

of the General-in-Chief in his annual visit to Montreal, embodied in other memoirs addressed by Franquet to his sovereign.

The 14th January was the date selected for the departure of the quasi-regal expedition for Montreal,—quite a gala day. An invitation from the courtly Marquis to form part of it was as highly prized at Quebec as was an invitation from the French sovereign to a courtier to join the royal excursion from Paris to Marly, so says Franquet. Bigot had selected a party of the *elite*—ladies and gentlemen—to accompany with him the General as far as Pointe-aux-Trembles, twenty miles west of Quebec, on the north shore of the St. Lawrence, all were to be Bigot's guests at dinner that day and at breakfast the following morning.

The Marquis's staff consisted of Capts. de Vergar, St. Ours, La Martinière, Marin, Péau and Lieuts. St. Laurent, Le Chevalier, de la Roche and Le Mercier, whilst Bigot's party comprised Mesdames Péau, Lotbinière, Marin, de Repentigny and du Linon, with Col. Franquet, Capts. St. Vincent, Dumont, Lanaudière and Repentigny. The gay cavalcade in single sledges or in tandem left the upper town at 10 a. m. The meet took place most probably, facing the chateau St. Louis, where the great Marquis held his little court. An old-fashioned storm attended with intense cold then prevailed, the usual salvo of guns at the departure of a Governor could scarcely be heard in the howling blast and blinding snow drift, as the party drove through St. Louis Gate. Soon, we are told, diverging north to follow the Ste. Foye road, passing close to Ste. Foye church, until it reached the height of Cape Rouge, where the road skirted the hill: a dangerous spot and liable to end in an upset and violent descent into the valley below had it not been lined with trees, which kept the vehicles from rolling down from this dizzy height. No bridge existed in those days on the St. Augustin stream. His Excellency crossed on the ice. "In summer a canoe is used to ferry across foot passengers, horses ford the stream at low tide or are made to swim across at high tide."

On ascending a hill, the road runs on the St. Augustin heights to a grist mill, which adheres to the face of the hill and is set in motion by a mill-race and wooden viaduct built on trestle work over the highway. The travellers then descended by a steep and narrow road to the shore of the St. Lawrence, where the parish church of St. Angele was erected. From there the party took to the ice on the St. Lawrence and then ascended Dubois' hill, which

was so encumbered with snow that the drivers had to assist one another to get the sledges safely past one by one. After a few miles more of arduous wintry travel, Franquet dwells on the imperative duty devolving on land owners, to beat and shovel their frontage roads and to mark out the various path with evergreen bangles, balises, to guide travellers after storms; elsewhere, he notices the laborious occupation of that important official, the *Grand Voyer*, whose usefulness ceased nearly a century later, in 1840, (§) when rural municipalities undertook the care of country roads by act of Parliament.

The seigniori of Pointe-aux-Trembles de Neuville the projected stopping place, then belonged to M. de Meloises, Madame Peau's father. The vice-regal party next drew rein at the door of a convent of Congregation Nuns—founded there in 1713 by a Mr. Basset, a native of Lyons, France, two of the pious sisterhood were then in attendance. The Governor made it his head-quarters and his followers lodged in the neighboring dwellings. Col. Franquet sought for shelter at the *presbytère* of the resident priest, Revd Messire Chartier de Lallumière, the brother-in-law of Madame de Lallumière, one of the party. The Governor General came there also and claimed a bed, but the *chef de cuisine* and his staff, were duly installed at the convent, where the unfailling game of cards took place at 5 p. m.: supper was served at 10 p. m. this dispatched all retired "to court the balmy," the sweet restorer, sleep. Franquet notices that on the arrival of the Commander-in-chief, the *Capitaine de la cote* had as usual turned out the militia, 20 to 25 of whom, in a double row, lined the street, through which the General reached his stopping place from his cariole. This guard stood sentry all night notwithstanding the severity of the weather; the guard was dismissed after the departure of the Marquis. From which one can infer that the passage of a French Governor, on a cold, blustery, January night, was not always unallowed bliss, to the local militia at least.

On the 15th January, His Excellency, left at 9 a. m. for Montreal with his staff, Duchesnay, captain of his guards, Merelles, his secretary, his lackeys and two soldiers, whilst five or six carioles, with his equipage preceded his vehicle to beat the road.

On his leaving, Intendant Bigot, came to the front and took his place. He then suggested that the remaining company should spend that day at Pointe-aux-Trembles, adding that his Majordomo had brought ample supplies of good things and that they would all

drive back the next day after dinner, motion carried *nem con.*

The gambling was brisk "*l'on y joua beaucoup*," and the spread was on the same elegant style, as at Bigot's palace, in Quebec. Next day, it was cold, but bright and sunny; the whole cavalcade retraced their steps in the direction of Quebec, stopping merely, at the ferryman's house, at St. Augustin for the ladies to go in and warm themselves.

5 o'clock p. m.—by the way, the fashionable hour for a five o'clock tea—found the party re-entering the city, where a sumptuous meal, awaited them at Madame Peau's elegant mansion in St. Louis street; the party broke up there at 10 in the evening.

Such is the short but graphic sketch furnished by an eye-witness, Col. Franquet, of a winter *partie de plaisir* at Quebec, in 1753.

Franquet has left a spicy description of a summer excursion, with the gay Intendant, by water from Quebec to Montreal. Bigot, evidently from the first, considered that such an important official as Col. Franquet, ought to be "dined and wine'd" properly, when he asked the Royal Inspector to join him in a voyage to Montreal. The Government "Gondola" a long flat bateau, propelled by sails as well as by oars, left the Cul-de-Sac at Quebec, on the 24th July, 1752. It could carry 8,000 lbs, burthen, with a crew of fourteen sailors. In the center there was a space about six feet square enclosed by curtains and "with seats with blue cushions," a dais over head protected the inmates from the rays of the sun, and from rain. Choice wines, cordials, spirits, eatables—even to ready cash,—everything necessary to human sustenance or pleasure was abundantly provided. There was nothing ascetic about the bachelor Bigot. Ladies of rank, wit and beauty, felt it an honor to join his brilliant court, where they met most charming *cavaliers*—young officers of the regiments stationed at Quebec. Col. Franquet seems to have enjoyed himself amazingly, having "a good time" all through and describing some of the merry episodes which occurred on the trips at Three Rivers and other trysting places of the magnificent Intendant. What a terrible awakening, six years later, in Paris, for the faithless official when the grim old Bastille opened its remorseless portals to immure Bigot and his public plunderers of France and of Canada!

The remainder of this memoir contains some appropriate remarks on the various items of expenditure involved in these official excursions of High French Officials. Each vehicle in winter, except those for the servants