

LIFE AT BEAUMANOIR IN 1775-6.

BY A "PAROLED" QUEBECER.

The following very curious document was handed to the undersigned, by a son of the late Charles Grey Stuart, Esq., late of the Customs, Quebec. It was written in June, 1776, by a member of the family, beneath the walls of Bigot's old chateau, at Charlesbourg, now brought so conspicuously before the reading public of Canada, in Mr. Kirby's splendid romance, LE CHIEN D'OR, and was found amongst the papers of the Stuart family.

It is perhaps the only souvenir of the kind in existence, and depicts very graphically the feelings and fate of Quebec merchants one hundred years ago. It represents a stray thread of a very mysterious and tangled skein.

J. M. LE MOINE.

Quebec, 10th April, 1877.

HERMITAGE, 25th June, 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 learn 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, altho' greatly against my inclination. I was allowed to remain peacefully 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 had 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 was told at their headquarters: their General, one Arnold, a horse jockey or ship master 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 I 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 15 miles to see an acquaintance, and when I came 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 5 miles up amongst the woods (the Hermitage) which being vacant I immediately retired to it and carried all my papers with me. Mr. Peter Stuart had gone from his house in Beauport down with his family to the Posts, and gave me the charge of it, and having heard 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 when I have remained there. The people who left the town in the fall have not been allowed to go back. Mr. A. Violon, 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 to town) and was sent to prison and kept several days. Major John Nairn was so obliging as to come out 6 or 8 days after that affair to see me: he asked why I had not been in town. I told him the reason; I had yet 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.

* Charles Stewart, advocate and notary, residing at Quebec, proprietor of the Fief Grand Pré, formerly styled DE LA MISTANGUENNE or MONTPLAIN, at the Casadière, by deed of sale, bearing date 26th June, 1780, before Jean Ant. Panet, N.P., conceded à titre de cens et rentes originaires, &c., to Mr. Jean Les, junior, Simon Fraser, junior, and William Wilson, merchants of this city, ten arpents in front situated in the Fief Grand Pré or Montplain, at the Casadière, at the place named THE MOUNTAIN or THE HERMITAGE, beginning on one side, towards the south, at the lands of Joseph Bedard and Jean Bte. Le Houz dit Cardinal, and running in depth towards the north, fourteen arpents or thereabouts, to the old orchard fence—said orchard included in this concession and deed of sale; the said ten arpents in front joining toward the south-west, to the Fief de la Trinité, belonging to the (Quebec) Seminary, and on the north-east side, joining the land of Jean Chastellain, together with the two-story house, barn and wooden stable, built on the said ten arpents.

On 12th August, 1800, this land was re-sold by John Les et al. to Charles Stewart, Comptroller of Customs, Quebec.

(Extract from the title deeds of Chateau-Bigot, now owned by Mr. W. Crawford, merchant, Quebec.)

I am going soon again to remain in town, having now learned a little of the French. I understand every word almost that is said, altho' I cannot speak it so 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 do not make use of 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.

MARKETING.

AN AMATEUR'S EXPERIENCE WITH THE BUTCHERS AND HUCKSTERS.

Few young men have the courage to go to market for the family. That is my only gamesomeness. I have always marketed since I began to keep house in cities. Being in every other respect worthless about the premises, I determined to be a necessity in this; so I bought a big basket, put a slouch hat into it, and guiltily took a street car. It seemed to me that every man, woman and child in that car expressed in their eyes astonishment that a respectable-looking man should go about that way, with a basket like a butcher boy. My heart was in my throat, but I paid my fare and buried myself in a newspaper. After the practice of some years, I think I can confidently say that I don't care a farthing who sees me with a market basket, and to that extent I feel that I am more of a man.

WHY DO WE MARKET?

The object of the slouch hat was to slip it on when I got to market, leaving the graver tile, meantime, in a neighboring hotel. But men who stand in markets are not respecters of persons, generally speaking. After the first freezing day or two, neither giving nor receiving confidence, I felt that in market, as almost anywhere, a genuine errand exacts a genuine respect.

My object in marketing was threefold: To gratify my curiosity and fancy with the sight of fresh vegetables, poultry, and the beautiful things we eat, just as they reach the great city from the country, and to see, also, the life and humor of the market. Next, to get better and fresher food than can be had at all times in the cottage markets, of which there must be 10,000 in New York—little, specious, pocket-picking places where prices are graduated to your dress and verdancy, and the amount of credit you will submit to. Running a book, as most wives do, at the grocery market, is a pernicious practice for a small purse, and once badly in debt, your marketing falls in quality. My last reason might have been first: I went to market to save money. Of course I went to Washington Market, as the larger of two markets and the most accessible by street cars, and the centre of supplies for a great part of North America. That market will be a shock to the nervous system of a strange and delicate person. It has no architecture, and it seems at first to have no permanence or order. It is muddy all around the sides, which are thoroughfares, and blocked up with carts and wagons, beset with clamoring costermongers and boys selling salt-bags and cakes of soap, and it suggests a bloody bedlam. But, after two or three trials, the apparent disorder is hardly noted; the visitor finds method, stability, sobriety and fine natured character all through that huge shamble. Indeed, I have come to believe that butchers and fish sellers are amongst the most upright tradesmen, if you seek them at headquarters. From a rather repellent task it has come to be a pleasure to go to market, and I have no brighter experience than to scour Washington Market on Wednesdays and Saturday, seeing and hearing something fresh and appetizing, and released from twenty little annoyances through the week of something "out."

HOW TO MARKET ALONE.

You shall go to market with me, Hezekiah! and see just how to do it. There is no need to carry a basket. The local express, wherever you are, will take your basket to the office, always near the market, and leave it there until you call. This system is even more perfect for the suburbs than for the city of New York. It costs 35 cents to deliver your basket to Newark, or Elizabeth; the expressman empties it when he arrives and takes the empty basket back to its hook near the market, next morning. But if you live in the city, a boy can be found to go with you to market and return on the car, about twenty-five cents. In any event you will want a boy at the market house; for lugging the basket is not the romance of marketing.

I may be supposed to come in from the country by the Jersey ferry at Courtlandt street. I stop at the express office, where half a dozen expressmen divide the rent, at a neighboring corner. There is my basket, which I know from others by its card. I pick it up and walk three short blocks, down to the corner of the market, where there is sure to be an idle boy, either selling bags or annoying some other boy.

"Do you want to carry this basket?"

"Yes, sir."

Never hire a man to take your basket. The business don't become them and they want to bargain about it after it is done. I give a cheerful boy invariably a quarter, and the last article that goes into my basket is his smile. "Smiling like a basket of chips" seems to mean something. Thirty-five cents to the express and

fifteen to twenty-five to the boy, make fifty or sixty cents. Yet, on a basketful it is economy. The little things of life cost more and more as they are bought further from the mart.

IN WITH THE BUTCHERS AND HUCKSTERS.

The market edifice you will find to be scarcely visible for the sheds stuck against it; nothing appears but an old red gable and a whole square of shanty appendages. There are hundreds of stalls within, and quaint little side aisles lead to quaint little notion stands.

Butchers are to be avoided who have a very great number of baskets and paniers sitting around their stalls, as these men deal with a rich class of customers and fill large family orders for uptown middlemen. There are people in New York who actually pay the beef, either roast or steak, one dollar a pound to the last tradesman who receives it. The cottage market sends the order to a butcher "to mind his cuts." The butcher grows to look upon every private customer as a rich man in disguise, and charges about thirty cents a pound for not extraordinary steaks. Celery bought outside the market, in the colonnade or sidewalk part, looks better than the large, dull celery within, because it is peeled and kept white. Yet you must pay for the work and get the same celery as the unwashed, in reduced quantity. Radishes now make one of the most reliable articles of sale in New York in winter; the hot house radish is delicate and full of flavor, and rather dear. Lettuce in winter is also dear; much of it comes from Boston.

Very soon the large wagons will begin to arrive around the market laden with cauliflower and early cabbage; they sell at retail or by the barrel load.

About all the butter in the market is from New York State, the best selling at thirty-two to thirty-five cents. Philadelphia's pound butter is found at some of the fancy grocery stores up town, often bringing eighty cents a pound. It is worth fifty to sixty cents in Philadelphia in mid-winter. Almost every cheese made in Europe is now produced in the United States in equal quality. I particularly like the American fromage de brie and Sweitzer case. Hand-made hominy such as negroes break for Philadelphia and Baltimore, is seldom seen in our markets; it is superior to New York hominy for the table. Scraped is sold at only one stand in Washington Market; it is an almost universal article of food in Philadelphia, and is made of Indian meal infused with the boilings of fresh pork, moulded into a loaf and sliced and fried, and is exceedingly wholesome and palatable.

Dried fruits, such as prunes, figs, peaches, etc., are generally found at the German dry grocery stalls.

WHAT IT COSTS.

Here is my last market bill. No apology is made for its plainness:

Table listing market items and prices: 8 lbs. roast beef \$1.44, Apples 1 peck 15, Shad 50, salt mackerel No. 1 40, Lettuce 25, mutton kidneys 25, Celery 15, lobster 20, Soup meat 25, Soup herbs 10, Macaroni 20, Boy 25, Peas 10, Express 35, Saurkraut 10, Salt pork for kraut 20.

Now, distribute this marketing into meals for a plain family of four and servant.

The two mackerel make two breakfasts.

The roast of beef makes two dinners and probably a breakfast stew.

The shad makes one breakfast.

The saurkraut and pork make a family lunch.

The mutton kidneys and lettuce make a lunch or a supper. The soup herbs and soup meat do twice for dinner. There are four vegetables and fruit in your basket.

In short, with the eggs and groceries previously in stock at home, the family is provided for till next Wednesday, market day again.

Washington Market is not merely a meat and vegetable shop; it is full of German stalls, where condiments and pickles, French mustard and catnip, and sauces and dried fruit can be had at prices far cheaper than in stores with expensive rents. It is also beset with peddlers of all wares, selling down to market figures. "Here's yer Castile soap, eight cents a cake." "Yer's yer patent spring scale for housekeepers' weighing, fifteen cents." "Try my nice ham for a shillin' a pound." "A knife and fork for ten cents." "Hand-knit stockings at only sixty cents a pair; they'll outwear five pair o' machine-knit." Such are some of the literal cries.

TIMELY HINTS.

There is a small basket, half or quarter the size of a full market basket, which costs about sixty cents, of flags with covers which fasten down. It is as refined looking as a dressing box or any other nondescript parcel and dispenses with both boy and expressman, for it can be left at market in the morning and called for after business, and on Saturdays the butchers and traders keep open till midnight. Saturday night is a lively sight around Washington Market, with the torches blazing, the costermongers shouting, the surrounding streets light as day and packed with buyers, and skylarking on every side. Here is a snack picked up with a lunch bag the other day:

Table listing items and prices: A beef kidney 18, 1 1/2 lbs. tripe 10, 2 1/2 lbs. Trenton sausage 32, 8 mutton kidneys 22, Total 82.

Soup herbs are bought by the ten cents' worth, or in greater proportions. My man, a heavy, honest man, pulls out a dime's worth as follows: 2 carrots, 2 leeks, parsley, 1 turnip, 1 celery root. This makes a rich vegetable soup, two boilings or four times for dinner. Soup meat in the flesh

costs 6 to 8 cents a pound, and the smaller butchers will generally break a shin or shank for a family customer.

Fish-buying is always a visit of interest. The salt fishmonger with his bunches of bladders at fifteen cents the half dozen, his salted lobster and carefully laid out mackerel, shad and salmon, stands in propinquity to the green fishmonger, whose expert scaler and gutter is in a state of everlasting balance with a knife in one hand and expectation in the other, ready to split a shad down the back for a customer, to discuss the relative merits of taking lobster home alive or boiled, and to clean even a shilling's worth of perch. The fishmonger will divide a string of almost anything; his scollops go in little papers. Behind him is the oyster dealer, smart as a whip, and the next aristocrat below a boss butcher.

N. Y. Graphic.

LAERTES.

THE GOSPEL OF MERIT.

When there is so much rivalry in the manufacture of family medicines, he who would succeed must give positive and convincing proof of merit. This is an age of inquiry. People take nothing for granted. They must know the "whys" and "wherefors" before acknowledging the superiority of one article over another. Among the few preparations that have stood the test, those manufactured by R. V. Pierce, M. D., of the World's Dispensary, Buffalo, N. Y., have for many years been foremost. The truth of any statement made concerning them can easily be ascertained, for Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy and Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery are now prescribed by many physicians in curing obstinate cases of Catarrh and incipient Consumption. The discovery has no equal in curing Coughs, Colds, Bronchial and Nervous Affections. It allays all irritation of the mucous membrane, aids digestion, and when used with Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets, readily overcomes torpid liver and Constipation, while the favorite Prescription has no rival in the field of prepared medicine in curing diseases peculiar to Females. If you wish to "know thyself" procure a copy of "The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser," an illustrated book of nearly 1000 pages, adapted to the wants of everybody. Price \$1.50, postage prepaid. Address the author, R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

Solutions to Problems sent in by Correspondents will be duly acknowledged.

All communications intended for this department to be addressed Chess Editor, Office of CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, Montreal.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

H. A. C. F., Montreal.—The problem of which you speak shall be inserted, but you have not sent us the solution as promised.

W. J. R. B., Montreal.—Correct Solution of Problem No. 116 received.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Many thanks for letter and solutions. The games shall appear very shortly. Correct Solution of Problem No. 116 came to hand.

W. A., Montreal.—We were glad to get the games time for insertion. Many thanks.

Student, Montreal.—Correct solution of Problem No. 117 received.

E. B. S., Stayner, Ont.—Correct Solution of Problem No. 115 received. The solution of Problem No. 115 as given in our column is correct. The variations of this excellent composition were omitted for want of space.

Supposing Black's first move to be K to K B 4, White checks with Q at K B 3, and mates with the R next move, should Black's first move be K to Q 5, the White Q moves to K R 4 and mates accordingly.

E. A. J. C., Quebec.—Correct solution of Problem No. 116 received.

M. J. M., Quebec.—Many thanks for the Problems. They shall receive early attention.

We insert in our Column this week Mr. Atkinson's letter, and shall be glad to have the opinions of others on a subject which is occupying the attention of Chess players to a considerable extent, at the present time.

To the Editor of the Chess Column.

Canadian Illustrated News.

SIR.—Some few months ago you asked your correspondents for their views on chess problems, and especially with regard to the laws which should govern their construction, and the qualities which should be considered as the best test of their comparative merits. Expecting that others would do likewise, I gave you my views in a letter which I inserted in your column last December; but, so far, I am not aware that you have received any other letters on this subject. This is very strange, and is much to be regretted. It cannot be that there is any lack of interest in the subject, for there are many good problem composers in Canada, and plenty of players ready and eager to solve their productions. The city of Toronto boasts of several good players and problem composers; as also Hamilton, London, Seabrook, Cobourg and many smaller towns in Ontario; while, in this province, Montreal and Sherbrooke show a lively interest in the Royal game, and even the sleepy old Capital occasionally sends an excellent problem for your Column. Yet with all these evidences of interest in the game, it seems impossible to find even two chess-players willing to commit themselves to a decided expression of opinion on the subject of problems. As I said before, this is much to be regretted.

There is one point in particular in regard to which I should be glad, in common with yourself, to hear some words from any of your correspondents who may be disposed to state their views: this is the vexed question of duals. Many are inclined to take a lenient view of this fault; while, on the other hand there are a few who are very severe in condemning it. For my own part, I cannot see how a dual can be such an unpardonable offense. It appears to me much like condemning a beautiful thought because it happens that it can be equally well expressed in two different languages; or it is like refusing to visit a highly favoured spot because, forsooth, there are two roads by which it may be approached! In reply to those who condemn duals, an English Chess Magazine quotes the following lines from Pope, which, though used in allusion to music, will equally apply to problem composition: he says that it—

"resembles poetry: in such Are nameless graces, which no methods teach, And which a master-hand alone can reach. If, where the rules not far enough extend, (Since rules were made but to promote their end) Some lucky licence answers to the full, 'Tis instant proposed, that licence is a rule."