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Queen Victoria's father, the stern Colonel of the 7th Fusiliers, at that time in garrison at Quebec.

The *Quebec Gazette* of the 4th March 1794, advertises the mansion as "Miss Mabane's elegant house, No. 6 Port St. Louis street;" it was then occupied by the Lord Bishop Mountain.

Next to it, is the high peaked, antique Commissariat Building, purchased in the early part of the century, from old Peter Brehant—fitted out with solid iron shutters, by the Imperial Government for the safe keeping, before the era of banks and police in Quebec, of the specie paid out to the troops and army contractors. At the departure of the Commissariat Staff, in 1871, it was put in thorough repair by the Dominion Government, and is now used as the Militia Bureau and residence of the D. A. G., Lt.-Col. T. J. Duchesnay, Commanding 7th Military District, and President of the Quebec Garrison Club.

Now we have reached the east end of St. Louis street, where it is intersected by DesCarrières street, leading to the Cape. I can scarcely forbear telling you of a sight I witnessed here in the troublous days of 1837-8. General Theller and Colonel Dodge, the Yankee sympathizers, had escaped the night previous from their cells on the Citadel, by drugging with laudanum and porter the British sentries on their beat; it was established that they had then let themselves down from the Bastion by using the flagstaff haliards. All Quebec was on the alert. The Commandant of the garrison, Sir James Macdonald, an old Waterloo veteran, had worked himself into a white heat, when he heard of the escape of the American prisoners. The sentries were doubled at the city gates; no vehicles allowed to leave, except after undergoing a searching investigation.

I can re-call the bakers' carts and other vehicles flying down St. Louis street to Prescott Gate; and fancy I can yet hear the profane language uttered by the Jehus on being challenged and stopped by the sentries. Few then were aware of the mode of escape of the distressed warriors; the captives had been concealed by those rank rebels, the "*Chasseurs Canadiens*, a secret and daring club, each member bound by a terrible oath to promote the rising of the *patriotes*."