

QUARRYMAN OF COTEAU ST. LOUIS.

mountain-side where he found a bench. As for Eloise, she never appeared, never proved, more bewitching ; and old Mount Royal looked down upon the twain in their leafy, secluded bower, and no doubt quietly chuckled to itself to think of the foolhardiness of some men.

Ah, old Mount Royal ! Beautiful in each spring's verdant awakening ; a flowering lap in summer-time ; a gorgeous spectacle clothed in autumnal tints ; and silently majestic beneath the snows of winter. If its stones and trees, hills and vales, could but cry out and tell what they know, what a depth of romance would be woven in the tale thus told ! From the days when the untutored and unmolested Indian surveyed the surrounding plain from its brows ; from the days when that hardy and intrepid mariner, Jacques Cartier, first landed at Hochelaga, and so grandly named the mountain he saw in honor of his king, Francis I. ; from the days when, almost within sight of it, brave Dulac des Ormeaux and his few heroic companions fought as the centre of a circling hell that only redskin savagery knew how to plan and perpetrate as warfare ; from the days when an infant colonial city at its base saw the French and English nobility plant the standards of their kings on its soil, rally around them the cherished transferred customs of their separate courts, and embellish peace with all the heroism