

*NICOLET.*

to the age of 102 years, and then did not die of old age but of charbon, after an illness of only two hours. The first house she lived in in Nicolet is still the solid stone house occupied by a librarian near the Ville Marie Bank, and second house from the river.

Mrs. T. still resides with her three daughters in the comfortable cottage they have owned and lived in for 36 years. The old lady points with pride to various old prints and engravings, some 150 years old, which would rejoice the heart of an amateur of antiquities. And then, to my surprise, shows me a photograph. "Do you know whose portrait that is?" asks Mrs. T. "Why," I answer, "that is the son of my own first cousin, Lieut. C. F., whose mother was my father's sister." "Yes; and, wonderful to relate," continues the old lady, "I knew that baby's great grandmother before her marriage, though I have never seen her since, and I got that portrait because her grandson is married to a connection of mine."

And now of Nicolet proper. Its seminary originally was but a simple school in 1801, founded by the will of Mr. Brassard, curé of Nicolet, and transformed into a classical college by Mgr. Dinant, bishop of Quebec. But its