

## LEAVES FROM MY NOTE-BOOK.

## III.

## QUEBEC IN 1751.

The following description of Quebec was furnished the Governor of New York in 1751 by one Stoddart:

Quebec, the metropolis, stands upon near as much ground as the city of New York, but it does not contain above half the number of houses.

It is situated on the west side of the river St. Lawrence, where a small river to the westward, which is called by the French *La Petite Rivière*, and empties itself into the river St. Lawrence, forms a point on which the town is built, and is almost in form of a triangle.

It is divided into two parts—one called the Upper, and the other the Lower Town. The last lies on the river side, and has two batteries of eight pieces of cannon each, though of little consequence in case of an attack. In this part of the town the streets are regular, and the houses well built, chiefly of stone. From that part of the Lower Town next the river St. Lawrence, there is but one way to ascend to the Upper, which is cut shelving along the hill, or rather road, and is about 120 feet in height, and overlooks the Lower Town. It is certainly one of the strongest natural fortifications in America, being almost perpendicular, and an entire rock.

On the top of this hill stands the part called the Upper Town, from whence there is a beautiful and extensive prospect of the river and country for several leagues. Here are several good buildings of stone, the Seminary and Convent of Friars of the order of St. Francis; two Nunneries, part of one of which is the King's Hospital for sick and wounded; seven churches, beautifully adorned and very rich, but the Jesuits' College is yet more magnificent.

On the back or south part of the town they are building a strong stone wall of a considerable height and thickness, which extends from the river St. Lawrence to the *Petite Rivière*, they having no occasion to carry it any farther, as nature has fortified the other parts of the town much stronger than art could have done. On this hill, or Upper Town, are four batteries; the grand battery on that part which forms the point between the two rivers, and looks directly down the St. Lawrence, has 43 pieces of cannon—four, six, and nine-pounders, and two mortar pieces of 14 inches diameter each; it has no parapets or breast-work to cover the guns, nor do I think there is any occasion for them, as the hill is of such a prodigious height and the access to it so difficult. At about 100 yards' distance to the westward is another small battery of four pieces of cannon, two of nine and two of eighteen-pounders. About 60 yards further west is another of the same sort, both intended to command the other side of the *Petite Rivière*, if any force should land below the town and take that route to get to the back part. It is plain they cannot command any part of the river where ships or vessels of any great bulk can pass, neither can they do much damage to forces that should land or march that way, the opposite side of *Petite Rivière* being a fine land country, where the troops might pass far enough out of reach of these cannons. The last of the four is to the southward of the Grand Battery about 250 or 300 yards. It has twenty-six pieces of cannon of four and six-pounders, and a cover or breast-work of stone about four feet in height. The design of this battery seems to be to prevent ships passing by the town to land forces above, to come down to the back part, as it only commands across to the river St. Lawrence. These are all the batteries they have in Quebec. I saw several other pieces of cannon in different parts of the town, but understood they were to be sent about three leagues down the river to a place where they told me the channel was so narrow and difficult that but one ship could pass at a time, and that there were travelling carriages always ready to transport them to that place in case of fleets coming up the river.

## IV.

## AN IRISH FOOTPRINT IN QUEBEC HISTORY.

Died, on the 27th December, 1793, in the Workhouse belonging to the Parish of St. Mary la Bonne, London, England, in his 78th year, Lieutenant John McCulloch, a native of the North of Ireland. When very young, his father emigrated with his whole family to North America, and young McCulloch, as he grew up, was trained to the use of arms, and employed by Governor Tryon, of New York, with the celebrated Major Rogers, in various excursions against the Indians, as a Provincial officer.

The first employment McCulloch had under the British Government was at the commencement of what has frequently been called "Brad-dock's War."

In 1775 he was appointed Commissary Assistant of stores to the garrison of Oswego, but on the 14th of August, 1756, that garrison surrendered to the French, and they were all carried prisoners to Quebec. The faithful services of this unfortunate gentleman are well attested by the late Major Kenner, Captain Carden and Captain Kempenfelt, all of whom signed a certificate for him on a late application, preparatory to his getting into the Invalids, one of which, particularly flattering as to the character of McCulloch for nearly the last 40 years of his life, is here given *verbatim*:

"These are to certify that I knew Mr. John McCulloch in the year 1755 and in 1756, in the

station of Assistant Commissary of Stores at Oswego, where he bore an exceeding good character, and ever since that period have known him as Lieutenant of the army, and always entertained a good opinion of him.

"Signed, G. A. KEMPENFELT.

"Dec. 3, 1789."

A few circumstances relative to this gentleman's chequered life, will, it is presumed, prove not uninteresting, and may be the happy beacon to others in avoiding the distresses which he frequently suffered in his last moments, and particularly his miserable exit: and here it may not be improper to premise that, to his sagacity and love of his country, we in some measure owe our success in the reduction of Quebec, a few years subsequent to his imprisonment in that garrison.

Mr. McCulloch, although a hero in the field, and upon duty no man more strict to the discipline of a soldier, preserved in an eminent degree every virtue of human kindness towards others in misfortune, regardless oftentimes of his own personal fortune and happiness, and even his own safety. His tenderness for his fellow prisoners at Quebec, and his general passive and affable manners, wrought so forcibly on the Commander of the garrison, that he was permitted to range about wherever he pleased, as well through the garrison as in its vicinity. This privilege gave McCulloch an opportunity of surveying the rocks and fortifications above the town, which he reported to General Shirley with a view to reduce Quebec to the British arms. The French, however, began to think he had seen too much, and November, 13th, 1756, he was charged with being a spy, was closely confined, and underwent an examination before the Governor, which examination lasted two days, but, on his pleading ignorance, and not knowing the French language, he was released from prison, and from Brest to Durant, and thence, September 19th, 1757, to England by a cartel. After this he was recommended by General Shirley to General Wolfe as a proper person to assist in the reduction of Quebec. The General took his memoranda in writing the morning before he left London, and Mr. McCulloch was to have been in the expedition, but, by a mistake about the time of sailing, he was unfortunately left behind. This much is certain, General Wolfe made the attempt first, according to a different plan, at Montmorency, where he was repulsed, and the second attempt, agreeably to the plan of Mr. McCulloch, which proved successful.

On 8th February, 1760, Mr. McCulloch was appointed a Lieutenant of Marines, and served on board the "Richmond," Captain Elphinstone, and was solely the cause of taking the "Felicité," French man-of-war. In a council held between the officers of the "Richmond," Mr. McCulloch alone insisted that the ship they saw was French; he knew her by a particular mark on her head, whilst the Captain and every other officer suspected her to be the English "Arethusa." The judgment and persuasion of Mr. McCulloch, however, prevailed; the ship was attacked and taken, and every degree of credit was given Mr. McCulloch for his superior sagacity and courage on this occasion. See Mr. Renworth's report of this action to Sir Joseph Yorke, then at the Hague.

(It is to be regretted that this memoir of McCulloch was never completed.)

Ottawa, 26th May, 1878.

J. M. O'L.

## BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

A MISS-take—getting married. Not if you marry a widow.

"TIME and tide wait for no man," which is proof positive that time and tide are not females.

A BACHELOR merchant's advice in selecting a wife: "Get hold of a piece of calico that will wash."

THE woman who maketh a good pudding in silence is better than she who maketh a tart reply.

A MAN is obliged to die before his will amounts to anything, but that of a woman is always in force.

"Can love die?" inquires Mary E. Nealy in a recently published poem. It cannot, though it gets dreadfully adjoined occasionally.

THE fact came out in a trial in San Francisco the other day, that a woman had carried \$20,400 in greenbacks in her bustle for nearly six months.

A DEVOTED husband says that the phonograph is simply a machine that "talks back," and he has had one of that kind in his house ever since he was married.

A SUNDAY-school boy in Maysville, Ky., was asked by the superintendent if his father was a Christian. "Yes, sir," he replied, "but he is not working at it much."

No young lady should wear a blue bow under her chin, because a rich Cuban pirate is coming over here to select a wife, and he will not look at any young lady wearing blue.

IT is now that the sentimental young lady wanders through the garden and throws her delicate eyes on the budding roses, and wonders if last year's straw hat will stand remodelling for this summer.

AN English writer says. "White hair is so becoming to the face that many women are never pretty till they are old—the long reign of hair-powder which lasted through a century is an immortal tribute to the beauty of old age."

A KANSAS school ma'am has introduced a new feature in her school. When one of the girls misses a word, the boy who spells it gets permission to kiss her. As a result the girls are becoming very poor spellers, while the boys are improving.

A FRISKY Briton bit his wife's nose off, and the patient woman testified in court that she bit it off herself.

They met, that is, she went to the store, and made him turn his department o'er, Till he vanished behind the goods, and then She pleasantly said she would call again.

ONCE upon an evening dismal, I gave her a kiss paroxysmal and called her name baptismal; precious name I loved of yore. Ah, she was a darling creature, pert of speech and fair in feature; but egad, you couldn't teach her, for she had been there before, and only murmured, "Talk no more."

A COUPLE of young men were out fishing the other day, and on returning were going past a farm-house and felt hungry. They yelled to the farmer's daughters: "Girls, have you any buttermilk?" The reply was gently wafted back to their ears: "Yes; but we keep it for our own calves." The boys calculated that they had business away—and they went.

"How did you come to know her?" asked a mother of her little girl, as she saw her bidding good-by to a poorly-dressed child at the church door. "Why, you see, mamma, she came into our Sunday-school alone, and I made a place for her on my seat, and I smiled and she smiled, and then we were acquainted."

THE other evening, when four or five young rosebuds which gallop o'er the hearthstone of a Cass avenue family, became too uproarious, the mother called out: "If I have to speak to you again, I shall punish some of you." The youngest of the lot slid off the lounge, reflected for a moment, and then soberly remarked: "Well, then, I advise you to hold in your speak."

A BRIGHT little fellow of four years, whose correctness the father questioned, asking: "If Mary should tell you anything that was not exactly so, what would you say?" He answered, "I'd say she told a lie." "If brother should say anything that was not so, would you think it right?" "No; I'd think he told a lie." "Well, supposing you should say something that was not exactly so; what then?" "I'd say I's mistaken."

JARVIS, aged five years, is given to original expressions. He has frequently heard his mother say "Little pitchers," but has never heard the sentence completed. The other day he was naughty; his mother reproved him. She told him that God did not love naughty children; that God saw everything he did and heard everything he said. The child was silent for a moment, then came to his mother and said: "Mamma, does God know everything I do?" "Yes, Jarvie." "And, mamma, does God hear everything I say?" "Yes, Jarvie, every word." And there was silence. Jarvis thought a moment, and arrived at this conclusion: "Well, mamma, do you know what I think? I think God is a little pitcher."

## VICTOR HUGO'S NEW POEM.

Le Pape is a didactic, controversial poem, and comprises nearly three thousand verses. It is divided into scenes. In the opening of the first the Pope is represented in bed in his room in the Vatican, and falling asleep. "Ah! je m'endors! Enfin!" The whole of the second scene is occupied with his waking next morning with the ejaculation: "Quel rêve affreux je viens de faire!" The rest of the poem records his experience in a dream, where he has become an ideal Pope. Shelley employed the same machinery with a more humorous purpose in the "Witch of Atlas," where the priests of Egypt, walking in their sleep,

would write an explanation full, Translating hieroglyphics into Greek, How the God Apis really was a bull, And nothing more. They bid the heralds stick The same against the temple doors, and pull The old cart down; and licensed all to speak Whatever they thought of hawks and cats and geese, By pastoral letters to each diocese.

The perfect Pope of the dream imitates in extreme poverty and ostentatious humility the typical saint of the middle ages. His traditional purple is exchanged for a robe of the coarsest stuff; he wanders over the earth a pilgrim, preaching the truth, and performs miracles of conversion. He addresses the kings of the earth as men. "Priest," they answer, "we are kings." "Why?" "Kings forever." "And God?" "Afterward they ask him if he is not a king himself. "Moi! régner! Non!" "Alors qu'est-ce que tu fais?" Le Pape: "J'aime." Then, addressing the people from the door of the Vatican, the Pope denounces the sceptre, the throne, and the purple, and declares himself a mere monk, "comme Basile, comme Honorat, comme Antoine?"

Je rends aux Romains Rome, Et je rentre chez Dieu, c'est-à-dire chez l'Homme, Laisse-moi passer, peuple. Adieu, Rome.

The Pope attends a Synod of prelates of the Eastern Church, and preaches against ecclesiastical pomp and power, and especially against the gold in the mitres of the bishops and the gems with which their vestments are decorated. He warns them against imitating kings who steal from one another—

Les Alsaces, les Metz, les Strasbourg, les Hanovres.

An address to the poor and suffering is eloquent

and pathetic. Misery, want, and disease are invited to come to a friend and supporter:

Quiconque est hors l'espoir, quiconque est hors la loi, La Douleur m'appartient. J'appelle autour de moi L'esprit trouble, le cœur saignant, l'âme qui sombre; Et je veux, entouré des détreuses sans nombre, Qui naissent sur la terre, à toute heure, en tout lieu, Arriver avec tous les pauvres devant Dieu! Venez, vous qu'on maudit! Venez, vous qu'on méprise! Un passant. Qu'est-ce que tu fais là, vieillard? Le Pape. Je tésaurise.

As might be expected, the dreaming Pope rejects infallibility. God, he ironically exclaims,

A. certes, besoin d'un guide en sa nuit noire, Et grâce au compagnon qui l'aide, on aime à croire, Malgré Pascal doutant et Voltaire niant, Que Dieu peut-être aura moins d'inconvénient, Donc son chiea est le pape, et je comprends qu'en somme L'aveugle étant le dieu, le clairvoyant soit l'homme.

An archbishop, addressing the builders of a church, exhorts them to adorn it with treasures of art, including pictures of Adam and Eve, of Moses on Sinai, and of other scriptural subjects. The Pope adds, "Et mettez-y des lits pour les pauvres l'hiccr."

The earth groans under the oppression of "prêtres, juges, bourreaux, scribes, princes, ministres." The thrones and palaces of kings are sources of war; the priest crawls like a reptile before the tyrant:

Caïphe, âme où l'enfer profond se réverbère, Interprète Moïse au profit de Tibère.

In despair at the misery of human life and destiny, the Pope sees a gleam of hope:

Soudain il me sembla, comme dans leur souffrance, Pensif je re. artais les peuples douloureux, Voir l'ombre d'une main bénissante sur eux; Il me sembla sentir quelq'un de secourable Et je vis un rayon sur l'homme misérable, Et je levai mes yeux au ciel, et j'aperçus Là-haut le grand passant, mystérieux, Jésus.

One of the journeys of the Pope brings him to the scene of an execution for murder. He arraigns the processes of justice. Human tribunals are taunted with destroying what they have not constructed. There is the bloodshed of crime, and the bloodshed of law; the execution balances the assassin: The culprit becomes a victim. The man is a monster, and you mimic him. Is one crime an excuse for another crime? Men are a mystery to themselves, and it is not lawful to tear off the mask. Perhaps the criminal committed the murder to feed his wife and children; but the judge is not starving. We are all tares, and we cannot see the sickle which is in the hands of to-morrow. The earth is a dark point surrounded by boundless mists and by terrible space, and infinity shudders when an atom is touched. The manipulation of thoughts and phrases is wonderfully skilful, and the effect is sublime. The image of a little child supplies M. Victor Hugo always with genuine inspiration. "All the works of all the best of men are not worth the ignorant and transcendent smile of the child when he looks and is astonished and loves us."

Rayonnez, innocents, et donnez-nous l'exemple, Croyez, priez, aimez, chantez; soyez sans fiel. Qu'est-ce que l'âme humaine, ô profond Dieu du ciel, A fait de la candeur dont elle était vêtue?

The pilgrimage ends at Jerusalem, where the Pope sums up his teaching by exhorting the world to cultivate "liberty before the blue sky, equality in the presence of death, fraternity before the Father:"

Riches, c'est en donnant qu'on s'enrichit; semez— Pauvres, la pauvreté n'est point la haine; aimez.

Concluding with blessings given and received, the Pope wakes in the Vatican with the sense of a frightful dream.

THE POPE.—Pope Leo XIII. is said, by a correspondent of *The Pilot*, to be thin even to meagreness, and tall. His fingers are almost fleshless, and his whole figure and the outlines of his face ascetic to a degree. His hands are tremulous with nervousness. His voice is clear and ringing; his sentences are long, but admirably arranged. He has a noble head, snowy-white hair; a high, wide forehead, not smooth and shining, but rough with bumps that would delight the heart of a phrenologist; eyebrows bushy and overhanging, deep-set, kindly and intelligent eyes; a large, very large nose, thin and fine; a wide mouth, which lends itself most readily to a very attractive smile, deep, straight lines bounding it, and a good clear, pointed chin, with well-defined, firm jaw. He is remarkable for his kindly and courteous manners, his gracious speech, and the affectionate interest he takes in those with whom he comes in contact.

Conceit causes more conversation than wit. If you want a first-class fitting Shirt, send for samples and cards for self-measurement to **Treble's**, 8 King Street East, Hamilton. Six open back Shirts for \$9.00; open front, collar attached, six for \$10.00.

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