

in the New World and gave all her wealth towards the new establishment of which a woman of marvellous courage and organising genius, Mother Marie Guyard, became the Superior. This has developed into the great Ursuline Seminary of Quebec, now an extensive institution, which has grown, throughout nearly two-hundred-and-seventy years, to be one of the leading educational institutions for the girls of Quebec province. Before the death of Madame de la Peltrie, however, it was seen that the school had hardly achieved its original purpose of inducing the Indian girls to adopt the Christian faith and the customs of civilised life. For a few months the dusky pupils would cultivate the dainty manners and imitate the graceful bearing of their teachers and then would come the winter when the tribes would take to the woods. By the return of spring the lessons of restraint and decorum would all be forgotten. But the French colonists, who came to Quebec in increasing numbers, realised the value of the instruction and the school thrived amazingly. Mother Marie was one of the greatest

of these indomitable Frenchwomen and left literary works of peculiar historic value.

The Canadian nurse of to-day is known to be in the front rank of her profession; but few know that the pioneers of this calling were three *hospitalieres* who came out with Madame de la Peltrie and Mother Marie, practically laying the foundation of what is now Hotel-Dieu in Quebec, Canada's first general hospital. The toils of the modern nurse are light in comparison with the privations and sordid labour undertaken patiently by these women, most of whom had come from the noble families of France.

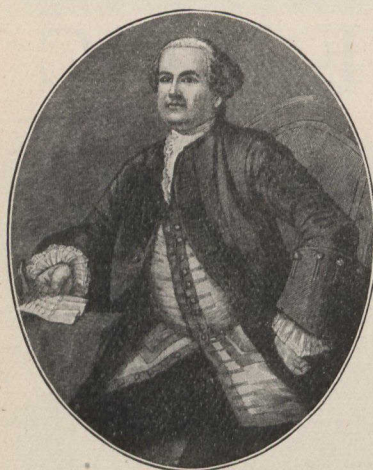
In the later days of Old Quebec, when the strife between France and Great Britain which was to agitate three continents was presaged by distant rumblings, there were luxury-loving women of New France who hastened their country's downfall. Madame de Pean, beautiful and unscrupulous, known as La Pompadour of Quebec, used her power over Intendant Bigot for the oppression and degradation of her people and viewed with the cynical amusement

of her type the disaster and ruin she had wrought. Like her more resplendent sisters in Paris, she rioted for years on the wealth extorted from honest toilers and cared little for the deluge which followed.

The women of France have played a more notable part in their country's affairs, whether for good or evil, than those of other nations. Brilliant, versatile, diplomatic, they have changed the fashions and the governments of many a state. In tracing the ancient records of the New France of which De Monts and Champlain dreamed mighty things, we can but admire with a degree of awe the courage, fortitude and sublime faith of the grand dames of the Seventeenth Century who made a place of rest and beauty in the midst of the wilderness and who gave assurance to the Ancient City of foundations of learning and charity which "broad and deep continueth." No longer do the golden lilies of France float above the fortress of the City of Champlain; but the fragrance of ancient sacrifice still renders sweet the memory of many a Marie, Helene and Madeleine.

# Quebec and the Americans

By EMILY P. WEAVER



Sir William Phips.  
From Fiske's "Dutch and Quaker Colonies in America," Vol. II.

interest was not altogether unfriendly. A trade treaty was suggested and an alliance for defence against the savages, but these projects came to nothing and henceforth for a century and a half the Americans (to give the colonists the name which their descendants have adopted for themselves) cast covetous and vindictive glances on the French stronghold.

They had indeed good excuse for unfriendliness, for during the latter part of the seventeenth century the French governors of Canada and Acadia had committed themselves to the policy of aiding, abetting and sometimes inspiring the raids of their Indians upon the New England borders. The English retaliated by protecting the Iroquois, who had become the scourge of the French settlements, and thus it chanced that during this period most of the Americans who passed within the walls of Quebec were prisoners dragged there by the redmen in hope of ransom.

At intervals, however, New Englanders went

thither voluntarily, with arms in their hands and a grim purpose of vengeance or conquest in their hearts. In three of the five sieges of Quebec, Americans have taken part. They took part also in other abortive expeditions, which never reached their objective.

In 1690, when Frontenac ruled New France, there arrived before Quebec a fleet of fishing boats and sailing vessels (thirty-two in all) manned by New Englanders and commanded by a rough son of Maine, whose previous career reads like a romance. Once a shepherd-lad, then a ship's carpenter, William Phips had married a wealthy widow, older than himself, had fished up from the ocean a fortune in the shape of treasure sunk for fifty years in the hold of a wrecked Spanish galleon, and to crown all had been decorated with the title of knight. Dazzled by his prosperity, his countrymen entrusted to this favourite of fortune the leadership of two successive expeditions against the French. He captured Port Royal by a mere show of force, but at that point his good luck failed him. When he sailed into the Basin of Quebec he found Frontenac prepared to answer his summons by the mouths of his cannon. Phips did his best, however. While his ammunition lasted and his ships would keep afloat, he pounded away at the face of the cliff, doing little damage and receiving much. At length he sailed homeward, losing on the way several of his injured vessels, and the French, attributing his discomfiture to miraculous intervention, dedicated to "Notre Dame de la Victoire," the little church which still stands in the Lower Town.

In the next siege of Quebec, that which ended with Wolfe's victory on the Plains of Abraham, representatives of the English colonies did good service both in fleet and army. A detachment of the Royal American Regiment guarded the line of communication on the day of battle between the army on the Heights and the boats in the Anse-au-Foulon, but on this occasion the part played by Americans was subordinate.

It was otherwise in the fifth and last siege. Then the Americans of British descent measured swords

with their brethren from the Old World, whilst the French, with few exceptions, stood aside to see how the game would go.

Montgomery and Arnold, the leaders of the invading forces, were skilful and daring, and, on the last day of December, 1775, when they had all Canada within their grip except the little spot

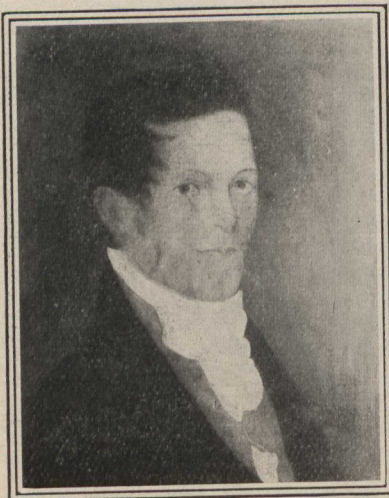


Captain Richard Montgomery.

encircled by the ramparts of Quebec, there were many who deemed the cause of England hopeless. Not so, Carleton. His vigilance was unceasing and the short, sharp contest of that stormy morning robbed the Americans of both their leaders. With Montgomery dead and Arnold wounded, the invading army was no longer formidable, but throughout the fierce frosts of the Quebec winter it kept the field, only to decamp in haste when spring brought reinforcements from England.

The heads of the Revolutionary party had hoped great things from the Canadians. The way of the "Liberty Army" had been diligently prepared by certain "old subjects" of the British Crown, who had settled in Canada upon its cession to England, but cherished a grudge against the military governors on account of their supposed partiality for the French.

One of the most zealous of these sowers of sedition was Thomas Walker, a merchant, of Montreal. We hear of him at Chambly looking out for the approaching Bostonians and trying to bribe a Canadian into taking up arms. Later we catch a glimpse of him in the camp before Quebec. Fortunately for Canada he was so tactless, imprudent and hot-tempered that he injured the cause he intended to serve. Benjamin Franklin, who was his guest in 1776, when he went to Montreal to try to beguile the Canadians into rebellion, said that both Walker and his wife had "an excellent talent for making enemies." They ventured to taunt the philosopher over



Mr. Thomas Walker.

From old portraits in Chateau de Ramezay.



Mrs. Thomas Walker.



Benedict Arnold.

Frontispiece in the "Life" by Isaac N. Arnold.