

we find the British authorities attending to their comforts with a truly maternal foresight:

"COMMISSARY GENERAL'S OFFICE,
QUEBEC, 28th Sept., 1812.

"Wanted, for the American prisoners of war, comfortable, warm clothing, consisting of the following articles:

Jackets,
Shirts,
Drawers,

Moccasins or Shoes,

Also 2,000 pounds of Soap."

From this it is clear John Bull intended his American cousins should not only be kept warm, but suitably scrubbed as well. Two thousand pounds of soap foreshadowed a fabulous amount of scrubbing.

Col. Scott remained in Canada from the date of his surrender, 23rd October, 1812, to the period of his departure from Quebec, say May 1813. But he was on *parole* the whole time.

Benson J. Lossing relates a creditable anecdote concerning the majestic and humane Colonel, later on christened by his country "Old Fuss and Feathers" on account of his love of dress and display on his imposing person. It mentions Col. Scott as interceding with the British authorities to secure better treatment for some of the Irishmen taken prisoners who were supposed to have violated their allegiance as former British subjects, and his succeeding in his humane mission.

Tradition points out, as the residence of the American officers, *paroled* later on in Quebec, the dwelling in St. Louis street formerly occupied by Wm. Smith the historian, and since enlarged and fitted out for the Union Club.

More than once, as it has been previously stated, the grand old chateau wore a funeral aspect. Mr. Ernest Gagnon, in his interesting sketch of the Chateau Saint Louis, quotes a striking passage from *Vie de Madame C. E. Casgrain*, the mother of Abbé H. R. Casgrain, the historian. This lady, in relating one of her first visits to the castle, on 4th Sept., 1819, tells

of the silent groups of city visitors, attracted to view for the last time, the inanimate remains of its late occupant, Charles G. Lennox, Duke of Richmond, Lennox and Aubigny, Governor-General of Canada, an old Waterloo man. The Duke had fallen a victim to hydrophobia, contracted from the bite of a tame fox, which he had thoughtlessly petted on the marketplace in Sorel, before joining a hunting party. Madame Casgrain vividly portrayed the harrowing scene preceding his death on the Upper Ottawa; how the first attack of the dire malady on the brave Governor, was noticed to return to Quebec; how on his nearing the stream, his horror of water was such that he frantically ran into the woods where, in his frenzy, he was heard repeating to himself, "Charles Lennox, die like a man! Shall it be said that a Richmond was afraid to meet death! No, never!" After struggling very hard, he was overpowered and secured by his attendants, taken to the boat and tied down. The noise of the waves brought on another furious attack. Death closed the tragedy, at Richmond, long before he reached the castle. A tablet marks his grave, in the Anglican cathedral, at Quebec.*

On the 15th March, 1824, the *élite*

* Professor Benjamin Silliman, of Yale College, notices in 1819, a curious appliance of the Duke's for convivial purposes at the castle. "Among the curiosities of the place, is a famous round table with a circular place cut in the middle. This, it seems, is occupied by the host when he drinks wine with his friends who are arranged around him. That there may be no impediment to conviviality, not even the usual trouble of circulating the bottle, there is an ingenious machine of brass, shaped a little like a sextant, which can, at pleasure, be attached to the table, or removed; the centre embraces a pivot, on which it moves, and the periphery of the circle, sustains the bottle; the machine revolves in the plane of a horizontal circle; in other words, on the circular table; this is effected merely by touching a spring. The contrivance is certainly as important as it is original."—*Silliman's Tour from Hartford to Quebec, in the autumn of 1819, p. 292.* There is no record of this ingenious machine of the Duke's, having been patented, no doubt very useful, and as the Professor remarks, important "and calculated to save trouble, should the genial nobleman ever have 'twelve-bottle men' dining at the Chateau!"