

CANADIAN NOTES AND QUERIES

Queries on all points of Canadian History and kindred subjects are invited, and will be answered as fully and accurately as possible. Address Editor, "Notes and Queries," THE WEEK.

"A. G. F." asks: "To what regiment belonged the old colours in the English Cathedral in Quebec? When and why were they placed there?"

They belonged to the 69th Regiment. New colours were presented to the regiment by Prince Arthur, on the 21st of June, 1870, on the Esplanade at Quebec. Next day took place the ceremony of depositing the old colours in the English Cathedral, where, to use the words of the Rector, "they were received as a sacred trust, not only as emblems of loyalty, Christianity, and civilisation, but in remembrance of a regiment which has been conspicuous in repelling a recent invasion of this Province, whose conduct has been characterised by a singular regard to order and regularity, and which, by its general bearing, has deservedly won the highest esteem of every member of the community." The 69th bears on its colours the words "Bourbon," "Java," "Waterloo," and "India," in commemoration of its distinguished and brilliant services at these places. It is said that no other church in America has the honour of having the colours of a British regiment.

A QUEBEC reader enquires: "Who discovered Lake St. John, and what are its exact size and distance from Quebec?"

Lake St. John was discovered by Father Jean De Quen, on the 16th of July, 1647. While stationed at the mission of St. Croix at Tadoussac, news was brought to him that some baptised Indians of the Porcupine nation were sick and in need of his services. He started on the 11th July in a bark canoe, with two Indians, and after five days of toil reached a lake called Piagouagami or Piuagamik, on whose shores dwelt the Porcupine nation. They received him as "the first Frenchman who had ever set foot in their country." His interesting account of the journey is given in the *Relations des Jésuites* of 1647. Father De Quen came to Canada in 1635, and laboured chiefly at Quebec and Sillery. He was Superior of the Jesuits in Canada from 1656 to 1659, and died at Quebec on the 8th of October, in the last named year, while ministering to the sick during the pestilence.

Father De Quen wrote that the lake was "so large that the shores could hardly be seen." According to modern explorers, it is nearly oval in shape, covers about 510 square miles, and is over 100 miles in circumference. In the widest part, from the mouth of the Metabetchouan to that of the Peribonca, it measures 30 miles, and in the narrowest part, from Point St. David to Pointe Bleue, about 18 miles. It is about 100 miles north of Quebec, as the crow flies.

"It is not perhaps generally known," wrote Lieut. Baddeley in 1828, "that there exists highly respectable evidence of a volcanic eruption having happened somewhere in the interior in the rear of St. Paul's Bay. No one, we think, will feel disposed to doubt the fact after perusing the following account." Lieut. Baddeley was one of the party sent by the Provincial Government in the summer of 1828 to explore the Saguenay country, and this account was furnished him by Mr. Gagnon, of Baie St. Paul. It is given in French in Lieut. Baddeley's report, and the following is a literal translation:

"In default of my journal, which has been mislaid, please accept the following account: On Saturday, the 6th of October, 1791, at Baie St. Paul and in surrounding country, about half-past seven in the evening, a great earthquake was felt, and during the whole night there were many slighter shocks with a trembling in an easterly direction. During the next forty-one days there were from two to five shocks a day. . . . Before the night of the 26th or 27th, I had not noticed the eruption of a thick smoke, sometimes like waves of fire. The temperature at a quarter-past seven that evening was 11° below zero Reaumur (7½ Fahrenheit), and next morning at half-past six the heat had reached 21° (79½ Fahrenheit). Between two mountains to the north-west of my house, there is an opening which allows of a distant view. It was through this opening that I saw a continual eruption, a mixture of smoke and flames, rising high above the horizon, and at times striving as if the vent through which they were vomited was too small. I noticed repeatedly that this eruption was almost invariably followed the same day by an earthquake, and that when it did not occur the atmosphere that day was dark and yellow. It could be foretold that the nearness of the next shock was in proportion to the difficulty with which the mass of smoke forced its way out. Some persons, whose attention I drew to these precursory signs, assured me in their turn that the shock would soon be felt, and so it happened. Finally, this night of the 26th to the 27th, there was a great spectacle offered to our admiration, the whole atmosphere being ablaze and agitated. The heat was so great as to hurt the face, the air being very calm. The eruption, accompanied with flames, lasted all night. The coming of an earthquake is known with certainty, when, through the opening between the two mountains, is seen a cloud or mass of smoke, either stationary or in motion, and the horizon on either side is perfectly clear."

Lieut. Baddeley observes that "this description, as far as it extends, agrees so well with the known phenomena of active volcanoes, that little doubt can be entertained of the flame seen by Mr. Gagnon proceeding from any other source than that of an eruption. . . . Although it is believed that no one now living, except Mr. Gagnon himself, saw the flames, etc., many were witnesses to the comparative violence of the earthquakes of 1791. The fact is accounted for by saying that there were few settlers at St. Paul's Bay at the time, and fewer whose habits or education

would lead them to take notice of a phenomenon which among the vulgar might be supposed to be merely a fire in the woods, had they seen it. A fall of ashes covering the snow is also within the remembrance of many, but of this interesting fact we have no further particulars."

MUSIC.

THE last ten days have been unusually crowded with concerts—major and minor, big and little. Chief among these, of course, we notice the fourth Classical Concert, on Monday, 7th inst., at which a smaller audience than usual greeted the admirable playing of the now well-known String Quartette. Miss Gunther, a local pianist of merit, and a young German vocalist divided the honours of the evening. The Queen Street Methodist Church was the scene of a very good performance, at which Mr. Sims Richards, Mrs. Young, and others assisted. The Saturday Popular Concert was also fairly attended. Public interest centres at present in the Choral Society's Concert, for which very handsome ivory and gold tickets have been issued.

Of the soloists engaged for the occasion, probably Mr. Winch, the popular tenor, will score the greatest success. Of the Oratorio to be performed, a book on the Mendelssohn family says: "Felix had finished his 'St. Paul' during the winter of 1835, and the Oratorio was performed for the first time at the Düsseldorf Festival of 1836. At first, only his brother Paul and his wife intended to go, but at the eleventh hour Fanny accompanied them." This was, of course, Fanny Hensel, the truly remarkable sister and twin-spirit of Felix, the composer.

In a subsequent letter, she says: "The same afternoon the first orchestral rehearsal of the first part of 'St. Paul' took place. You can fancy with what excitement I looked forward to it. The overture is very beautiful; the idea of introducing 'St. Paul' by means of the chorale ('Sleepers, wake, a voice is calling') is almost a stroke of wit, and exquisitely carried out. He has completely hit the organ sound in the orchestra. The apparition scene sounds quite different from what I had expected, but it is so beautiful, so inspiring, so touching, that I know little in music to equal it. It is God coming in the storm. . . . After rehearsal Felix went home with me, and we remained together till half-past eleven."

We recollect, too, that on the occasion of Mendelssohn's famous visit to Buckingham Palace, in 1842, this oratorio figured. Said Felix, in his letter home: "Next, it was my turn, and I began my chorus from 'St. Paul'—'How Lovely are the Messengers.' Before I had got to the end of the first verse, they had both joined in the chorus; and all the time, Prince Albert managed the stops for me so cleverly—first a flute, at the *forte*, the great organ, at the D major part, the whole register—then he made a lovely *diminuendo* with the stops; and so on, to the end of the piece, and all by heart, that I was really quite enchanted."

THE "Golden Legend," by Sir Arthur Sullivan, all testimony of Festival press to the contrary, does not bear upon its surface—more especially the piano score—that brilliancy and inspiration attributed to it. No doubt the instrumentation is superb, and the treatment that which only so experienced and accomplished a writer can give; yet, as a whole, it is less original, fascinating, melodious, and satisfying than the name of Sullivan warrants, and surely not nearly so important as many other recent English works. When Sullivan is content to be Sullivan, how great he is! To be himself, to be natural, is all we want; though, perhaps, there may be critics who expect more in a Cantata, who would despise naturalness in the treatment of a mediæval epic, while they would applaud it in opera bouffe. In the "Golden Legend," Sullivan is, on rare pages, perfectly natural, fascinating, and truthful; he is again to be found laboriously creating a kind of Wagner scena, with profound enharmonic changes, chromatic accompaniments, and violent changes of *tempo*, or striving after Berlioz-like effects in the disposition of chorus and concerted work. His storm, with which the work opens, is the orthodox and traditional storm from Rossini down, with the chromatic rushes of wind and growling *tremolo*, apparently inseparable from all conceptions of the elements at war. But his Lucifer is quite a new species of fiend. In fact, he is a very comfortable devil, and smacks of the wine-cellar, the roystering companions, and the unsteady gait that certainly go far to characterise the hypocritical monks whose privileges he seeks to usurp. There is, too, an actually English air abiding in the music assigned to him, and a clever song in the third scene suggests, in some distant way, Sterndale Bennett's "Robin Hood," as well as "Simon the Cellarer." Sir Arthur, in this, does no more than every composer does who, like himself, is greatly modelled on the national music of his country; and if Gounod may give us a "Mefistofele" full of deadly grace and cruel glitter that belong, by right of birth and breeding, to all villains of the South, be they human or fiendish, real or ideal, it is surely no matter for surprise if our English composer *par excellence* surrounds, either consciously or otherwise, the figure of the "familiar fiend" with suggestions drawn from Anglican, or churchy, and English sources. The wonder is that he is able to do this, inasmuch as to some it is given to think that there is, and can be only, one Mefistofele, and that is Gounod's.

On March 1st, the Toronto Musical Union (conductor, Mr. Harrison), will produce an earlier work of Sir Arthur's, namely, "The Prodigal Son." This Oratorio has never been heard in Toronto, and contains some beautiful choruses, as well as solos. The important tenor music is assigned to Mr. Norris, of Boston, and includes one of the finest songs the composer has yet written, "I will Arise and go to my Father." Miss Huntington will also make her second appearance here this season.