

ERIC AND ELSIE.

(From the Danish.)

It was the good Sir Eric
Came spurring to the sea,
And to woo the beautiful Elsie,
From his castle high rode he.

They plighted their troth together,
And sealed it with seals of gold;
But a month and a day thereafter,
The good knight slept in the mould.

Now, alas! for the Lady Elsie,
She made such bitter moan,
That the dead Sir Eric heard her
From his grave in the churchyard lone.

Up rose the dead Sir Eric,
All in his shroud of white,
And to his true-love's bower
Stole softly through the night.

He tapped at his true-love's bower
With his hand so long and thin,
"I pray thee, dearest Elsie,
Let thy loving bridegroom in."

But this dear lady answered,
"I cannot open the door,
Till Jesu's name thou namest
As thou wast wont before."

"Rise, oh rise, dear Elsie,
Nor fear to unbar the door;
I can name the blessed Jesu,
As I was wont before."

Up rose the weeping Elsie,
And her bower opened wide,
And the dead Sir Eric entered,
And sat by her bedside.

With her golden comb his true-love
Combed out his tresses dear,
And each fair lock, as she kissed it,
She bathed with the bitter tear;

And "Oh, tell me, dearest Eric,
By thy Elsie's love," she said,
"How fares it since they laid thee
In thy dark and lonesome bed?"

"Whenever thy sorrow, Elsie,
Is soothed in sacred prayer,
Forthwith my gloomy coffin
Is filled with roses fair;

"But whenever, oh! my Elsie,
Thy grief is wild and loud,
Thou soft and fragrant roses
Turn to tears upon my shroud.

"Dost hear the red cock crowing?
I must no longer stay;
'Tis the hour—the churchyard claims us
The sad hour before the day."

So the good Sir Eric turned him,
Deep sighing, from the door,
And to the lonely churchyard
Went silently once more.

But Elsie followed after,
And clasped her true-love's hand,
And forth they fared together
To the dark and dreadful land.

They could not speak for sorrow;
The grave, too, soon was nigh
And Sir Eric's fair hair faded
As flames to ashes die,

Till, as they stood together,
Where the dead man's tomb was made,
Whilst his cheeks grew wan and hollow,
Sir Eric faintly said:

"Look up to the sky, my Elsie,
For my moments swiftly fail,
Look up, and tell me truly,
Is this the dawning pale?"

She turned her sad face from him,
Toward the coming light,
When straight the good Sir Eric
Softly melted out of sight.

To her bower went poor Elsie,
And prayed to Jesu blest,
That ere the year was over
She, too, might be at rest;

But the month and the day thereafter
Upon her bier she lay,
And now, with good Sir Eric,
Awaits the Judgment Day.

THE AUTHOR OF "SONGS OF KILLARNEY."

A HISTORICAL SKETCH OF THE STREETS OF QUEBEC.

By the Author of "Album du Touriste, &c."

"You never tread upon them but you see
Your feet about some ancient history."

The following paper will be read with interest, not only in Quebec and its environs, but all over the Dominion, on account of the valuable information which it contains and the presentation of that information in an attractive form. The name of Mr. Le Moine is a sufficient guarantee of accuracy. We should like to see such historical accounts of our principal cities, especially the older ones, more frequently published. We are indebted for the translation of Mr. Le Moine's work to Mr. Aylmer, of Cap Santé.

The Upper Town with its grand oaks, its leafy walnut trees, its majestic elms, when it formed part of the primeval forest, must have been a locality abounding in game. If Champlain and his brother-in-law, Boullé, as well as his other friends of the Lower Town,* had been less eager in hunting other inhabitants of the forest infinitely more dreaded (The Iroquois), instead of simply making mention of the foxes, which prowled about the residency (*l'habitation*) they would have noted down some of the hunting raids which were probably made on the wooded declivities of Cape Diamond and in the thickets of the *Coteau Sainte Geneviève*, more especially when the scurvy or the dearth of provisions rendered indispensable, the use of fresh meats, we should have heard of grouse, woodcocks, hares, beavers, foxes, *cariboux*, bears,

* Champlain dwelled first as we know, at the residence which stood near the site of the Lower Town Church of *Notre Dame des Victoires*.

at that period as the probable denizens of the mountains and valleys of ancient Stadacona.

In 1617, the chase had doubtless to give way to tillage of the soil, when the first resident of the Upper Town, the apothecary Louis Hébert, established there his hearth and home. In that year, "he presently," says the Abbé Ferland, "commenced "to grub up and clear the ground, on the "site of which the Roman Catholic Cathedral and "the Seminary adjoining now stand, and that "portion of the Upper Town which extends from "St. Famille Street up to the *Hôtel-Dieu*. He "constructed a house and a mill near that part of "St. Joseph Street, where it received St. François "and St. Xavier streets. These edifices appear "to have been the first which were erected in "the locality, now occupied by the Upper "Town." At that period, there could have existed none other than narrow paths, irregular avenues following the sinuosities of the forest. In the course of time, these narrow paths became levelled and widened. Champlain and Sir David Kirk occupied themselves very little with highways. Overseers of roads and *Grand Voyers* were not then dreamed of in *La Nouvelle France*.

One of the first projects of the Governor de Montmagny, after having fortified the place, was to prepare a plan of the city, to lay out, widen and straighten the streets, assuredly not without need. Had he further extended this useful reform, our Municipal Corporation, to-day, would have been spared a great amount of vexation, and the public in general, much annoyance. On the 17th November, 1623, a roadway, or descent, leading to the Lower Town had been effected, less dangerous than that which had previously existed.

In the summer season, our forefathers journeyed by water, generally in birch-bark canoes. In winter, they had recourse to snow shoes. To what year can we fix the advent of wheeled vehicles? We have been unable to discover. The first horse consigned to the Governor of the colony, arrived from France, in 1648. Did His Excellency use him as a saddle horse only? or on the occasion of a New Year's day, when he went to pay his respects to the Jesuit Fathers, and to the good ladies of the Ursulines to present, with the compliments of the season, the usual New Year's gifts? was he driven in a *Cariole* and in a *Calèche*, in the summer season? Here again, is a nut to crack for our antiquaries.

Although there were horned cattle at Quebec, in 1623, oxen for the purpose of ploughing the land, were first used on the 27th of April, 1628.

On the 16th of July, 1665, (†) a French ship brought twelve horses. These were doubtless the mountings (steeds), of the brilliant staff of the great Marquis de Tracy, Viceroy. These dashing military followers of Colonel de Salières this *jeunesse dorée* of the Marquis de Tracy, mounted on these twelve French chargers, which the aborigines named "the moose-deer (*originaux*) of Europe," doubtless cut a great figure at Quebec. Did there exist *Tandems*, driving clubs in 1665? *Quiensabe*? They were not all saints such as Paul Dupuy, (‡) these military swells of Colonel de Salières! Major Lafreidiere, for instance, might have vied with the most outrageous rake which the *Guards* of Queen Victoria may have numbered in the Colony, two centuries later.

If there were, at Quebec, twelve horses for the use of gentlemen, they were doubtless suffered not to remain idle in the stable; the rugged paths of the Upper Town must be levelled and widened, the public highway cease being reserved for pedestrians only. This is what we wanted to arrive at.

In reality, the streets of Quebec grew rapidly into importance in 1665. The improvements effected during the administration of the Chevalier de Montmagny had been much appreciated. The illustrious Chevalier had his Saint Louis, Saint Anne, Richelieu, D'Aiguillon, St. John streets, to do honor to his Master Louis XIII; his Queen, the beautiful Anne of Austria; the Duke of Richelieu; his niece, La Duchesse D'Aiguillon; the good priest, St. Sauveur.

In the last century, St. Louis street was inhabited by many eminent persons. Chief Justice Sewell resided in the mansion, now occupied as the Lieutenant-Governor's offices; this eminent jurist died in 1839. The mansion of Mr. de Lotbinière was the residence of the *chère amie* of M. Bigot, (the *Intendant*), Madame Péan, in which the late Judge Elmsley resided about the year 1813, and which the Government subsequently purchased to serve as an Officer's Barracks. Nearly opposite the Court House, (burned in 1872), stands the "Kent House" in which His Royal Highness, the late Duke of Kent, resided, 1791-4. (§) No. 42 St. Louis street, is the house which belonged to the cooper, François Gobert, now become historical, in which were deposited the remains of General Montgomery, on the 31st December, 1775.

The Abbé Vignal resided at the corner of this and Parloir street, previously to joining the Sulpiciens; in 1661, he was roasted alive and eaten by the Indians at *Prairie de la Magdeleine*, near Montreal. In our day, the Judicial and Parliamentary Heads, and the advocates have monopolized it. In it, we find Sir N. F. Belleau,

† These gifts consisted of wine (Spanish), meat pies (*tourtières*), capons, books of devotion, etc.—(See *Jesuit's Journal*).

‡ Histoire de la Colonie Française en Canada. Vol. III., p. 384.

§ Histoire de l'Hôtel-Dieu de Quebec, (Mère Duchesneau, 511.

§ To Let.—That elegant house, No. 6 Port Louis St. lately occupied by H. R. H. Prince Edward, and at present by the Lord Bishop of Quebec. For particulars, apply to Miss Mabane, or to Munro & Bell, Quebec.—4th March, 1794. (Quebec Gazette—1794.)

Chief Justice Duval, the Judges Taschereau, Tessier, Bossé, Caron, Hon. L. H. Langevin, Messieurs P. Pelletier, H. Taschereau, Members of Parliament, Messrs. Bonas, Languedoc, Hamel, Deschêne, Parkin, Dunbar, *cum multis aliis*, whose clients are as early birds as in the days of Horace. "Sub cantu galli."

"On ascending from the Lower to the Upper Town by a tortuous road, contrived betwixt the rocks, and on the right side hand, we reach the Cemetery. This road, which terminated at the Parish Church, divided itself into two,—on one side it led to the Jesuits and to the Hospital (*Hôtel-Dieu*),—and on the other, to the Indian Fort (¶) and to the Castle of Saint Louis. The Castle, or King's Fort, guarded by soldiers night and day, under the orders of the Governor, was of an irregular shape, flanked by bastions, fortified by pieces of artillery and contained in its interior several *suites* of apartments separated one from the other. At the distance of about forty toises (240 feet,) from the Castle was seen, on the south side, a small garden fenced in, for the use of the Governor, and in front, towards the west, was the *Place d'Armes*, (now the *Ring*), in the form of a Trapezium.

On one of the sides of this place, could be seen a building devoted to the administration of Justice (*Séneschals Jurisdiction*), and which bore the name of "The Palace." It was doubtless there that, in 1664, the Supreme Council held its sessions. From the *Place d'Armes*, the higher road (*grande allée*) took its departure and led to Cap-Rouge. On the right and left of this road, were several small lots of land given to certain persons for the purpose of being built upon. The Indian Fort was that entrenchment of which we have spoken, which served as a last hiding place to the sad remains of the once powerful Huron nation, forming in all eighty-four souls, in the year 1665. It continued to be occupied by them up to the peace with the Iroquois. After the arrival of the troops, they took their departure in order to devote themselves to the cultivation of the lands.

Besides the buildings of the Reverend Jesuit Fathers, those of the Religious Ladies (nuns,) and those of the Hospital (*Hôtel-Dieu*), in the Upper Town, could be seen a house situated behind the Altar part of the Parish Church, where dwelt Monseigneur de Laval. It was, probably, what he called his Seminary, and where he caused some young men to be educated, destined afterwards for the priesthood.

It was at the Seminary the good Prelate resided with his priests to the number of eight which, at that period, comprised all the Secular Clergy of Quebec. There, also, was the Church of Notre-Dame in form of a Latin cross. (**)

Couillard Street cuts up one of the most important personages of the era of Champlain, Guillaume Couillard, the ancestor of Madame Alexandre DeLery née Couillard. It would fill a volume to retrace the historical incidents which attach themselves to "La Grande Place du Fort" (now called the *Ring*). We have pointed out a goodly number in the first pages (10-16,) of the "Album du Touriste." To what we have already said we shall add the following details:

It would appear that on the site upon which the Union Hotel was built, (1804,) now occupied by the offices of the *Journal de Quebec*, resided the Governor D'Aillebout, about the year 1650. He had reserved to himself, on the 10th January, 1649, the portion of ground comprised between Fort and Treasury streets on the one side, and the streets Buadé and Ste. Anne on the other side, at the corner of Treasury and Buadé streets, on the west Jean Côté possessed a piece of ground (*emplacement*) which he presented as a dowry in 1649, to his daughter Simonne who married Pierre Soumandre.

The grounds of the Archiepiscopacy formed part of the field possessed by Couillard, whose house stood in the now existing garden of the Seminary, opposite the gate which faces the principal Alley, the foundations of which were discovered or brought to light by the Abbé Laverdière, in 1866.

Laval, Attorney-General D'Autenil, Louis de Buadé, Ste. Hélène, (†) seem to come back to life in the ancient trees of the same name, whilst those of "Frontenac, Iberville, Fiedmont," are brought to one's recollection, in the modern street. The old Scotch pilot, Abraham Martin, (who, according to the Jesuits' Journal, was a bit of a scamp), owned a domain of thirty-two acres of land in St. John's Suburbs, which were bounded, towards the North, by the hill which now bears his name (La Côte d'Abraham.)

Mythology has exacted a tribute on a strip of ground in the St. Louis Suburbs. The chief Priest of the Pagan Olympus boasts of his lane, "Jupiter Street," called after a celebrated inn, "Jupiter's Inn." Modern astronomy, also, asserts herself in the street "Arago." (‡)

¶ The Indian Fort (*Fort des Hurons*), was built to protect the unfortunate Hurons who, after the butchery of 1642-49, had sought refuge at Quebec. It is conspicuous in an old Plan of Quebec of 1664, published by Abbé Faillon. It stood on the northern slope of Durham Terrace, on the site to the east of the present Post-Office.

** Faillon.

† The Canadian Hero. It is also asserted this street (Ste. Hélène), was named after the Reverend Mother Ste. Hélène, Superior of the *Hôtel Dieu*—(Mlle. Regnard du Plessis).

‡ We read in the Municipal Register, "Alfred street extends from Colombe street to Arago street, in the Fief Notre Dame des Anges. This street, as well as those which run parallel with it, Alexandre, Nelson, Turgeon, Jérôme and St. Ours, and the transecting streets, Arago and Colombe, were laid out in 1845, of thirty feet in width (St. Ours street, only, having forty feet in width.) by the Inspector of Roads, M. Joseph Hamel, pursuant to the instructions, and with the consent of the Religious Ladies (nuns) of the General Hospital."

Parloir Street leads to the Ursulines. Here resided the late Judge de Bonne, in the commencement of the present century; the Ursulines have named, after their patron, Ste. Ursule, the street to the west, which intersects at right angles, St. Louis and Ste. Anne streets. Ste. Ursule St., and its environs, seem to have been specially appropriated by the disciples of Hippocrates. Physicians and Surgeons there do congregate. In this street reside Dr. James Sewell, his son, Dr. Colin Sewell, M.M. Landry, Lemieux, Boswell, Belleau, Russell, (father and son), Baillargeon, LaRue, Rowen, Fortier, distinguished physicians all. Notwithstanding that it is the abode of so many eminent members of the Faculty, the locality is healthy may conducive to longevity.

The streets Craig, Carleton, Haldimand, Dalhousie, Richmond, Prevost, Aylmer, perpetuate the memory of seven English Governors.

A few years since, the Town Council, on motion of Counsellor Ernest Gagnon, whose name is identified with our popular songs, disturbed the nomenclature of that part of D'Aiguillon St. *extra muros*, by substituting the name of "Charlevoix." To that section of St. Joseph Street, *intra muros*, was conferred the name of our respected historian, F. X. Garneau. To St. François Street, the name of the historian, Ferland, was awarded; this met with general approval.

We have just seen described the incomparable panorama which lies at the foot of the tourist from the lofty promenade, to which the Earl of Durham bequeathed his name. Let us now hear one of our most genial summer butterflies, fluttering through the mazes of old Stadacona escorting a bride; let us listen to W. H. Howells in the WEDDING JOURNEY. "Nothing, I think, more enforces the illusion of Southern Europe in Quebec than the Sunday-night promenading on the Durham Terrace. This is the ample span on the brow of the cliff to the left of the citadel, the noblest and most commanding position in the whole city, which was formerly occupied by the old Castle of St. Louis, where dwelt the brave Count Frontenac and his splendid successors of the French *régime*. The castle went the way of Quebec by fire some forty years ago, (January 1834), and Lord Durham leveled the site and made it a public promenade. At stately arcade of solid masonry supports it on the brink of the rock, and an iron parapet incloses it; there are a few seats to lounge upon, and some idle old guns for the children to clamber over and play with. A soft twilight had followed the day, and there was just enough obscurity to hide from a willing eye the Northern and New World facts of the scene, and to leaving into more romantic relief the citadel dark against the mellow evening, and the people gossiping from window to window across the narrow streets of the Lower Town. The Terrace itself was densely thronged, and there was a constant coming and going of the promenaders, and each formally paced back and forth upon the plank for a certain time, and then went quietly home giving place to new arrivals. They were nearly all French, and they were not generally, it seemed, of the first fashion, but rather of middling condition in life; the English being represented only by a few young fellows, and now and then a red faced old gentleman with an Indian scarf trailing from his hat. There were some fair American costumes and faces in the crowd, but it was essentially Quebecian. The young girls walked in pairs, or with their lovers, had the true touch of provincial unstylishness, the young men the ineffectual excess of the second-rate Latin dandy, the elder the rude inelegance of a *bourgeoisie* in them; but a few better-figured *avocats* or *notaires* (their profession was as unmistakable as if they had carried their well-polished doorknobs upon their breasts), walked and gravely talked with each other. The non-American character of the scene was not less vividly marked in the fact that each person dressed according to his own taste and frankly indulged private shapes and colours. One of the promenaders was in white, even to his canvas shoes; another, with yet bolder individuality, appeared in perfect purple. It had a strange, almost portentous effect when these two startling figures met as friends and joined with each other in the promenade with united arms; but the evening was nearly beginning to darken round them, and presently the purple comrade was merely a sombre shadow beside the glimmering white.

The valleys and the heights now vanished; but the river defines itself by the varicolored light of the ships and steamers that lay, dark motionless hulks upon its broad breast; the lights of Point Lévis swarmed upon the other shore; the Lower Town, two hundred feet below them, stretched an alluring mystery of clustering roofs and lamplit windows, and dark and shining streets around the mighty rock, mural crowned. Suddenly a spectacle peculiarly Northern and characteristic of Quebec revealed itself; a long arch brightened over the northern horizon; the tremulous flames of the aurora, pallid violet or faintly tinged with crimson, shot upward from it, and played with a vivid apparition and evanescence to the zenith. While the stranger looked, a gun boomed from the citadel, and the wild sweet notes of the bugle sprang out upon the silence."

J. M. LEMOINE.

(To be continued.)