

GHOSTS AND "THINGS."

Being Reminiscences of Medical Student Life fifty years ago.

BY EDWARD WORTHINGTON.

SPINNING yarns before the camp fire, and in the home circle, it had often been said to me, "Well, if you could only write your stories as well as you tell them they would be rather amusing." But I was not then to be seduced into such an adventure. Now, however, that I am an invalid, and have passed the "regulation allowance" of three score years and ten—the time drags so wearily along that I have listened to the suggestion of a friend—"Why don't you write a story and send it to one of the magazines?" So here I begin with a series of short stories, which, in reality, are not stories at all, but emphatically true—in every word and incident related.

When quite a youngster I was indentured before a Notary Public to Dr James D——s, a very eminent surgeon in the ancient city of Quebec. There being no medical school in the province at the time, this was the usual custom.

The doctor lived on Mountain Hill, in a house now used as a hotel. It was built when the country was under the dominion of France, and a remarkable house it was—and probably is—to this day. It was built on the slope of a steep and tortuous hill, and built apparently to last forever. The foundations had been laid at the foot of the slope, on Notre Dame-street, near the site of the historic Church of Notre Dame des Victoires, and the building was carried up so as to have two stories on Notre Dame-street, and two and a basement on Mountain Hill; the house thus fronting on two streets, each having its distinct and separate entrance, one shut off completely from the other.

The first story on Notre Dame-street consisted of warehouses and wine-vaults; the second was a private residence.

The Mountain Hill side, on the contrary, was not *in trade*, it was strictly *professional*. Passing through its large drawing room you saw a splendid circular staircase which led to a glass-covered cupola, and out on a leaded roof, giving a promenade the full length and breadth of the building, and commanding a glorious view of the Citadel above, the St. Lawrence and St. Charles rivers below, the beautiful Island of Orleans, the Falls of Montmorenci, and the distant Laurentian Mountains, with the lovely slopes of the Beauport shores, from Ancien Lorette to Ange Gardien. Such a magnificent view to be once seen, is to be always remembered. At the foot of this circular stairway stood a huge stuffed moose, with immense horns, a trophy of the Doctor's skill as a hunter, and nearly every celebrity of the day who visited Quebec called and asked permission to see the moose,—Admiral Sir George Cockburn—it was he to whom was intrusted the charge of conveying Napoleon to St. Helena—Charles Dickens, the Marquis of Waterford, Lord Charles Wellesley, Lord Powerscourt, Count D'Orsay, Sir James Macdonnell, the hero of Huguemont, and others too numerous to mention. But all have now gone to the "Spirit Land." Where the moose is I do not know.

This stairway was used only in summer, when the family and their visitors wished to enjoy the grand view from the roof promenade, and