

abouts. Our best authority on Canadian history, particularly on old French Canada, is Parkman.\* He says, "La Salle set apart a common two hundred arpents in extent, for the use of the settlers, on condition of the payment by each of five sous a year. He reserved four hundred and twenty arpents for his own personal domain. He had traced out the circuit of a palisaded village and assigned to each settler half an arpent, or about the third of an acre, within the enclosure." These facts cannot be disputed; the reserved homestead must have been as well-known to La Salle himself as the common ground is now publicly known, and to a man of La Salle's taste for the beautiful, what more attractive spot could he have chosen? Here, be it remembered, was a trading post fifty years old, and the most important one on the continent.

Between the years 1673 and 1676 Cuillerier converted the old fur post into a fort constructed of wood, and later on, between 1689 and 1713, the present stone building was constructed and used as a trading post by the Cuilleriers. At this important place in 1689 Vaudreuil on his return from the scene of the massacre of Lachine rested with his five hundred men before going to Montreal. Imagination fondly stoops to trace the picture of those far-off days nearly three centuries ago, when Champlain stood at the foot of the present Fraser hill, at the head of that once beautiful little bay—now destroyed by the water works' basin—which stretched down to the eastern boundary of the English king's posts, and was the first smooth water from which a canoe could shoot out to reach the channel of the river above the rapids. We see him surrounded by his escort band of wild Iroquois, their canoes hauled up on the quiet shore beneath the shade of the far-spreading primeval elms, ready to embark, to sail down the Lachine rapids. There was not a foundation stone then laid in this now great city of Montreal. The novelty and the excitement of the perilous voyage must have made him oblivious to its danger.

La Salle was seigneur of Lachine and the founder of the palisaded village consisting of fourteen acres, seven acres front by two deep, between the present cross-road and the windmill. To this village he transferred the fur-trading business from Champlain's old fur post. But from all we can gather it does not appear that La Salle was a man of business or of trade. Jean Millot, a trader of Ville Marie, Montreal, was the leading spirit and afterwards purchased La Salle's rights to the village. It is a curious fact that after La Salle departed and the attempt by Millot to establish the fur trade in the palisaded village had failed, Cuillerier arrived and re-established the business at Champlain's old post, and the Cuilleriers and their successors carried it on for nearly a century. There is not now, and there has not been for the past hundred years, a vestige remaining of the "palisaded village" of 1666; buildings and palisades were all constructed of wood, and have long ago crumbled and mingled with the dust of ages.

Who planted those almost giant pear-trees, said to have been two hundred years old in 1814, when my grandfather took possession of this old homestead? How old were they in La Salle's day, and did he partake of their fruit? They must have been planted by the people in charge of Champlain's trading post long before the days of the Cuilleriers. I can easily mark the spots on which fifty-two of these trees stood in my young years. One was so large and so open in the heart that the largest man on the farm could stand upright inside of it. I have never since seen elsewhere such pears—French pears—as that tree bore. They ripened about the middle of August, and the *pomme gries* were double the size of any now produced; the *famues* and the *Bourasa* with its leather like skin, were a treat in midwinter; and the *bon Chretien* pear was delicious.

During my grandfather's lifetime, as well as my father's, this old home was known to every Highlander in Canada and the far north. It was the resort of the Scotch gentlemen of the Hudson Bay company; and the Simpsons, the Raes, Mackenzies, Mackays, Keiths, Rowands, and McTavishes, for some years during my mother's life used to walk down to the old homestead on a Sunday afternoon, after service in the Scotch kirk, to enjoy a real Highland treat of "curds and cream and oatmeal bread," with pears and apples in season. And the young gentlemen could there expatiate freely over the scenes of their early homes in the Highlands of Scotland, in their own mother tongue, the Gaelic. My mother was courteous to them because she had a brother, Paul Fraser, serving in the North West, who afterwards became a chief factor in the Hudson Bay company. The Highlanders of Glengarry made this their stopping-place when they came down to Montreal in winter-time with their sleigh-loads of butter and pork. I have seen six double sleighs arrive at once. The men would leave their loads until they found sale for them in Montreal, then drive in and deliver the goods. There was always plenty of food for man and beast, with a true Highland welcome. Such were the grand old days of Canadian hospitality. Captain Allan, the father of all the Allans and the founder of the Allan's line of steamers, for several years paid annual visits to the old Fraser home, obtaining his supplies of *pomme gries*, which he carried to Glasgow, then to the West Indies, back again to Glasgow, and to Montreal the following spring, the apples keeping quite sound. Few people are now living who saw that antique homestead before the west end kitchen addition was built in 1829, with its

"Normandy stairway" (outside) and its old French window, or door, opening into the flower garden and pear orchard. The old "slave house" stood within thirty feet, to the west of the house; and the stone building now used as a barn, standing behind the house, was a mystery to all visitors, as it had gun-holes on the front, rear, and sides. It was formerly a storehouse, we suppose; but why the gun-holes? There were remains of palisades behind that old building, which run down to the rear of the ruins of Fort Cuillerier. The front of the farm, three acres by two in depth, must have been palisaded in 1689, when Vaudreuil encamped there with his five hundred men the night after the massacre of Lachine. The old stone wall, ten feet high, three acres in front by four deep, seems to have been built in the days of the Cuilleriers.

The writer is preparing, after an absence of nearly fifty years, to return to the old homestead, to seek shelter within its antiquated walls, to live under the shadow of its far-spreading ancestral elms, and to watch over the growth of a promising young pear orchard, as the exiled Acadians of old returned to live and die amid the scenes of their young days upon the shores of the Basin of Minas.

JOHN FRASER.

### BY THE SEA.

On the shore of the sad-voiced sea  
In the twilight gloom I lie,  
With the grey sky over me,  
And the sentinel light-house nigh.

Afar o'er the waste are the ships  
That the moonlight glances o'er,  
And near me, with hungry lips,  
The waves that lap the shore.

And I think of the ships that sail  
Away in their lordly state,  
From which come never a tale  
Of good or evil fate.

And I think of the castles fair  
That we built by river and stream,  
That have melted away in the air  
Like a dream, an idle dream.

Like the ships that never come back—  
Like the leaves borne off by the tide—  
Like the meteor's lightning track—  
Like the rose that has bloomed and died.

St. John, N. B.

H. L. SPENCER.

### ART NOTES.

THE great art masterpieces in the new gallery at Antwerp are fixed to sliding panels, so that at the first alarm of fire they can be sunk through the floors into cellars beneath.

SIDNEY COOPER, the famous British painter, is now eighty-seven years old. He still possesses excellent health and gives five or six hours a day to painting. He sleeps nine hours out of the twenty-four and lives abstemiously.

THERE are now in Paris 42,646 persons who claim the designation of "artist." They comprise painters, sculptors, designers, engravers, wood carvers, painters on porcelain, also actors, singers, musicians and public performers of every grade. About 20,000, or nearly half the total number, belong to the fair sex.

THE Winter Exhibition of the Royal Society of British Artists is really very fine this year, both in variety of subjects and thoroughness of treatment. Several distinguished members of the Royal Anglo-Australian Society exhibit novel and worthy works. Mr. William Strutt has been studying cats, and he has painted with great power and keen perception a novel feline picture, entitled "The Milky Way," representing a cat in a dairy, watching, with wicked chuckling, a struggling mouse swimming through the cream in a large milk pan. In this painting, colour, effect and general harmony are wonderfully sustained. The *Graphic* has recognized the originality of the subject by deciding to shortly publish an engraving thereof. Mr. Strutt's other works are "Little Kitty," a small kitten wandering among wild roses, etc., and a landscape scene with a love making Georgian soldier. Mr. Alfred W. Strutt is represented by a water-colour of a St. Bernard, which he calls "Of Noble Blood," and by a piece entitled "A Morning Call," wherein a country girl is amid a crowd of poultry pressing round her to be fed. This is a piece of difficult work, and has been exceedingly cleverly executed.—*The Colonies and India*.

A SOCIETY has recently been established in London to foster the indigenous decorative arts of India, and, if possible, to preserve their distinctive characteristics. It proposes to further these objects "by encouraging the artisans in every province of the country to continue in the practice of their hereditary handicrafts, notwithstanding the pressure of the commercial competition to which they are being subjected through the great development of the modern trade between the West and East, and the inducements that are often held out to them to copy unsuitable and incongruous Western designs." The society hopes to extend among European purchasers and patrons a taste for genuine Indian art work, and promises to do its utmost to

enlist the sympathy and support of Her Majesty's feudatories "in conserving the local arts and decorative handicrafts of their several States." Such assistance as the Indian Governments, Supreme and Provincial, are able to give in promoting the operations of the society may be, the organizers say, confidently counted upon. As showing the need of the society, it is pointed out that the intrinsic qualities of Indian art are in great peril of being lost to the world. "Already the Indian handicrafts are being discredited by the prevailing rage for cheapness. The example of meretricious Western taste has had a deteriorating influence on those Indian artists who have been brought within its influence, and a depressing effect on others who have persisted in faithfully following the traditional principles and processes on which true Eastern art is everywhere based."

### MUSIC AND DRAMA.

AN amusing incident occurred recently at Esseg, in Austria. In a play, called "Die Hochzeit von Valein," the heroine has to die, her death being brought about by a villain who shoots her with a pistol. At the critical moment the weapon misses fire; but the actor was equal to the emergency, and exclaimed at once: "Die, then, the first victim of smokeless powder!"

ANTON RUBINSTEIN, says *Galignani*, resigns his place at the head of the St. Petersburg Conservatory of Music and leaves Russia finally, because of the anti-Jewish prejudice. Rubinstein was born a Jew, and long ago joined the Greek Church, but this does not protect him from the race hatred, nor does his great popularity or his connection by marriage with the aristocracy. His Hebrew birth affects his social standing, and he will not remain longer in his native land.

MR. LOUIS LOMBARD, of the Utica Conservatory of Music, says Germans make the best pupils, being more thorough, patient and obedient than any others. Hebrews he finds extremely gifted, with also good studying qualities. French are tasteful and refined, but apt to be capricious. Americans are clever rather than artistic, perceptive, and would be able to accomplish much more than they do if they could be brought to recognize discipline and the necessity for thoroughness.

WHILE we cannot take the hopelessly pessimistic views of Rubinstein about music, we are nevertheless forced to admit with the great Russian master that there is an interregnum in musical productivity. Rubinstein thinks with Chopin's death the era of originality closed; certainly, the Polish composer, in all that pertained to forceful and graceful ideas, exquisite technic of composition and daring innovations in harmony, must be ranked very highly indeed; but his sphere was narrow, and it really speaks volumes for his power to so have impressed us when you realize that he wrote his best thoughts for the piano. But since Chopin, Schumann died. Brahms lives, Gade has just expired. Rubinstein himself has done some remarkable, though badly balanced work, and Dvorak is still comparatively a young man. The outlook now on this last day of the year of grace 1890 cannot be said to be a particularly promising one.—*Musical Courier*.

ALBANI, in answer to a request for advice to young singers, gives an outline of her own musical training, which began when she was four years old, and had advanced to such a point when she was eight years of age that she could read and play at sight all the principal works of Beethoven, Mozart, Haydn, Handel and other classical writers. She considers it of great importance that any child who possesses a talent for music should be made familiar as soon as possible with the works of the best masters, that the highest ideal of true music may be early established. At fourteen she sang, as first soprano, in St. Joseph's Church in Albany, all Mozart's and Cherubini's masses, and Beethoven's great mass in D, and feels that, instead of injuring her voice by such severe work at an early age, she owes her subsequent successes to this early training. From Albany she went to Paris, and afterwards to Milan to study under Lamperti, whose pure Italian method she considers the only one under which an artist can sing properly, with a right and true production of the voice, and a correct method of breathing. This master never allows his pupils to sing for more than twenty minutes at a time, with an hour's rest between each period of practice. She insists that Wagner's music cannot injure a singer with a good method, and that it is only some youthful vocalist without a good method that is ever really hurt by singing any music that is written. Von Bülow said the first time he heard Albani in "Lohengrin": "If she will go to Germany she will prove to the Germans that Wagner can be sung." He advises the young artist, too, to learn all the traditions of the intention of each composer concerning the work under consideration and to study whenever possible with the composer, or with those most familiar with his methods and discipline. The best diet for a singer is the good, plain nourishing varieties, avoiding everything injurious to the health, especially nuts, which affect the throat as well as the digestion. A regular life is essential to the perfection of musical talent, and to the life of an artist the inspiration of fine music, fine acting, beautiful pictures, clever books, cultured people and congenial surroundings are all of serious importance, for he or she who can appreciate all that is best and beautiful will, perhaps, in that very capability become the greater artist.—*Sun*.

\* We commend to Mr. Fraser Kingsford's admirable work.—ED.