

POINTE PLATON HOUSE.

The time was when the Province of Quebec could count many old manors, whose loop-holes and massive stone walls had been designed as much to protect their inmates against marauding Indians, as they helped to furnish warm lodgings during January frosts, or cool retreats pending July's tropical heats. Of this class was the old manor house of Beauport (a portion of which is still standing south of Col. Gury's residence). When sold, it was remarked that for two hundred years it had been in the occupation of the warlike race of the Duchesnays. Cape Sante, Vercheres, Montmagny have also their old seigniorial manors, but they cannot hold out very long under all-devouring time, *tempus edax*. Probably the most extensive structure of this kind was that of the Baron of Longueuil—it formerly stood at Longueuil, where the R. C. temple of Worship has since been erected, and a drawing of its ruins may be seen in the celebrated Album of the late Jacques Viger, the Montreal antiquarian.

On reference to history we find that it comprised a dwelling, armed tower, bakery, brewery, &c.; all these old piles were located less with an eye to the picturesque, than for the safety of the seignior in times of war, and war was the order of the day in that remote period, and for the general convenience of the *censitaires* in their intercourse with the Lord of the Manor. Pointe Platon House does not belong to that age. It is a modern structure: the site having been selected by the respected father of its present occupant solely for its natural beauty; some six hundred acres of corn fields, with here and there groves of maple, oak and fir.—Properly speaking, it lies beyond the limits of the populous seignior of Lotbinière, owned by its occupant. Three cultivated *plateaux* descend from the heights of land to the level of the St. Lawrence; on the centre one, stands Pointe Platon House—a commodious, airy dwelling—in a form, looking towards the St. Lawrence. It is surrounded by ample double verandahs, with maple leaves neatly carved in the wood work. In rear, and hid by young firs, pine and maple trees, stands the billiard-room, out-houses, stables, grainaries, in which are stored flax, hemp, and tobacco, the cultivation of which the proprietor has taken much pains to introduce amongst the farmers—the specimens of each exhibited to us were of marvellous size. In front of the House is a sloping lawn, intersected with flower-beds, and crowned directly in front of the dwelling with a terraced flower garden, separated from the lawn by an embankment, surrounded by an evergreen hedge, with an inner zone of sweet briar; adjoining is the orchard, fruit and vegetable garden, and a new vinery, which bids fair to furnish shortly its annual tribute of ambrosial fruit; the whole skirted by a tiny lake, fed by some underground, perennial springs; in the centre a diminutive green islet offers a refuge to yonder quacking squad of Aylesbury ducks, now convoyed round the lake by a pair of snow white Bremen geese. A wire fence shuts out from the “young hopefuls” of the *chateau* all access to this sheet of water which finds its outlet in the hill skirting the garden. From the house verandah a most extensive landscape unfolds on all sides. To the east the vast Bay of St. Croix, in a graceful curve expands—once a dreaded locality to raftsmen, in the days when steamers lent them not their aid, in their downward course, on their timber cribs. To the west the Parish of Cap Santé settles down to the water's edge; next, you see Portneuf and its spacious temple of R. C. worship, the massive pile overshadowing the many surrounding roofs—the mother watching over the welfare of her young. Six