

CANADIAN HOMES.

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IN the detached papers which constitute the *Maple Leaves*, and in several sketches subsequently published, it has been our aim to place before the reader the early history of Canada, with its peculiar institutions in a light, readable form—more than once delineating men and events under their representative aspect—as types and exponents of epochs. Luc de la Corne St. Luc, redolent of the memories of Carillon, was exhibited as the stalwart defender of the soil—true to his country under the rule of the Bourbons, not deserting it when foreign conquest inaugurated a new *regime*—on the contrary, taking an active part in politics, and in-war under General Burgoyne in 1776. The youthful and self-sacrificing Commander, Dollard des Ormeaux, shone forth in his true colours in 1660—a veritable Leonidas—the bulwark of Canada against Indian ferocity.

D'Iberville, the *Cid* of New France, becomingly typified the proud era when lion-hearted Frontenac, reigning in solitary grandeur at the Chateau St. Louis, warned off summarily Admiral Phipps and all such invaders. Brebucuf and Lalemant, wending calmly their steps through impenetrable forests, to cull the laurels of martyrdom on the fertile banks of Lake Simcoe, fittingly portrayed that epoch of religious enthusiasm and ascetic devotion which characterized the seventeenth century in the French Colonies—the *heroic* times of Canada. Representative men to be found everywhere in our writings, were, in “Canadian Homes,” peculiar types for times and classes, without even forgetting the Great Northern Hunter,* now located for years in the secluded glens of Sillery. Following on the same course, we purpose here depicting the home surroundings and aspirations of an enlightened descendant of one of our oldest feudal houses of Canada—one who traces back to the fourteenth century, as calculated to open out unexplored vistas in the history of the Colony.

POINTE PLATON.

One balmy afternoon in September, 1868, found me cosily seated next to a friend, Fred. O. * * * * *, on the upper deck of the little steamer *L'Etoile*, en route for Pointe Platon, thirty-six miles higher up than Quebec. Rapidly indeed did steam, wind and tide waft us past the numerous ships in the harbour, amongst which loomed out several men-of-war; first the French Corvette *D'Estrees*, next H. B. M. Paddle Steamer *Baracouta*, commanded by courteous Captain Beavan, the screw gunboat *Philomel*, the majestic *Constance*, and last the ponderous (Iron-clad) *Royal Alfred*, Admiral Sir Rodney Mundy—“tritons amongst minnows.” On we shot, under the overhanging crags of Cape Diamond, close to the mossy heights of Sillery, just then donning their gorgeous russet suit of autumn; soon we reached the entrance of the Cap Rouge river, taking in at one glance the *Dock Company's* solitary piers—and calling on memory to unveil the works of the past—huts, ports, towers, earthworks, such as crowned Charlesbury Royal in those by-gone days when

* Colonel Rhodes.