle...	24,823	18,665	6,940
Sheep....	78,792	41,250	9,500
Hogs.....	4,745	2,078	430

The great majority of animals shipped from Quebec were forwarded by sail from Montreal, and large

as the increased shipments of cattle, sheep and hogs this year are over 1878 and 1877, the exports next year will doubtless show a still large increase as compared with those of 1879— [Quebec *Mercury*, 18th Nov., 1879.]

Mr. J. A. Couture, veterinary surgeon, the officer in charge of the Point Levi cattle quarantine, furnishes the following figures regarding the Canadian Cattle Trade during the season of 1879. The total number of live stock shipped at Montreal was 17,101 head of cattle, 59,907 sheep, and 3,468 hogs. From this port the shipments were 4,000 head of cattle, 17,274 sheep, and 188 hogs; or a grand total from the two shipping ports of 21,112 head of cattle; 77,181 sheep and 3,656 hogs. The estimated value of this live stock is—cattle, \$1,111,200; sheep, \$771,810; and hogs, \$52,720; or a grand total of \$2,935,730. The value of the forage exported with this stock for food, averaging the trip of each steamship at ten days, is placed at \$92,690; and the estimated sums paid to the various steamship lines for freight is \$583,900.—[Quebec *Mercury*, 24th Nov., 1879.]

[See page 200.]

SHIP-BUILDING AT QUEBEC UNDER FRENCH DOMINATION.

"La construction des vaisseaux était une autre branche d'industrie que Louis XIV avait à coeur d'introduire en Canada; et dans ce dessin, il eut soin d'y faire passer tous les ouvriers nécessaires, ainsi que d'autres, pour préparer des bois propres à cette construction et les transporter en France. Peu après son arrivée en Canada, M. Talon donna tous ses soins à un objet de si grande importance. "Il faut couper des bois de toute sorte, lit-on dans la Relation de 1667, qui se trouvent par tout le Canada, et qui donnent facilité aux Français et aux autres, qui viennent s'y habituer, de s'y loger dès leur arrivée. Il fait faire des matures, dont il envoie cette année des essais à la Rochelle pour servir à la marine. Il s'est appliqué, de plus, aux bois propres à la construction des vaisseaux, dont l'épreuve a été faite en ce pays par la bâtisse d'une barque, qui se trouve de bon service, et d'un gros vaisseau tout prêt à être mis à l'eau." [338] Dans l'état de la dépense du Roi pour l'année 1671, nous lisons cet article remarquable: "Quarante-mille livres pour être employées à la construction des vaisseaux qui se font en Canada, comme aussi à la coupe et à la façon des bois envoyés de ce pays pour les constructions qui se font dans les ports du royaume." [339] Le premier de ces vaisseaux, auxquels on travaillait l'année 1672, devait être du poids de quatre à cinq cents tonneaux; et, dans le même temps, on se disposait à en construire un autre plus considérable encore, dont tous les matériaux étaient déjà prêts. [340] L'un de ces bâtiments étant enfin achevé, on demanda au Roi qu'il voulût bien le laisser dans la colonie, ce qui pourtant n'eut pas lieu." [341]—*Histoire de la Colonie Française en Canada*, Faillon, Vol. III, p. 256.

Extract from "*Mémoires et Relations sur l'Histoire Ancienne du Canada* d'après des Manuscrits récemment obtenus des Archives et Bureaux Publics, en France."

(Publiés sous la direction de la Société Littéraire et Historique de Québec, 1840. (1748.))—"Il y a une Construction royale établie à Québec; le Roy y entretient un Constructeur-en-chef, et tous les ouvriers nécessaires; mais cette construction est aujourd'hui décriée, et l'on dit que le Roy va la faire cesser pour les raisons suivantes:

En premier lieu, on prétend que les vaisseaux bâtis à Québec coûtent beaucoup plus que ceux bâtis dans les ports de France; mais on n'ajoute pas que ce n'est qu'en apparence, attendu qu'il passe sur le compte de la construction beaucoup de dépenses qui n'y ont aucun rapport.

En second lieu, que ces vaisseaux jusqu'à présent ont été de très-peu de durée; d'où l'on conclut que les bois du Canada ne valent rien.

Pour juger sainement de la qualité de ces bois, il faut entrer dans le détail de ce qui en regarde la coupe, le transport à Québec, et l'employ à la construction.

Premièrement: Ces bois du Canada sont extrêmement droits, ce n'est qu'avec beaucoup de peine qu'on trouve dans leurs racines des bois tords, propres à la construction.

Deuxièmement: Jusqu'à présent on n'a exploité que les Chênières les plus voisines des rivières, et conséquemment situées dans les lieux bas, à cause de la facilité de transport.

Troisièmement: Les bois sont coupés en hiver; on les traîne sur la neige jusques au bord des rivières et des lacs; lorsque la fonte des neiges et des glaces a rendu la navigation libre, on les met en radeaux pour les descendre à Québec, où ils restent longtems dans l'eau, avant d'être tirés à terre, et où ils en contractent une mousse qui les échauffe; encore imbibés d'eau, ils sont exposés dans un chantier à toute l'ardeur du soleil de l'été; l'hiver qui succède les couvre une seconde fois de neige, que le printemps fait fondre, et ainsi successivement jusqu'à ce qu'ils soient employés; enfin, ils restent deux ans sur les chantiers, où de nouveau ils essuyent deux fois l'extrémité du froid et du chaud qu'on sent

dans ce climat.

Voilà les causes du peu de durée de ces vaisseaux:

Si on coupoit les bois sur les hauteurs; s'ils étoient transportés à Québec dans des barques; si on les garantissoit des injures du tems dans des hangars, et si les vaisseaux ne restoient qu'une année sur les chantiers il est évident qu'ils dureroient plus longtems. Dans la démolition de ceux qui ont été condamnés en France, on a reconnu que les bordages s'étoient bien conservés, et qu'ils étoient aussi bons que ceux qu'on tire de Sède; mais que les membres en étoient pourris. Est-il étonnant que les bois tords pris à la racine d'arbres qui avoient le pied dans l'eau qu'on n'a pas eu attention de faire sécher à couvert, s'échauffent quand ils se trouvent enfermés entre deux bordages?

Je ne vois donc pas que les raisons alléguées centre les vaisseaux de Québec soient suffisantes pour en faire cesser la construction. Je dis plus, que le Roy fait en Canada, celle de la construction me paroît la plus nécessaire, et celle qui peut devenir la plus utile. Tout esprit non prévenu sera forcé de convenir qu'on y fera construire des vaisseaux avec plus d'économie que dans les ports de France, toutes les fois qu'on ne confondra pas d'autres dépenses avec celles de la construction. D'ailleurs, il est important qu'il y ait à Québec un certain nombre de charpentiers et de calfats; il en manque aujourd'hui, malgré ceux que le Roy entretient; et lorsque les particuliers en ont besoin au printemps, ils n'en trouvent point; un calfat se paye six francs pour une marée. J'avoue qu'alors tous les travaux de cette espèce sont pressés; mais ordinairement un charpentier gagne trois à quatre francs par jour avec les particuliers. Indépendamment de l'intérêt des particuliers, les vaisseaux qui viennent à Québec, ont quelques fois besoin d'un radoub, et dans le nombre des navires marchands, il y en a toujours quelqu'un qu'il est nécessaire de radouber par des accidents arrivés dans la traversée. Si le Roy faisoit cesser ici la construction de ses vaisseaux, tous les ouvriers qui y sont employés seroient forcés d'aller chercher du travail ailleurs.

Enfin, on a besoin en Canada de petits bâtimens pour les postes de la pêche, pour le commerce de Québec, à Montréal, pour le cabotage de la rivière, pour la traite à Gaspé et à Louisbourg; et cette partie de la construction est si fort négligée ici, que les Anglois de ce continent fournissent une partie des bâtimens pour la navigation dans l'intérieur de notre Colonie. Ce n'est pas que leurs bois sont meilleurs, ou leurs bâtimens mieux construits que les nôtres, mais ils les donnent à meilleur marché. Aussi voyons-nous dans toutes nos places maritimes des navires marchands construits dans la Nouvelle-Angleterre.

Loin donc de prendre le parti d'abandonner la Construction royale, parti préjudiciable à la Colonie, et j'ose dire à l'État, il seroit nécessaire non-seulement que le Roy continuât à faire construire des vaisseaux en Canada, mais encore qu'il encourageât des entrepreneurs pour la construction de bâtimens marchands. La gratification de vingt francs par tonneau, accordée aux particuliers qui feroient passer en France des bâtimens construits en Canada, ne suffiroit pas aujourd'hui pour les engager à cet égard dans des entreprises d'un certaine considération; la main d'oeuvre est hors de prix, et les entrepreneurs seroient forcés de faire venir de France les voiles, cordages et autres agrès.

Il faudroit, indépendamment de la gratification, que le Roy fit passer à Québec une partie de ses agrès, et qu'il les donnât aux entrepreneurs à un prix raisonnable: il faudroit en outre qu'il leur procureroit un frêt pour les bâtimens qu'ils envoyeroient en France, et il le leur procureroit en ordonnant qu'on reçut dans ses ports les planches, bordages, merrains, plançons de chêne, mâtures et autres articles de cette espèce, dont ces bâtimens seroient chargés, au même prix qu'il les paye aux fournisseurs qui tirent tous ces articles de l'étranger; en prenant ces mesures, le Canada fourniroit les bâtimens nécessaires pour le commerce intérieur de la Colonie, dispenseroit la France d'avoir recours aux Anglois pour les navires qui manquent à son commerce en Europe, et que les Anglois construisent dans le même continent où nous avons de si vastes possessions; les mâtures du Canada, estimées autant que celles que nous tirons du Nord à grands frais, ne seroient pas pour nous en pure perte; ces exploitations devenant considérables, faciliteroient la culture des terres, en désertant des cantons qui, peut-être, ne le seront jamais; enfin cette construction, établie sur le pied où on le propose, coûteroit sans doute, au Roy; mais cette dépense, sagement économisée, feroit partie de celles que nous avons dit être nécessaires pour la balance du commerce de cette Colonie avec la France."

I have furnished elsewhere, a sketch and a tabular statement showing the gradual progress in ship-building, under French Rule and under English Rule, from 1787 down to 1875.—*Vide* QUEBEC PAST AND PRESENT, page 434-9.

[See page 219.]

"Louis XIV," says Parkman, "commanded that eighteen thousand unoffending persons should be stripped of all they possessed, and cast out to the mercy of the wilderness. The atrocity of the plan is matched by its folly. The King gave explicit orders, but he gave neither ships nor men enough to accomplish them; and the Dutch farmers, goaded to desperation, would have cut his sixteen hundred soldiers to pieces." [342]

"Si parmi les habitans de la Nouvelle-York il se trouve des Catholiques de la fidélité desquels il croye se pouvoir assurer, il pourra les laisser dans leurs habitations, après leur avoir fait prêter serment de fidélité à Sa Majesté.... Il pourra aussi garder, s'il le juge à propos, des artisans et autres gens de service nécessaires pour l'a culture des terres, ou pour travailler aux fortifications, en qualité de prisonniers.... Il faut retenir en prison les officiers et les principaux habitans desquels on pourrat retirer des rançons. A l'esgard de tous les autres estrangers (*ceux que ne sont pas Français*), hommes, femmes et enfans, sa Majesté trouve à propos qu'ils soient mis hors de la Colonie et envoyez a la Nouvelle Angleterre, a la Pennsylvanie ou en d'autres endroits qu il jugera à propos par mer ou par terre, ensemble ou séparément le tout suivant qu il trouvera plus seur pour les dissiper et empescher qu en se réunissant ils ne puissent donner occasion à des entreprises contre cette Colonie. Il envoyera en France les Français fugitifs qu'il y pourra trouver et particulièrement ceux de la Religion Prétendue-Reformée (*Huguenots*)—(New York Col. Docs. IX 422)

Vide—Le Roy à Denonville, 7 juin 1689 le Ministre à Denonville, même date, le Ministre à Frontenac, même date ordre du Roy à Vaudreuil, même date le Roy au Sieur de la Coffinière; même date, Champagny au Ministre, 16 Nov. 1689

COPY OF THE EPITAPH PREPARED BY THE ACADÉMIE DES INSCRIPTIONS AT PARIS FOR THE MARQUIS OF MONTCALM'S TOMB.

Leave was asked by the French Government to have the marble tablet, on which this epitaph was inscribed, sent out to Quebec, and granted by the English Government (*Vide* William Pitt's Letter, 10th April, 1761). This inscription, from some cause or other, never reached Quebec.

EPITAPH

Hic jacet
Utroque in orbe aeternum victurus,
LUDOVICUS JOSEPHUS DE MONTCALM GOZON
Marchio Sancti Verani, Baro Gabriaci,
Ordinis Sancti Ludovici Commendator,
Legatus Generalis Exercituum Gallicorum
Egregius et Civis et Miles,
Nullius rei appetens praeterquam verae laudis
Ingenio felici et literis exculpto
Omnes Militiae gradus per continua decora emensus,
Omnium Belli Artium, temporum, discriminum gnarus,
In Italia, in Bohemia, in Germania
Dux industrius
Mandata sibi ita semper gerens ut majoribus par haberetur,
Jam clarus periculis
Ad tutandam Canadensem Provinciam missu
Parva militum manu Hostium copias non semel repulit,
Propugnacula cepit viris armisque instructissima
Algoris, mediae, vigiliarum, laboris patiens,
Suis ucice prospiciens immemor sui,
Hostis acer, victor mansuetus
Fortunam virtute, virium inopiam peritia et celeritate compensavit,
Imminens Coloniae fatum et consilio et manu per quadriennium sustinuit
Tandem ingentem Exercitum Duce strenuo et audaci,
Classemque omni bellorum mole gravem,
Multiplici prudentia diu ludificatus
Vi pertractus ad dimicandum,
In prima acie, in primo conflictu vulneratus,
Religioni quam semper coluerat innitens,
Magno suorum desiderio, nec sine hostium moerore,
Extinctus est
Die XIV. Sept, A. D. MDCCLIX. aetat. XLVIII.

Mortales optimi ducis exuvias in excavata humo,
Quam globus bellicus decidens dissiliensque defoderat,
Galli lugentes deposuerunt,
Et generosae hostium fidei commendarunt
The Annual Register for 1762.

THE FRENCH REFUGEES OF OXFORD, MASS.

An elegantly printed volume has just issued from the press of Noyes, Snow and Co., Worcester, Mass, from the pen of George F. Daniels, containing a succinct history of one of the earliest Massachusetts towns—the town of Oxford; we think we cannot introduce it to the reader more appropriately, than in the words of Oliver Wendell Holmes, whose graceful introduction prefaces the volume.

Oliver Wendell Holmes to George F. Daniels:—"Of all my father's historical studies," says the Autocrat of the Breakfast-table, "none ever interested me so much as his 'Memoir of the French Protestants who settled at Oxford, in 1686,'—all the circumstances connected with that second Colony of Pilgrim-Fathers, are such as to invest it with singular attraction for the student of history, the antiquary, the genealogist. It carries us back to the memories of the massacre of Saint Bartholomew, to the generous Edict of Nantes, and the gallant soldier-king, who issued it; to the days of the Grand Monarque, and the cruel act of revocation which drove into exile hundreds of thousands of the best subjects of France— among them the little band which was planted in our Massachusetts half-tamed wilderness. It leads the explorer who loves to linger around the places consecrated by human enterprise, efforts, trials, triumphs, sufferings, to localities still marked with the fading traces of the strangers who, there found a refuge for a few brief years, and then wandered forth to know their homes no more. It tells the lovers of family history where the un-English names which he is constantly meeting with— Bowdoin, Faneuil, Sigourney—found their origin, and under what skies were moulded the type of lineaments, unlike those of Anglo-Saxon parentage, which he finds among certain of his acquaintance, and it may be in his own family or himself. And what romance can be fuller of interest than the story of this hunted handful of Protestants leaving, some of them at an hour's warning, all that was dear to them, and voluntarily wrecking themselves, as it were, on this shore, where the savage and the wolf were waiting ready to dispute possession with the feeble intruders. They came with their untrained skill to a region where trees were to be felled, wild beasts to be slain, the soil to be subdued to furnish them bread, the whole fabric of social order to be established under new conditions. They came from the sunny skies of France to the capricious climate where the summers were fierce and the winters terrible with winds and snows. They left the polished amenities of an old civilization, for the homely ways of rude settlers of another race and language. Their lips, which had shaped themselves to the harmonies of a refined language, which had been used to speaking such names as Rochefort and Beauvoir and Angoulême, had to distort themselves into the utterances of words like Manchaug and Wabquasset and Chaubunagungamang. The short and simple annals of this heroic and gentle company of emigrants are full of trials and troubles, and ended with a bloody catastrophe.

'After Plymouth, I do not think there is any locality in New England more interesting. This little band of French families, [343] transported from the shore of the Bay of Biscay to the wilds of our New England interior, reminds me of the isolated group of Magnolias which we find surrounded by the ordinary forest trees of our Massachusetts town of Manchester. It is a surprise to meet with them, and we wonder how they came there, but they glorify the scenery with their tropical flowers, and sweeten it with their fragrance. Such a pleasing surprise is the effect of coming upon this small and transitory abiding-place of the men and women who left their beloved and beautiful land for the sake of their religion. The lines of their fort may become obliterated, 'the perfume of the shrubbery may no longer be perceived but the ground they hallowed by their footsteps is sacred and the air around their old Oxford home is sweet with their memory.'

This exclusiveness in the selection of settlers for Canada, ever since the days of the DeCaens, to render the population homogeneous and prevent religious discord, was extended to Frenchmen, whose only disability, was their faith, and who did not belong to the national Church, and though the colony, more than once was at its last gasp, for want of soldiers and colonists to defend it, it was forbidden ground to the 500,000 industrious Frenchman, whom the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes in 1682, drove to England, Holland and Germany, and the English and Dutch colonies in America. This policy of exclusiveness, was vigorously denounced by the leading historian of Canada, F. X. Garneau, in 1845.

"The poorly expressed request, for fifteen hundred colonists to take the place of those who had joined the army, remained unanswered—unattended to. Though at the very time the Huguenots solicited as a favour permission to settle in the New World, where they promised to live peaceably under the shadow of their country's flag—which they could not cease to love—it was just when they were denied a request, which had it been granted would have saved Canada and permanently secured it to France.

But Colbert's influence," says Garneau, "at Court had fallen away; he was on his death-bed. So long as he was in power he had protected the Calvinists, who had ceased to disturb France and who then were enriching it. His death which took place in 1684, handed them over to the tender mercy of the Chancellor Le Tellier and of the fierce Louvois. The *dragonnades* swept over the protestant strongholds, awful heralds of the revocation of the edict of Nantes. The king, said a celebrated writer, exhibited his power by humbling the Pope and by crushing the Huguenots. He wished the unification of the Church and of France—the hobby of the great men of the day, presided over by Bossuet. Madame de Maintenon, a converted Calvinist, and who had secretly become his wife (1685) encouraged him in this design and suggested to him the cruel scheme of tearing away children from their parents, to bring them up in the Roman Catholic faith. The vexatious confiscations, the galleys, the torture of the wheel, the gibbet,—all were successively but unsuccessfully resorted to as a means to convert them. The unhappy Protestants' sole aim was to escape from the band which tortured them, in vain were they prohibited from quitting the kingdom, and those who aided them in their flight sent to the galleys—five hundred thousand escaped to Holland, to Germany, to England, and to the English colonies in America. They carried thither their wealth, their industry, and after such a separation—ill blood and thirst for revenge, which subsequently cost their native country very dear. William III, who more than once charged the French troops at the heads of French regiments, and Roman Catholic and Huguenot regiments, were seen, when recognising one another on the battle-field, to rush on one another with their bayonets, with an onslaught more ferocious than soldiers of different nationalities exhibit to one another. How advantageous would not have been an emigration, strong in numbers and composed of men, wealthy, enlightened, peaceful, laborious, such as the Huguenots were—to people the shores of the St. Lawrence, or the fertile plains of the West? At least, they would not have borne to foreign lands the secret of French manufactures, and taught other nations to produce goods which they were in the habit of going and procuring in the ports of France. A fatal policy sacrificed these advantages to the selfish views of a party—armed by the alliance of the spiritual and temporal power with an authority, which denied the breath of life to conscience as well as to intellect. 'If you and yours are not converted, before such a day, the king's authority will ensure your conversion,' thus wrote Bossuet to the dissenters. We repeat it, had this policy not been resorted to, we should not be reduced, we Canadians, to defend every foot of ground, our language, our laws, and our nationality, against an invading hostile sea. How will pardon be granted to fanaticism, for the anguish and suffering inflicted on a whole people, whose fate has been rendered so painful, so arduous—whose future has been so grievously jeopardized.

"Louis XIV, who had myriads of dragoons to butcher the Protestants, and who by his own fault was losing half a million of his subjects—the monarch who dictated to Europe, could only spare two hundred soldiers to send to Quebec, to protect a country four times larger than France, a country which embraced Hudson's Bay, Acadia, Canada, a large portion of Maine, of Vermont, New York, and the whole Mississippi valley"— *Garneau's History of Canada*, (Vol. I. p. 492-96—1st edition.)

[See page 107.]

VENERABLE MOTHER OF THE INCARNATION.

"In one of the many works which the philosopher of Chelsea has given to the world, we find the assertion of a great truth that history is but the biography of leading men. The poet of Cambridge also tells us that the lives of the great are so many models, and that as they have left their footprints on the sands of time, so may we by following their noble example render our lives illustrious. These reflections of the philosopher and poet extend no doubt to those of the fairer sex, in whom exalted virtue was manifested, and whose devotion in the pursuit of noble deeds awakens the spirit of emulation in all hearts. From the earliest period of time heroic women have appeared. The mother of the Maccabees, the mother of the Gracchi, the grand prophetesses whose actions are recorded in that sublimest of books, the Bible—these and many others adorn the pages of history, whether sacred or profane, and afford living, ever-present proofs, that the pathway of glory and honour may be pursued by even the weaker members of the human race.

In Canada, youthful though her record may be, there have appeared actresses on the great stage of humanity, whose virtues appeal for admiration, whose nobility of soul provokes general reverence, and whose impress upon the future destinies of the country is of a more profound nature than may be imagined at first sight.

Foremost among such heroic women, may be regarded the foundress of the Ursuline Convent in Quebec, the Venerable Mother Mary of the Incarnation. Gifted by nature, burning with zeal for the welfare of souls, imbued with the greatest confidence in the mercies of a bountiful Creator, she fully realized the great idea of Blessed Angela de Merici, that the preservation of the world from innumerable evils, largely depended upon the correct training of youth. Born in sunny France, she

braved the dangers of the deep, so that on our virgin soil she might plant the pure, untainted flag of Christian education; and, now that the Province of Quebec has emerged from the lowliness of its early condition—now that the settlers by the banks of the St. Lawrence have become a great people, with a literature all their own, rich in its very youthful exuberance, with their language preserved, and the free exercise of their religion guaranteed no less by the faithful adherence to treaty obligations, than by their own hardy devotion, we can calmly review the past, and gratefully acknowledge the blessings bestowed on the country through the instrumentality of that lady who founded that holy sisterhood in our midst, which daily labours to honour the Intelligence of God, by the cultivation of intellectual graces. Few, indeed, are the families in Quebec which have not experienced the value of the Ursuline community in our city. One of the crowns of womanhood is gained in Christian education—an education which falls upon the soil of the soul, like freshening dew, and adorns the heart and mind with the flowers of virtue. Hence the life of the Venerable Mother Mary should be carefully studied and pondered over; hence her deeds should be proclaimed and her saintly legacies preserved, and therefore, it is, that the writer humbly calls attention to a new work, written by a daughter of Erin, written lovingly and sweetly in the quiet precincts of the Ursuline Convent, Blackrock, Cork, and in which may be found the story of the devoted French woman, whose name is now inseparably linked with that of Canada, told in chaste language worthy alike of the virtuous theme, and of the ability which marks the narration. The earlier days of the French Colony are depicted therein; and with an accuracy no less commendable than useful. In fact the book is eminently a readable one, the object of the publication being to extend the knowledge which all of us ought to possess of one whose life glorified God, and whose advent to our shores was a very benediction."

JAMES JOSEPH GAHAN.

Quebec, 27th January, 1881.

We copy the following from the *Quebec Gazette*, 10th October, 1793:—

THE VARIATION OF THE NEEDLE AT QUEBEC.

"For the information of the curious, the particular benefit of Land Surveyors, and safety of seafaring people, please to insert in your *Gazette*, that from critical observation on the variation of the needle at Quebec, it is found to be on the decrease, or in other words to be again returning to the Eastward,—a proof of which is, that in 1785, when the Meridian line on Abraham's Plains was ascertained by me, the variation was found to be 12 degrees, 35 minutes West; whereas at present the variation is no more than 12 degrees, 5 minutes West, having in the space of eight years diminished half a degree.

I am sir,

Your most obedient humble servant.

(Signed,) SAMUEL HOLLAND.

Quebec, 8th October, 1793.

How do matters now stand, Commander Ashe?

"VARIATION OF THE NEEDLE AT QUEBEC."

(To the Editor of the Morning Chronicle.)

DEAR SIR,—“For the information of the curious, the particular benefit of Land Surveyors, and safety of sea-faring people,” I will endeavor to explain how our compass variation stands.

With regard to the reprint from the *Quebec Gazette* of 1793, in the Chronicle of the 23rd instant, in which Major Samuel Holland observes that he had passed our Maximum Westerly Variation, it is very likely that such was the case, as I find that Major Sabine in 1818, found the Variation for London to be 24° 30' West, and in 1822 to have retrograded to 24° 12': this was not only the case in England, but all over Europe where observations were taken, so that there is no doubt that the same disturbing influence was affecting the needle here in 1793. Whatever that influence is, it must shortly alter. Major Samuel Holland's observations have affected us in the opposite direction, for in 1860 Captain Bayfield found the variation for Quebec to be 15° 45' West, with an annual increase of 5', which would give the present variation as about 17° 0' West. This agrees very closely with observations taken here last November for deviation, which with range of only 7° 30', gave a mean result of 17° 3' 9" West. I am,

E. D. ASHE,

Commander R. N.

Observatory, Quebec, Feb. 23rd, 1876.

OUR CITY BELLS—THEIR NAMES.

1st. Bell, Louise; 2nd, Olivier Geneviève; 3rd, Pierre Marie; 4th, Marie- Joseph-Louise-Marguerite; 5th, Jean-Olivier, &c.

"Now, on the gentle breath of morn,
Once more I hear that *chiming* bell,
As onward, slow, each note is borne,
Like echo's lingering, last farewell."

(*The Evening Bells*, of the General Hospitals:
by ADAM KIDD.—1829.)

"Quebec Bells are an institution of the present and of the past:" so says every Tourist. To the weary and drowsy traveller, steeped at dawn in that "sweet restorer, balmy sleep," under the silent eaves of the St. Louis or Stadacona hotel, this is one of the features of our city life, at times unwelcome. We once heard a hardened old tourist savagely exclaim, "Preserve me against the silvery voice of Quebec Evening *Belles*, I rather like your early Morning Bells." Another tourist, however, in one of our periodicals closes a lament over Quebec "Bell Ringing," with the caustic enquiry "Should not Bell Bingers be punished?"

Being more cosmopolitan in our tastes, we like the music of our City Bells in the dewy morn, without fearing the merry tones of our City *Belles*, when the silent shades of evening lends them its witchery. There is certainly as much variety in the names as there is in the chimes of our Quebec Bells.

Though the Bells of the "ancient capital" are famous in history and song, Quebec cannot boast of any such monsters of sound as the "Gros Bourdon" of Montreal—weighing 29,400 lbs., dating from 1847, "the largest bell in America." The R. C. Cathedral in the upper town, raised in 1874, by His Holiness, Pius IX to the high position of *Basilica Minor*, the only one on the continent—owns two bells of antique origin; the Parish Register traces as follows, their birth and christening. "1774—9th October. The Churchwardens return thanks to His Lordship Jean O. Briand, Bishop, for the present he made of the big bell, which, exclusive of its clapper, weighs 3,255 lbs. Name, LOUISE, by Messieur Montgolfier, *Grand Vicaire*, and Mdlle de Léry, representing its Matron. Blessed by Monsigneur Louis Masriacheau D'Esgley, coadjutor."

"1778. 28th July. Christening of the bells by M. Noel Voyer, on the 22nd July. Blessed by *Sa Grandeur*, Monseigneur Briand; the first weigh 1,625 lbs.—named OLIVIER GENEVIÈVE—Godfather, *Sa Grandeur*, with Madame Chanazard wife of M Berthelot 7 yards of white damask given as a (christening) dress. The second, was called PIERRE MARIE, by M. Panet, Judge of the Court, and his wife Marie Anne Rottot; said bell weighing 1,268 lbs."

A halo of poetry hovers over some of our bells. About 1829, Adam Kidd, a son of song, hailing from Spencer Wood,—a friend of the Laird of the Manor—Hon. H M Percival, wrote some graceful lines on the *Church Bells* of the General Hospital Convent. This poem was published at the *Herald* and *New Gazette* office, in Montreal. In 1830, with the *Huron Chief*, and other poems by Kidd, and by him inscribed to Tom Moore, "the most popular, most powerful and most patriotic poet of the nineteenth century, whose magic numbers have vibrated to the heart of nations," says the Dedication.

A delightful volume has recently been put forth by a Ursuline Nun, entitled "GLIMPSES OF THE MONASTERY," in which the holy memories of the cloister blend with exquisite bits of word painting; we find in it a glowing sketch of the Convent Bells, and of the objects and scenery, surrounding the "Little World" of the Ursulines. "Marriage Bells" are of course left out.

The writer therein alludes to that short-lived bell of Madame de la Peltrie, melted in the memorable fire of the 31st December, 1650, which the pious lady used to toll, to call "the Neophytes to the waters of baptism, or the newly made Christians to Holy Mass."

(*See page 113.*)

(*From "Trifles from my Diary."*)

"GENERAL WOLFE'S STATUE," CORNER PALACE STREET

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MAPLE LEAVES."

Olim truncus eram ficulnus, inutile lignum,
Cum faber, incertus scamnum faceretne Priapum
Maluit esse Deum.

Horace, Sat I. 8.

Henry Ward Beecher begins an amusing sketch of our city with the words, "Queer old Quebec,—of all the cities on the Continent of America, the quaintest." He concludes his humorous picture by expressing the wish that it may remain so without being disturbed by the new-fangled notions of the day. Some one has observed that its walls, streets, public places, churches and old monasteries, with the legends of three centuries clinging to them, give you, when you enter under its massive gates, hoary with age, [344] the idea of an "old curiosity shop," or, as the name Henry Ward Beecher well expresses it, "a picture book, turning over a new leaf at each street." It is not then surprising that the inhabitants should have resorted not only to the pen of the historian to preserve evergreen and fragrant the historical ivy which clings to its battlements, but even to that cheap process, in use in other countries, to immortalize heroes— signboards and statues—a process recommended by high authority. We read in that curiously interesting book, "History of Signboards—"

"The Greeks honored their great men and successful commanders by erecting statues to them; the Romans rewarded their popular favorites with triumphal entries and ovations; modern nations make the portraits of their celebrities serve as signs for public-houses:

Vernon, the Butcher Cumberland, Wolfe, Hawke,
Prince Ferdinand, Granby, Burgoyne, Keppel, Howe,
Evil and good have had their tithe of talk,
And filled their signpost then, like Wellesley now."

If Wolfe served as a signboard recently in Britain, he has filled the same office now close on a century in Canada, and still continues to do so. He has defied wind and weather ever since the day when the Cholette Brothers affixed to the house at the north-west corner of St. John and Palace streets a rough statue of the gallant young soldier in the year 1771, with one arm extended in the attitude of command, and pointing to the Falls of Montmorency.

Nor has Mr. de Gaspé, the author of the "Canadians of Old," thought it beneath his pen to indite an able disquisition on its origin, brimful of wealth for our antiquaries and a great deal more practical in its bearings than even Jonathan Oldbuck's great Essay on Castrametation. A Three Rivers antiquarian had attempted to establish that it was Ives Cholette who had been the sculptor of the statue in question, but our old friend (through the church registers—and through ancient and irrefutable records) showed it could neither be Ives Cholette, aged, in 1771, 10 years, nor his younger brother Hyacinthe, aged then but 8 years, who had designed this great work of art, but Cholette of another ilk. [345]

In these halcyon days of old Quebec, free from municipal taxes, Fenian scares and labor strikes, when the practical joker [346] and *mauvais sujets*, bent on a lark, would occasionally take possession, after night-fall, of some of the chief city thoroughfares, and organize a masquerade, battering unmercifully with their heavy lanterns. Captain Pinguet's *hommes de guét*,—the night patrol—long before Lord Durham's blue-coated "peelers" were thought of, the historic statue would disappear sometimes for days together; and after having headed a noisy procession, decorated with *bonnet rouge* and one of those antique camlooten cloaks which our forefathers used to rejoice in, it would be found in the morning grotesquely propped up, either in the centre of the old Upper Town market, or in the old Picote cemetery in Couillard street [347], in that fanciful costume (a three-storied *sombbrero*, with eye-glass and *dudeen*) which rendered so *piquant* some of the former vignettes on the Union Bank notes. I can yet recall as one of the most stirring memories of my childhood, the concern, nay, vexation, of Quebecers generally when the "General" was missing on the 16th July, 1838, from his sacred niche in Palace street, and was subsequently triumphantly replaced by the grateful citizens,—rejuvenated, repainted, revarnished, with the best materials Halifax could furnish, the "General" having been brought there by the youngsters of the "Inconstant" frigate, Captain Pring, from Quebec. It would appear the roystering middies, having sacrificed copiously to the rosy god, after rising from a masonic dinner in the Albion Hotel, in Palace street, had noticed the "General" by the pale moonlight, looking very seedy, and considering that a sea voyage would set him up, had carried him on board. The General was driven down in a calèche by Colvin of St. Louis street—a carter—through Palace Gate, standing erect; the sentry presenting arms, as if he were saluting the officer of the night. He was safely introduced through a port-hole, the seaman of the watch, shaking his head knowingly, saying—"One of our swells pretty tight, I guess." From Halifax "General Wolfe" sailed for Bermuda—thence to Portsmouth, at both of which places he was jauntily set up as a signboard; a short time after he was re-shipped to Halifax, packed in a box, with his extended arm sawn off lying by his side. Fearing, however, the anger of the Quebec authorities, the "General" was painted afresh and returned by the "Unicorn"

steamer, "Cape Douglas," which plied between the Lower Ports,—with the "Inconstants" best regards to their Quebec friends, and best wishes for the General's health and safety.

The following extract from the journal of the venerable Jas. Thompson, the last survivor of Wolfe's army, who expired at the ripe age of 98 years—in 1830, throws light on this matter. This anecdote was reduced to writing, and by request forwarded by him to His Excellency the Earl of Dalhousie, through his A.D.C. and brother Col. Ramsay. "We had a loyal fellow in Quebec, one George Higgs, a butcher, who owned that house at the corner of Palace and John streets, still called 'Wolfe's Corner,' and as it happened to have a niche, probably for the figure of a saint, [348] he was very anxious to fill it up, and he thought he could have nothing better than a statue of General Wolfe; but he did not know how to set about getting one. At last he found out two French sculptors, who were brothers—of the name of Cholette, and asked me if I thought I could direct them how to make a likeness of the General in wood. I said I would, at all events, undertake it, and accordingly the Cholettes tried to imitate several sketches I gave them; but they made but a poor job of it after all; for the front face is no likeness at all, and the profile is all that they could hit upon. The body gives but a poor idea of the General, who was tall and straight as a rush. So that after my best endeavors to describe his person, and I knew it well, for which purpose I attended every day at their workshop which was in that house in St. Louis street where the Misses Napier are now (1828) residing, [349] and which is somewhat retired from the line of the street, the shop itself being on the projecting wing—I say that we made but a poor "General Wolfe" of it. It has been several times—the house being only one storey high—pulled down by mischievous persons and broken, and as often repaired by the several owners of the house; and, much to their credit be it spoken, it still keeps its ground, and I hope it will do so until the monument is finished. [350]

"I suppose that the original parts of the statue must be as rotten as a pear and would be mouldered away if it was not for their being kept so bedaubed with paint."

Note.—Officers of H.B.M. frigate "Inconstant," Capt. Pring: 1st Lieut. Hope; Lieutenants and other officers,—Sinclair, Erskine, Curtis, Connolly, Dunbar, McCreight, Sharpe, Stevens, Hankey, Shore, Barnard, West, Tonge, Prevost, Amphlett, Haggard, Tottenham, Maxfield, Paget, Kerr, Herbert, Jones, Montgomery. Mr. James was purser. L. de Tessier Prevost is now high in command, having distinguished himself in the Indian seas, capturing pirates: West and others are admirals, (1870).

[See page 197.]

2 Sept, 1796. VENTE D'UNE NEGRESSE PAR FRANCIS BELLET A TH. LEE

Pardevant le Notaire Public en la Province du Bas Canada, résidant à St- Denis sur la rivière et comté Richelieu, soussigné et témoins enfin nommés, fut présent Messire Louis Payet prêtre, Curé de la paroisse de St- Antoine au nord de la rivière Richelieu, lequel a constitué pour son procureur spécial M. François Bellet, capitaine de bâtiment, résidant en la ville de Québec, pour vendre pour et au nom du dit constituant et à son plus grand avantage qu'il pourra faire, une négresse d'environ trente et une années, appelée Rose, appartenant au dit constituant par achat devant M. J. Pierre Gautier, notaire à Montréal, en date du mois mars 1795, dont il s'oblige remettre l'expédition si besoin est à la première Réquisition, pour le prix et somme que le dit procureur en trouvera du reçu donner toute quittance valable et raisonnable, approuvant d'avance comme alors, tout ce que ce dit procureur aura fait concernant la dite vente, ce fut ainsi fait et passé à St-Denis, étude du notaire soussigné, l'an mil sept cent quatre-vingt seize le deux de septembre avant midi présence des Srs. Charles Gariépy et Jean-Baptiste Gosselin au dit lieu, témoins à ce appellé, qui ont signé avec Messire Louis Payet et notaire soussigné, ainsi signé Charles Gariépy, Jean-Bte. Gosselin, L. Payet, Chs. Michaud Nre. Pc. à la minute des présentes demeurée en la Garde et possession du dit notaire soussigné.

CHS. MICHAUD.

Nre. Pc.

Par devant les notaires publics en la province du Bas Canada résidens à Québec soussignés.

Fut présent M. Francis Bellet demeurant en sa maison, rue sous le Fort, en cette ville, lequel en vertu de la procuration ci-dessus et précédentes pages reconnaît et déclare avoir vendu et vendre à M. Thomas Lee du dit Québec, la nommée Rose, négresse, dénommée et désignée en la dite obligation, pour prix et somme de cinq cents livres de vingt sols et de la lui délivrer incessamment le dit Sieur acquéreur déclarant la connaître et l'accepter, et a payé les dites cinq cents livres au dit Sieur vendeur en billet de la dite somme, ordre du dit sieur Bellet, lequel acquitté, la présente vente le sera aussi, Québec, neuvième septembre en l'office de M. Dumas, Notaire, l'an mil sept cent quatre-vingt seize et ont signé, lecture faite avec les dits notaires

FRANCOIS BELLET
THOMAS LEE.
CHS. VOYER,
N. Public.
A. DUMAS.
Not. Pub.

[See page 200.]

THE ICE-SHOVE. APRIL, 1874

WHOLESALE DESTRUCTION OF PROPERTY—A SAD SPECTACLE

"At the very moment of its departure, and when the entire city was rejoicing in the longed-for event—at the very time when the glad news was flashing over the wires to Montreal and the West, that Nature's barrier to the uninterrupted navigation of the St. Lawrence was so slowly floating away—we regret to say that the ice-bridge of 1874 was making itself memorable yesterday to Quebec in a shape more formidable than its perverse tenacity or its injurious effects upon trade. It was rioting in a perfect orgie of destruction, crushing man's handwork in its passage like so much frail glass in the grasp of a giant. At 3.20 p.m., when the glad announcement passed from mouth to mouth that the ice was moving, it began its destructive work. The scene was at Blais Booms and the immediate neighborhood, where the Government steamers *Napoleon III* and *Druid*, the Gulf Ports steamers *Georgia*, *Miramichi* and *Hadji* and a large number of tug steamers and other craft belonging to the St. Lawrence Tow Boat Company and other parties were in winter quarters and have been in the habit of so doing for years on account of the superior facilities and safety offered by the place. Nearly a hundred craft of all kinds, steamers, ships, schooners, and barges, were here congregated, moored in many instances together and extending over a line of nearly 300 yards. The floating ice as it came down, struck the outside craft—a sailing vessel, we believe—driving it against its neighbor, the *Georgia*, and then hurrying both of them against the others, jamming them against each other and against the wharves in inextricable confusion and causing a tremendous amount of damage, if not irreparable loss. Some were stove in, filled with water and sunk, only leaving their bows or masts above water to mark where they had gone down, while others disappeared from view altogether. Fortunately no lives were lost. The loss and damage to property cannot fall far short, we believe, of a million of dollars. The following is a summary of the accident:

Government steamer *Napoleon III* driven against the Mariner's Chapel wharf had her side completely stove in; full of water and almost keeled over, very badly damaged, and will cost a heavy sum to repair. She had steam up at the time, but could not move out. Broke her cables and lost her anchors.

Gulf Ports steamer *Georgia*—Hole stove in her side; hold, full of water. Damage easily repaired.

Gulf Ports SS. *Hadji*—Singular to say, though the boat was in the very middle of the confused mass, it received no damage worth mentioning.

Gulf Ports SS. *Miramichi*—very slightly damaged. Will be extricated to-day and proceed to her wharf, to sail for below on Tuesday next.

Government steamer "Druid,"—on her beam ends, slightly damaged.

Steamboat "Napoleon,"—keeled over,

Steamboat "Mersey,"—on her side.

Steamboat "Canada,"—sunk.

Steamboat "Beaver,"—sunk, completely disappeared.

Steamboat "Castor"—disappeared.

Steamboat "Rival"—badly damaged.

Steamboat "Shannon,"—badly damaged.

Steamboat "Rescue,"—sunk, lies under the bows of the "Miramichi."

Steamboat "Conqueror No. 1,"—badly damaged.

A schooner, owned by Mr. Kennedy, of Gaspé, laden with provisions, and which was detained here

last fall, was also sunk and lies near the "Georgia." In addition two of Mr. H. H. Hall's blocks or piers were completely carried away by the crushing weight of the ice."—(Quebec Budget.)

[See page 317.]

THE PISTOLS AND SASH OF GENERAL WOLFE, 1759.

(To the Editor of the *Morning Chronicle*.)

DEAR SIR,—Would you allow me to supply in your columns additional information on an incident relating to the siege of Quebec in 1759. By the following documents, which come to me with every guarantee of reliability in the writer, it would appear that the gallant General Wolfe, before expiring on the Plains of Abraham, on the 13th of Sept, 1759, bequeathed his pistols and sash to one of the surgeons who attended him. Dr. Elihu or Edward Tudor was a Welshman, born in 1733. He graduated at Yale College, 1750, joined the English army in 1755, was present at the taking of Quebec, and left the service about 1767, receiving a pension and grant of land from the English Government. These relics are now in the possession of Dr. Tudor's grand daughter, Mrs. Strong, at Monkton, awaiting farther particulars.

I remain, Dear Sir,

Yours, &c.

J. M. LeMoine.

STATE OF VERMONT,

SENATE CHAMBER,

MONKTON, April 26th, 1875.

J. M. LeMoine, Esq., Literary and Historical Society, Quebec.

SIR,—Please find enclosed statement of Mrs. Strong relative to the pistols and sash of Gen. Wolfe. You will undoubtedly remember that I wrote to you last winter, and that you answered asking for something more authentic. Consequently I drew up a set of questions, leaving after each question space for answer. Now I return them to you. There is no question in the minds of people here about the facts as stated by Mrs. Strong. The authority of the matter is as established here as that Mr. Harrower is proprietor of Gen. Montgomery's sabre. I should be very happy to receive one of the books that are being prepared of that era in the history of Quebec.

I have the honor, sir, of being at your service, G. E. SMITH.

STRONG AND MIDDLEBROOKE,

VERGENNES, Vt., 1875.

Dr. Elihu or Edward was descended from Owen Tudor, who came from Wales with the Puritans, was born 1733, graduated at Yale College 1750, joined the army 1755, was at the taking of Quebec and the Havana; about 1767; he was discharged and returned to his native place; he received a pension during his life, and also a grant of land from the English Government.

The above statement is made by C. W. Strong, of the above firm.

C. E. SMITH

Will Mrs. Strong please answer the following questions:—

What is your maiden name?—Sarah Tudor.

What was your father's name in full and profession?—Edward Tudor, educated at Philadelphia as Physician, Surgeon and Dentist.

What was your grandfather's name and profession?—Elihu Tudor, Physician and Surgeon,—generally wrote it *Edward*, as he disliked the name of *Elihu*.

When and where was he born?—Feb. 1733, Windsor, Conn.

When and where did he die?—East Windsor, Conn., 1826.

Was he Surgeon on Gen. Wolfe's staff's at Quebec in 1759?—He was.

How do you know that your grandfather Tudor attended upon Gen. Wolfe when he was wounded on the 13th Sept., 1759, at Quebec?—I have often heard my grand father relate the circumstances and other interesting reminiscences of the General.

What is the history or tradition as you have it that Gen. Wolfe gave your grandfather his pistols?—The history he (my grandfather) gave was only, that they were given him at the death of Gen. Wolfe.

Describe them—They are rifle breech-loaders, London maker, Flint Locks, silver mounted, with English coat of arms on butt; the sash was cut up; Dr. Strong has a piece; it is stained.

Have you them in your possession?—My son, Dr. Edward Strong, of Crown Point, N. Y., has them.

Have you the sash worn by Surgeon Tudor at the time the General was killed?—The sash was three yards long, Crimson silk. It was Gen. Wolfe's sash given to my grandfather.

What is said of stains of blood upon it from the wound that caused Wolfe's death?—It was rent with the shot, and stained with his blood.

MRS. SARAH TUDOR STRONG.

THE POST OFFICE.

"In a recent issue of the *Journal des Trois Rivières* appeared a somewhat interesting paper on the Canadian postal system. From this paper we learn that on the cession of this country to Great Britain a regular mail courier was established between the cities of Montreal and Quebec. The celebrated Benjamin Franklin was the Deputy Postmaster General for the English colonies from 1750 to 1774. In 1776 this functionary, while giving evidence before a committee of the British Parliament, stated that, as a rule, the mail courier kept the route by the water highways, seldom penetrating into the interior. From his evidence, also, we learn that the mail communication between Quebec and Montreal was not more frequent than once a month. For not having established intermediate post-offices between the two towns, Franklin alleged the great distance between the settlers on the banks of the St. Lawrence, the isolation of the Canadian villages, and the excessive difficulty of intercommunication in his day. The fact is, however, that Benjamin Franklin was a great enemy to Canadian prosperity, and always looked with aversion upon the people of the newly-acquired colony. In 1774, war having broken out between the mother-country and the English colonies, Franklin was deprived of his office, and Mr. Hugh Finlay, a subordinate of the great republican philosopher, was appointed Deputy Postmaster General for Canada. Mr. Finlay had been given great proofs of capacity under the previous *régime*, and being a man of very high character and probity, he was armed with large discretionary powers to put the mail system of Canada on a better footing, and to make its operations more extended and regular. Until 1790, there were added but two intermediate post-offices between Quebec and Montreal; in the year following, offices were opened at Three Rivers and Berthier. Every month, however, a mail messenger was sent by way of Halifax to England. At this date the local mail betwixt Quebec and Halifax was bi-weekly in summer, and once a week in winter; the local mail between Quebec and Montreal had increased to twice a week. In 1800, Mr. Hugh Finlay was succeeded in office by Mr. George Heriot. This gentleman, being also commissioned as Deputy Postmaster General for New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, as well as for the two Canadas, had to oversee the service throughout all these provinces and to visit them from time to time. In the four first years of his administration he opened but one new post-office in Lower Canada, and five in the Upper Province. Matters progressed slowly enough until 1816, when Mr. David Sutherland succeeded Mr. Heriot. In 1817 he opened six additional offices of delivery in Lower Canada which made the total number of offices in operation thirteen. Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island were placed under the management of independent offices, and in that year the mails were still expedited but weekly to New Brunswick. In 1824, Mr. Sutherland was succeeded by Mr. Thomas Allen Stayner, and it was in this year that New Brunswick was endowed with an independent postal department. Mr. Stayner administered his important office for the space of twenty-seven years, with great zeal and giving entire satisfaction to the public. He greatly increased the number of local offices, and inaugurated many of the reforms which have since developed into that vast and safe system of communication with which our people are so familiar. On the 6th of April, 1851, the Canadian Mail Department was transferred from the Imperial to Provincial control, the first Postmaster General being the Hon. John Morris. Some idea of the progress made from 1760 to 1851, a period of ninety years, may be obtained by contrasting the department under Benjamin Franklin and that over which Mr. Morris was called to preside. The courier, who made monthly journeys on horseback between the military

posts of Quebec and Montreal, and whose safe arrival at either of those then distant cities would no doubt cause the utmost satisfaction to the King's lieges, male and female, had been replaced by the steamboat and soon would be by the railway; and the two primitive post offices of Canada had expanded into a network of 601 local offices, transmitting among them letters to the number of 2,132,000 annually. In 1861 these figures had attained to 1775 offices, and the number of letters transmitted to 9,400,000; in addition to a weekly line of ocean mail steamers to Europe, over 1200 miles of railway doing mail service from one end of Canada to the other, and a magnificent network of telegraphic wire supplementing the postal system. What the number of offices and of letters carried may have been for the last year ending July 1867, when the postal systems of the Dominion were again placed under one head, we have not at hand, but we may state that during the official term of Hon. Mr. Langevin, now Secretary of State, the revenue from this source attained almost \$900,000.

In the year 1851, the system of cheap postage was tried in Canada, the rate being reduced from an average one of fifteen cents to a uniform rate of five cents for prepaid and seven cents for unpaid letters. In the following year this reform resulted in doubling the number of letters carried, with the reduction of only one-third of the previous revenue; and in a short time the receipts not only increased to the former figure but greatly exceeded it. Under the new system we expect this reform in the charge for postage will be greatly extended."—(*Quebec Mercury*.)

[See page 263.]

MONUMENT OF THE VICTIMS OF 1837-'38

"*L'Ordre* newspaper announces the completion of the monument in the Côte des Neiges Cemetery to the memory of the victims of 1837-38. It required many efforts and great energy to bring to a completion a work which had unhappily encountered many difficulties. For some months, furnished with sums collected either by a special or general subscription, or the proceeds of concerts and pleasure excursions, the Committee applied themselves to the work, and on Sunday they went to take possession from Mr. T. Fahrland, architect, and Mr. L. Hughes, the constructor of the monument. The inauguration will take place next summer.

Situated on the highest elevation of the Cemetery, this monument commands the vast resting place of the dead. It is of octagonal shape, 55 feet in height, the pyramid reposing on a base of 80 by 90 feet. The architecture, stern and grand, strikes the beholder at a distance, and his admiration will not cease as he approaches. On the four sides of the base white marble tablets are set, having neatly engraved on them these inscriptions (in French):

On the first stone, facing the road, we read:

To the
Political Victims
of
1837-1838.
Religious Souvenir
The 92 Resolutions adopted by the Assembly of Lower Canada,
March 1st, 1834
Subsidies refused by the Assembly of Lower Canada, Feb 23rd, 1836.
Lord Gosford
Disposes of the Public Money notwithstanding the refusal to grant it.
This religious and historical monument has been erected under the auspices
of the *Institut Canadien* in 1858.

L. HUGHES, T. FAHRLAND,
Contractor. Architect

On the second stone:

BATTLES OF ST. DENIS AND ST. CHARLES, 23rd and
25th Nov., 1837.

Charles Ovide Perrault, Advocate, M.P.P.

Charles St. Germain Benjamin Bouthillier Olivier L'Escaut
François Dufaux Romain dit Mandeville Joseph Comeau
André Mandeville Moïse Pariseau Henri Chaume
Eusèbe Phaneuf Pascal Delisle Louis Dauphinais
Pierre Minet Marie Anne Martel Gabriel Lusignan

Joseph Dudevoir Amable Hébert Toussaint Paquet
Antoine Amiot J. Bte. Hébert Marc Jeannotte
J. Bte. Patenaude Toussaint Loiselle François Dubuc
Cléophas Bourgeois François Dumaine Hypolite Sénécal-Lamoureux
Pierre Emery-Coderre,
And eleven other victims not identified.

On the third stone, facing the city:

EXECUTED AT MONTREAL;
By the order of the Court Martial.
The 21st December, 1838,
Joseph Narcisse Cardinal, Notary, M. P. P.
Joseph Duquet, Student at Law.
The 18th January, 1839:
François Marie Thomas Chevalier de Lorimier, Notary.
François Nicholas, Teacher, Amable Daunais, Farmer.
Pierre Rémi Narbonne, Painter. Charles Hendelang, Soldier.

And on the fourth side we read:

BATTLE OF ST. EUSTACHE,
15th December, 1837:

Jean Olivier Cherrier, M.D.
(His ashes repose here.)

Joseph Payette Amable Lauzon Alexis Lachance
J. B. L. Lanze Jean Morin Joseph Leduc
Nazaire Filion Jean Doré Eustache Lafleur
Séraphine Doré Joseph Guitard Augustin Doré
François Dubé Pierre Dabeau Pierre Gatien
J. Gauthier dit Larouche Joseph Bonviette J. B. Lebrun
J. B. Campeau J. B. Toupin Louis Robert dit Faché

Their remains as well as those of several other persons, not identified, rest in the cemeteries of St. Eustache and Ste. Scholastique.

Engagement at Odelltown,
November, 1838;

To the Number of Victims found:
BOYER, LANCTÔT.
Of St. Philippe.

It is a holy and salutary thought, to pray for the dead:
M. LII, Ch. 12, v. 46.

The fine monument has cost \$3,000 to \$4,000, and many efforts were required to realize this sum. The execution does great credit to Messrs. Fehrland and Hughes. The names of the committee who contributed to produce this result, are as follows: Dr. Coderre, chairman; Mr. R. Trudeau, treasurer; Mr. C. O. Perrault, secretary; Messrs. L. A. Dessaulles, Henry Lacroix, A. H. Morin, Joseph Doutre, N. Bourbonnière and Gonzalve Doutre."—(*Quebec Mercury*.)

FINE FOR DUELLING GIVEN TO BUREAU DES PAUVRES.

(Sentence du Conseil Souverain du Samedi, septième avril 1691.)

(Extrait par T. P. Bédard, archiviste provincial—Québec.)

Le Conseil assemblé ou estoient;

Monsieur le gouverneur et Monsieur l'intendant

Maistres Louis Rouer de Villeray, premier conseiller -+
" Mathieu Damours Deschampen |
" Nicolas Dupont de Neuville + Conseillers
" Jean Baptiste Depeiras |

Et François de la Magdeleine Ruelle d'Auteil, procureur général du Roy.

Veu par le Conseil le procès criminel extraordinairement fait et instruit à la requête du procureur général du Roy, demandeur et accusateur allencontre de Pierre de Noyan et Guillaume de Lorimier, capitaine dans le détachement de la marine que sa majesté entretient en ce pays, défendeurs et accusés. Information faite contre les dits accusés, les 25, 27 et 28 février dernier, décrets d'ajournement personel allencontre deux donné le cinq mars ensuivant; exploits de signification faite à leur auberge le neuvième ensuivant; autres exploits de signification faite au quartier où est la compagnie du dit de Lorimier le 16 ensuivant, et en la ville des 3 R. au domicile du dit de Noyan quartier de sa compagnie du 15 du mesme mois, arrest du 27 ensuivant rendu sur requête du dit de Lorimier, certificat du chirurgien major du dit détachement sur réquisitoire du dit procureur général, le dit arrest portant que le dit sieur Noyan seroit incessamment interrogé, et ensuite le dit sieur de Lorimier en son domicile où le conseiller commissaire se transportera à cet effet. Interrogatoires des dits de Noyan et de Lorimier du 29 du dit mois, contenant leurs reconnaissances, confessions et dénégations. Conclusions du dit procureur général, ouy le rapport de Mtre. Jean Baptiste Peiras conseiller et tout considéré. Le conseil a déclaré et déclare les dits de Noyan et de Lorimier deument atteints et convaincus de s'estre querellés et battus sur le champ, l'épée à la main, et s'estre entreblessés. Pourquoi les a condamnés et condamne à aumosner chacun la somme de cinquante livres, aplicable moytié à l'Hostel Dieu de cette ville, et l'autre au bureau des pauvres d'icelle, et aux dépens du procès à taxer par le conseiller rapporteur; deffenses à eux de récidiver, sous telle peine qu'il apartiendra.

(Signé) Bochart Champigny, Depeiras.

MEMORABILIA.

Jacques Cartier landed on the banks of the Saint Charles .. Sept. 14, 1535
Quebec founded by Samuel de Champlain July 3, 1608
Arrival of the Franciscan Friars (Récollets, Denis Jamay,
Jean Dolbeau, Joseph LeCaron) at Tadousac, in the ship St.
Etienne, Capt. Pontgravé May 25, 1615
First Mass said in the Lower Town Chapel, by Father Dolbeau. June 26, 1615
Fort St. Louis built at Quebec 1620-4
Arrival of the First Jesuits 1625
Quebec surrendered to Admiral Kirk 1629
Quebec returned to the French 1633
Death of Champlain the first Governor Dec. 25, 1635
Settlement formed at Sillery 1637
A Royal Government formed at Quebec 1663
Quebec unsuccessfully besieged by Admiral Phipps 1690
Count de Frontenac died Nov. 28, 1698
Sir Hovenden Walker's armada shipwrecked on Egg Island Aug. 23, 1711
Battle of the Plains of Abraham Sept. 13, 1759
Capitulation of Quebec Sept. 18, 1759
Battle of Ste. Foye—a French Victory April 28, 1760
Canada ceded by treaty to England Feb. 10, 1763
Blockade of Quebec by Generals Montgomery and Arnold Nov. 10, 1775
Death of General Richard Montgomery Dec. 31, 1775
Retreat of Americans from Quebec May 6, 1776
Division of Canada into Upper and Lower Canada 1791
First Cholera, (3,500 deaths) 1832
Second do. 2,500 " 1834
Destruction by fire of Château St. Louis Jan. 23, 1834
Insurrection in Canada 1837
Second Insurrection 1838
Union of the two Provinces in one 1841
Great Fire in St. Roch's suburb May 28, 1845
" " in St. John " June 28, 1845
Dominion of Canada formed July 1, 1867
Departure of English troops 1870-1
Second Centenary of Foundation of Bishopric of Quebec by
Monseigneur Laval Oct. 1, 1674, 1874
Centenary of Repulse of Arnold and Montgomery before

Quebec, on 31st Dec., 1775 Dec. 31, 1875
Dufferin Plans of City embellishment, promulgated Christmas day 1875
Departure of the Earl of Dufferin Oct. 18, 1878
Arrival of the Marquis of Lorne and Princess Louise June 4, 1879
Dufferin Terrace named by " " July 9, 1879
" City Gates—St. Lewis and Kent founded 1879

DEATH SENTENCES CARRIED INTO EFFECT AT THE QUEBEC GAOL FROM THE YEAR 1814 to 1876, _INCLUSIVE.

a-PRISONER'S NAME AND DESCRIPTION b-COMMITTED WHEN AND HOW, BY WHAT AUTHORITY AND FOR WHAT CAUSE c-RECOMMENDED, WHEN, HOW, BY WHAT AUTHORITY, AND FOR WHAT CAUSE d-REMARKS

1

a-PATRICK MURPHY, an Irishman, in height, 5 feet, 8 inches, fair complexion, sandy hair, and blue eyes, and mark in the head.

b-On the 5th of March, 1814, by warrant from Henry Blackstone, (Coroner Blackstone was a son of the celebrated English Jurist, Sir Wm Blackstone), Coroner for the District of Quebec, for the wilful murder of Marie Anne Dussault, of the Parish of Les Ecuriels, on the 1st of March, 1814.

c-On the 6th of May, 1814 by order of the Court of Oyer and Terminer and General Gaol Delivery, being on this day convicted of wilful murder of Marie Anne Dussault, and on 9th of May, 1814, by further order of the Court of Oyer and Terminer and General Gaol Delivery, being on this day attained, sentenced to be hanged on Friday, the 20th of May.

d-Executed on Friday, the 20th May, 1814.

2

a-JAMES WELSH, an Irishman, in height, 5 feet, 10 inches, dark complexion, black hair, and brown eyes, and no nose.

b-On the 27th of December, 1814, by virtue of a warrant from Henry Blackstone, Esq., Coroner for the district of Quebec, charged with the wilful murder of Robert Stephens.

c-On the 16th May, 1815, by order of the Court of Oyer and Terminer and General Gaol Delivery, held for the District of Quebec, being on this day convicted of murder, and further ordered by the same court attained, sentenced to be executed on the 18th of May.

d-On the 18th of May, 1815, executed, according to his sentence.

3 4

a-GABRIEL MIRON, *CHARLES ALARIE, *THOMAS THOMAS +THOS CHAMBERLAIN, +JAMES MARTIN, +JOHN CALLOW.

b-On the 12th day of September, 1818, by John Fletcher, Esq., charged before me with suspicion of having feloniously stolen from on board a vessel in the harbour of Quebec, several chests of Tea of the value of one hundred pounds, sterling, of the goods and chattels of James Owen.

c-*On the 30th of September, 1818, by the Court of Oyer and Terminer, for stealing to the value of forty shillings in a vessel on a navigable river, sentenced to death. Suspended in consequence of former sentence of death.

d-*On the 23rd Oct., 1818, sentence put in execution. +Delivered by the September Court, 1818.

5

a-JOHN MULKAHEY

b-On the 3rd day of July, 1821, by A. Caron, Esq., charged with suspicion of felony and murder.

c-On the 5th of July, by H. Blackstone, Esq., Coroner, charged with the wilful murder of Moses McAllister, at the parish of St. Michel, in the county of Hertford.

c-On the 29th of September, by the Court of King's Bench, convicted of murder. Sentence: That he be

taken to the place from whence he came, and that he be taken from thence, on Wednesday, the 26th day of September instant, to the place of execution, and he be then hanged by the neck 'till he be dead; and that his body, when dead, be taken down and dissected and anatomised.

Respited till the 5th Oct, 1821.

The above sentence of the court executed on the 5th October, 1821.

6

a-WILLIAM POUNDER, an Irishman; aged 28, height, 5 feet, 6 inches; sallow complexion.

b-On the 31st of May, 1823, by virtue of a warrant from T. Fletcher, Esq., charged with suspicion of felony and murder.

c-On the 7th of June, 1823, by order of H. Blackstone, Esq., Coroner, and sentenced to be hanged by the neck until he be dead.

d-Executed on the 10th Oct., 1823 Body given to Dr Fargues.

7

a-JOHN HART, a Nova Scotian, aged 34, height 5 feet, 9 inches, dark complexion.

b-On the 7th of October, 1825, by virtue of a warrant from N. D'Estimauville, Esq., charged with suspicion of larceny.

c-March term (1826) Six months' imprisonment, and to be whipt, May 6, between 10 and 12, in the market-place.

d-On the 14th of Jan, 1826, escaped, and was re taken on the 17th, charged with another offence, for which he was condemned and executed 10th November, 1826.

8

a-JOHN BTE MONARQUE, a Canadian, aged [sic]

b-On the 29th of September, 1826, by virtue of a warrant from J. F. Taschereau, Esq., charged with suspicion of burglary.

c-March term Sentenced to be hanged at Pointe Levi, on the 24th April, 1827.

d-Sentence carried into execution on the 24th April, 1827.

9 10

a-BENJAMIN JOHNSON,
ROBERT MESSENGER

b-On the 12th of November, 1826, by virtue of a warrant from T. A. Young, Esq., charged with suspicion of burglary.

c-March term. Sentenced to be hanged on the 21st of April, 1827.

d-Sentence executed.

11

a-PIERRE DUCHARME,
+MICHAEL MORNEAU,
+JOHN DOHARTY, *alias* John Dougherty

b-On the 15th of September, 1828, by virtue of a warrant from A. G. Chenet and J. G. Boisseau, Esqrs., charged with stealing a quantity of merchandize from Jacques Oliva, of St. Thomas.

c-Sentenced to be hanged by the neck, on the 24th October next ensuing, by the Court of King's Bench, September term, 1828.

+18th of October, 1828, ordered for transportation.

d-24th Oct, 1828, sentence carried into execution.

12

a-J. M. DESJARDINS

b-On the 13th of June, 1829, by virtue of a warrant from R. Christie, Esq., charged with suspicion of burglary.

c-By the Court of King's Bench September term, 1829, sentenced to be executed on the 31st day of October, 1829.

d-Sentence carried into execution.

13

a-FRS. MALOUIN, *dit* FRS. Marois *dit* Frs. Lafaye, a Canadian.

b-On the 23rd August, 1829, by virtue of a warrant from R. Harrower, Esq., charged with murder.

c-26th August, François Malouin *dit* Marios *dit* Lafaye, recommitted for murder under coroner's inquest.

Court of King's Bench, September term, 1829, sentence of death on 30th September, 1829.

d-Sentence carried into execution.

14

a-WILL SHUTER

b-On the 14th of January, 1824, by virtue of a warrant from J. J. Reny, Esq., charged with inflicting a gunshot wound on Living Lane.

c-By Court of King's Bench, March term, 1834. Sentence, death.

d-4th April, 1834, sentence carried into execution.

15

a-EDWARD DEVELIN, *alias* Harvicker

b-On the 30th of November, 1835, by virtue of a warrant from the Coroner, charged with murder.

c-By Court of King's Bench, March term, 1836. Sentence, death.

d-8th April, 1836, executed pursuant to sentence.

16

a-JOHN MEEHAN, an Irishman, aged 22

b-On the 12th of Sept., 1863, by virtue of a warrant from C. E. Panet, charged with murder.

c-Convicted January term, 1864, Queen's Bench. Sentenced to be executed on Friday, the 22nd of March, 1864, between the hours of 10 and 11 o'clock A.M.

d-Sentence carried into execution

QUEBEC GAOL, February 7, 1877.

QUEBEC GOLF CLUB.

The members of this Club had their annual meeting on Saturday last to compete for their "Handicap Medal" over the Cove Field, or Quebec links. The "Ancient game of Golf" having only recently been introduced into the country it may not be uninteresting for the information of the uninitiated to give a general idea of the game. It is played with a ball, weighing 1- 3/4 oz., made of "gutta percha" and a set of clubs of various construction suitable for the different stages of the game; the play is over an extended grass common or "Links." At St. Andrew in Scotland, for instance, the ground "Links" over which the game is played, extends in length about two miles and the circuit "out and home" is about four miles; over this space, circular holes of about four inches in diameter are placed, in all eighteen holes, from a quarter of a mile to one-half or one-third of the distance apart. The game is interspersed

with what in golfing language are called "hazards," that is sand bunkers and whins, and all the skill required is to avoid these, reach each hole, and hole the ball in the fewest possible number of strokes. Of course the distance and number of holes varies according to the extent of ground available for play in different localities; at Quebec, for instance, the "round" consists in 14 holes, extending from the racquet court westward to Perrault's Hill, and making a circuit back to the "home hole" or the point from which the game started. The game is played by two persons or by four (two of a side) playing alternately. They commence by each party playing off from a place called a "tee" near the first hole; the ball must afterwards be played from wherever it lies and the hole is won by the party holing in fewest strokes; hereafter the balls are again teed and so on at each hole over the whole course. All golf clubs as a rule have an annual competition for a medal or other trophy; sometimes the rule is that all must compete on equal terms; at others the players are handicapped, that is odds are given according to the player's supposed skill or want of skill, and in awarding the prize the odds thus given are deducted from the aggregate score made by the player—thus, say a player is handicapped or receives the odds of ten strokes and holes the round in 80, his odds being deducted makes him stand 70 in the competition; he therefore wins as against another competitor whose aggregate score is 71, but who received no odds.

LIST OF MEMBERS—QUEBEC GOLF CLUB.

PATRON:

His Excellency, the MARQUIS OF LORNE, Governor-General of Canada.

Captain: C. Farquharson Smith.

Committee:

James Stevenson. H. Stanley Smith.

Peter MacNaughton. Herbert M. Price.

Secretary-Treasurer: William P. Sloane.

Beckett, Thos. Macpherson, William M.

Campbell, Colin. MacEwen, Peter.

Cook, William. MacKay, John.

Denistoun, A. Roberts, Jos.

Dobell, Richard R. Ruthven, Hon. E.

De Winton, Lt.-Col., F. W. Richardson, D. B. C.

Foote, John J. Smith, C. Chaloner.

Griffith, W. A. Smith, R. H.

Gibb, James. Stikeman, H.

Gilmour, John D. Scott, T. M.

Hale, E. I. Scott, A. P.

Irvine, Hon. Geo. Scarth, James L.

Irvin, Lt.-Col., D. T., R.A. Sheppard, H. C., A.D.C., Lt.-Gov.

Laird, Thomas U. Thomson, Andrew.

Lindsay, Crawford. Thomson, Geo. H.

Machin, H. T. Taylor, John.

Moffat, W., jun. Hussey, George.

Meredith, Hon. Chief Justice W. C. Young, G. B. Symes.

We may add that a certain historical interest attaches to the Game of Golf. It was played in early times by two Kings of Scotland, hence the prefix "Royal;" hence also, perhaps, the custom of players wearing red coats while at play. In the "Memorials of Edinburgh in the olden time," by Dr. Daniel Wilson, President of the University College, Toronto, and Professor of History, we read that King Charles I was engaged in the game of Golf on Leith links when, in November, 1641, a letter was handed to him which gave the first news of the Rebellion in Ireland. On reading the letter, he suddenly called for his coach, and leaving a few of his attendants in great agitation, he drove to Holyrood palace, from whence he set out next day for London. This was undoubtedly his last game in Scotland, and probably the last game of Golf he played.

It will be observed that His Excellency the Marquis of Lorne is Patron of the Quebec Club. His Excellency is not on the list as a mere figurehead; he is a golfer, and plays an excellent game, as shewn in the Reports of medal day games.

QUEBEC SNOW-SHOE CLUB.

Founded In 1876.

Colours: RED and BLACK.

This Club, which counts upwards of 60 members in its ranks, meets weekly during the snow-shoe season; it has three rendezvous, viz., at Hamels on the Cap Rouge Road, at Belleau's, on the St. Foye Road, and at Chamberlain's near Beauport. At these tramps the members amuse themselves with chess, cards, draughts, singing, &c, to 11 P.M., when supper is served. The club is conducted on strictly temperance principles.

The Annual Concert of the Club, usually held in the Music Hall, is looked for by the Quebec public with pleasure In 1881, one of the largest audiences ever collected in the Music Hall, attended the annual concert.

The Hall was decorated with flags, devices, wreaths, snow-shoes most ingeniously arranged. It was a most brilliant and enjoyable *soirée*. The various LaCrosse, the Golf and the Snow-shoe Clubs, tend very much to develop the muscle of our city youths, combining healthy exercise, with pleasure and health.

Subjoined will be found the names of the Q. S. S. C, for 1881

QUEBEC SNOW-SHOE CLUB

Ashe, H. Fraser, D. Peters, J. B.
Ashe, F. Gingras, J. Peters, A. H.
Bell, J. L. Green, J. A. Phillips, C. W.
Buchanan, A. H. Holloway, A. Oliver, F.
Boswell, V. Holloway, F. Richardson, J. O.
Boswell, J. Holt, C. Roche, J, Jr.
Buchanan, N. H. Hurst, H. Rawson, Rev. C. W
Brown, J, Jr. Hague, L. Ramsay, W. T.
Bruneau, L. Hemming, H. Scott, W. B.
Bruneau, J. Harrison, R. M., Jr. Scott, W.
Burroughs, W. Irvine, G. H. Scott, A.
Campbell, B. Joly, E. Smith, R. H., Jr.
Campbell, W. W. Judge, H. E. Schwartz, E.
Campbell, W. N. Jones, E., Jr. Sewell, R. L.
Colley, A. W. King, Wm. Woods, W. C.
Dunn, C. Laird, J., Jr. Woods, H.
Dunn, T. Lelièvre, S. Wilson, E.
Dunbar, J, Jr. Montizambert, W. Welch, R. C.
Doucet, R. E. B. Meredith, F. Whitehead, B.
Fry, H., Jr. Mountain. A. H. Wurtele, C. F.
Forrest, S. Mountain, H. H.
Forrest, H. Myles, P.

OFFICERS

R. H. Smith, Jr., President, A. Holloway, Vice-President; H. Woods, Secretary-treasurer.

Committee: W. B Scott, A. H. Buchanan, P. Myles.

On the 24th March, 1881, a handsome gold locket and chain was presented to one of the most energetic promoters of the Club, Mr. A. Holloway, with the following address:—

To Alfred Holloway, Esquire, from the members of the Quebec Snow-shoe Club.

DEAR SIR,—We, your fellow-members of the Quebec Snow-Shoe Club, acknowledging the indefatigable zeal you have always shewn for the prosperity of the club, beg to offer for your acceptance the accompanying locket and chain as a small token of regard. It is the spontaneous tribute of the members in recognition of your many fine qualities as a companion, and to mark our appreciation of your efforts to make our meetings agreeable.

The success and pleasure of the many winter tramps were in no small measure due to the bright and cheerful manner you always displayed in encouraging and enlivening the journey, and thus your impromptu songs at our place of meeting, on the route, were inimitable, and were, we assure you, thoroughly enjoyed. These pleasant and invigorating snow-shoe rambles and entertainments will ever remain a green spot in our memories.

That the Quebec Snow-Shoe Club may long continue to enjoy the benefit and influence of your

agreeable company is the heartfelt desire of us all.

R. HARCOURT SMITH,
President.
HARRY WOODS,
Secretary.

14th March, 1881.

The locket and chain which were presented to Mr. A. Holloway were made by Mr. G. Seifert, the locket having upon it a pair of crossed snow-shoes and tuque with a monogram of the club beautifully raised on the one side, and on the back, were engraved the following words: "Presented to Mr. Holloway by the members of Q. S. S. C., 24th March, 1881." The address was handsomely illuminated by the Nuns of the Good Shepherd Convent, and reflects great credit upon them for the artistic manner in which it is got up.

FRENCH GOVERNORS OF CANADA.

(LIST PREPARED BY FRED A. MCCORD)

Date of
Commission From To

CHAMPLAIN, Samuel de Oct 15, 1612 Oct 15, 1612 July 20, 1629
CHAMPLAIN, Samuel de (a) — — — — May 23, 1633 Dec 25, 1635
Châteaufort, Marc
Antoine Bras-de-fer (b) — — — — Dec 25, 1635 June 11, 1636
MONTMAGNY, Charles
Huault de — — — — June 12, 1636 Aug 19, 1648
D'AILLEBOUST de Coulonge,
Louis — — — — Aug 20, 1648 Oct 12, 1651
LAUZON, Jean de Jan 17, 1651 Oct 13, 1651 — — — — 1656
Lauzon-Charny, Charles de — — — — — — 1658 Sep 12, 1657
D'Ailleboust de Coulonge,
Louis — — — — Sep 13, 1657 July 10, 1658
D'ARGENSON, Pierre de
Voyer, Vicomte Jan 26, 1657 July 11, 1658 Aug 30, 1661
D'AVAUGOUR, Pierre Dubois,
Baron — — — — Aug 31, 1661 July 28, 1663
MEZY, Augustin de Saffray May 1, 1663 Sep 15, 1663 May 5, 1665
COURCELLES, Daniel de Remy
de (c) Mar 23, 1665 Sep 12, 1665 — — — — 1672
FRONTENAC, Louis de Buade,
Comte de Palluau et de Apr 7, 1672 Sep — 1672 — — — — 1683
LA BARBE, Le Fèbvre de (d) May 1, 1682 Oct 9, 1682 — — — — 1685
DENONVILLE, Jacques Rene
de Brisay, Marquis de Jan 1, 1685 July 30, 1685 Oct 14, 1689
FRONTENAC, Louis de Buade,
Comte de Palluau et de May 15, 1689 Oct 15, 1689 Nov 28, 1698
Callières, Louis Hector de — — — — Nov 29, 1698 Sep 13, 1699
CALLIÈRES, Louis Hector Apr 20, 1699 Sep 14, 1699 May 26, 1703
de (d)
Vaudreuil, Philippe de
Rigaud, Marquis de — — — — May 27, 1703 Sep 16, 1705
VAUDREUIL, Philippe de
Rigaud, Marquis de (d) Aug 1, 1703 Sep 17, 1705 Oct
10, 1725
Ramesay, Claude de — — — — — — 1714 — — — — 1716
Longueuil, Charles LeMoyne,
(1st) Baron de — — — — — — 1725 — — — — 1726
BEAUHARNOIS, Charles,
Marquis de (d)
La Galissonnière, Rolland Jan 11, 1726 Sep 2, 1726 — — — — 1747
Michel Barrin, Comte
de (e) June 10, 1747 Sep 19, 1747 Aug 14, 1749

LA JONQUIÈRE, Jacques Pierre
de Taffanel, Marquis de Mar. 15, 1746 Aug 15, 1749 May 17, 1752
Longueuil, Charles
LeMoyne, (2nd) Baron de — — — — May — 1752 July — 1752
DUQUESNE-DE MENNEVILLE,
Marquis de Mar 1, 1752 July — 1752 June 24, 1755
VAUDREUIL-CAVAGNAL, Pierre
de Rigaud, Marquis de Jan. 1, 1755 June 25, 1755 Sep. 8, 1760

ENGLISH GOVERNORS.

From To

AMHERST, General Jeffrey (f) Sep. 8, 1760 — — — —
MURRAY, General James Aug. 10, 1764 June 28, 1766
Irving, Paulus Aemilius June 30, 1766 Sep. 23, 1766
Carleton, Lt. Gov. Guy Sep. 24, 1766 Oct. 25, 1768
CARLETON, Guy (g) Oct. 26, 1768 June 26, 1778
Cramahé, Hon. Hector Theophilus Aug. 9, 1770 Oct. 10, 1774
HALDIMAND, Frederick June 27, 1778 Nov. 15, 1784
Hamilton, Lt. Gov. Henry Nov. 16, 1784 Nov. 1, 1785
Hope, Lt. Gov. Henry Nov. 2, 1785 Oct. 22, 1786
DORCHESTER, Baron (h) Oct. 23, 1786 July 11, 1796
Clarke, Lt. Gov. Alured Aug. 17, 1791 Sep. 24, 1793
Prescott, Lt. Gov. Robert July 12, 1796 Apr. 26, 1797
PRESCOTT, Robert Apr. 27, 1797 July 30, 1799
Milnes, Lt. Gov. Robert Shore (i) July 31, 1799 July 30, 1805
Dunn, Hon. Thomas July 31, 1805 Oct. 23, 1807
CRAIG, Sir James Henry Oct. 24, 1807 June 19, 1811
Dunn, Hon. Thomas June 20, 1811 Sep. 13, 1811
Prevost, Sir George Sep. 14, 1811 July 15, 1812
PREVOST, Sir George July 15, 1812 Apr. 4, 1815
ROTTENBURG, Major Gen. Francis de May 12, 1813 June 13, 1813
GLASGOW, Major Gen. George June 14, 1813 Sep. 25, 1813
Drummond, Sir Gordon Apr. 5, 1815 May 21, 1816
Wilson, Major Gen. John May 22, 1816 July 11, 1816
SHERBROOKE, Sir John Coape (j) July 12, 1816 July 29, 1818
RICHMOND, Charles, Duke of July 30, 1818 Aug. 28, 1819
Monk, Hon. James Sep. 20, 1819 Feb. 7, 1820
Maitland, Sir Peregrine (k) Feb. 8, 1820 Feb. 8, 1820
Monk, Hon. James Feb. 9, 1820 Mar. 16, 1820
Maitland, Sir Peregrine Mar. 17, 1820 June 18, 1820
DALHOUSIE, George, Earl of June 19, 1820 Sep. 7, 1828
Burton, Lt. Gov. Sir. Francis Nathaniel June 7, 1824 Sep. 16, 1825
Kempt, Sir James Sep. 8, 1828 Oct. 19, 1830
Aylmer, Matthew Whitworth Aylmer, Baron Oct. 20, 1830 Feb. 3, 1831
AYLMER, Matthew Whitworth Aylmer, Baron Feb. 4, 1831 Aug. 23, 1835
GOSFORD, Archibald Acheson, Earl of Aug. 24, 1835 Feb. 26, 1838
Colborne, Sir John Nov. 1, 1838 Jan. 16, 1839
DURHAM, John George Lambton, Earl of May 29, 1838 Oct. 31, 1838
Colborne, Sir John Nov. 1, 1838 Jan. 16, 1839
COLBORNE, Sir John Jan. 17, 1839 Oct. 18, 1839
SYDENHAM, Chs Ed. Poulett Thomson, Lord (l) Oct. 18, 1839 Sep. 19, 1841
Clitherowe, Major Gen. John (m) Sep. 18, 1841 Sep. 18, 1841
Jackson, Sir Richard Downes Sep. 24, 1841 Jan. 11, 1842
BAGOT, Sir Charles Jan. 12, 1842 Mar. 29, 1843
METCALFE, Sir Charles Theophilus (n) Mar. 30, 1843 Nov. 25, 1845
Cathcart, Charles Murray, Earl of Nov. 26, 1845 Apr. 23, 1846
CATHCART, Charles Murray, Earl of Apr. 24, 1846 Jan. 29, 1847
ELGIN, James Bruce, Earl of Jan. 30, 1847 Dec. 18, 1854
Rowan, Major Gen. William (m) May 29, 1849 May 30, 1849
Rowan, Lieut. Gen. William Aug. 23, 1853 June 10, 1854
HEAD, Sir Edmund Walker Dec. 19, 1854 Oct. 24, 1861
Eyre, Sir William June 21, 1857 Nov. 2, 1857
Williams, Sir William Fenwick Oct. 12, 1860 Feb. 22, 1861

Monck, Charles Stanley, Viscount Oct. 25, 1861 Nov. 27, 1861
 MONCK, Charles Stanley, Viscount (o) Nov. 28, 1861 Nov. 13, 1868
 Michel, Sir John Sep. 30, 1865 Feb. 12, 1866
 Windham, Sir Charles Ash Nov. 14, 1868 Nov. 30, 1868
 Young, Sir John Dec. 1, 1868 Feb. 1, 1869
 YOUNG, Sir John (p) Feb. 2, 1869 June 21, 1872
 Doyle, Sir Charles Hastings June 22, 1872 June 24, 1872
 DUFFERIN, Sir F. T. Blackwood, Earl of June 25, 1872 Oct. 18, 1878
 O'Grady Haly, Lieut. Gen. William Oct. 12, 1874 Nov. 2, 1874
 O'Grady Haly, Lieut. Gen. William May 15, 1875 Oct. 22, 1875
 O'Grady Haly, Sir William Jan. 21, 1878 Feb. 6, 1878
 Macdougall, Sir Patrick L. Oct. 19, 1878 Nov. 24, 1878
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NOTES.

Names indented are those of administrators.

Except in the case of administrators, the date of the arrival at Quebec, wherever I have been able to ascertain it, is that given in the second column in the list of French Governors.

(a) Quebec was held by the English, under Louis Kirke, from July 20, 1629, to July 13, 1632, when it was restored to France. The colony was then governed by Emery de Caen and Duplessis Bochart, until Champlain's return, May 23, 1633.

(b) The date given in the second column is that of Champlain's death. Châteaufort's administration began on the day of the interment, probably the 28th.

(c) The Marquis de Tracy, the King's *Lieutenant-Général* in America, arrived at Quebec, June 30, 1665, and was virtually the Governor of Canada till his departure, August 28, 1667.

(d) The date here given in the second column is that of the registration of the Governor's commission at Quebec.

(e) La Galissonnière was sent out to administer the Government during the captivity of La Jonquière, who, on his way from France, had been made prisoner by the English.

(f) Although Amherst is usually placed first on the list of English Governors, it is well known that after the capitulation of Montreal he divided the province into three governments or districts, to each of which he appointed a Governor, and that he himself very shortly afterwards left the country and did not return. The Governors of these three districts, during what is commonly called the period of military rule, from Sept. 8, 1760, to Aug. 10, 1764, were as follows:

District of Quebec,
 Gen. James Murray Sep. 1760 to Aug. 1764.

District of Three Rivers,
 Col. Ralph Burton Sep. 1760 to May 1762.
 Col. Fred. Haldimand May 1762 to Mar. 1763.
 Col. Ralph Burton Mar. 1763 to Oct. 1763.
 Col. Fred. Haldimand Oct. 1763 to Aug. 1764.

District of Montreal,
 Gen. Thomas Gage Sep. 1760 to Oct. 1763.
 Col. Ralph Burton Oct. 1763 to Aug. 1764.

(g) Guy Carleton was made a Knight of the Bath on the 6th of July, 1776.

(h) Sir Guy Carleton was named Lord Dorchester on the 21st of August, 1786.

(i) Created a Baronet on the 14th of February, 1801.

(j) On the 12th of July, 1816, Sir John Sherbrooke took the oaths of office at Quebec, although he had previously, on the 8th of June, been sworn in at Halifax.

(k) Sir Peregrine Maitland, Governor of Upper Canada, was sworn in at Quebec, as Administrator of the Government of Lower Canada, on the 8th of February. He returned to Upper Canada next day; but came back to Quebec in March, and was again sworn in on the 17th.—*Quebec Mercury*.

(l) The Hon. C. Poulett Thomson was created Baron Sydenham and Toronto in 1840. The date given in the first column is that of his assuming the Governorship of Lower Canada, of which province he was the last Governor. He was sworn in as Governor of the Province of Canada, on the 10th of February, 1841, when Upper and Lower Canada were united.

(m) Acted merely as Deputy of the Governor for the prorogation of parliament. The name is retained because it appears on other lists.

(n) Sir Charles Metcalfe was created Baron Metcalfe in January, 1845.

(o) Lord Monck was Governor of the Province of Canada until the first of July, 1867. On that day, the Dominion of Canada was proclaimed, and he was sworn in as the first Governor.

(p) Sir John Young was elevated to the peerage, with the title of Lord Lisgar, on the 8th of October, 1870.

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Montgomery, Brigadier General Richard, his remains laid in Gobert's house;
killed;
his sword;
centenary celebration of his defeat;
in the English army;
anniversary celebration of his defeat;
plan of attack upon Quebec;
spot where he fell;
head-quarters at Holland House;
in possession of environs of Quebec.

Montmagny, Governor, builds road from Upper to Lower Town;
receives Ursuline Nuns;
receives Madame de la Peltrie;
holds grand council at Sillery;
Indian name given to.

Montmorency, mill built by Peter Paterson at;
French victorious at;
residence of Governor Haldimand;
Montcalm's entrenchments at.

Montmorency Falls, called *La Vache*;
compared to Chaudière Falls.

Montpetit, A. N., honorary chief of Lorette Indians.

Montreal, capitulates to Americans; arrival of colonists for; Hôtel Dieu founded; founded by DeMaisonneuve; 'Beaver Hall' Club at; note: has largest bell in America.

Monument to Wolfe and Montcalm, corner stone laid;
restored;
note: to Father Massé;
to Montcalm, application of French to erect;
erected where Wolfe fell;
des Braves, Prince Napoleon Bonaparte presents statue for;
when erected;
de la Tempérance;
to victims of rebellion of 1837.

Moodie, Mrs., description of Quebec.

Morrin College.

Morris, John, Postmaster-General.

Mount Carmel.

Mount Hermon Cemetery; monument to Lieut. Baines in.

Mount Lilac, Beauport.

Mountain, first Protestant Bishop of Quebec;
the family of.

Mountain Hill, constructed;
described.

Murray, General, appropriates Jesuits' College for barracks; warrant issued by, defeated by Lévis;
residence at Belmont; served at Fontenoy; Governor of Quebec.

Negro, sale of a.

Neilson, Hon. John, notice of.

Neilson, Samuel.

Nelson, Admiral, in Quebec; admirer of Miss Simpson.

Nelson, John, nephew of Sir T. Temple.

Neptune Inn, its statue of Neptune.

Neuville, Seigniory of.

Neville, Miss.

New York, plan for conquest of.

Newspapers, first in Canada and Nova Scotia.

Niagara Falls, earliest mention of.

Notary, first in Canada.

Observatory, Provincial.

Oneidas, an Iroquois nation.

Onondagas, an Iroquois nation.

Ononthio, meaning of.

Original, L', French ship sunk at Quebec.

Orphan Asylum, Female.

Oxford, Mass., French refugees.

Palace Ward.

Panet, Bishop.

Papineau, Amédée, account of visit to Château Bigot.

Papineau, Hon. L. J., visits Château Bigot.

Parkman, Francis, description of French empire in America;
foundation of Quebec;
session of Superior Council;
hanging of Mohawk Chief;
cited;
Fort and Château St. Louis;
D'Argenson's arrival;
Tracy's arrival;
DeCallières' plan for conquest of New York.

Parliament Building, burnt;
description of the new.

Paterson, Peter, notice of.

Pean, Captain Hugues; to whom married; notice of.

Pean, Madame.

Peltrie, Madame de la, founder of Ursulines Convent;
her heart deposited in Jesuits' Church.

Perceval, M. H., Collector of Customs;
owner of Spencer Wood.

Perrault, Joseph F., pioneer of lay education;

description of his residence.

Perrault's Hill.

Petite Hermine, La, one of Cartier's, ships; discovered.

Phipps, Sir William, defeated.

Physicians, first in Canada.

Pieskurit, an Indian chief.

Pillory, on the market place.

Pitt, William, cited.

Place d'Armes.

Plains of Abraham, former extent of;
derivation of name;
ascent to, said to have been indicated by DeVitré or Stobo;
by Cugnet;
Wolfe's landing and occupation of.

Plains of Abraham, Battle of the, date of; various estimates of troops engaged; position of forces;
anecdotes of; described by Carlyle; flight of the French.

Plessis, Bishop, builds St. Roch's Church.

Poem, first French, issued in Canada.

Pointe à Carcy.

Pointe à Puiseaux, called Cape Diamond by Champlain; after whom named; view from.

Poncet, Father, captured by Iroquois.

Post Office, demolished; history of the Canadian.

Postage, amount of, in 1774.

Powell, Henry W., biographical sketch of.

Powell Place. See Spencer Wood.

"Premier," transport, stranded.

Presbyterian minister, first in Province of Quebec.

Prescott, Governor.

Près-de-Ville, Montgomery killed at; situation of.

Press-gangs in Quebec.

Prince Edward. See Kent, Duke of.

Prince of Wales, ball in honor of.

Prince William Henry, afterwards William IV., visits Canada; name of Sorel changed in his honor;
festivities during his stay in Quebec.

Princess Louise embankment and docks, tablet stone laid.

Printing. See Newspapers and Books.

Protestants, use Jesuits' Church.

Punishment of criminals.

Quail, imported from Europe.

Quebec, described by Henry Ward Beecher,

—J. T. Bulmer
—Captain Butler
—P. J. O. Chauveau
—Charles Dickens
—Sir Charles Dilke
—Hawkins
—Bishop Laval
—Charles Lever
—Marmier
—Mrs. Moodie
—M. Sand
—Duke of Saxe-Weimar
—Prof. Silliman,
—Thoreau
—Eliot Warburton;
foundation of;
society in the last century;
old plans of city;
surrendered by Champlain;
fifty years ago;
farewell of King's Own Borderers;
population in 1680;
inhabitants starved by Bigot's ring;
extent at beginning of nineteenth century;
shipping and business at that time;
early city government under the English;
incorporated;
first Mayor;
limits;
municipal divisions;
present city government;
fiefs, contained in;
War department property in;
capture described by Carlyle;
society before the Conquest;
arrival of British fleet;
French who remained in, in 1629;
dates of events in history of.

Quebec Bank, history of site of.

Queen's wharf and stores.

Raffeix, Father, accompanies DeCourcelles against the Indians.

Raftsmen.

Ragueneau, Father, makes first mention of Niagara Falls; accompanies defeated Hurons to Quebec.

Railway, Gosford, wooden.

Razilly, De, influences M. de Sillery.

Reade, John S., description of first number of Quebec Gazette; account of Quebec society in the last century.

Rebellion of 1837, monument to victims of.

Récollets, Father DeBerey, provincial of the;
at Quebec;
first who arrive;
build first church, convent and seminary;
their *fief* reverts to the Crown.

Récollet church, situation of.

Récollet convent, American prisoners in;

situation of;
burnt;
occasionally used as a prison;
noted prisoners in.

Red House, the, a famous inn.

Relations des Jesuites, cited.

Richmond, Duke of, death of; loss of one of his sons; buried in Quebec.

Robert, first Intendant, never came to Canada.

Roberval, winters at Cap Rouge; account of his voyage to Canada.

Roger, Charles, cited.

Royal visitors to Canada.

Ryland, H. W., secretary to Sir James Craig;
correspondence with Sir James Craig;
secretary to Lord Dorchester;
his mission to England;
his death;
his manor at Beauport;
note.

Sagard, cited.

St. Bridget's Asylum.

St. Castin, Baron, notice of; note.

St. Charles river, Cartier winters on banks of; named by him the St Croix; re-named by the Récollets;
former names of; meaning of Indian name of.

St. Foye, occupied by American soldiers;
church occupied by British in 1760;
Hurons settle at.

St. Foye road, a favorite drive a century ago;
See Country Seats.

St Foye, Battle of, date of; an English defeat; various estimates of troops engaged; position of forces;
anecdotes of; massacre by Indians; retreat of the English.

St Helen's Island, residence of Baronne de Longueuil.

St John's, surrendered to Americans.

St John's ward.

St Louis hotel.

St Louis road;
See Country Seats.

St Louis ward.

St Peter's ward.

St Rochs, existed in 1759;
extent of at beginning of nineteenth century;
ward;
fire of.

St. Sauveur, origin of name.

St. Valier, Bishop founder of General Hospital; builds N. D. des Victoires church; death of.

Samos road.

Sand, Maurice, description of Quebec.

Sault au Matelot, Americans defeated at; situation of barriers.

Saxe Weimar, Duke of, description of Quebec.

Scott, Major Thomas, brother of Sir Walter, where buried.

Scott, General Winfield, a prisoner at Quebec; courageous conduct of.

Seal of Canada.

Seigniory of Neuville.

Seminary, American prisoners in; first in Canada built by Récollets; intended site of new; owns *fief* Sault au Matelot.

Seminary chapel, temporarily used as parish church.

Senecas, an Iroquois nation.

Sénéchaussée, La.

Sewell, Hon Jonathan founder of Trinity church; his epitaph.

Ship-building under French rule.

Sillery, Noel Brulart de, notice of;
founds Sillery mission.

Sillery, occupied by Americans;
first mission at;
visited by Madame de la Peltrie;
hospital founded;
first settlement;
expedition against Indians starts from;
early population;
St. Columba church at;
Jesuits' House at, probably first building in Canada;
grand council held at;
settlement abandoned;
site of settlement;
locality described by Henot;
brewery at;
visit to site of early settlement;
called St. Columba;
monument at;
woods of.

Sillery Cove, other names of;
Jesuits at.

Silliman, Professor Benj., description of Quebec.

Simpson, Mary, admired by Lord Nelson.

Simpson, Saunders, Provost Marshal in Wolfe's army.

Skating Rink.

Slave, sale of a negro.

Slavery in Canada, abolition of.

Smith, Chief Justice, notice of;
letter to his wife.

Smith, Hon W., cited;
notice of.

Snow shoe club.

Society, in the last century;
before the Conquest.

Sorel, name changed to Fort William Henry
taken by Americans.

Southey's Life of Nelson, cited.

Sparrows imported from England;
appeal in behalf of.

Spencer Wood, Sir James Craig at;
Lord Elgin at;
formerly called Powell Place;
Kidd's verses upon;
origin of name;
at one time included Spencer Grange;
garden and conservatories at;
residence of several Governors of Canada;
burnt;
re-built;
illustrious visitors;
residence of Lieut. Governors of Quebec;
transferred by Dominion to Province;
fête champêtre at.

Stadacona, former name of Quebec; inhabited by Hurons; site of.

Stanley, Dean, at Quebec.

"Star" the Quebec.

Statue of General Wolfe, peregrinations of.

Stayner, Thomas Allen, Deputy Postmaster General.

Stewart, Charles, his letter from Château Bigot.

Stobo, Major Robert made prisoner by the French;
escapes;
selects Wolfe's landing place;
advises expedition to Deschambault.

Streets of Quebec, described;
oldest Sous le Fort;
oldest in St Roch's St. Valier
Aylmer;
Bagot;
Baronne;
Bell's lane;
Berthelot;
Boisseau;
Bridge;
Buade;
Burton;
Buteau;
Canoterie hill;
Carleton;
Champlain;
Charlevoix;
Christie;
Côte à Coton;
Côte d'Abraham;
Couillard;
Craig;
Crown;
Cul de Sac;
D'Aiguillon;

D'Aillebout;
Dalhousie;
Dambourgies;
D'Artigny;
D'Auteuil;
DeSalaberry;
Desfosses;
Des Prairies;
Dog lane;
Donnacona;
Dorchester;
Ferland;
Fiedmont;
Frontenac;
Gallows hill;
Garneau;
Grant;
Grey;
Haldimand;
Hébert;
Henderson;
Hope hill;
Hudon;
Iberville,
Jérôme;
Jupiter;
King;
Laval;
Lee;
Longueuil;
Massue;
Metcalfé;
Montmagny;
Murray;
Palace;
Panel;
Plessis;
Pozer;
Prévost;
Prince Edward;
Queen;
Ramsay;
Richardson;
Richelieu;
Richmond;
Robitaille;
Ryland;
St. Ann;
St. Famille
St. Helen;
St. James;
St. John;
St. Joseph;
St. Louis;
St. Ours;
St. Paul;
St. Peter
St. Stanislas;
St. Ursule;
St. Valier;
Sault au-Matelot;
Scott;
Séguin;
Smith;

Sous le Cap;
Sous le Fort;
Stewart;
Tourangeau;
Treasure;
Turgeon;
Wolfe.

Stuart, Andrew, materials for Hawkins' "Picture of Quebec," furnished by.

Sulpicians, of Montreal.

Suite, Benjamin, description of Spencer Grange.

Superior Council, session of, where held.

Sutherland, David, Deputy Postmaster-General.

"Swiftsure," steamer.

Taché, writer of first French poem issued in Canada.

Taiguragny, Indian kidnapped by Cartier.

Talon, Intendant, arrival at Quebec; builds a brewery; first owner of Belmont; seignior granted to; probable builder of Château Bigot.

Taschereau, Mr., imprisoned by Sir James Craig.

Terrace. See Dufferin and Durham.

Tessier, Hon U. J., suggests plan for Harbour Works.

Theatre Royal opened.

Theller, escapes from Citadel.

Thompson, James, one of Wolfe's veterans; extracts from his diary; notice of.

Thoreau, description of Quebec.

Three Rivers, taken by Americans.

Ticonderoga, taken by Americans;
Montcalm defeats Abercrombie at.

Tracy, Marquis de, Viceroy;
hangs a Mohawk chief;
lays foundation stone of Jesuits' church;
residence;
arrival of;
brings Carignan regiment to Canada;
arranges truce with Iroquois.

Twiss, Captain, builds temporary Citadel.

Uniforms, Militia.

Union hotel.

United Empire Loyalists settle in Canada.

Upper Town; first resident of; partly destroyed by English batteries.

Ursuline church, temporarily used as parish church.

Ursuline convent, old painting in the; founded by Madame de la Peltrie; mural tablet to Montcalm in chapel.

Vacherie, La, extent of; origin of name.

Variation of the compass at Quebec.

Vaudreuil, Governor, buried in Quebec;
epitaph;
at Beauport after battle of the Plains;
prepares to capitulate.

Verazzani.

Vignal, Abbé, killed by the Mohawks.

Vimont, Father, Jesuit missionary; description of life at Sillery.

Voltaire, his remark upon the loss of Canada.

Voltigeurs Canadiens, formation of.

Voyageurs.

Walkem, Charles, history of Intendant's palace.

Walker, Admiral, squadron dispersed by storm.

Wapiti, extinct in Eastern Canada.

War Department property.

Warburton, Eliot, description of Quebec.

Wards, boundaries of.

Weld, Isaac, description of Haldimand Castle.

Wild flowers of Sillery.

Wilkie, Dr. Daniel, notice of.

Winter, the Joys of; in Canada.

Witchcraft, executions at Boston for.

Wolfe, General, monument to;
statue of;
his landing place;
monument where he fell;
repulsed at Montmorency;
proposes wintering at Ile aux Coudres;
scales the Heights of Abraham;
served at Fontenoy;
pistols and sash of.

Wooden railway, Gosford.

Woods of Sillery.

Writers, names of Canadian.

Wyandots. See Hurons.

Young Men's Christian Association, building; history of, in Quebec.

FOOTNOTES

CHAPTER I.

[1] Mr. and Mrs. Dickens had lunched in the Citadel on that May 27th, 1842, the admired guests of the officers of the Grenadier Guards stationed there.

[2] *Lettres sur l'Amérique*: X. Marmier. Paris, 1869.

[3] The Highlanders—78th, 79th, and 93rd.

[4] *The New York Ledger*.

[5] Before the era of the Allan line, sailing vessels used to land their living cargoes of forlorn emigrants in the Lower Town, sometimes after a passage of fourteen weeks.

CHAPTER II.

[6] Parkman thus heralds the advent of this foreign arrival from sea:—"A lonely ship sailed up the St. Lawrence. The white whales floundering in the Bay of Tadousac, and the wild duck diving as the foaming prow drew near,—there was no life but these in all that watery solitude, twenty miles from shore to shore. The ship was from Honfleur, and was commanded by Samuel de Champlain. He was the Aeneas of a destined people, and in her womb lay the embryo life of Canada." (*Pioneers of France in the New World*, p. 296.)

[7] Champlain calls Cape Diamond, Mont du Gas (Guast), from the family name of De Monts. He gives the name of Cape Diamond to Pointe à Puiseaux. See map of Quebec (1613.)

CHAPTER III.

[8] Six French Governors died and were buried in Quebec—Samuel de Champlain, Count de Frontenac, M. de Mesy, De Callières, Marquis de la Jonquière, and Marquis de Vaudreuil. Two English Governors—Lieut. Gen. Hope and the Duke of Richmond.

[9] Up to 1617, and later, Champlain's residence was in the Lower Town, and stood nearly on the site of the Church of *Notre-Dames des Victoires*.

[10] John London MacAdam, the inventor of macadamized roads, was born in Ayr, Scotland, on the 21st September, 1756, and died at Moffat on the 26th November, 1836. The Parliament of Great Britain voted £2,000 to this benefactor of the human race. Macadamized roads, like several other useful inventions, met with many obstacles in Quebec. Some of the loudest to denounce this innovation were the carriage builders, who augured that good roads, by decreasing the bills for repairs to carriages, would ruin their industry, that their "usefulness would be gone."

[11] *Jesuit's Journal*, page 89. *Vide Appendix—Verbo, Horses*.

[12] The *Journal des Jésuites*, published by Geo. Desbarats in 1874, under the supervision of the learned Abbés Laverdière and Casgrain, from the copy in the Archives of the Quebec Seminary, though fragmentary, throws valuable light on many points in Canadian History. We clip the entry for 1st January, 1646, as summarized in the *Glimpses of the (Ursuline) Monastery*, respecting the custom of New Year's visits and presents; this entry will further introduce us to some of the denizens of note in Quebec in 1646:—We meet with the first *seigneur* of Beauport, Surgeon Robert Giffard, who had settled there in 1634; the Royal Engineer and Surveyor, Jean Bourdon; J. Bpte. Couillard, the ancestor of the Quebec Couillards, of late years connected by marriage with the Quebec DeLéry's; Mdlle. de Repentigny, a high-born French lady; the founder of the Ursuline Monastery, the benevolent Madame de la Peltrie; the devoted Sillery missionary, Father de Quen; without forgetting our old Scotch friend, Pilot Abraham Martin, who, from the nature of the gift bestowed, it seems, could relish his glass, and evidently was not then what we now call a "Neal Dow man."

January, 1st, 1646.—The soldiers went to salute the Governor with their guns; the inhabitants presented their compliments in a body. He was beforehand with us, and came here at seven o'clock to wish us a 'Happy New Year,' addressing each of the Fathers one after another. I returned his visit after Mass. (Another time we must be beforehand with him.) M. Giffard also came to see us. The hospital nuns sent us a letter of compliment early in the morning; the Ursulines also, with beautiful presents, wax candles, rosaries, a crucifix, and, at dinner, two excellent pigeon-pies. I sent them two images, in enamel, of St. Ignatius and St. Francois Xavier. We gave to M. Giffard the 'Life of Our Lord,' by F. Bonnet; to M. des Châtelets, a little volume of Drexellius on Eternity; to M. Bourdon, a telescope and compass, and to others, reliquaries, rosaries, medals, images, etc. We gave a crucifix to the woman who washes the Church linen, a bottle of rum to Abraham, and four handkerchiefs to his wife; some books of

devotion to others, and two handkerchiefs to Robert Haché; he asked for more and we gave them to him. I went to see M. Giffard, M. Couillard and Mademoiselle de Repentigny. The Ursulines sent to beg I would come and see them before the end of the day. I went; and paid my compliments also to Madame de la Peltrie, who had sent us presents. I was near leaving this out, which would have been a great oversight. At home, I gave to our Fathers and Brothers what I thought they would like best. I had given beforehand to F. De Quen, for Sillery, all he chose to take from my room, and a choice present for Father Masse."—*Journal*, p. 24.

[13] *Histoire de la Colonie Française en Canada*, Vol. III., p. 384.

[14] *History of Emily Montague*, 4 Vols., 1767—London.

[15] The "dear man," in a concluding paragraph, dated 1st July, 1766, to John Temple, Esq., Pall-Mall, London, says: "Adieu! I am going to attend a very handsome French lady, who allows me the honour to drive her *en calashe* to our Canadian Hyde Park, the road to St. Foix, where you will see forty or fifty calashes, with pretty women in them, parading every evening."—(*History of Emily Montague*, Vol. I., p. 25.) The handsome Colonel Rivers, who so fancied his drives on the Foye road in 1766, the writer was told by Hon. W. Sheppard, was no other than the gallant Colonel Henry Caldwell, Wolfe's Assistant Quartermaster-General at the battle of the Plains, in 1759—the "Laird of Belmont"—who died at Quebec in 1810, a friend, no doubt, of the clever Mrs. Brookes who wrote this novel.

[16] *Histoire de l'Hôtel-Dieu de Québec* (Mère Juchereau, 511.)

[17] *Histoire de l'Hôtel-Dieu*, Casgrain, p. 81.

[18] To Let.—That elegant house, No. 6 Port Louis Street, lately occupied by H.R.H. Prince Edward, and at present by the Lord Bishop of Quebec. For particulars, apply to Miss Mabane, or to Munro & Bell, Quebec.—4th March, 1794 (*Quebec Gazette*, 1794.)

[19] Montgomery's House is now a much frequented stand for the sale of cigars, candies, newspapers, &c., to tourists.

[20] William Brown, uncle to the Neilsons, was a Scotchman from Philadelphia, who had been induced to print a journal in Quebec from the representations and information he had collected from William Laing, a Quebec merchant tailor, whom he had met in Scotland.

[21] Twenty-four years in advance of the *London Times*, founded in 1778, but twelve years after the *Halifax Gazette*, published in Halifax, N.S., in March, 1762, by one John Bushnell.

[22] The first books printed in Quebec were:—

"Catéchisme Montagnais," 1767.

"Lettre sur la Ville de Québec," 1774.

"Cantique de Marseilles," 1776.

In Montreal:—

"Réglement de la Confrérie de l'Adoration Perpétuelle du Saint Sacrement et de la Bonne Mort," *Mesplet & Berger*, 1776.

"Jonathan and David, a tragedy, a book of 40 pages," *Mesplet & Berger*, 1776.

"Officium Sacerdotum," *Mesplet & Berger*, 1777.

—(*Montreal Prize Questions in Canadian History*.)

[23] The mode of consulting a Roman lawyer was this: the lawyer was placed on an elevated seat, the client, coming up to him said *Licet consulere?* The lawyer answered, *consule*. The matter was then proposed, and an answer returned very shortly, thus: *Quaero an existimes, vel, id jus est, nec ne? Secundum ea, quae proponuntur, existimo, placet, puto.*—(*Adams' Roman Antiquities*, 201.)

Lawyers gave their opinions either by word of mouth or in writing, commonly without any reasons annexed, but not always.

The lawyers of these days do not, as a rule, see their clients quite so early in the morning as those of Rome did.

Agricolam laudat juris legumque peritus
Sub galli cantum, consultor ubi ostia pulsat.

Romae dulce diu fuit et solemne, reclusa
Mane domo vigilare, clienti promere jura.

[24] La Hontan, I., 21 (Ed. 1705). In some editions the above is expressed in different language—(From Parkman's *Old Regime*, p. 270.)

[25] It lines a space in rear, on which the Imperial Government erected, for the British troops in garrison, the Military Hospital. Since 1872, it is used as a temporary Court House, in lieu of the old Court House, built in 1814, and destroyed by fire in 1871. A high wall to the south-east, encloses a lofty eminence surmounted by a flagstaff—the *Mont Carmel* mentioned by La Potherie, Charlevoix and other old writers. The French had a *Cavalier* here. A little Eden of flowers, adjacent to the residence of the member for the County of Quebec, Hon. Adolphe P. Caron, Minister of Militia, and son of the late Lieutenant-Governor, Hon. R. E. Caron, now enlivens this eminence. On the same side of the street, about one hundred feet to the east, facing Parloir street, still exists a high-peaked old tenement, to which a livery stable is attached. This house is said to occupy the site on which, in 1759 stood the dwelling of Dr. Arnoux, Jr., the French surgeon under whose roof the gallant Montcalm was brought about noon, on his way from the lost battle of the Plains.

[26] Smith's *History of Canada*, Vol. II, p. 92. *Diary of Siege of 1776. Lit. and Hist. Society Pub., fourth series*, p. 9.

[27] In accepting the *Château St. Louis* as the spot where Montcalm expired, we still wish to leave the question an open one. Did Montcalm expire at the *Château*, under Dr. Arnoux's roof, at the General Hospital, as averred by Capt. John Knox, or, possibly, under his own roof on the ramparts, near Hope Gate? This point is not yet cleared up. See disquisition in *Album du Touriste* "Où est mort Montcalm?"

[28] On the 9th July, 1755, De Beaujeu won this brilliant victory.

[29] The 8th July, 1758, has been rendered famous by Montcalm and his regulars and Canadian militia at Carillon.

[30] Louis Honoré Fréchette, born at the town of Levis, opposite to Quebec—went through a classical course at the Quebec Seminary—studied for the Bar, recently member of parliament for his native county, Levis, under the present Judge for the Kamouraska District, Hon. Henri Taschereau. Represented his native county of Levis in the Commons Parliament from 1873 to 1878. His poetical effusions were published, at Quebec, in 1863, in a small volume, intitled "Mes Loisirs"; in 1877, a more extensive collection was published under the title of "Pêle-Mêle." He was awarded in 1880, by the *Académie Française* of Paris, the *Grand Prix Monthyon*, 2,000 francs. In April, 1881, Queen's College conferred on Mr. Fréchette the degree of Doctor of Laws, and McGill University also made him an LL.D. Since his marriage in Montreal to Mdlle. Beaudry, the poet resides in that city.

[31] A magnificent banquet had just previously been given to Mr. Fréchette.

[32] The greatest of French Canada's poets died at St. Malo, France, in June 1880, an exile—and fugitive from Justice.

[33] Parkman's *Old Regime*, p. 192.

[34] Bouchette—*Topography of Lower Canada*, 1815.

[35] "There were in that forte and habitation thereof four brasse pieces each weighing about 150 lbs. weight, another piece of brasse ordinance weighing eighty lbs. weight, five iron boxes of shot, for the five brasse pieces of ordinance; two small iron pieces of ordinances weighing each eight cwt. six murderers with their double boxes or chargers, one small piece of ordinance weighing about eighty lbs., forty-five small iron bullets for the service of the aforesaid; five brasse pieces, six iron bullets for the service of the aforesaid, twenty-six brasse-pieces weighing only three lbs. each, thirty or forty lbs. of gunpowder all belonging to M. de Caen, of Dieppe; about thirty lbs. of mettles belonging to the French King; thirteen whole and one broken musket, a harquebush, two large harquebuses five or six foote longe, a piece belonging to the Kinge; five or six thousand leaden bulletts, plate and bars of lead belonging, sixty corsellets whereof two are compleat and pistoll proof; two great brasse pieces weighing eighty lbs., one pavilion to lodge about twenty men belonging to the Kinge, a smith's fordge with appurtenances, all necessaries for a carpenter, all appurtenances of iron work for a windmill; a handmill to grind corn; a brass bell belonging to the said merchants, and about 2,500 to 3,000 beaver skins in the magazines, and some cases of knives and the forte belonging to the Kinge, and the habitations and houses then belonging to the said merchants were all left standing. * * * * *

"That there were not any victualls or ordinance, sustenance for men in the said forte at the time of taking it, the men in the same having lived by the space of two months before upon nothing but rootes." (THE CONQUEST OF CANADA, 1629, by *Kirke*, p. 76-7.)

[36] A detailed account of the picturesque interview between Count de Frontenac and Sir Wm.

Phipps' envoy in 1690, will be found in *Quebec Past and Present*, p. 122.

[37] This sketch of the old Château in 1804, now forms part of the historical album of the writer, through the kindness of Mr. Parkman.

[38] "*Toronto of Old*," H. Scadding, D.D., Toronto, 1873, p. 122-3.

[39] The name of Lennox in 1819, was indeed a familiar one in the highways and byways of old Stadacona. There were three brothers, we are told, sons of the Duke; Lord Charles, Lord William Pitt, Lord Arthur Lennox; more than one of them are said to have had a hand in some of the practical jokes so much to the fancy of Quebec military men, barristers, &c, in 1819, some of whom still survive, demure grandfathers, at present.

[40] John Galt, novelist, dramatist, historian, the genial author of "Lawrie Todd," "Annals of the Parish," "The Laird," "Stanley Buxton," "The Radical," "Eben Erskine," "The Stolen Child," "Majolo," "Omen," "Kathelun," "Ringan Gilhaize," "Spaewife," "Sir Andrew Wylie," "Provost," "Entail," "Steamboat," "The Life of Byron," and other works. Born at Irvine, in Ayrshire, on the 2nd May, 1779, died at Greenock, 11th April, 1839. He came to Canada in 1827, as Secretary to the Canada Land Company, which he had originated, and one of the five Commissioners (Colonel Cockburn, Sir John Harvey, John Galt, Mr. McGillivray and Mr. Davidson) named by England for the valuation of the Province of Upper Canada. This remarkable man was the founder of Galt, Goderich, Guelph, and other western cities, and was the father of three sons, John, Thomas and Sir Alexander Tilloch, the last at present our *chargé d'affaires* in London.

[41] See *Quebec, Past and Present*, page 454.

[42] For full particulars about St Andrew's Church, see "*Quebec, Past and Present*," pages 404-5.

[43] Adam, the oldest; John lost at sea on his voyage to England, in the fall of 1775; and Matthew, who, later on, we think was a partner in the old firm of Lymburner & Crawford, came to his end, in a melancholy manner at the Falls of Montmorency, about 1823. Were they all brothers? we cannot say. Adam and John were.

[44] Mrs. Widow Arch. Campbell closed her long career at Quebec, in November, 1880.

[45] John Sewell, Capt. in 49th (Brock's Regiment), and Lt-Col. Volunteers in 1837.

William Smith Sewell; late Sheriff of Quebec, died 1st June, 1866.

Edmund Willoughby Sewell, Clerk in Holy Orders.

Robert Shore Milnes Sewell, Advocate, died 9th May, 1834.

Maria May Livingstone Sewell, widow of Major Henry Temple, 15th Regiment, died at Quebec in April, 1881.

Henrietta Sewell, wife of Rev. Dr. Frs. J. Lundy, died 17th Nov. 1847.

Henry Doyle Sewell, Clerk in Holy Orders.

James Arthur Sewell, M.D., Professor at Laval University.

Montague Charles Sewell, died 28th February, 1859.

Charlotte DeQuincy Sewell, died 31st December, 1826.

Fanny Georgina Sewell, wife of Capt. Trevor Davenport, 1st "Royals."

Eliza Janet Sewell, wife of John Ross, Esq., died 8th May, 1875.

Algernon Robinson Sewell, Lt.-Col. 15th Regiment, died 10th January, 1875.

[46] Histoire de Marie de l'Incarnation, par l'Abbé H. R. Casgrain.

[47] The old homestead, successively owned by Messrs. Timothy H. Dunn and Joseph Shehyn, M.P.P., and now by Mr. J. O. Vallières, was erected in 1812 for Capt. Benjamin LeMoine, Canadian Militia, the writer's father.

[48] A detailed sketch of this great educational institution, descriptive of its origin and constitution, galleries of paintings, museum, library etc., appears at page 361 of "*Quebec, Past and Present*," to which the reader is referred. We purpose to note the changes which have taken place since the publication of that work only.

[49] In 1808, among other notabilities on the *Rue des Pauvres*, we find that, as appears by a notarial deed of transfer, in the Woolsey estate, before J. Plante, N.P., 28th March, 1808, a grand old relic of the Canadian *noblesse*, la Baronne de Longueuil, the widow of the late Captain David Alexander Grant, of the 94th regiment—to whom she had been united in wedlock at Quebec, on the 7th May, 1781. She then dwelt there in a house belonging to her husband's uncle, the Honorable William Grant (who had

died at Quebec in 1805), though her usual abode was on the picturesque family property—on the Island of St. Helen, opposite Montreal. This island was purchased by the Imperial authorities for military purposes about 1815. The dignified, accomplished and queenly old Baronne expired at Montreal on the 7th February, 1841, aged 86 years. Her grandson, Charles Colmore Grant, of London England, now bears the title of Baron de Longueuil, in virtue of the gracious recognition of our Sovereign, as set forth in the London (Royal) *Gazette* of the 4th December, 1880, and Canada *Gazette* of the 21st January, 1881.

[50] The following was composed by the late Hon J. Sewell, Chief Justice of Lower Canada:—

ADDRESS

Spoken at the Opening of the Quebec Royal Theatre, February 15, 1832.

Ye sons of pity, whose kind acts proclaim
How much you glory in true English fame,
In fame which rests on deeds of solid worth
And kindred feelings for the peopled earth:
Ye too, fair dames, whose daily conduct shows
How much ye feel in heart, for others woes
Who by compassion led, have hither come
To grace these walls and soften mis'rys doom,
We bid you welcome all—and what you see
 [*Looking around the House*]
Thus dedicate to you and charity
 [*Bowing to the audience*]
By the kind bounty which you now bestow
You will assuage the pangs of human woe,
To infant suffering and to aged grief
You will afford prompt solace and relief,
The famished penitent who stole for bread
Snatched from his wants will once more raise his head
The sickly wretch upon his bed of straw
Will pine no longer, but will quickly draw
From your resources, the comfort he requires
To sooth his pains, and quench a fever's fires;
And houseless strangers will no longer meet
Their fete in storms, and perish in the street.

[51] See appendix for list of executions.

[52] The Earl of Dalhousie, Sir James Kempt, John Adams, Edmund William Romer Antrobus, Charles Ardouin, Thomas Cushing Aylwin, Frederick Baddely, Henry W. Bayfield, Francis Bell, Henry Blake, Edward Bowen, William Brent, Joseph Bouchette, Robert Shore Milnes Bouchette, Joseph Bouchette, junior, George Bourne, Judge Burton, Edward Burroughs, John Caldwell, Hugh Caldwell, Archibald Campbell, Charles Campbell, John Saxton Campbell, John Cannon, Edward Caron, John P. Cockburn, Andrew Wm. Cochran, Thos. Coffin, James Cuthbert, John Davidson, Wm. H. A. Davies, Dominick Daly, Jerome Demers, Edward Desbarats, Frederick Desbarats, Robert D'Estimauville, William Dudley Dupont, William Bowman Felton, John Charlton Fisher, John Fletcher, William Finlay, James B. Forsyth, John Fraser, John Malcolm Fraser, Francois Xavier Garneau, Augustin Germain, Manly Gore, William Green, Louis Gogy, John Hale, James Hamilton, Andre Rémi Hamel, Joseph Hamel, Victor Hamel, Aaron Hart, James Harkness, William Henderson, Frederick Ingall, William Kemble, William Kelly, James Kerr, Pierre Laforce, Louis Lagneux, William Lampson, Pierre de Salles Laterrière, Thomas Lee, junior, Joseph Légaré, Henry Lemesurier, Thomas Lloyd, William Lyons, Frederick Maitland, John McNider, William McKee, William King McCord, Roderick McKenzie, John Langley Mills, Thomas Moore, Joseph Morrin, George J Mountain, Henry Nixon, Charles Panet, Joseph Parent, Etienne Parent, Augustus Patton, Francois Xavier Perrault, Joseph Francois Perrault, William Power, Francis Ward Primrose, William Price, Rémi Quirouet, William Rose, John Richardson, Randolph I. Routh, William Sax, Jonathan Sewell, Edmund Sewell, Robert S M. Sewell, William Sheppard, Peter Sheppard, Joseph Skey, William J. Skewes, William Smith, James

Smilie, William Stringer, Charles James Stewart, Lord Bishop of Quebec, Sir James Stuart, David Stuart, Andrew Stuart, Joseph Signay, Robert Symes, Jean Thomas Taschereau, John Peyfinch Thirlwall, Henry Truder, Joseph Rémi Valières de St. Real, Geo. Vanfelson, Norman Fitzgerald Umacke, George Osborne, George A Wanton, Gustavus Wicksteed, Daniel Wilkie, George Willing, Thomas William Willan, George Wurtele and Jonathan Wurtele. After half a century the survivors are Gen. Baddely, Gustavus Wicksteed, Revd Edmund Sewell, John Fraser, Admiral Bayfield and Thomas Lloyd.

[53] Now the mansion of the Hon. Pantaléon Pelletier, Senator.

[54] LOSSING'S FIELD BOOK, Vol. I, p. 195, thus describes the dress of the invaders: "Each man of the three rifle companies (Morgan's, Smith's, and Hendrick's) bore a rifle barreled gun, a tomahawk or small axe, and a long knife, usually called a scalping knife, which served for all purposes in the woods. His underdress, by no means in a military style, was covered by a deep ash-coloured hunting shirt, legging and moccasins if the latter could be procured. It was a silly fashion of those times for riflemen to ape the manners of savages." "The Canadians who first saw these (men) emerge from the woods, said they were *vêtus en toile*—clothed in linen. The word *toile* was changed to *tôle*, iron plated. By a mistake of a single word the fears of the people were greatly increased, for the news spread that the mysterious army that descended from the wilderness was clad in *sheet-iron*."

[54a] "The flag used by what was called the Continental troops, of which the force led into Canada by Arnold and Montgomery was a part, was of plain crimson, and perhaps sometimes it may have had a border of black. On the 1st January, 1776, the army was organized, and the new flag then adopted was first unfurled at Cambridge, at the head-quarters of General Washington, the present residence of the poet Longfellow. That flag was made up of thirteen stripes, seven red and six white, but the Union was the Union of the British flag of that day, blue bearing the Cross of St Andrew combined with the cross of St George and a diagonal red cross for Ireland. This design was used by the American Army till after the 14th June, 1777, when Congress ordered that the Union should be changed, the Union of the English flag removed and in its place there should be a simple blue field with thirteen white stars, representing the thirteen colonies declared to be states. Since that time there has been no change in the flag except that a star is added as each new state is admitted. The present number being thirty-eight."—W. O. HOWELLS.

[55] *Extract from the Quebec Gazette, May 1st, 1794.*

"**CLUB.**"

"The Gentlemen who served in the Garrison of Quebec in 1775-76, are acquainted that their Anniversary Dinner will be held at Ferguson's Hotel on Tuesday, 6th May.

Dinner to be on Table at half-past-four o'clock.

The Honble. A. de Bonne,\
" " J. Walker, \ Esquires
Simon Fraser Senr., / Stewards,
James Frost, /
John Coffin, junr., Secretary.

Quebec, 25th April, 1794."

[56] Date of departure of invaders in 1776.

[57] Natanis and his brother Sabatis, and seventeen other (Abenakis) Indians, the nephews and friends of Sabatis, marched with Arnold to Quebec.—(*Henry's Journal*, page 75.) This may account for their successful venture through the trackless wilderness between Massachusetts and Quebec.

[58] Faucher de Saint Maurice.

[59] A memorable Indian Council was held in the court of the Jesuits' College, on 31st August, 1666.

[60] Mr. Faucher de Saint Maurice having been, in 1878, charged by the Premier, Hon. Mr. Joly, to watch the excavations and note the discoveries, in a luminous report, sums up the whole case. From this document, among other things, we glean that the remains of the three persons of male sex are those of:

1. Père François du Péron, who died at Fort St. Louys (Chambly) 10th November, 1665, and was

conveyed to Quebec for burial.

2. Père Jean de Quen, the discoverer of Lake St. John, who died at Quebec, on 8th October, 1659, from the effects of a fever contracted in attending on some of the passengers brought here that summer by the French ship "Saint André."

3. Frère Jean Liégeois, scalped 29th May, 1655, by the Agniers at Sillery—(the historian Ferland assigns as the probable spot, the land on which the late Lieutenant-Governor Caron built his mansion "Clermont," now occupied by Thomas Beckett, Esquire.) The remains of this missionary, when excavated, were headless—which exactly agrees with the entry in the *Jesuits' Journal*, May, 1655, which states that Jean Liégeois was scalped—his head cut off and left at Sillery, while his mutilated body, discovered the next day by the Algonquins, the allies of the French, was brought to Sillery, (probably the Jesuits' residence, the same solid old structure close to the foundations of the Jesuits' chapel and monument at the foot of the Sillery Hill, which many here have seen), from whence it was conveyed to the Lower Town in a boat and escorted to the Jesuits' College, with the ceremonies of the R. C. Church.

[61] Three Nuns of the Hôtel-Dieu Convent, according to authorities quoted by Mr. Faucher, were buried in the vault (*caveau*) of the Jesuits' Chapel. The sisterhood had been allowed the use of a wing of the Jesuits' College, where they removed after the conflagration of the 7th June, 1755, which destroyed their hospital.

4. *Mère* Marie Marthe Desroches de Saint-François-Xavier, a young woman of 28 years, who succumbed to small-pox on the 16th August, 1755.

5. *Mère* de l'Enfant-Jésus, who expired on the 12th May, 1756.

6. *Mère* de Saint-Monique, who died in July, 1756, the victim of her devotion in ministering to the decimated crew of the ship "Leopard," sunk in the port by order of Government to arrest the spread of the pestilential disease which had raged on the passage. Mr. Faucher closes his able report with a suggestion that a monument ought to be raised, to commemorate the labours and devotion of the Jesuits, on the denuded area on which stood their venerable College.

Relation de ce qui s'est passé lors des Fouilles faites par ordre du Gouvernement dans une partie des fondations du COLLÈGE DES JÉSUITES de Québec, précédée de certaines observations par FAUCHER DE SAINT MAURICE. Quebec. C. Darveau—1879.

[62] Pierre DuCalvet was sent under warrant of Gen. Haldimand, a prisoner on 29th September, 1780, on board the "Canceaux." He was then removed on 14th November, 1780, to the Military prison in Quebec, where he remained until the 13th December, 1781, when the Provost Martial, Miles Prentice placed him at the Franciscan convent, under the charge of Father DeBerey, where he remained until the 2nd May, 1784. He followed Governor Haldimand who had sailed in the "Atalante" on the 26th November, 1784, to England, to sue him in an English Court of Justice for illegal arrest, and was lost at sea in the "Shelburne" on his return to Canada.

[63] The following inscription was on the coffin plate:

(1) Count Frontenac—"Cy gyt le Haut et Puissant Seigneur, Louis de Buade, Comte de Frontenac, Gouverneur-Général de la Nouvelle-France. Mort à Québec, le 28 novembre 1698."—(*Hist. of Canada, Smith, Vol. 1, p. 133.*)

(2) Gov de Callières.—"Cy gyst Haut et Puissant Seigneur, Hector de Callières, Chevalier de Saint-Louis, Gouverneur et Lieutenant-Général de la Nouvelle-France, décédé le 26 mai 1703."—(*Ibid., p. 148.*)

(3) Gov. de Vaudreuil.—"Cy gist Haut et Puissant Seigneur, Messire Philippe Rigaud, Marquis de Vaudreuil, Grande Croix de l'Ordre Militaire de Saint-Louis, Gouverneur et Lieutenant-Général de toute la Nouvelle-France décédé le dixième octobre 1725."—(*Ibid., p. 190.*)

(4) M. de la Jonquière—"Cy repose le corps de Messire Jacques-Pierre de Taffanel, Marquis de la Jonquière, Baron de Castlenau, Seigneur de Hardars-magnas et autres lieux, Commandeur de l'Ordre Royal et Militaire de Saint-Louis, Chef d'Escadre des Armées Navales, Gouverneur et Lieutenant-Général pour le Roy en tout la Nouvelle-France, terres et passes de la Louisiane. Décédé à Québec, le 17 mai 1752, à six heures-et-demie du soir, âgé de 67 ans."—(*Ibid., p. 222.*)

[64] Faillon, Vol. III, p. 372.

[65] The laying of the corner stone of this lofty building whose proportions must have seemed colossal to our fathers, was done with grand masonic honors on the 14th August, 1805, by the Hon. Thos. Dunn, President of the Province of Lower Canada, and administrator of the Government, assisted by William Holmes, Esq., M.D., Deputy Grand Master of Ancient and Accepted Free-Masons. Several coins of that reign were deposited under the stone. Amongst the members of the craft, we find the names of Joseph Bouchette, Claude Dénéchaud, Joseph Plante, Angus Shaw, Thomas Place, David Monro, the architect's name is Edward Cannon, grand-father of Messrs. Ed. J. Lawrence and James Cannon, our esteemed fellow-citizens; Rev. Dr. Sparks delivered a splendid oration, to be found in the *Quebec Mercury*, of 17th August, 1805.

Hujusce Fori Municipalis, Anglicè UNION HALL, ex Senates provincialis
consulto erecti,

THOMAS DUNN Vir Honorabilis Provinciae Proetectus Politiaeque
Administrator. Adstantibus et Curatoribus Selectis.

Hon. *John Young* Praese, Hon. *John Antoine Panet* Comitiae
Provincialis Rogatore.

Jonathan Sewell Armigero Cognitore Regio,
John Painter et *John Blackwood*, Armigeris, Pacis
Curatoribus;

Joseph Bouchette Armigero Mensorum Principali,
John Caldwell, *Claude Dénéchaud*, *John Coltman*, *John Taylor*, *Joseph
Plante*, *Angus Shaw*, *Thomas Place* et *David Monro*,
de Quebec Armigeris,

Nec non et multis *Latomorum* hujus Urbis, quorum *William
Holmes* Armiger,

M D fuit summus Magister Deputatus, adjuvantibus, hunc primum Lapidem
posuit, dei XIV. Mensis Sextilis, Anno Salutis MDCCCXV.

Nummi quoque Regis Regnantis

GEORGE III.

Suppositi sunt,

Videlicet.

Nummus Aureus Anglicè *Guinea*, aureum etiam Dimidium ejus et Triens; Nummus argenteus solidos quinque Anglicos valans, solidus dimidium solidi, et quarta pars; nummus Aereus denarios duos Anglicos valens; denarius obolus; et quadrans. EDWARD CANNON, Architectus.

[66] A MONUMENT OF THE OLDEN TIME.—Inserted in the wall enclosing the lot of ground between Buade street and the Basilica, about midway from the front entrance of the church, is to be seen a slab of very fine marble, bearing the following inscription. It is the only one in the plate:—

"In memory

of

Mary,

wife of Thomas Ainslie, Esq.,

Collector of His Majesty's Customs of Quebec,

who died March 14th, 1767,

aged 25 years.

If Virtues Charms had pow'r to save

Her faithful votaries, from the grave;

With Beauty's ev'ry form supply'd

The lovely AINSLIE ne'er had died."

[67] John Hale who died in 1842, had six sons: 1st, Edward, who died at Quebec in May, 1874; 2nd, Jeffery Hale; 3rd, Miss Hale; 4th, Bernard Hale, now in England; 5th, Richard Hale, late 81st; 6th, William, late Capt. 52nd, who died at Ste. Anne, district of Three Rivers, about 1845; 7th, Mrs. Hotham; 8th, George Hale; 9th, Miss Elizabeth Harriet Hale, who in 1838 married Commander John Orlebar, R.N.

[68] We are indebted to Professor H. LaRue, M.D., for the following notes relative to an address delivered by him at a dinner given by the Notaries Public in 1872:—"The first physician who entered Quebec narrowly escaped being hung," says Dr. LaRue. "I said that he had narrowly escaped the gallows; had he been hung I would not say it. It occurred thus:—Champlain had just landed in the Lower Town and had laid the foundation of his abode, when some of his followers hatched a plot against his life. The scheme leaked out, the ring leader was arraigned, found guilty and hung; so far as I know, this was the first execution which took place in Canada. Some how or other, Surgeon

Bonnerme, one of Champlain's followers, was mixed up in the matter, imprisoned, but his innocence having shortly after been established, he was acquitted. Dr Bonnerme died the following year (1609) at Quebec, of scurvy. If Bonnerme was the first physician who came to Quebec, he was not, for all that, the first medical man who landed in New France; another had preceded him: Louis Hebert, the first citizen of Quebec and of all Canada. Before Hebert's day the French who came to Quebec came there for no other object than barter, hunting and fishing; none had thought of settling permanently there. Louis Hebert was the first proprietor in Quebec, the first land owner in Canada; as such, historians recognize him as the first Citizen of Quebec—the *first Canadian*: a surgeon, let us bear in mind. Louis Hebert visited New France in 1606, two years before the foundation of Quebec. He spent the winter of 1606-7—a merry one—at Port Royal, Acadia, in the company of Samuel de Champlain and Lescarbot. Lescarbot was the first lawyer who found his way to New France; Lescarbot was the first historian of the country; he was gifted with wit—a proclivity to mild satire; each page of his history reveals the lawyer familiar with the Bar and its lively forensic display. The winter of 1606-7, at Port Royal, was remarkable for good cheer; appetising repasts, the product of the chase or of the sea, were the order of the day to that extent that Lescarbot declared that Port Royal fare was as *recherché* as that of *Rue aux Ours*, in Paris—apparently the "Palais Royal" of the French capital in those times. The third or fourth physician of New France was Robert Giffard, Seigneur of Beauport, who also was the first settler in that parish; not only was Giffard the first resident of Beauport, but, I have reason to believe, he was also the first settler— *habitant*—of the rural districts in Canada. Thus, the first citizen of all Canada would appear to have been a physician; thus, after Champlain the two founders of the colony would have been physicians. Giffard's Lodge was situated on some portion of Col. Gugy's farm; the leading families of Canada look to Giffard as one of their progenitors; Archbishop Taschereau is one of his descendants.

"The first Royal Notary—*Notaire Royal*—of Canada was M. Audouard, whose first minute rests in the vaults of the Prothonotary of Quebec. But two deeds at least had been executed before this first minute. The deed of *partage* of the Hébert family (1634), and the last will of Champlain (1635). These two instruments were executed before Métres Duchaine and De la Ville, *greffiers*; the *greffiers* were *Notaires* also. Another fact worthy of note is that the first time a Notary's services were put in requisition was at the instance of the heirs of Hébert, the physician."— *Morning Chronicle*, 12th April, 1881.

[69] *Chansons populaires du Canada, &c.*, par Ernest Gagnon, 1865.

[70] The father of French-Canadian history; born in 1809, died in 1866.

[71] The tablet on his monument, in Mount Hermon Cemetery, bears the following inscription:—

IN MEMORY OF ROBERT CHRISTIE, ESQ.

A native of Nova Scotia, he early adopted Canada as his country, and during a long life faithfully served her. In the War in 1812 as a Captain, 4th Batt., he defended her frontier; in peace, during upwards of 30 years, he watched over her interests as member of Parliament for the County of Gaspé; and in the retirement of his later years recorded her annals as her historian.

He died at Quebec on the 13th October, 1856, aged 68, leaving behind him the memory of a pure career and incorruptible character.

Integer vitae scelerisque purus.

The inscription, which we think worthy of commendation for the chasteness and conciseness of its style, is from the pen of (the late) J. B. Parkin, Esq., advocate, of this city; the most lasting monument, however, of the honoured deceased is that which was the product of his own brain, his History of Canada. This work is unfortunately incomplete, though the materials of a posthumous volume are still extant; but it is to be regretted that Mr. Christie's widow has been robbed, and that by the hand of no common thief, of some most important documents collected by and belonging to her late husband—*Quebec Mercury*, 5th Nov., 1859.

[72] Opposite to Mr. Narcisse Turcotte, jeweller, on Mountain Hill.

[73] The Basilica Minor, or Roman Catholic Parish Church, built in 1647, restored after the siege of 1759, was consecrated by Bishop Laval on the 18th July, 1666, under the name of the Church of the Immaculate Conception. It is the oldest church in North America. Its length is 216 feet by 108 in breadth, and is capable of containing a congregation of 4,000 persons. "It originated in a gift, in 1644, on the part of Couillard and Guillemette Hebert, his wife, of 80 perches of land in superficies, for a parish church, on condition on the part of the *Fabrique*, or church authorities, that they would furnish a pew in perpetuity in said church for them and their successors, on their paying them a sum of 30 livres, *tournois*, at each mutation. The Church was begun in 1644 and 1645, on this spot, out of collections

made in the years 1643 and 1644 together, until the price for which were sold 1,270 beaver skins—worth about 8,000 livres—was given by the Quebec merchants. The partners of the India Company presented the church with a bell."—*Histoire abrégée de l'Église de Quebec*.

[74] The Indian Fort (*Fort des Hurons*) was built to protect the unfortunate Hurons who, after the butchery of 1648-49, had sought refuge at Quebec. It is conspicuous on an old plan of Quebec of 1660, republished by Abbé Faillon. It stood on the northern slope of Dufferin Terrace, on the side to the east of the present Post Office, south-east of the Roman Catholic Parish Church.

[75] *Voyage Sentimental*—LaRue, page 96.

[76] "THE VOLTIGEURS, 1812.—This corps, now forming under the command of Major De Salaberry, is completing with a despatch worthy of the ancient war-like spirit of the country. Capt. Perrault's company was filled up in 48 hours, and was yesterday passed by His Excellency the Governor; and the companies of Captains Duchesnay, Panet and L'Ecuyer have nearly their complement. The young men move in solid columns towards the enlisting officers, with an expression of countenance not to be mistaken. The Canadians are awakening from the repose of an age secured to them by good government and virtuous habits. *Their anger is fresh*, the object of their preparations simple and distinct. They are to defend their King, known to them only by acts of kindness and a native country, long since made sacred by the exploits of their forefathers."—(From the *Montreal Canadian Courant*, 4th May, 1812.) Does the sacred fire still burn as bright? We hope so.

[77] The Hôtel Dieu is fully described at page 63 of "QUEBEC PAST AND PRESENT."

[78] Bouchette's *British Dominions in North America*, 1832, p. 254.

[79] The practical jokers in our good city were numerous and select; we might mention the Duke of Richmond's sons, Lord Charles and Lord William Lennox: Col. Denny, 71st Highlanders; the brilliant Vallières de St. Real, later on Chief Justice; Petion Christie, P. A. De Gaspé, the writer; L. Plamondon, C. Romain and other legal luminaries; recalling the days of Barrington in Ireland, and those of Henry Cockburn in Scotland; their *petit souper, bon mots*, boisterous merriment, found a sympathetic chronicler in the author of "The Canadians of Old". *Facile princeps* for riotous fun stood Chas. R. Ogden, subsequently Attorney-General, as well known for his jokes as for his eloquence: he recently died a judge at the Isle of Wight.—(J. M. L.)

[80] The first idea of utilising the ruins of the Château St. Louis, burnt in 1834, is due to His Excellency the Earl of Durham, Governor-General and High Commissioner in Canada from the 29th May to the 1st November, 1838. George Lambton, Earl of Durham, died in England in 1840. He was one of our ablest administrators, and with all his faults, one of the most ungenerously treated public men of the day by the Metropolitan statesmen.

[81] "Le Chien d'Or—the History of an Old House,"—MAPLE LEAVES, 1873, p. 89. [82] "His constant attendance when he went abroad," says Mère Juchereau.

[83] The *Old Régime in Canada*, p. 177-9.

[84] John George Lambton, Earl of Durham, was born at Lambton Castle, in April, 1792, and died at the Isle of Wight, on the 28th July, 1840, broken-hearted at the apparent failure of his Canadian mission.

"Lord Durham," says Justin McCarthy, "was a man of remarkable character. It is a matter of surprise how little his name is thought of by the present generation, seeing what a strenuous figure he seemed in the eyes of his contemporaries, and how striking a part he played in the politics of a time which has even still some living representatives. He belonged to one of the oldest families in England. The Lambtons had lived on their estate in the north in uninterrupted succession since the Conquest. The male succession, it is stated, never was interrupted since the twelfth century. They were not, however, a family of aristocrats. Their wealth was derived chiefly from coal mines, and grew up in later days; the property at first, and for a long time, was of inconsiderable value. For more than a century, however, the Lambtons had come to take rank among the gentry of the country, and some member of the family had represented the city of Durham in the House of Commons from 1727 until the early death of Lord Durham's father, in December, 1797, William Henry Lambton, Lord Durham's father, was a staunch Whig, and had been a friend and associate of Fox. John George Lambton, the son, was born at Lambton Castle, in April, 1792. Before he was quite twenty years of age, he made a romantic marriage at Gretna Green with a lady who died three years after. He served for a short time in a regiment of Hussars. About a year after the death of his first wife, he married the eldest daughter of Lord Grey. In 1828 he was raised to the Peerage with the title of Baron Durham."—*History of Our Own Times*, page 9.—Justin McCarthy.

[85] I use the term advisedly, for had he followed out the Colborne policy and gibbeted the "Bermuda exiles," he would have had one sin less to atone for, at the hands of Lord Brougham and other merciless enemies in England.

[86] Thanks to the late Mr. J. B. Martel, then Secretary of the Harbour Commission, Quebec, we may designate in a few words the site which the Quebec Bank now possesses. This extent of ground (at that period a beach lot), was conceded to the Seminary by the Marquis de Denonville in 1687, and confirmed by the King, the 1st March, 1688. The 25th August, 1750, Messire Christophe de Lalane, Directeur du Séminaire des Missions Étrangères à Paris, made a concession of it to Mons. Nicholas René Levasseur, *Ingénieur*, formerly chief contractor of the ships of "His Most Christian Majesty." On the 24th June, 1760, a deed of sale of this same property, to Joseph Brassard Deschêneaux, consisting of a two-story house and a wharf (*avec les peintures au-dessus de la porte.*) On the 8th September, 1764, a deed of sale to Alexander McKenzie, purchase money, \$5,800. On the 19th April, 1768, Joseph Deschêneaux assigned his mortgage to Mr. John Lymburner. On the 11th August, 1781, a deed of concession of the beach in the rear, to low water mark, by the Seminary to Adam Lymburner. The 5th November, 1796, a deed of sale by the attorney of Adam Lymburner. Subsequently Angus Shaw became the proprietor in consideration of \$4,100. On the 17th October, 1825, a judicial sale, to the late Henry Atkinson, Esq.

[87] Hon. D.A. Ross.

[88] This attempt, although ushered in with a brilliant victory on 28th April 1760, failed.

[89] Born in 1765; died in 1820; resided at Quebec, 1741-46.

[90] See *Histoire de la Gazette de Québec*—Gérin, p. 24.

[91] The "Neptune" Inn was opened as a house of public entertainment for captains, by William Arrowsmith, on 1st May, 1809 (See *Quebec Mercury*, 1st May, 1809.)

[92] DOINGS OF THE PRESS GANG AT QUEBEC, 1807—*Le Canadien* newspaper, of September, 1807, thus records the death, on the 13th September of that year, of Simon Latresse, from the discharge of fire arms.—It had taken place on the evening of the preceding Saturday, the perpetrator being one of the crew of H.M. man-of-war *Blossom*, commanded by Captain George Picket. "Latresse," says this journal, "was at the time attending a dance in St. John suburbs, when a press-gang, under the charge of Lieut. Andrel, entered. Latresse was laid hold of, but his great strength and activity enabled him to shake off his captors. He then took to his heels and received from one of them a pistol shot, the ball going through his body. He was a native of Montreal, aged 25 years; had been for seven years a voyageur to Michilimakinac; was noted for his fidelity and attachment to his employers. Latresse leaves a widowed mother of 75 years of age to mourn his loss, of whom he was the support". The poet Quesnel wrote a fine piece of verse to commemorate the event. It is to be found in the *Bibliothèque Canadienne* of 1826.

[93] Quebec, 5th December, 1816. "At a meeting of the Board of Green Cloth, held at the "Neptune" Inn, John Wm. Woolsey in the chair, it was unanimously decided to establish a Merchants' Exchange in the lower part of the Neptune Inn, &c. (Then follow the resolutions.) Subscription to be two guineas per annum.

"On motion of John Jones, Esq., Resolved that the following gentlemen do form a Committee of Management:—Thomas Edward Brown, James Heath, George Symes, John W. Woolsey and Robert Melvin."

[94] William Finlay, an eminent merchant of Quebec, and one of its chief benefactors, made several bequests which the city authorities invested in the purchase of this market. Mr. Finlay died at the Island of Madeira, whether he had gone for his health, about the year 1831.

[95] "ROMPU VIF," 1752—A good deal of patriotic indignation has been bubbled over at the mention of what was termed the Old World mode of punishing high treason against the State. With respect to the atrocious sentence pronounced by Chief Justice Osgood, at Quebec, in 1797, carried out on the criminal David McLane, the "disembowling and hanging" particulars (so well related by an eye-witness, the late P. A. DeGaspé, Esq.,) ought not to be considered such a novelty in Canada.

A Montreal antiquary, Mr. P. S. Murphy, has unearthed a sentence pronounced at Montreal in the good old Bourbon times, 6th June, 1752, which shows that the terrible punishment of "breaking alive" (rompu vif) was in force under the French *régime*.

"Belisle," says Mr. P. S. Murphy, "was condemned to 'torture ordinary and extraordinary,' then to be broken alive on a scaffold erected in the market place. The awful sentence was carried out to the letter,

his body buried in Guy street, Montreal, and a *Red Cross* erected to mark the spot."

Translation.—Extract from the requisition of H. C. Majesty's Attorney:—

"I require for the King that Jean Baptiste Goyer dit Belisle be arraigned and convicted of having wilfully and feloniously killed the said Jean Favre by a pistol shot and several stabs with a knife, and of having similarly killed the said Marie-Anne Bastien, wife of the said Favre, with a spade and a knife, and of having stolen from them the money that was in their house; for punishment of which that he be condemned to have his arms, legs, thighs and backbone broken, he alive, on a scaffold, which shall be erected for that purpose in the market place of this city, at noon, then on a rack, his face turned towards the sky, he be left to die. The said Jean Baptiste Goyer dit Belisle, being previously put to the torture ordinary and extraordinary, his dead body shall be carried by the executioners to the highway which lies between the house lately occupied by the said accused and the house lately occupied by the said Jean Favre and his wife. The goods and chattels of the said Jean Baptiste Goyer dit Belisle confiscated to the King, or for the benefit of those who may have a right to them, or of those not liable to confiscation, the sum of 300 livres fine being previously set apart, in case that confiscation could be made for the benefit of His Majesty.

"(Signed), FAUCHER.

"Done at Montreal, the 6th June, 1752."

[96] The most spacious, the most remarkable of these substantial vaults of French construction, are those which now belong to the Estate Poston, on the north side of Notre Dame street, nearly opposite the church Notre Dame des Victoires. It is claimed that these vaults were so constructed as not only to be fire proof but water-proof likewise at the seasons of high water, in spring and autumn. This vault is now occupied by Messrs. Thompson, Codville & Co. as Inland Revenue and Customs bonded warehouses.

[97] "*Cours d'Histoire du Canada*," *Ferland*, Vol. 1, p. 280.

[98] *Concession de la Barre aux Jésuites*, Sept. 16, 1683.

[99] *Cul-de-Sac* means a street without an issue. The filling in of this old market place, by the wharves on which Champlain Market Hall now stands, has totally altered this locality.

[100] M. de Laval, in 1661, described the city as follows:—

"Quebecum vulgo in superiorem dividitur et inferiorem urbem. In inferiore sunt portus, vadosa navium ora, mercatorum apothecae ubi et merces servantur, commercium quodlibet peragitur publicum et magnus civium numerus commoratur."

[101] George Allsop, a British merchant, came from England to this country in the last century with Thomas Aylwin, grandfather of Judge Thos. Cushing Aylwin. The Hale family were already in Canada, and became intimate with the Allsops. George Allsop had six sons, all born in the Montcalm House ramparts. At the time of Robert Allsop's birth his mother was placed for safety in the vaults of the Citadel, at the time of the siege (1775) says a family tradition. These six sons were as follows:—

George Waters Allsop, eldest, sent home to the Bluecoat School to be educated; he was a Latin and Greek scholar, and a person of eminence in other respects.

John Allsop, merchant in London.

Carleton Allsop, Consul-General to Colombia.

Robert Allsop, Deputy Commissary-General.

James Allsop, Paymaster 1st Batt., 44th Foot.

William Allsop, merchant, died at sea on a voyage to Buenos Ayres, and was buried on the Patagonian coast, all co-seigneurs of Seignories of Jacques Cartier and d'Auteuil.

James Allsop, at the age of 17, was taken by Hon. John Hale, Receiver-General, into his office, St. John street, at \$600 per annum. This house was afterwards occupied by a Mrs. Stinson (I think as a boarding-house); sold to Judge Aylwin, who left it by will to his nephew, Robt S. Bradley, who now owns it.

James Allsop did not like the drudgery of Mr. Hale's office, who sent him to England with a recommendation to the late Duke of Kent, asking for a Paymastership. There were difficulties at first, he not being considered old enough; but at last he was gazetted to one in the 1st Batt., 44th Regt., and this Battalion was ordered to New Orleans, Hon.

Col. Mullins (Lord Ventry's son), commanding, who, being seized with a panic on the field, disgraced himself, lost his presence of mind on seeing the destruction the Americans were dealing out to the British troops, by firing behind their cotton bags, and was in consequence the cause of the death of Hon. Col. Pakenham, brother-in-law to the Duke of Wellington. Miss Pakenham was a celebrated beauty, and engaged to marry the Duke on his return from the Peninsular War; but having, unfortunately, taken the small-pox during the Duke's absence, her father wrote to the Duke to absolve him from his promise, she having become so much disfigured from its effects, but the Duke was too honourable, and married her. They were both in Brussels. My father, who was Paymaster to the 2nd Battalion of the 44th, was at Waterloo. We remained in Brussels some years.—(*Diary of Mrs. Chas. Aylwin.*)

[102] See Appendix—"La Nègresse Rose."

[103] Quebecers will remember with pleasure the presence in our midst of this famous Polar navigator in August, 1880, and his lady, whose kindness of manner and elegant French, won the hearts of many. The instructive torpedo lectures of the scientific commander of the *Northampton* iron-clad, Capt. Fisher, will likewise retain a corner in the chambers of memory.

[104] In fact, the spot where the remains of the great geographer and discoverer are supposed to rest, seems to be the site on which the new Post Office in the Upper Town has lately been built. Another theory, however, is lately propounded by an Ottawa antiquary. See QUEBEC PAST AND PRESENT.

[105] XAVIER MARMIER.—This writer was born at Pontcartier, France, in 1809, and early evinced a passion for travel. Having visited Switzerland and Holland, he came to Paris in 1830. Being well versed in German literature, he edited for ten years the *Revue Germanique*, during which period he travelled and wrote much. In 1836-38 he went as the Secretary of a scientific expedition to the north of Europe. He spent several weeks at Archangel, visited Iceland, Greenland, and other hyperborean regions, and after his return published many works, among which may be mentioned *Travels in Iceland and Greenland* (7 vols., 8vo, with elaborate maps and numerous folio plates), the *Literature of Denmark and Sweden*, *Souvenirs of Voyages and Traditions*, *Popular Songs of the North*, *Letters on Holland and on Russia*, *Finland and Poland*, *Poems of a Traveller*, the *Rhine and the Nile*, *Letters upon Algeria and the Adriatic*, *A Summer on the Baltic*, &c, &c, besides voluminous essays in reviews and magazines. He was recalled from travels to become librarian of the Department of the Marine, and in 1847 was appointed in charge of the library of Sainte Geneviève. He is still (in 1881) living in Paris.

[106] *Lettres sur l'Amérique, par X Marmier, Canada, États-Unis, Havane, Rio de la Plata, 2 Vols., Paris, 1851.*

[107] The Jesuit Fathers were in the habit of fastening the painters of their canoes at the foot of the hill, "la canoterie," on their return by water from their farm called "*Ferme des Anges*," hence its name.

We borrow from the "Directory for the City and Suburbs of Quebec" for 1791, by Hugh McKay, printed at the office of the *Quebec Herald*, the following paragraph, "*Rues Ecartées*" (out-of-the-way streets)—"*La Canoterie* (canoe landings) follows the street Sault-au-Matelot, commencing at the house of Cadet (where Mr. O. Aylwin resides), and continues up to Mr. Grant's distillery; St. Charles street commences there and terminates below Palace Gate; St. Nicholas street extends from Palace Gate to the water's edge, passing in front of the residence of the widow La Vallée; the old ship yard opposite to the boat yard, Cape Diamond street commences at the wharf owned by Mr. Antrobus and terminates at the outer extremity of that of Mons. Dunière, underneath Cape Diamond, the streets Carrière, Mont Carmel, Ste. Geneviève, St. Denis, Des Grisons, are all situated above St. Louis street" (Mr. Louis Dunière was M.P. in 1828.)

[108] Mr. T. P. Bédard sends us the following note on this street:—"Au 17ème siècle, la rue Sault-au-Matelot était la rue commerciale par excellence avec la rue Notre-Dame, c'était là où ce faisait toutes les affaires, la rue St. Pierre actuelle étant alors envahie par l'eau durant les grandes marées."

[109] Did the dog belong to Champlain? an antiquary asks us.

"Ad laevum fluit amnis S. Laurentii, ad dextram S. Caroli fluviolus. Ad confluentem, Promontorium assurgit, *Saltum Nautae* vulgo vocant, ab cane hujus nominis qui se alias ex eo loco praecipitem dedit." (*Historia Canadensis.*—Creuxius, p. 204.)

[110] François de Bienville.

[111] In that early, dark, but not unhappy era of Quebec municipal existence, in June, 1842, when the great novelist, Chas. Dickens, perambulated our thoroughfares and surveyed our battle fields, did the author of "Pickwick," in his rambles, meet in this odoriferous lane any of those "roving, gentlemanly, philosophic, republican" porkers, such as had crossed his path in the "empire city" of the West, and which, as typical New York pigs, have since become famous. "A select party," says he, "of half a dozen gentlemanly hogs have just now turned the corner."

"Here is a solitary swine lounging homeward by himself. He has only one ear, having parted with the other to vagrant dogs in the course of his city rambles. But he gets on very well without it, and leads a roving, gentlemanly, vagabond life, somewhat answering to that of our club men at home. He leaves his lodgings every morning at a certain hour, throws himself upon the town, gets through the day in some manner quite satisfactory to himself, and regularly appears at the door of his own house again at night, like the mysterious master of Gil Blas. He is a free and easy, careless, indifferent kind of pig, having a very large acquaintance among other pigs of the same character, whom he rather knows by sight than conversation, as he seldom troubles himself to stop and exchange civilities, but goes grunting down the kennel, turning up the news and small talk of the city, in the shape of cabbage-stalks and offal, and bearing no tails but his own, which is a very short one, for his old enemies the dogs have been at that too, and have left him hardly enough to swear by. He is in every respect a Republican pig, going wherever he pleases, and mingling with the best society, on an equal if not superior footing, for every one makes way when he appears, and the haughtiest give him the wall if he prefer it. He is a great philosopher, and seldom moved, unless by the dogs before mentioned."—(*Dickens' American Notes*, p. 38.)

[112] CANADA'S ROYAL VISITORS—WHO HAVE BEEN HERE SINCE 1787.—"Canada has been honoured with visits from the following Royal personages:—His Royal Highness Prince William Henry (afterwards William IV.) uncle of Her Majesty Queen Victoria, landed in Quebec in 1787. H.R.H. Prince Edward, Duke of Kent, father of Queen Victoria, visited Canada in 1791, four years later than his brother. H.R.H. Albert Edward, Prince of Wales and heir apparent of the British Crown, was in this country in 1860, and laid the corner-stone of the Parliament Buildings at Ottawa. H.R.H. Prince Alfred, Duke of Edinburgh, second son of Queen Victoria, was here in 1861, H.R.H. Prince Leopold in May, 1880. H.E.H. Prince de Joinville, son of Louis Philippe, King of France, was in Canada the same year as Prince Alfred. Prince Napoleon Bonaparte, cousin of Napoleon III., Emperor of France, also in 1861. H.R.H. Prince Arthur, third son of the Queen, in 1869. H.R.H. the Grand Duke Alexis of Russia, in 1871. H.R.H. Dom Pedro, Emperor of Brazil, in 1876 (Centennial year); and Her Royal Highness the Princess Louise and H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh (his second visit), in 1878. It will thus be seen that Queen Victoria's father, uncle and five of her children have been in Canada."

[113] Opened by him in 1831.

[114] "Travels through North America during the years 1825-26," By Carl Bernhard, Duke of Saxe-Weimar Eisenach.

[115] Prescott Gate levelled in 1871.

[116] These steps went into Prescott Gate.

[117] The R. C. Bishop's Palace, on whose site the present brick structure, Parliament House, was since erected.

[118] Bleak House, on the St. Louis Heights, was, until 1871, the quarters of the Colonel of Engineers.

[119] The Abbé de Fénélon was the half-brother of the illustrious Archbishop of Cambray, the author of "Telemachus." He was tried by Frontenac and the Superior Council for having, at the preceding Easter, preached at Montreal a violent sermon against the *corvées* (enforced labor) to build up Fort Frontenac, &c. He refused to acknowledge the competency of the tribunal to try him, appeared before it with his hat on, &c. Frontenac had him committed for contempt. Altogether it was a curious squabble, the decision of which was ultimately left to the French King.— (Parkman's Frontenac, p. 37, M. Faillon, *La Colonie Française*, Vol. III, pp. 515, 517.)

[120] Montcalm, de Vaudreuil, de Longueuil, de Bougainville, LaCorne, de Beaujeu, Taché, de Léry, de St. Ours and others constituted this party of honourable men.

[121] MÉMOIRES sur les affaires du Canada, 1749-60.

[122] Servants, lackeys and nobodies were named store-keepers, "*leur ignorance et leur bassesse ne font point un obstacle*," say the *Mémoires*, 1749-60.

[123] "He (deCallières), says Parkman, laid before the King a plan, which had, at least, the recommendation of boldness and cheapness. This was to conquer New York with the forces already in Canada, aided only by two ships of war. The blow, he argued, should be struck at once, and the English taken by surprise. A thousand regulars and six hundred Canadian Militia should pass Lake Champlain and Lake George, in canoes and bateaux, cross to the Hudson, and capture Albany, where they would seize all the river-craft, and descend the Hudson to the town of New York, which, as Callières states, had then about two hundred houses and four hundred fighting men. The two ships were to cruise at the mouth of the Harbour, and wait the arrival of the troops, which was to be made known to them by concerted signals, whereupon they were to enter and aid in the attack. The whole expedition, he thought, might be accomplished in a month, so that by the end of October, the King would be master of the country....

It will be well to observe what were the instructions of the King towards the colony which he proposed to conquer. They were as follows: If any Catholics were found in New York, they might be left undisturbed, provided that they took an oath of allegiance to the King. Officers, and other persons who had the means of paying ransoms, were to be thrown into prison. All lands in the colony, except those of Catholics swearing allegiance, were to be taken from the owners, and granted under feudal tenure to the French officers and soldiers. All property, public or private, was to be seized, a portion of it given to the grantees of the land, and the rest sold on account of the King. Mechanics and other workmen might, at the discretion of the commanding officer) be kept as prisoners to work at fortifications and do other labor. The rest of the English and Dutch inhabitants, men, women, and children were to be carried out of the colony, and dispersed in New England, Pennsylvania or other places, in such manner, that they could not combine in any attempt to recover their property and their country. And that the conquest might be perfectly secure, the nearest settlements of New England were to be destroyed, and those more remote, laid under contribution.—(*Count Frontenac and New France under Louis XIV*, p. 187-9.)

[124] See Appendix, *verbo* "CONQUEST IN NEW YORK."

[125] THE CHIEN D'OR A LEGEND OF QUEBEC.

[126] L'INTENDANT BIGOT.

[127] For the names of the victims and further particulars, vide 2nd Volume du Dictionnaire Généalogique, par l'Abbé Tanguay.

[128] These bricks were found to be only 1-1/2 inches thick, of a dark flinty appearance and as hard as iron, and seemed to be composed of silica and oxide of iron.

The Jesuit College had been occupied as a barrack, under the warrant of General J. Murray, in 1765. (J. M. L.)

[129] *Cours d'Histoire du Canada*, Vol. II, p. 140.

[130] Louis XV.

[131] Smith's History of Canada, Vol. II., p. 105.

[132] *Life of Lord Nelson*, by Robert Southey, LL.D.

[133] See Judge Henry's Diary of the Siege of 1775.

[134] The friends of the history will, no doubt, rejoice to learn that the Literary and Historical Society has acquired the interesting diaries and correspondence of Mr. James Thompson.

[135] Named after George Pozer, an aged Quebec millionaire, who for years resided in the house subsequently occupied as a book-store by the late Chas. Hamel. This eccentric old German was a native of Wesel, Germany. He had emigrated in the last century to New York, from thence to London, England, from thence to Quebec. He died here in 1840, immensely wealthy, the cause of his death being a cold he caught in attending Parliament, at Kingston, to remonstrate against what he considered the encroachments of the City Council, at Quebec, who, to remove obstructions in the public streets, had forcibly done away with the projecting steps of "Freemasons' Hall," the *Chien d'Or* building, for years the property of George Pozer. George Pozer was the grandfather of Hon. M. Pozer, the portly Senator for Beauce.

[136] Ryland street recalls the astute and able secretary and adviser to many Governors, the Hon. Herman W. Ryland, who died in 1836, at Mount Lilac, Beauport.

[137] St. Ours street reminds the student of history of that brave French brigadier who on the glorious battle-field of the 13th September, 1759, shed his blood to uphold the lost cause of France.

[138] Dambourgès street perpetuates the name of the intrepid Lieutenant (afterwards Colonel) Dambourgès, who, on the 31st December, 1775, in the Sault au Matelot engagement, helped so zealously to uphold the flag of Old England.

[139] Hon. William Grant had wedded, at Montreal, on the 11th September, 1770, the widow of the third Baron de Longueuil, who had expired in 1755. Hon Wm. Grant's decease is thus mentioned in the *Quebec Mercury*, on the 7th October, 1805:—"Died, on Saturday, of an inflammation in his bowels, after a short illness, William Grant, Esq., of St. Roch. He came to this country shortly after the conquest; (about 1763). Under the old constitution (prior to 1774) he was many years a Privy and Legislative Councillor. Under the present one, he was three times elected a representative to the House of Assembly for the Upper Town of Quebec. He also, at different periods, filled several other important stations in the Province, in all which he manifested ability, assiduity and activity. He embarked in speculative enterprise at an early age, whence his life may be truly said to have been a life of distinguished usefulness. His possessions are extensive and valuable". On a portion of the lot acquired and still occupied by Mr. Prudent Vallée, from the heirs of the late Peter Brébaut, on the 4th May, 1833, by deed, before L. T. McPherson, Esq., N. P., there remains still the massive ruins of what in the early part of the century was a stately stone dwelling, with vaulted rooms in the basement. The edifice faced towards St. Vallier street, and was surrounded by a high wall, with an iron gate on the St. Vallier street side, and an iron *porte-cochère*, enclosing what was once no doubt a blooming garden; it is now densely built over, since the great fire of 1845 swept over the locality like a tornado. This ostentatious mansion is described in Mr. Vallée's deed as the "Manor House," and we are led to believe that here for many a long day flourished the enterprising and wealthy "Seignior of St. Roch," the Hon. Wm. Grant, Receiver-General of His Majesty's rents, with Madame La Baronne de Longueuil, his respected spouse. The Grant estate, by a patent from Sir James Craig, dated 11th March, 1811, subsequently included what is now a most populous portion of St. Roch, styled "La Vacherie," because the city cows were daily brought to these moist lands adjoining the St. Charles. However, this opulent family had another manor, built by the Baronne very shortly after her marriage with Mr. Grant, in 1770, on the lovely Island of St. Hélène, opposite to Montreal. She had also erected, opposite to Molson's brewery, a *banal* mill to grind the corn garnered in the neighborhood. The St. Hélène manor was probably the country seat during the summer months, and the St. Vallier street mansion *la maison de ville* of its busy and successful master, who died in 1805, ten years after his noble lady, who had expired on the 25th February, 1795.

[140] This gentleman (Mr. William Henderson) was for many years Secretary of the Quebec Fire Assurance Company. I believe he is still living, and that he resides at Frampton, in the County of Dorchester, P.Q.

[141] Renaud & Brown's Mills at present.

[142] Report No. 3 of Commissioners of the Harbour of Quebec.

[142] Queen's Birthday, Brochure, 1880.

[144] QUEBEC PAST AND PRESENT, p. 353.

[145] QUEBEC AS IT WAS AND AS IT IS.—Chas. Roger, 1864.

CHAPTER IV.

[146] The residence of Jos. Shehyn, Esq., M.P.P., occupies now this historic site.

[147] SAUNDERS SIMPSON.—He was Prevost Marshal in Wolfe's army of Louisbourg, Quebec and Montreal, and cousin of my father's. He resided in that house, the nearest to St. Louis Gate, outside, which has not undergone any external alteration since I was a boy.—*From unpublished Diary of Deputy Commissary General Jas. Thompson.*

[148] Recent evidence extracted by Dr. H. H. Miles, out of Jas. Thompson's papers and letters, strengthen the theory previously propounded, and indicate Miss Mary Simpson, daughter of Saunders Simpson, as the famed Quebec beauty of 1782.

[149] Paint and extensive repairs have very much improved the historical house—owned and partly occupied by Mr. Green, Surveyor of H. M. Customs, Quebec—this year until May tenanted by George Stewart, Esq., author of "*Lord Dufferin's Rule in Canada*," "*The Great St. John Fire, 1877*," &c.

[150] Major Perrault and his esteemed father, the Prothonotary, a warm friend to education, both lived there many years.

[151] Three only now exist.

[152] My old friend died in 1867—regretted as a scholar, an antiquarian and the type of the old English gentleman.

[153] This realm of fairy land, so rich in nature's graces, so profusely embellished by the late James Gibb, Esq., President of the Quebec Bank, was recently sold for a rural cemetery.

[154] The stately home of Thomas Beckett, Esq.

[155] The picturesque villa of R. R. Dobell, Esq.

[156] A mossy old hall founded by Mr. McNider in the beginning of the century; now occupied by the Graddon family.

[157] The grand mansion of the late Chas E. Levey, Esq.

[158] Owned by Mr. Morgan.

[159] The highly cultivated farm and summer residence of Andrew Stuart, Esq.

[160] The property of Charles Ernest Levey, Esq.

[161] The beautiful home of W. Herring, Esq.

[162] The rustic abode of the late Hon. John Neilson, now owned by his eldest son, John Neilson, P. L. Surveyor, advantageously known by his popular notes on Canadian Birds. Dornald with its umbrageous glens, undulating meadows, broad and dense hard wood groves, seems a veritable Eden to the feathered tribe and offers innumerable opportunities of observation to the eye of a naturalist.

[163] Recently acquired by James Bowen, Esq., founded by the late W. Atkinson, Esq., in 1820.

[164] For account of the duel, which laid law one of the Hollands, see *Maple Leaves* for 1863. The tree, however, has lately been destroyed by a storm.

[165] A stately Convent of Congregational Nuns.

[166] The ornate country seat of Robt. Hamilton, Esq.

[167] The cosy dwelling of And. Thompson, President Union Bank.

[168] The homestead of Hon. D. A. Ross, late Atty.-Genl., Province of Quebec.

PART II—ENVIRONS OF QUEBEC

[169] A. Brulart de Sillery, Marquis de Puisieux, was Minister of Foreign Affairs in France from 1747 to 1751.—O'Callaghan's *Paris Document Table*, vol. x.

[170] His career furnishes a curious instance of the lavish expenditure which ambitious sovereigns formerly required on such grand occasions. Let us quote his biographer's own words: "Son entrée dans Rome fut superbe; il était dans un carrosse ouvert, en forme de calèche, tout brillant d'or, même jusqu'aux roues qui étaient dorées. Ses chevaux étaient ferres avec des plaques d'argent qui ne tenaient que par un seul clou, afin que, venant à se détacher, elles fussent ramassées par les pauvres, à qui, outre cela, il faisait jeter quantité d'argent. Son carrosse était entouré de douze gentilshomme bien montes et superbement vêtus; et de douze valets de pied d'une riche livrée, suivis des carosses que le Pape avait envoyé pour lui faire honneur. Sa Sainteté fut sur un balcon pour voir son entrée. M. l'ambassadeur était vêtu en Chevalier de Malte, avec sa croix enrichie de diamants. Ce fut dans ce superbe équipage qu'il fit les visites des cardinaux."

[171] An authentic record still remains of the foundation of the mission; it is written in the language of Virgil, by Father Deguen, its first missionary, and heads the register of baptisms, marriages and burials of the mission. It runs thus: "Dominus de Sillery, eques militenses et sacerdos non adpridem factus, vir imprimis plus, reductionem Sancti Josephi, una et amplius leaca, suprâ Kebicum ad ripas magni fluminis." Jacta sunt fundamenta domûs, Julii, 1637, et 14 Aprilis anni, 1638.—*Bressani, Appendix*, p. 300.

[172] Il y avait (des petite forts) à Sillery, sur les fiefs Saint Michel, Saint François, Saint Sauveur, à

Beauport, à l'Île d'Orléans. "Les *Hiroquois*," dit la mère de l'Incarnation, "craignent extrêmement les canons; ce qui fait qu'ils n'osent s'approcher des forts." Les habitants, afin de leur donner la chasse et de la terreur, ont des redoutes en leurs maisons pour se défendre avec de petites pièces.—*Abbé Ferland's Notes*, p 92.

[173] *History of the Hôtel-Dieu*, Mère Juchereau.

[174] Abbé Faillon's *Histoire de la Colonie Française en Canada*, vol. ii., p. 28.

[175] The hotel was later kept by one Pierre Letarte.

[176] Faillon cautions students to be careful not to confound the name of the parish of Ste. Foye with the name "Sainte Foix" which M. Puisseaux had given to his manor, higher up than Quebec on the shore of the St. Lawrence.—*Ibid*, vol. iii, p. 319.

[177] "Jacques Brassier, Jean Tavernier, Nicholas Josselin, Etienne Robin dit Desforges, René Douspin Jean LeComte, and Francois Crusson dit Pelate, belonged to those immortal seventeen heroes who, led on by their brave and youthful commander, Adam Dollard Desormeaux, shed their blood so nobly for the salvation of the nascent colony at Montreal at the Longue Sault, on 21st May, 1660."—(See Faillon, vol. ii., p 416.)

[178] Manuscript owned by G. B. Faribault, Esq.

[179] *Histoire de la Colonie Française en Canada*, Faillon, vol. iii., p. 222.

[180] The insecurity produced in the colony at this period by the incessant inroads of the Five Nations was such that several colonists were on the eve of, and some did, return to France.

"Les familles françaises éparses sur les bords du St. Laurent, se trouvaient exposées à des dangers continuels. Pendant le jour, les hommes étaient attaqués au coin des champs, à l'orée d'un bois, sur les eaux du grand-fleuve. Pour tomber tout-à-coup sur leurs victimes, les maraudeurs iroquois se tenaient cachés tantôt derrière un arbre renversé, tantôt dans un marais, ou au milieu des joncs du rivage pendant la nuit, ils rôdaient autour des maisons, cherchant à surprendre quelques familles sans défense."—(*Ferland, Histoire du Canada: Vol. I.*, p. 398.)

Hence the French houses in each settlement were generally close to one another for mutual protection; the church in the centre to sound the tocsin of alarm.

[181] *Relations des Jésuites*, 1652, p. 7.

[182] *Histoire du Canada*—*Ferland*. Vol. I, page 109.

[183] "Monsieur de Courcelles, qui en fut le chef (de l'expédition), y apporta toute la diligence possible, de sorte qu'il se trouva prêt à partir le 9 Janvier, 1666, accompagné de M. duGas, qu'il prit pour son lieutenant, de M. de Salampar, gentilhomme volontaire, du Père Pierre Raffeix, Jésuite, de 300 hommes du Régiment Carignan Salières et de 200 volontaires, habitants des colonies françaises, chacun ayant aux pieds des raquettes, dont ils n'étaient pas accoutumés de se servir et tous sans en excepter les chefs et M. de Courcelles même étant chargés chacun de 25 ou 30 livres de biscuit etc. A peine pourrait on trouver dans toutes les histoires une marche plus difficile et plus longue, que le fut celle de cette petite armée, et il fallut un courage français et la constance de M. de Courcelles pour l'entreprendre * * * il fallait faire trois cent lieues sur les neiges, traverser continuellement sur la glace des lacs et des rivières en danger de faire autant de chutes que de pas, ne coucher que sur la neige au milieu des forêts, et souffrir un froid qui passe de beaucoup la rigueur des plus rudes hivers de l'Europe.

"Cependant nos troupes estant allées le premier jour à Sillery, pour recommander le succès de leur entreprise à l'Archange Saint Michel, Patron de ce lieu là, plusieurs eurent des le troisième jour, le nez, les oreilles, les genoux et les doigts, ou d'autres parties du corps gelées et le reste du corps couvert de cicatrices."—*Relations des Jésuites*, 1666, page 6.

[184] This crack regiment had covered itself with glory at the battle of St. Gothard in 1664, when 80,000 Turks had been cut to pieces by the army of Count Coligny.—(*Histoire de la Mère de l'Incarnation*, Casgrain, p. 425-6.)

[185] "Le vingt-cinq Janvier," says Ferland, "ils étaient sur les glaces à l'entrée du lac Saint Pierre. Le froid était plus vif, que les jours précédents; des glaçons accumulés barraient presque la route qu'ils suivaient. Les volontaires accoutumés de longue main à rencontrer ces difficultés savaient les surmonter; ils étaient vêtus à la manière du pays, et portaient habits, bonnets et chaussures de peaux de bêtes; aussi ils pouvaient sans danger braver le froid. Il n'en était pas ainsi des soldats français,

encore peu habitués à la sévérité du climat, et qui n'étaient pas pourvus de couvertures suffisantes. L'on fut contraint de reporter aux Trois Rivières plusieurs d'entre eux dont les uns s'étaient blessés sur les glaces, et les autres avaient les mains, les bras et les pieds gelés."—(*Cours d'Histoire du Canada*, vol. ii, p. 467.)

[186] Baron Vincent Saint Castin, was from Oléron, in Béarn. Originally a Colonel in the King's Guards, he came to Canada in 1665, a Captain in the Carignan Regiment. He was, in 1680-1, in command of Fort Penobscot in Maine. He married Matilda, the daughter of Madockawando, Sachem of the Penobscots, by which tribe he was adopted and elevated to the rank of Chief. He played a conspicuous part in the wars of that day, signed treaties with the Governors of New England. Having amassed a property of 300,000 crowns, he retired eventually to France, where he had an estate. He was succeeded by his son in the Government of Penobscot. His daughters married advantageously in the colony. We find one of them, Mademoiselle Brigitte de Saint Castin, amongst the pupils of the Ursuline Nuns at Quebec, about the beginning of the last century.—"*Les Gouverneurs Généraux du Canada le ménagent et ceux de la Nouvelle Angleterre le craignent*," says La Hontan.

[187] *Notes on the Environs of Quebec*, 1855.

[188] Occupied by Michael Stevenson, Esq.

[189] The temple for Catholic worship, erected at Pointe à Puizeau about 1854, is very picturesquely located; its stained glass windows, its graceful new spire, frescoed ceilings, add much to its beauty. The Rev'd Messire George Drolet has succeeded to the Rev. Father Harkin, who had been in charge ever since the late Abbé Ferland was appointed secretary to the Archbishop of Quebec and Military Chaplain to the Forces. For some time in 1877, St. Columba Church was in the spiritual charge of Monseigneur de Persico.

[190] From the noise it makes before easterly gales.

[191] *The Jesuits in North America*, Parkman—pages 282-3. Vimont, *Relation*, 1645, 2-22.

[192] Breweries, however, and other manufactories had been in operation in the colony as early as 1668, as we glean from the following entry in the *Jesuits' Journal*:—

"Et parce qu'un pais ne peut pas se former entièrement sans l'assistance des manufactures, nous voyons déjà celle des souliers et des chapeaux commencée, celle des toiles et des cuirs projetée, et on attend que la multiplication qui se fait des moutons, produise suffisamment des laines pour introduire celle des draps, et c'est ce que nous espérons dans peu puisque les bestiaux se peuplent assez abondamment, entr'autres les chevaux qui commencent à distribuer dans tout le pais. La brasserie que Monsieur Talon fait construire, ne servira pas peu aussi pour la commodité publique, soit pour l'épargne des boissons enivrantes, qui causent ici de grands désordres, auxquels on pourra obvier par cette autre boisson qui est très saine et non malfaisante, soit pour conserver l'argent dans le pais qui s'en divertit par l'achat qu'on fait en France de tant de boissons, soit enfin pour consumer le surabondant des bleds qui si sont trouves quelquefois en telle quantité que les laboureurs n'en pouvaient avoir le débit."—*Relations des Jésuites*, 166, p. 3. On the site of Talon's brewery, was built the Intendant's Palace, in the rear of Boswell's Brewery.

[193] *Heriot's Travels*, 1806, p. 98.

The Jesuit, Father Ennemond Massé died at Sillery, 12th May, 1646, aged seventy-two.

[194] *Histoire de la Colonie Française en Canada*, vol. II, p. 115.

[195] *Faillon*, vol. III, p. 318.

[196] In 1684, at the review of French troops at Fort Fontenac, appear among others *Captaines de la Côte*; the *Captain de la Côte de Beauport*, Duchesnay, Laferté and Meseray, of Cap. Rouge. (Paris Documents, vol. IX, p 234.)

[197] "Along this road was the favorite drive of the Canadian belle."— *Hawkins' Picture of Quebec*.

[198] Madame Pean's house in St. Louis street stood where the Officers Barracks have been since built. We take her to have been that pretty Ang. De Meloises, a pupil of the Ursuline Nuns, mentioned in the *Historie des Ursulines de Québec*.

[199] *Quebec, Past and Present*; Maple Leaves—1865.

[200] The monument erected by the inhabitants of Sillery, to the memory of the Revd. Père Ennemond Masse, S. J., first Missionary to Canada, was inaugurated on Saturday afternoon, the 26th

June, 1870, in presence of the inhabitants of Sillery, and of several literary gentlemen of the environs. Revd. G. V. Cazeau, addressed those present, and was followed by the Abbes Laverdière and Casgrain, and by Hon'l P. C. A. Chauveau and Mr. R. R. Dobell.

Mr. Dobell delivered a lengthy and able address on the worth of the good missionary but dwelt chiefly on the career of the benevolent Commander Brulart de Sillery:

At our suggestion, the monument was made by its inscriptions to commemorate the merit of both:

The speakers all paid a high tribute to the researches of the Revd. Abbes Laverdière and Casgrain, through whose labors the resting place of the Revd. Père Masse were discovered, and with whom originated the idea of erecting this monument.

The ground upon which the monument stands was given by Mr. Henry Lemesurier: and Mr. R. R. Dobell has nobly assisted Messrs. Laverdière and Casgrain in carrying out the project.

The monument is plain but elegant, and altogether about 20 feet high. It is of cut-stone, with four marble tablets surmounted by a marble cross. One of the tablets bears the following inscription:

The Inhabitants of Sillery
Have erected this Monument to the Memory of
PÈRE ENNEMOND MASSE, S.J.,
First Missionary in Canada,
Buried in 1646,
In the Church of Saint Michel,
On the Domain of Saint Joseph of Sillery.

On another tablet was inscribed:

The Church of Saint Michel,
Which formerly stood on this spot,
Was built by
The Commander of Sillery,
Founder (in 1637) of the St. Joseph Domain.

The ceremony throughout was of a most interesting character, serving to mark an important event in the history of Canada.

[201] The Plains of Abraham. Notes, original and selected, by Lt. Col. Beatson, Royal Engineers—Gibraltar: Printed at the Garrison Library Press, 1858. This volume is very rare.

[202] Donation du 10 Octobre, 1648, et du 1er Février, 1652, par Adrien Duchesne à Abraham Martin, de 30 arpents de terre.

Concession du 16 Mai, 1650, par la Compagnie de la Nouvelle France, de 12 arpents de terre à Abraham Martin.

Vente du 1er Juillet, 1667, aux Dames Ursuline de Quebec, par les héritiers d'Abraham Martin, d'un terrain contenant 32 arpents en superficie.

[203] A creature of Bigot, Capt. DeVergor, on the 13th of September, 1759, after allowing his militia men to return home on leave, was in charge of the post at Wolfefield, where Wolfe ascended after taking the Captain prisoner; this was the key to the position. Ferland and other writers have imputed treason to DeVergor.

[204] "MONTCALM EN CANADA."

In a work published at Tournai, in 1861, *par un ancien missionnaire*, at page 193, Père Martin notices the discrepancies between the various writers whom he had consulted. "It is difficult at the present day, to decide with certainty as to the numbers of the two armies who met on the Plains of Abraham; ancient writers are no more in accord than modern. Here are some of the estimates:

FRENCH. ENGLISH.

L'Intendant Bigot,.....	3,500	3 to 4,000
Montreuil, Major Général,.....	4,500	4,500
Doreil, Commissaire,.....	3,000	6,000
Colonel Fraser,.....	5,000	4,000

(Sullivan says the forces were equal, but that Wolfe's soldiers were disciplined veterans, and that the half of Montcalm's were militia and Indians.)

Hawkins,.....	5,000	4,800
Bancroft,.....	5,000	5,000
Garneau,.....	4,500	8,000
Beatson,.....	7,500	4,828
Dussieux,.....	4,500	5,000

The estimates given by Garneau, of the English, and by Lt. Col. Beatson, of the French, are evidently exaggerated. The estimates of Knox and Ferland deserves also notice, even if only from the discrepancy they present."

[205] Montcalm, when he heard that the English had ascended the hill and were formed on the high ground at the back of the town scarcely credited the intelligence ... but he was soon undeceived. He saw clearly that the English fleet and army were in such a situation that the Upper and Lower Town might be attacked in concert, and that nothing but a battle could save it. Accordingly he determined to give them battle.—*The Annual Register for the year 1759*.

[206] Local tradition relates that, on receiving, about 8 o'clock in the morning of the 13th September, the startling intelligence that the English were in possession of the Plains, MONTCALM (hitching up his breeches with both hands, as was his custom) briskly exclaimed, "*if that be the case it is time we were hastening thither; for we must drive them into the river before noon.*"—R. S. B.

[207] "The English troops were exhorted to reserve their fire; and they bore that of the enemy's light troops in front (which was galling though irregular) with the utmost patience and good order, waiting for the main body of the enemy which fast advanced upon them. At forty yards distance our troops gave their fire, which took place in its full extent, and made a terrible havoc among the French."—*The Annual Register for 1759*.

"General Wolfe ordered the men to load with an additional bullet which did great execution.

"As soon as the French came within musket-shot they began to fire, but the British reserved their fire until the enemy were within twenty yards." —*Beatson's Naval and Military Memoirs of Great Britain from 1729 to 1790*.

[208] The Canadian militia (of which more than half of Montcalm's forces consisted) were without bayonets.—MONTCALM'S *Letter of 24th August, 1759*.

[209] The authenticity of this famous, prophetic letter has been attacked by subsequent writers: among others by Francis Parkman.

[210] For a description of the spot where MONTCALM expired, see *Album du Touriste*.

[211] *Knox's Journal*, Vol. ii., pp. 14, 21, 24, 28, Aug. 21 "The project of erecting a fortress on the Island of Coudres, for a garrison of three thousand men, is laid aside for want of proper materials, and the season being too far advanced for such an undertaking. The enterprise of storming Quebec is also given up as too desperate to hope for success." P. 28.

[212] Denis de Vitré, then a prisoner of war in England, had been induced to come to Canada, partly by threats, partly by promises, to pilot the English fleet. According to the Diary of old James Thompson, both Cugnet and Davis had indicated the spot when Wolfe landed at Sillery. Stobo claimed the credit of it, and according to Panet's Diary, it was on his advice, that on the 21st July, 1759, was undertaken the expedition to Deschambeault and neighboring parishes, where 100 Quebec ladies of respectability secreted there—had been captured and brought back.

[213] "For sale, the elegant villa of the late Sir Frederic Haldimand, K.B., delightfully situated near the Falls of Montmorency, with the farm- house.—Quebec, 1st December, 1791."—*Supplement to the Quebec Gazette, 22nd Dec., 1792*.

[214] Our port must have presented quite a warlike aspect—over and above the *Ulysses* and *Resistance* frigates there had preceded the Prince's arrival, the following ships of war, forming part of Commodore Sawyer's squadron: The flag ship *Leander*, 50 guns, Capt. J. Bevelay; the *Resource*, Commander Paul Minihin; the *Ariadne*, Commander Osburn; the *Thisbe*, Capt. Coffin, was also arrived from a cruise, and four transports, one named the *Lord Mulgrave*, with detachments of the 5th, 25th and 54th regiments, were anchored before the city.

[215] The list of the partners of Prince Edward's grandson H. R. H. the Prince of Wales, at the ball,

etc., given in his honour in Quebec, by the Mayor and citizens, at the Music Hall, on the 21st August, 1860, comprises: 1. Mrs. Langevin (wife of Sir H. L. Langevin, M.P.P., and Mayor of Quebec); 2. Mrs. Cartier (wife of Sir George Etienne Cartier, Attorney General); 3. Miss Irvine (daughter of Colonel Irvine, then Provincial Aide-de-Camp); 4. Miss Price; 5. Miss LeMesurier (since married to Capt. Carter); 6. Miss Derbyshire (Mrs. J. Adamson); 7. Miss Clementina Sewell; 8. Miss Caron (daughter of Hon. Justice Caron, and now wife of Mr. Justice Taschereau); 9. Lady Milne; 10. Miss Napier, of Montreal (since married to Capt. Bell); 11. Mrs. Serocold (wife of Captain Serocold and daughter of the Hon. Chief Justice Duval); 12. Miss Dunscomb (daughter of the Collector of Customs at Quebec); 13. Miss Fischer (daughter of the Attorney General of New Brunswick); 14. Miss Mountain (daughter of the late Bishop of Quebec); 15. Miss Agnes Anderson; 16. Mrs. Ross; 17. Mrs. Alex. Bell; 18. Miss Tilley (daughter of Sir Leonard Tilley); 19. Mrs. R. H. Smith.

[216] He was created Field Marshal in 1827.

[217] Monsieur Jean Laforme was, indeed, a high authority on hair dressing. Our youthful grandmothers of 1791 would have no other than Monsieur Laforme to dress their hair for the *Château* balls. A memorable instance has been handed down to posterity of the awful dilemma in which, either a press of engagements or an oversight, placed the Court *peruquier*, from which his genius alone extricated him. The beautiful Mrs. P—t, the consort of the Speaker of the Legislative Assembly in 179-, had to attend at a ball at the Castle St. Louis. Unfortunately she had omitted engaging in time Laforme to arrange her hair for the evening in question; and every hour of the day on which the ball was to take place, being bespoken, the hair-dresser at his wit's ends said that he would guarantee that she would yet go to the ball, but she must place herself entirely in his hands. "Well," said the *Grande Dame*, "what, then, am I to do?" "Bah!" said the *peruquier*, "'tis easily settled; I shall *do* your hair the day *previous*."—"But then how am I to sleep with my hair done up?" "Oh! that is again easily arranged—you will sleep in *fauteuil*. I will have your hair and head padded and strapped down." And thus was it done and she went to the ball.

[218] The Hon. Hugh Finlay was Deputy Postmaster General for Canada from 1774 to 1800, when he was succeeded by George Heriot, who wrote a folio of travels on Canada. Hugh Finlay had served under Benjamin Franklin, the first English Deputy Postmaster General for the *then* British American Provinces, from 1750 to 1774, when he resigned. When he took the appointment the postage on letters was insufficient to cover his salary, £300 per annum.

[219] "Away," exclaimed the Prince to the excited voters, "with those hated distinctions of English and Canadians; you are all my august father's beloved subjects."

[220] The anecdote of the officer, who, on being ordered on foreign service, cut off his queue and buried it with military honors, is humorously related by Erskine Neale, in the Duke's biography, p. 325.

[221] Christie's History of Canada.

[222] This curious incident is mentioned in the *Maple Leaves* for 1865, in connection with a mess dinner, when a gentleman friend of one of the young Hollands was proved to be a beautiful female in disguise, who afterwards married the brother of an English nobleman.

[223] Since these lines were written in 1865, many changes have come over Marchmont—our esteemed neighbor was suddenly called away, leaving his beautiful house to his devoted wife; she, too, alas! has paid the debt of nature in May, 1880.

[224] "Ce capitaine avait avec lui beaucoup d'habitants de Lorette, dont le lieu était à portée de ce poste; ils lui demandèrent permission d'aller travailler la nuit chez eux, il la leur accorda (on prétend que ce fut à condition d'aller aussi travailler pour lui, sur une terre qu'il avait dans cette paroisse)."—*Mémoire sur les affaires du Canada*, 1749-60, p. 114.

[225] Captain Chandler was appointed, in 1800, commissioner to settle the domain accruing from the Jesuits' estates; subsequently he became Seigneur of Nicolet, where he died about 1863.

[226] We give here the poetical tribute paid by Adam Kidd to a spot where he appears to have spent many happy hours, as a guest of the Percevals, together with, his notes to the poem:—

SPENCER WOOD

Through thy green groves and deep receding bowers,
Loved Spencer Wood! how often have I strayed,
Or mused away the calm, unbroken hours,
Beneath some broad oak's cool, refreshing shade

There, not a sound disturbed the tranquil scene,
Save welcome hummings of the roving bee,
That quickly flitted o'er the tufted green,
Or where the squirrel played from tree to tree.

And I have paused beside that dimpling stream,
Which slowly winds thy beauteous groves among
Till from its breast retired the sun's last beam,
And every bird had ceased its vesper song.

The blushing arbors of those classic days,
Through which the breathings of the slender reed,
First softly echoed with Arcadia's praise,
Might well be pictured in this sheltered mead.

And blest were those who found a happy home
In thy loved shades, without one throb of care
No murmurs heard, save from the distant foam
That rolled in column's o'er the great Chaudière.

And I have watched the moon in grandeur rise
Above the tinted maple's leafy breast,
And take her brilliant pathway through the skies,
Till half the world seemed lulled in peaceful rest.

Oh! these were hours whose soft enchanting spell
Came o'er the heart in thy grove's deep recess,
Where e'en poor Shenstone might have loved to dwell,
Enjoying the pure balm of happiness!

But soon, how soon, a different scene I trace,
Where I have wandered, or oft musing stood,
And those whose cheering looks enhanced the place,
No more shall smile on thee, lone Spencer Wood!

"This is one of the most beautiful spots in Lower Canada, and the property (1830) of the late Hon. Michael Henry Perceval, who resided there with his accomplished family, whose highly cultivated minds rendered my visits to Spencer Wood doubly interesting. The grounds and grand walks are tastefully laid out, interspersed with great variety of trees, planted by the hand of nature. This scenery is altogether magnificent, and particularly towards the east, where the great precipices overhang Wolfe's Cove. This latter place has derived its name from the hero, who, with his British troops, nobly ascended its frowning cliffs on the 13th September, 1759, and took possession of the Plains of Abraham."—ADAM KIDD, 1830. —(The HURON CHIEF and other poems—Adam Kidd.)

[227] The illustrious Chancellor of the Exchequer, Spencer Perceval, assassinated by Bellingham on the 11th May, 1812, probably took the name of Spencer from the Earls of Egmont and Northampton, connected with the Percevals.

[228] Mrs. P. Sheppard died 28th August, 1877.

[229] Died July the 7th, 1878.

[230] Mr. P. Lowe, during many years in charge of the conservatory, furnished us with the following note:—"The hot-houses belonging to Henry Atkinson, while in my charge, consisted of pinery, stove and orchid house. In the pinery were grown specimens of the Providence, Enville, Montserrat and Queen pines—a plant of the latter variety, in fruit, being exhibited at the Horticultural Exhibition, Montreal, in September, 1852, the fruit of which weighed between five and six pounds, tang the first pine-apple exhibited of Canadian growth, but not the first grown at Spencer Wood, it was noticed in the *Illustrated London News*. The following are the names of a few of the plants grown in the stove-house:—*Ardisia; Alamanda; Amaryllis, Achimenes; Aschynanthus, Asclepias, Begonias, Crinums, Centradinias; Calumnmas, Drymonias; Euphorbias, Franciscia; Goidfussia; Gesneras*, in twelve varieties; *Gloxinias*, in twenty-four varieties; *Gloriosa; Gardenias; Hibiscus; Inga; Ipomaea; Justicia; Lamandra; Legastrema; Musa-Cavendishii*, which we fruited—the only one fruited in the province to this day, to my knowledge—the bunch of fruit weighed ninety pounds; *Maranta; Melastomas, Mennetties; Nymphas; Osbeekias, Penteas, Passiflora; Peideum; Stephenotis, Streluzias; Russellea; Ruellea; Rondilitia, Tabernaemonana; Tradescantia; Vinca; Clerodendrons, &c., &c.* In the orchid house, the following are a portion of the names of plants grown be me:—*Bletia; Bolbophyllum; Cypripedium; Cymbedium; Catazetum; Cattleya;*

Brassavoleas, Dendrobiums, Epidendrons, Aerides; Gongora; Gomezia; Maxallaria; Oncidium, Plurathalis; Pholidota; Physosiphon; Plurathalles; Peristerias, Ripsalis, Stanhopeas; Zygopetalum, &c., &c. The houses containing the above were heated by hot-water pipes for atmospheric heat and open tanks for bottom heat; they were the most complete of the kind I have seen either in Canada or Great Britain—so much so, that, during my stay with Mr. Atkinson, we used to produce for Christmas and New Year's Day pine-apples, cucumbers, rhubarb, asparagus and mushrooms, all in the same house."

[231] Mr. DeGaspé married, 1811, Susanna, daughter of Thos. Allison, Esq., a captain of the 6th Regiment, infantry, and of Therese Baby, the latter's two brother officers, Captains Ross Lewin and Bellingham, afterwards Lord Bellingham, married at Detroit then forming part of Upper Canada, two sisters, daughters of the Hon. Jacques Duperon Baby.

[232] The copy of Audubon's works here alluded to, was the same, we opine, as that generously presented by the illustrious *savant* to Mr. Martyn, chronometer-maker, St Peter street,—an ardent ornithologist, whose roof sheltered the great naturalist, in Quebec in 1842.

Audubon made several excursions round Quebec to study our birds, was the honoured guest of the late Henry Atkinson, at Spencer Wood, and visited the collection of Canadian birds of Hon. William Sheppard, at Woodfield.

[233] His last work in the cause of natural history is the publication of his "*Tableau Synoptique des Oiseaux du Canada*," got the use of schools, which must have entailed no small amount of labour, a sequel to "*Les Oiseaux du Canada*," 2 vols., 1860.

[234] These stones and inscriptions were donated to the author of "*Quebec Past and Present*"—by the city authorities on taking down the City Gates.

[235] Pierre Herman Dosquet, born at Lille in Flanders in 1691, arrived in Canada in 1721, was shortly afterwards sent a missionary to the Lake of Two Mountains, was made a bishop in 1725, purchased Samos from Nicholas de la Nouiller, in 1731, where he built a country house in 1732. Sold it some years afterwards to the Quebec Seminary, visited France in 1733 and resigned his see and left the country in 1739 and died in Paris in 1777.

[236] Judge Adam Mabane died in 1792.

[237] A fairy plot of a flower garden was laid out near the edge of the cliff to the north-east, with a Chinese Pagoda enclosing the trunk of a large tree at one side, and a tiny Grecian temple at the other.

[238] Probably the four-gun battery mentioned in the account of the Battle of the Plains. We also find in a diary of the siege operations on the same day, "A mortar and some 18-pounders were carried to Samos, three quarters of a league from the town. Batteries were erected there, which fired before night on the man-of-war that had come to anchor opposite, *L'Ance du Foulon*, which was forced to sheer off."

[239] "Who can visit the sylvan abode, sacred to the repose of the departed without noticing one tomb in particular in the enclosure of Wm. Price, Esq. we allude to that of Sir Edmund Head's gifted son? The troubled waters of the St. Maurice and the quiet grave at Sillery recall as in a vision, not only the generous open-hearted boy, who perished in one and sleeps in the other, but they tell us also of the direct line of a good old family cut off—a good name passing away, or if preserved at all, preserved only on a tombstone."—*Notman's British Americans*.

[240] The late Bishop is the author of a collection of poems known as the *Songs of the Wilderness*, many of the subjects therein having been furnished in the course of his apostolic labours in the Red River settlement.

[241] The following is the extract from the *True Witness* referred to: "In the reign of George II, the see of York falling vacant, His Majesty being at a loss for a fit person to appoint to the exalted situation, asked the opinion of the Rev. Dr. Mountain, who had raised himself by his remarkable facetious temper to the See of Durham. The Dr. wittily replied. 'Hadst thou faith, thou wouldst say to this mountain (at the same time laying his hand on his breast) be removed and cast into the sea (see).' His Majesty laughed heartily, and forthwith conferred the preferment on the facetious doctor."

[242] "En 1865, les Iroquois furieux d'avoir vu manquer l'effet de leurs propositions faites aux Hurons, firent des incursions dans la colonie et jusqu'au bas de Québec. Au mois de mai, on plantait le blé d'Inde dans les environs de Québec; un frère Jésuite avait voulu engager les Algonquins à faire la garde chacun leur tour et pour leur donner l'exemple, le bon Frère avait voulu être la première sentinelle. Il s'était donc avancé en explorant dans les bois (c'était dans le voisinage de la propriété actuelle de M. le Juge Caron, sur le Chemin du Cap Rouge), tout à coup le Frère reçut deux coups de feu qui l'étendirent à terre grièvement blessé, et en même temps deux Iroquois, sortant d'un taillis,

l'assommèrent et lui enlevèrent la chevelure. (Cours d'histoire de l'abbé Ferland à l'Université Laval). Page 4, *Journal de l'Instruction Publique*, pour Janvier, 1865."

[243] The Hon. Wm. Sheppard, then President of the Literary and Historical Society of Quebec. Lady Dalhousie had presented to this Society, founded by her husband in 1824, her herbarium (see Vol. I *Transactions*, Literary and Historical Society, page 255).

[244] For anything good in this short sketch of our Wild Flowers, the reader is indebted to Mr. S. S. Sturton, whose paper on the *Wild Flowers of Quebec* was our guide.—J. M. L.

[245] Mr. Wheeler is a younger brother of J. Talboys Wheeler, the eminent writer on the classics, but better known latterly as the Historian of India.

[246] The History of Emily Montague, by Mrs. Brooke, London, 1769.

[247] It has been excessively difficult to procure even one copy of this now old book, the edition being out of print more than sixty years ago. The *Literary and Historical Society* of Quebec, is indebted to Edwin King Esq., Post Office Inspector, Montreal, for the only copy I ever saw. Tradition recalls that Mrs. Brooks the novelist, was the wife of a military Chaplain, stationed in Quebec in 1766. [248] The vinery contains the following new varieties, etc:—Black Alicante Foster's Seedling, White, Muscat Hamburg, Lady Downs, Golden Hamburg, also the common Black Hamburg, Joslyn St. Albans, Muscat of Alexandria, Sweet Water, Black St. Peter's, &c., &c. The conservatory is stocked with seventy *Camellia Japonica* of the newest varieties, twenty varieties of choice *Azelias*; *Chorozemas*, *Heaths*, *Epacris*, *Dillwynia*, *Eriostemon*, *Acacias*, *Geraniums*, *Fuchias*, with a large collection of creeping plants, &c.

[249] William Smith was second son of Chief Justice William Smith, of Quebec, born on 7th February, 1769, educated at Kensington Grammar School, London, and came to Canada with his father in 1786. He was appointed, soon after, Clerk of the Provincial Parliament, and subsequently Master in Chancery of the Province of Lower Canada, and, in 1814, was appointed by Earl Bathurst a member of the Executive Council. He was the author of the first English "History of Canada, from its first discovery to the year 1791," a standard work in two volumes. He died at Quebec, 17th December, 1847.

William Smith married Susan, who died at Quebec, 26th Jan, 1819, daughter of Admiral Charles Webber, of the County of Hampshire, England, by whom he left five children:

1. William Breudenell Smith, late Colonel of the 15th Regt., (now of London.)

2. Charles Webber Smith, of London, married Anna Chelworth, and died in 1879, without issue.

3. Emily Ann Smith, married the Rev. Geo., son of General Mackie, late Governor of St. Lucia, and left issue Rev. Dr. Mackie, was for years the Rector of the Anglican Cathedral at Quebec.

4. Louisa Janet Smith, married her cousin Robert Smith, son of Chief Justice Sewell.

5. Caroline Susanna Smith, married Henry, son of Andrew Stuart, M. P., Quebec.—*Magazine of American Hist.*, June 1881.

[250] A plan drawn by Jeremiah McCarthy, P. L. S., dated 1802, shows what was the Smith estate on St. Louis Street, in the early part of the century.

[251] **CHIEF JUSTICE WILLIAM SMITH.**

(1728-1793.)

Chief Justice William Smith was the eldest son of William Smith, who was a member of His Majesty's Council, and afterwards Judge of the King's Bench for the State of New York. He was born at New York, 18th June, 1728. In his youth, he was sent to a grammar school, and afterwards to Yale College, Connecticut, where he greatly distinguished himself by his learning. He was an excellent Greek and Hebrew scholar, and a thorough mathematician. He was appointed Chief Justice of New York, 24th April, 1780. At the breaking out of the rebellion in 1775, he was a staunch Loyalist, and left New York in the same vessel with the King's troops and Sir Guy Carleton, and landed at Plymouth, 16th January, 1784. As a reward for his loyalty, he was made Chief Justice of Lower Canada, 1st September, 1785, and came to Canada in the Frigate "Thistle" of 28 guns, with Lord Dorchester, the Governor-General of Canada, landing at Quebec, 23rd October, 1786. Chief Justice Smith was the author of the "History of

the Province of New York, from the first settlement to the year 1732." He married, 3d November, 1752, Janet, daughter of James Livingstone, Esq., of New York, and died at Quebec, 6th December, 1793. His Royal Highness, Prince Edward, fourth son of King George III, with a numerous train of friends, followed the remains to the grave from his late dwelling on St. Louis street. He owned the land on which his son-in-law, Chief Justice Sewell, subsequently built his mansion, down, he the lot (inclusive) on which stood his dwelling, and where his son the Hon. William Smith, died in 1847. It is now the property of sheriff Chs. Alleyn.

[252] The Quebec Library Association founded by Lord Dorchester at Quebec in 1779.

[253] An accurate and interesting account of the hardships and sufferings of the band of heroes who traversed the wilderness in the campaign against Quebec 1775, by John Joseph Henry, Esq., late President of the Second Judicial District of Pennsylvania—Lancaster, printed by William Greer 1812.

Henry, according to the preface written by his daughter, was born Nov. 4th 1758, at Lancaster, Pennsylvania. In the fall of 1775—being then 17 years of age, he joined a regiment of men raised in Lancaster Co. for the purpose of joining Arnold, who at that time was stationed in Boston. His book is addressed to "my dear children" and assures them "upon the honour of a gentleman and an honest man, that every word here related, to the best of his recollection and belief is literally true." He with an officer and seven men were dispatched in advance of the army "for the purpose of ascertaining and marking the paths which were used by the Indians at the numerous places in the wilderness towards the head of the river Kennebec, and also to ascertain the course of the river Chaudière." Each day's proceedings are carefully noted, and are really highly interesting, showing the great privations they had to endure.

[254] The remains of this old French chapel were recently discovered, (the site belongs to R. R. Dobell & Co.) and a small monument erected to Father Massé who was interred there in 1646.

[255] "7th September, 1759.—Fine warm weather, Admiral Holmes' squadron weighed early this morning. At six o'clock we doubled the mouth of the Chaudière, which is near half a mile over; and at eight we came to anchor off Cap Rouge. Here is a spacious cove, into which the river St. Michael disembogues, and within the mouth of it are the enemy's floating batteries. A large body of the enemy is well entrenched round the cove, (which is of circular form) as if jealous of a descent in those parts; they appear very numerous, and may amount to about one thousand six hundred men, besides their cavalry, who are cloathed in blue, and mounted on neat horses of different colours; they seem very alert, parading and counter marching between the woods on the heights in their rear, and their breastworks, in order to make their number show to the greater advantage. The lands all around us are high and commanding, which gave the enemy an opportunity of popping at our ships, this morning, as we tacked in working up."—*Knox's Journal, Siege of Quebec, 1759, vol. ii., page 56.*

[256] AN EARL ON FOX-HUNTING.

The Earl of Winchelsea and Nottingham addressed the following letter to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, in May 1870:—Sir,—The fox is tolerated, nay preserved (under the penalty of conventional ostracism against his slayers,) because he is the only animal with whose intellect man may measure himself upon equal terms without an overwhelming sense of the odds in his favour. The lion, the elephant, the ibex, the chamois, and the red deer are beasts of chase falling before man, but the fox alone can cope with him in point of intellect and sagacity, and put him to all his shifts. It is this ingredient in fox-hunting—viz: the consciousness of having to do with a foe worthy of him, which brings men of all ages, sorts, kinds, intellects, characters, and professions to the covert side, uniting together occasionally as odd an assemblage as ever went into the ark. No man, when he puts on his top-boots in the morning, can say whether he may not be about to assist at a run which may live in story like the Billesdon Coplw or the Trojan War, and of which it shall be sufficient, not only to the fortunate sportsman himself but to his descendants of the third and fourth generation, to say—he was there!

Villiers, Cholmondeley, and Forester made such sharp play,
Not omitting Germaine, never seen till to-day:
Had you jug'd of these four by the trim of their pace
At Bib'ry you'd thought they had been riding a race.

Billesdon Coplw.

"Their fame lives still. But what, O ye sentimentalists! would ye prepare both for fox and fox-hunter? If the fox was not regarded as the only animal possessed of these talents and capabilities, he must shortly rank as a sneaking little robber of hen-roosts, the foe of the good wife and gamekeeper, and become as extinct as a dodo. Were the fox himself consulted, I am sure that he would prefer to this ignoble fate the present pleasant life which he is in the habit of leading upon the sole condition of

putting forth all his talent and dying game when wanted."

[257] I am indebted for a deal of information contained in this communication to McPherson LeMoyné, Esq., Seigneur of Crane Island, P.Q., and lately President of the Montreal Club for the *protection of fish and game*.

[258] Chs. Panet, Esq., ex-member for the County of Quebec.

[259] The sanguinary battle of Fontenoy was fought on the 11th May, 1745. The Duke of Cumberland, subsequently surnamed "the butcher," for his brutality at Culloden, commanding the English, &c, the French led by Maréchal de Saxe. This defeat, which took place under the eye of Louis XV cost the British 4041, their allies the Hanoverians, 2762 and the Dutch 1541 men. Success continued to attend the French arms at Ghent, Bruges, Oudenarde, and Dendermond, which were captured—(*Lord Mahon*) Wolfe, Murray and Townshend were at Fontenoy. The battle of Lauffeld took place on the 2nd July, 1747, the English commanded by Cumberland, the French by Saxe, the chief of the English Cavalry, Sir John Ligonier, being taken prisoner—(*Lord Mahon*). The French victory of Carillon, in which the Militia of Canada bore a conspicuous part, was won near Lake George, 8th July, 1758. The English army, under General Abercrombie, though more numerous, was repulsed with great slaughter.

[260] Chs. Tardieu de Lanaudière, Knight of St. Louis, commanded a portion of the Canadian Militia at Carillon, and also during the campaign of 1759. Under the English rule he was Aide de Camp to Sir Guy Carleton—served in 1775, and accompanied the General to England, where George III rewarded him handsomely. He was called to the Legislative Council, and appointed Deputy Postmaster General of Canada.

[261] *Knox's Journal*. Vol. I, p. 179.

[262] The Bureau was at the foot of Mountain Hill, next to (the Old Neptune) *Chronicle* Office.

[263] For many years, it was the practice to close the gates of Quebec at gun fire (10 p.m.) for carriages, leaving the wicket open only for pedestrians, in the troublous days of 1837-8, the wicket at times was closed.

[264] Mr. Jean Taché, the first owner of the "Old Neptune Inn," and of a poetical turn, wrote the first Canadian poem, intituled *Tableau de la Mer*.

[265] *History of French Dominion in North and South America*.—Jeffery, London, 1760, page 9.

[266] Montgomery Place, on the Hudson, is now the residence of Mrs. Ed. Livingston, a country seat of unrivalled beauty.—"It is," says *Downing*, "one of our oldest improved country seats, having been originally the residence of General Montgomery, the hero of Quebec. On the death of his widow, it passed into the hands of her brother, Edward Livingston, Esq., the late Minister in France."—page 31.

[267] Major Samuel Holland was also a first rate Engineer. He was, says Abbé Bois, one of the legatees of the late Gen. Wolfe, and died at Quebec, 28th Dec, 1801.

[268] My old friend, the late Wm. Price, Esq., of Wolfe's Field, to whose literary taste and happy memory, I am indebted for several incidents in these pages, and whose written statement I still hold, anent the mysterious stranger could not at the time furnish me with her name, it had escaped his memory, but, as he informed me since he had furnished it to Lady Head, his amiable neighbor of Spenser Wood. (Her name was Neville).

[269] The old Château Garden.—This lot, 3 acres, 3 yards, 9-1/2 feet in superficies, was granted to Major Samuel Holland by letters-patent, under the great seal, on the 12th March, 1766, with certain reservations as to the requirements for barracks or fortifications. The Major does not seem to have taken possession of it—but about 1780, General Haldimand having tendered Major Holland the sum of £800 as an indemnity for the use of the land, and the amount being refused, Government took possession of the lot and erected there a five-gun battery. Major Holland died in 1801, and by his will, dated 25th Oct., 1800, bequeathed the property to his wife, Marie Josette Rolet, and his children, John Frederick, Charlotte, Susannah and George Holland, in equal shares.

[270] The original Holland House stood a little behind the present mansion.

[271] The last will and codicil of S. Holland was executed before Chs. Voyer and colleague, N.P., at Quebec, and bears date 14th and 25th December, 1800. The Château St. Louis property is therein thus described: —"Un grand emplacement proche le Château St. Louis, donné et accordé au dit Sieur Testateur, cultivé actuellement en jardin."

[272] The Gomin road took its name from Dr. Gomin, a French botanist and physician, whose

dwelling according to plans in the possession of the "Seigneurs" the Seminary of Quebec stood some two hundred years ago on or near the spot where the cottage of Jas. Connolly, Esq., now exists.

[273] This property has since passed by sherrif's sale into the hands of Arch. Campbell, Esquire, of Thornhill, and is actually owned by Israel Tarte, M.P.P.

[274] This deed was passed at Quebec before W. Fisher Scott, N.P. It purports to have been executed "in the Gaoler's Room," *entre les deux guichets*, in the common gaol of the district of Quebec. Some of those who signed it must have been in custody, why or wherefore does not appear.

[275] A truculent gardener, it is said, who had been left in charge, some years back, converted the monumental slabs into grinding stones, on the 15th November, 1871, a violent storm broke in twain the Holland Tree.

[276] The iron statue erected in 1863, to commemorate the Battle of St. Foye, fought April 28th, 1760.

[277] Vol. ii., p. 224.

[278] Subsequently Col. of the American Rebel Regiment called the "Congress Own."—See *Quebec Gazette*, 7 March, 1838.

[279] Bleak House, on the St. Louis Heights.

[280] "John King, living on General Murray's farm, at *Sans bruit*, having the best pasturage for cattle in the neighborhood during the summer, well watered by several runs, informs all those who may choose to send him their cows that they will be well taken care of, and that he will send them cow-herds to town every morning at six o'clock, who will bring them home every evening between five and six. The price will be two dollars for the summer, to be paid said King on St. Michael's day."— *Quebec Gazette*, 4th April, 1768.

[281] Cannon balls, shot and shell, and rusty bayonets have been dug up in the neighborhood. Old metallic buttons, with the figure XV., were picked up showing that they once ornamented the scarlet uniforms of many gallant fellows of that XVth Regiment, who, "at eight in the morning on the 28th April, 1760," had issued triumphantly from St. John Gate—*never to return*.

[282] Emery de Caen dined here with the Jesuits, 6th August, 1632.— *Relations des Jésuites*.

[283] Cahire-Coubat (expressive of windings, says Sagard,) called by Jacques Cartier, the river Ste. Croix (of the Holy Cross), and subsequently denominated the River St. Charles, in compliment says La Potherie, to Charles de Boues, Grand Vicar of Pontoise, founder of the first mission of the Récollets in New France.

[284] "Champlain a certainement jeté un grand jour sur cette question, en prouvant aussi bien qu'il était possible de le faire, que Jacques Cartier avait hiverné dans la rivière Saint Charles, et en faisant lui-même des investigations sur les lieux. Seulement il pourrait bien se faire qu'on pris trop à la lettre un mot de son édition de 1632, où il dit que les vaisseaux de Cartier hivernèrent là où était de son temps la demeure des Jésuites. Quant à Charlevoix, non-seulement il n'a pas, éclairci la question, mais il n'a fait que l'embrouiller. Tout ce qu'il dit la dessus, à très peu d'exception près, est plein d'erreurs, et inconciliable avec la situation et la conformation des lieux décrits par le capitaine Malouin."

[285] The late Amable Berthelot, one of our antiquarians, in reviewing the papers published by Mr. Jos. Hamel, in 1843, on the recent discovery of the wreck of the *Petite Hermine*, on the *Ferme des Anges*, at the mouth of the Lairet stream, thus expressed himself, p. 3:—"Il ne me fut pas difficile, en suivant attentivement le texte du second voyage de Jacques Cartier, tel que nous le donne Lescarbot, de prouver, jusqu'à l'évidence, que ce navigateur Malouin avait réellement passé l'hiver à la rivière St. Charles, et non à celle qui porte aujourd'hui le nom de Jacques Cartier; et je crois que depuis ma dissertation, il n'est resté en ce pays aucun doute sur ce sujet."

[286] "Le lundi, onzième jour d'octobre, nous arrivâmes au Hâble de Sainte Croix, où étaient nos navires, et trouvâmes que les maîtres et mariniers qui étaient demeurés avaient fait un fort devant lesdits navires, tout clos de grosses pièces de bois plantées debout, joignant les unes aux autres, et tout à l'entour garni d'artillerie, et bien en ordre pour se défendre contre tout le pays."—(*Second voyage de Jacques Cartier*, p. 48). Republished by Literary and Historical Society of Quebec, in 1843. At the foot, we read, "On pense que ce fort a dû être bâti à l'endroit où la petite Rivière Lairet se décharge dans la Rivière St. Charles." "The exact spot in the River St. Charles, where Cartier moored his vessel, is supposed on good authority to have been the site of the old bridge (a little higher up than the present), called Dorchester Bridge, where there is a ford at low water, close to the Marine Hospital. That it was

on the east bank, not far from the former residence of Chas. Smith, Esq., is evident from the river having been frequently crossed by the natives coming from Stadacona, to visit their French guests." (*Hawkins' Picture of Quebec*, p. 47) The Abbé Faillon in his elaborate work—*Histoire de la Colonie Française au Canada*, 1865—in some valuable notes on Jacques Cartier, p. 496, discusses the erroneous views of Charlevoix and Father Leclerc, and corroborates the accepted belief about the St. Charles and not the Jacques Cartier River, as being the spot where the great discoverer wintered in 1535-36.

[287] Would this river be the Lairet or the St. Charles? We like to give every circumstance calculated to throw light thereon: writers seem to agree that Jacques Cartier, wintered in the St. Charles, as Champlain says, in his edition of 1632, on the Jesuits' property—it may, however, have been a few acres to the east or west of the spot generally indicated.

[288] "Le Capitaine fit renforcer le Fort tout à l'entour de gros fossés, larges, et profonds avec porte à pont-levis et renforts de rangs ou pans de bois au contraire des premiers. Et fut ordonné pour le guet de la nuit.... cinquante hommes à quatre quarts, et à chacun changement des dits quarts les trompettes sonnantes; ce qui fut fait selon la dite ordonnance."—*Voyage de Jacques Cartier*, page 52.

[289] It is evident that the Beauport entrenchments were to be on a vast scale In those days of *corvées* and forced labor, when it was merely necessary to command *de par le roi*, it was easy to bring together large bodies of men. "M. de Montcalm arrive à Québec (from Montréal), commanda tout le monde pour travailler à des retranchements qui furent tracés vers une paroisse nommée Beauport. Comme il pensait que ces ouvrages ne seraient pas en état avant l'arrivée des vaisseaux anglais, ce qui pourrait être d'un jour à l'autre, il envoya un ordre à M. de Lévis, qui était à Montréal, de commander, généralement, tous les hommes de ce gouvernement à de descendre à Québec, et qu'on avait besoin d'un coup de main. Il envoya à cet égard des ordres précis et conformes, dans toutes les paroisses, qui mirent tout le monde en mouvement." (*Memoirs sur les affaires du Canada*, 1749-1760.) Finally, Vaudreuil decided that Montreal would furnish 1,500 men only for this service.

[290] This bake-house appears to have been somewhere at the foot of Abraham's Hill.

[291] It crossed the St Charles a little higher than the Marine Hospital, exactly at the foot of Crown Street.

[292] A small bridge supported on masonry has since been built on this spot, exactly across the main road, at Brown's mills, Beauport.

[293] *The Great River*. Such was the name the Lorette Huron Indians pressed Hon. Mr. Panet to take when they elected him their honorary chief.

[294] A famous *Chasseur* of Lake St. Charles.

[295] Robert Buchanan's fine lines describe well the sudden coming of winter:

"Then, with a gust,
Old Winter tumbled shrieking from the hills,
His white Hair flowing in the wind."

[296] Emma Duchesnay, wife of Robt. LeMoine, Esq., Ottawa, was the last born there.

[297] Beauport Church, it is said, was built on this *Fief du Buisson*.

[298] "Une chandelle faite avec la graisse d'un pendu."

[299] Le mot chirurgical—qui était la profession de Gifart, se présente naturellement, mais l'article manque....Oh! le C, si c'était un R? plus de doute l'affaire serait claire.

[300] NOTE.—In a parliamentary Document of 1852, it is stated to have been conceded on 15th January, 1634.

[301] By an ordinance of the Special Council, obtained through Sir Poulet Thompson, in the troublous times of 1838-41, these gentlemen made safe their well-beloved charter.

[302] Mr. Ryland, writing to Sir James Craig under date 22nd August, 1810, thus describes his interview with the Ministers of State, the Earl of Liverpool, Lord Bathurst, Mr. Percival, Mr. Peel, Lord Camden, the Marquis of Wellesey, &c "On entering the room I found it was a meeting of the Cabinet Ministers, eight in number, Lord Liverpool desired me to take a seat between him and Mr. Percival.... I then repeated an observation I had made in my first interview with Lord Liverpool, concerning Bédard in particular as the leader of the anti-government party, who has now so committed himself as to render it impossible he be employed....

"H. W. RYLAND."

(Christie's History of Canada.)

[303] MR. RYLAND TO SIR J. H. CRAIG, K.B.

London, 14th August, 1810.

"Dear Sir,—I yesterday had the honor to dine with the Earl of Liverpool at Coombe Wood; the party consisted of His Lordship, Lady Liverpool, Lord and Lady Bathurst, Lord Ashley and his sister, I believe, Sir Joseph and Lady Banks, Mr. Peel the Under-Secretary of State, and a lady whose name I do not recollect.

I had some conversation with Mr. Peel, before dinner, concerning the state of things in Canada, and I was mortified to find that he had but an imperfect idea of the subject....

He told me that he had read Lord Granville's despatch of October, 1789, to Lord Dorchester, which I had recommended to his attention, and he seemed to think a re-union of the Provinces a desirable object....

H. W. RYLAND."

(Christie's History of Canada.)

[304] In 1871, Mr. John Henderson Galbraith expired at Mount Lilac, leaving to his widow his beautiful country-seat, on which he had expended some \$25,000. The foundry or machine shop was closed, and under the intelligent care of Miss Elizabeth Galbraith, Mount Lilac continues to produce each summer ambrosial fruit and exquisite flowers.

[305] Originally a brewery owned by Intendant Talon, and sold to the French King, in 1686 for 15,000 *écus*. Later on the Intendant's Palace, in magnificence rivalled the *Château St. Louis*.

[306] *Kahir-Koubat* "a meandering stream" Ahatsistari's house (formerly "Poplar Grove," the homestead of L. T. McPherson, Esq.), on the north bank of the St. Charles, was called *Kahir-Koubat* by N. Monpetit. Here formerly dwelt, we are told, Col. De Salaberry, the hero of Châteauguay, until 1814.

[307] Beyond the unmistakable vestiges of its having been of early French construction, there is nothing known of the origin under French rule, of Bigot's little *Château*. History is replete with details about his peculations and final punishment in the Bastille of France; possibly the legends in prose and in verse, which mantle round the time-worn rein, have no other foundation than the fictions of the poet and the novelist. Thanks to Amédée Papineau, W. Kirby, Jos. Mannette, Beaumanoir, Bigot's *Château*, is now immortalized in song.

[308] Ahatsistari, such the name of the former great Huron warrior, which Mr. Montpetit was allowed to assume when recently elected Honorary Chief of the Council of Sachems, possibly for the service rendered to the tribe as their historiographer.

[309] The French named the Wyandats, Hurons, from their style of wearing their hair—erect and thrown back, giving their head, says the Historian Ferland, the appearance of a boar's head, "*une hure de sanglier*."

[310] The Dutch called them Maquas; the English, Mohawks, probably from the name of the river Mohawk which flows into the Hudson.

[311] The Mission of St. Joseph, composed of 400 Huron families, was suddenly attacked by the Iroquois on the 4th July, 1648.

[213] St. Ignace was surprised and taken on 16th March, 1649.

[313] Ste. Marie mission-house was given to the flames by the Jesuits themselves on 15th May, 1649.

[314] St Jean was ravaged on 7th December, 1649.

[315] This parish was called after the celebrated Church of *Santa Casa*, of Loretto, in Italy. The Huron Missionary, Father Chaumonot, had arranged their huts around the church, which he had erected in imitation of the Loretto Chapel in Italy, where he had seen a vision of angels.

[316] A census of the settlement taken on 19th January, 1879, exhibits the population as composed of 326 souls, divided as follows:—Adult Males, 94; Adult Females, 137; Boys, 49; Girls, 56. Total, 336. 143

males to 193 females; bachelors must have been at a premium in the settlement. We understood that a complete history of the tribe is now in course of preparation by the Rev. Prosper Vincent, a son of Chief Vincent.

[317] An excellent sketch in French has been published of *Tahourenche* and his tribe, in the *Opinion Publique*, under the *nom de plume* of *Ahatsistari*, which we think ourselves warranted in crediting to the elegant pen of A. N. Montpetit, one of their honorary Chiefs.

[318] Probably the same as alluded to in a quaint old engraving, presented us by John Neilson, Esq., P.L.S., a son of the Hon. John Neilson, himself an honorary Chief of the Lorette Hurons. Under the portrait of Chief Nicholas is printed "Nicholas Vincent Isawanhoni," principal Christian chief and Captain of the Huron Indians, established at *La Jeune Lorette*, near Quebec, habited in the costume of his country, as when presented to his Majesty George IV. on the 7th of April, 1826, with three other chiefs of his nation, by *Generals Brock and Carpenter*; the chief bears in his hand the wampum or collar, on which is marked the tomahawk given by his late Majesty George III. The gold medal on his neck was the gift of his Majesty on this presentation.

"They were accompanied and introduced into England on the *14th December, 1824*, by Mr. W. Cooper, who though an Englishman, they state to be a chief of their nation, and better known to them as chief *Tourhaunchi*."

N.B.—It may be well to say that from the earliest times the Lorette Indians have been in the habit of electing as "Honorary Chiefs" Quebecers of note, who may have rendered service to the tribe. A large oil painting is now in the possession of William D. Campbell, Esq., of Quebec, exhibiting the installation as a Chief, in 1837, of the late Robert Symes, J.P., of Quebec.

[319] *Ononthio* means the *Great Mountain*, the name the Indians gave Governor de Montmagny and his successors.

[320] The 8 is pronounced *oui*.

[321] May, 1675, Louis XIV and Colbert granted Monsieur le Comte Talon, Intendant, the Seigniorie des Islets, "together with those three neighboring villages to us belonging the first called Bourg Royal, the second Bourg La Reine, the third, Bourg Talon, subsequently changed into the Barony of Orsainville."—(*Ferland*, Vol. II p 59.)

[322] I am happy to be able to throw some additional light on the early times of this mysterious ruin, which has much perplexed Quebec antiquaries. 'Tis probable this stately mansion was built by the great Intendant Talon as the baronial *château*, permitted by his grant, (see *Seigniorial Documents*, 1852,—page 444 and 488) according to which he was empowered to establish gaols, "a four-post gibbet, a post with an iron collar on which his arms should be engraved." Of all this redoubtable feudal pomp there are no vestiges now extant. How the *château* fared from Talon's time to Bigot's, remains a mystery.

After the conquest, the land came by purchase into the possession of the Stewart family, lately represented by Charles Grey Stewart—a most interesting and lengthy letter from Charles Stewart, describing the winter months spent in the Hermitage in 1775-6, whilst Arnold held for Congress the environs of Quebec, will be given hereafter, Mr. Wm. Crawford the late owner of the land and ruins, having kindly allowed me the use of his title deeds. I find therein stated "Charles Stewart, avocat et notaire demeurant à Québec, propriétaire du fief de Grand Pré, autrefois dit De la Mistanguenne ou Mont Plaisir, à la Canardière par acte de vente du 26 Juin 1780, devant Jean Antoine Panet, N.P., concède a titre de cens et rentes seigneuriales ... à Monsieur Jean Lees, le Jeune, Simon Fraser, le Jeune, et William Wilson, négociant en cette ville, 10 arpents de front situés dans le fief Grand Pré ou Mont Plaisir à la Canardière an lieu nommé la Montagne on l'Hermitage, prenant d'un bout, vers le sud aux terres de Joseph Bédard, et Jean Baptiste Le Roux dit Cardinal, et allant en profondeur vers le nord quatorze arpents ou environ, jusqu'à la vieille clôture du verger, icelui verger compris en la présente concession et vente, les dix arpents de front joignant du côté du sud-ouest ou fief de la Trinité, appartenant au Séminaire, et du côté du nord-ouest à la terre de Jean Chattereau, ensemble la maison à deux étages, une grange et un étable en bois, construits sur les dits dix arpents."

[*Translation.*]

"Charles Stewart, advocate and notary, residing at Quebec, proprietor of the *Fief Grand Pré*, formerly styled De la Mistanguenne or Mont Plaisir, at the Canardière, by deed of sale, bearing date the 26th June, 1780, before Jean Ant. Panet, N.P., conceded à *titre de cens et rentes Seigneuriales* ... to Mr. Jean Lees, junior, Simon Fraser, junior, and William Wilson, merchants of this city, ten arpents, in front, situated in the *Fief Grand Pré*, or Montplaisir, at the Canardière, at the place named The Mountain or the Hermitage, beginning on one side, towards the south, at the lands of Joseph Bédard and Jean

Baptiste LeRoux dit Cardinal, and running in the depth towards the north, fourteen arpents or thereabouts, to the old orchard fence—said orchard included in this concession and deed of sale, the ten arpents in part joining towards the north-west, to the *Fief de la Trinité* belonging to the (Quebec) Seminary, and on the north-east side joining the land of Jean Chattereau, together with the two-story house, barn, wooden stable, built on the said ten arpents."

The property was resold the 12th August, 1805, by John Lees, *et al.*, to Charles Stewart, Esq., Comptroller of Customs, Quebec. It is now owned by Léger Brousseau, Esq.

[323] The fascinating daughter of Lord Clifford, famous in the legendary history of England, as the mistress of Henry II. shortly before his accession to the throne, and the subject of an old ballad. She is said to have been kept by her royal lover in a secret bower at Woodstock, the approaches to which formed a labyrinth so intricate that it could only be discovered by the clew of a silken thread, which the king used for that purpose. Here Queen Eleanor discovered and poisoned her, about 1173.— (*Noted names of Fiction*, 1175. See also Woodstock—*Waverley Novels*.)

[324] I am indebted to my late old friend the Abbé Ferland for the following remark: "I visited Château Bigot during the summer of 1834. It was in the state described by Mr. Papineau in the interior, the walls were still partly papered. It must not be forgotten that about the beginning of this century a club of *Bons-vivant* used to meet frequently in the Château."

Three celebrated clubs nourished here long before the Stadacona and St. James' Club were thought of. The first was formed in Quebec, about the beginning of this century. It was originally called (after its London prototype) says Lambert, the Beef Steak Club, which name it soon changed for that of the Barons Club. It consisted of twenty-one members, "who are chiefly the principal merchants in the colony, and are styled barons. As the members drop off, their places are filled by knights elect, who are not installed as barons until there is a sufficient number to pay for the entertainment which is given on that occasion." John Lambert, during the winter of 1807, attended one of the banquets of installation, which was given in the Union Hotel (now the *Journal de Quebec* office, facing the Place d'Armes.) The Hon. Mr. Dunn, the President of the Province, and Administrator, during the absence of Sir Robert S. Milnes, attended as the oldest baron. The Chief Justice and all the principal officers of the government, civil and military, were present. This entertainment cost 250 guineas. "The Barons Club," says W. Henderson, "was a sort of *Pitt Club*,—all Tories to the back-bone. It was a very select affair—and of no long duration. Among the members, if my memory serves me right, were John Coltman, George Hamilton, Sir John Caldwell, Sir George Pownall, Herman Wistius Byland, George Heriott, (Postmaster and author) Hon. Matthew Bell, Gilbert Ainslie, Angus Shaw." (Notes of W. Henderson.)

The other club went under the appropriate name of "Sober Club,"—*lucus a non lucendo* perhaps: it flourished about 1811; we believe one of the By-laws enacted that the members were expected to get *elevated* at least once a year. It seems to be more than likely that it was the Club of Barons, and not the Sober Club, who caroused under the romantic walls of the Hermitage. The third Club flourished at Montreal in 1785 and later, it took the name of the Beaver Club) and was, I believe, composed of old *Northwesters*.

[325] It is painful to watch the successive inroads perpetrated by sportsmen and idlers on the old Château. In 1819, an old Quebecer, Mr. Frederick Wyse, visited it; doors, verandah, windows and everything else was complete. He, too, lost his way in the woods, but found it again without the help of an Indian beauty. It was then known as the haunted house, supposed to contain a deal of French treasure, and called *La Maison du Bourg Royal*.

[326] Error—he was a bachelor. These unions were not uncommon. We find the Baron de St. Castin marrying Matilda, the daughter of Madocawando—an Indian beauty; he became a famous Indian Chief, helping D'Iberville, in Acadia, and left a numerous progeny of olive colored princesses with eyes like a gazelle's.

[327] *Melospiza melodia*.

[328] *Zonotrichia leucophry*.

[329] The Hon. Mr. Dunn, Administrator of the Province in 1807, was the senior baron; Hons. Matthew Bell, John Stewart, Messrs. Muir, Irvine, Lester, McNaught, Grey Stewart, Munro, Finlay, Lymburner, Paynter; these names were doubtless also to be found amongst the Canadian barons; the Hon. Chas. de Lanaudière, once a general in the Hungarian service, was the only French Canadian member.

[330] Book of Carthon.

[331] From Travellers' Guide Book, 1829.

APPENDIX

[332] See *Quebec Past and Present*, page 34.

[333] Relation de 1665, p. 25, Journal des Jésuites, 10 juillet 1665.

[334] Lettres de Marie de l'Incarnation, lettre 76e, p. 621.

[335] Archives de la Marine, vol. Canada, T. II, de 1670 à 1676, 20 août 1670.

[336] *Ibid.*, lettres de Colbert à M. Talon, 11 février 1671.

[337] Relation de 1668, p. 3.

[338] Relation de 1667, p. 3.

[339] Archives de la Marine. Registre des dépêches de Colbert pour les Indes, 1671, fol. 18.

[340] Relation de 1672, p. 2.

[341] Archives de la Marine. Registre des dépêches, ann. 1674 et 1675. Lettre du 16 mai 1674 à M. de Frontenac.

[342] *Mémoire pour servir d'Intruction à Monsieur le Comte de Frontenac sur l'Entreprise de la Nouvelle-York*, 7 juin 1689.

[343] The names of the Huguenot families who settled New Oxford, as far as ascertained, are as follows—

1 Montee, 1 Bureau l'aîné, 1 Jermon, 1 Peter Cante, 1 Jean Maillet, 1 Elle Dupeu, 2 Ober Germon, 2 Jean Martin, 1 Andre Segourne, 1 Jean Milleton, 4 Bertrand De Tuffeau, 3 M. Baurdille, 6 Rene Grignon, M. Germaine, 5 M. Alard, M. Boudinot, Benj. Faneuil, Jean Beaudoin. 1 J. Dupeu,

[344] In 1870, when these lines were penned, the massive gates, hoary with age, were already doomed—a portion of the materials like the stones of Nelson's Abbey were robbed to build up houses near by.

[345] Memoirs de P.A. DeGaspé.

[346] The quips, pranks and *bon mots* of this jolly corps would fill a small volume. The bar was represented by the witty Chief Justice Vallière, the fun loving Charles Richard Ogden, afterwards Attorney- General, and recently Judge of the Isle of Wight; and the army by a choice spirit of the 71st, Col. Denny.

[347] Market and cemetery have since disappeared.

[348] In this niche, at the time of the conquest, could be seen, just over the door of the house, a statue of St John the Baptist. The inhabitants, fearing that the introduction of so many heretics in Sept., 1769, might subject the saint's statue to slight, had conveyed it to the General Hospital nunnery, where Mr. D. De Gaspé asserts, it is to this day. To fill its place, nothing occurred to the minds of the English, as more suitable, than the wooden image of their young hero, Wolfe. As there is a clause in the title deeds of this property making it incumbent on the owners to maintain constantly in repair "General Wolfe," the "General" it is to be hoped, will continue to flourish for many years yet—the only notable difference being that, by his elevation of late years, he appears closer to heaven than in the days of the Cholette Brothers, and therefore safer from the attacks of practical jokers, middies, &c.

[349] Where the Music Hall, Louis street, has since been erected. The first meeting of the Quebec City Corporation took place about 1834 in the same house which Miss Napier had rented.

[350] Wolfe and Montcalm's monument in process of erection in 1827, was recently restored, thanks to the efforts of Hy. Fry, Esq., and of a few other public-spirited citizens.

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