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City subscribers are requested to report at once to this office, either personally or by postal card, any irregularity in the delivery of their papers.

WANTED.

The call for Nos. 2 and 4 of the NEWS was so great that we have nearly run out of our supply. Any of our subscribers or readers who may have these numbers, and are willing to part with them, would oblige us by sending them to us, if in a good state of preservation. We shall gladly pay the price of the numbers.

IROQUOIS ILLUSTRATED.

In this number we present a large double-page illustration of Iroquois, Ontario. It consists of views of the most prominent public and private buildings, with such scraps as will tend to give an artistic finish to the scene. This new enterprise of ours is beginning to excite attention throughout the country, and we are in receipt of flattering commendations. And we are certain that the more it is known, the more it will be appreciated. It will be the first time that Canada, its history, resources, industries, geography, &c., will have been set before the people of the country. Not only persons resident in the several localities described, but others also should make it a point to collect these illustrated articles to preserve them for future reference. Nowhere else will they ever find such a mine of useful and entertaining information. The letter-press is equal to the pictorial execution. Our Special Correspondent, Mr. George Tolley, well known for years as the editor of the Montreal Star, is devoting his whole time, energy and ability to the work, and he has an eye especially for bits of curious antiquity connected with each place which he visits. We bespeak for Mr. Tolley the consideration of our friends wherever he goes. Orders for this Iroquois Illustrated Number should be sent in early, as back sets are often difficult to supply.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, March 23rd, 1878.

FIELD MARSHAL FROST.

The inroad on that portion of the present issue set in brevity, or smaller type, is so great, that to do justice to our sketch of the "B" Battery in winter encampment, kindly sent us by Lieut.-Col. Strange, we are obliged to yield most of our editorial space, and we further draw our material of description from an article, under the above heading, which lately appeared in the excellent Military Column of the Montreal Gazette.

Whatever opinion may be entertained as to the dangers and difficulties of invading Eastern Canada during the Arctic winter, difficulties which were fully exemplified more than 100 years ago, when the armies of Arnold and Montgomery had to retire discomfited from the old rock fortress of Quebec, we are glad to see that its tiny garrison are being familiarized with military operations in winter. A handful of hardy, disciplined Canadian soldiers equally handy with axe and rifle, who can, on their snow-shoes, move through the forest, carrying their own provisions, blankets and ammunition, transporting their tents and light sheet-iron stoves on toboggans or Indian sleighs, would make a very serious diversion on the flank of an invading force, confined to the trampled high roads and incapable of deployment.

The left, or French-Canadian Division, men for the most part who have served an apprenticeship in the lumber shanties, marched from Quebec on the 26th February, at daybreak, in heavy marching order, with blankets, three days' provisions, snow-shoes, and an axe replacing the sword bayonet in the waist belt. Having reached the north shore of

the Lake St Charles, they struck into the woods, about 15 miles from Quebec, clearing a roadway through the bush for the teut sleighs. Here they were joined by Indian guides of the Huron tribe, under François Gros Louis, of Lorette. Camp was pitched on the picturesque shores of Lac Sagamité, which nestles amongst the lower spurs of the Laurentians. In an amazingly short space of time arms were piled, packs off, and the forest ringing with the rapid strokes of their axes; soon the blue smoke curled from the canvas village and the savoury steam of the soldiers' supper soup mingled with the fragrant sapin boughs, which forms the elastic bed of the wearied soldier. On the following day the Right Division marched in the same order and encamped with their comrades (the demi-Field Battery being left as a citadel guard under Capt. Short.)

The night was cold and clear. A huge camp fire threw into fantastic light and shade the picturesque groups of soldiery, who disturbed the stillness of the starry night, mingling their English songs with the refrain of the old French-Canadian *vingt-neuf chansons*. The next day was devoted to practising the new attack in snow-shoe heavy marching order. The programme, anticipating an enemy from the direction of the settlement of Stoneham, picked marksmen of the battery, under the guidance of their Huron ally François, acted as scouts, the position of the enemy being supposed to give him command of the open surface of the lake: a long flank march was made through the woods, and the line of attack and supports formed on his flank, cutting him off his line of retreat to Stoneham. The attack was delivered, to the manifest alarm of the occupants of a log hut, who took up a strong position under their bed, and could not be dislodged by force of British arms or the diplomacy of a Schouvaloff. On the return march a small river had to be crossed, the Indian guide declared the ice unsafe, and the force crossed on a couple of felled trees, Indian fashion (*en pont sauvage*). The only casualty occurred to a field officer, a heavy swell, who fell through the ice attempting a passage on his own account. He was none the worse, only wiser for his ducking. The sound of firing now showed that the old camp had been occupied by an unexpected party of the enemy. A second detour had to be made, and scouts again sent out, who reported the camp occupied and an ambuscade laid by the hostiles, who had also sent out Indians and scouts. After some skirmishing the camp was taken from the rear, thus cutting off the retreat of the defenders, who fortunately turned out to be friends from town, laden with a very welcome and varied supply of provisions, which they kindly helped to do justice to in spite of their apparently treacherous designs so happily frustrated. Friday was wild and stormy; the tents were struck and the force marched home, leaving a small detachment under Capt. Duchesnay to bring up the rear the next day. Not a man fell out during the march, and the only casualty was a frozen nose of the Wellington type. As the tents of the Militia Department were not available, Mr. Joly, the kind and liberal Seigneur of Lotbinière, lent some light cotton tents and portable stoves used by his lumbermen in their encampments for driving logs. Each tent holds fifteen men, and with his stove, only weighs thirty-five pounds. The hunting tents of Lieut.-Col. Montizambert, Mr. D. C. Thompson and other friends were also cheerfully lent. Not one cent of expense was laid upon the Government. This is not the first experience of the Battery in winter expeditions. Long snow-shoe marches are frequently made, and in the winter of 1873 the battery bivouacked in the woods without tents. It is to be hoped the oft-repeated recommendations of the General commanding to extend "A" and "B" Battery into one general instructional brigade of all arms, with companies of infantry attached, will be found a satisfactory method of using a portion of a

small sum annually voted for militia purposes; and if the liberality in point of numbers, formerly extended to the old military schools (which only taught barrack yard drill and the theory of interior economy) could be extended to such an instructional brigade, considerable numbers of the militia officers, non-commissioned officers, and men of all branches would *make time*, especially in winter, to do a little practical soldiering, as well as the theory of field fortification and tactics of all arms already taught by the Quebec Gunnery School. A uniform system of military certificates could then be established all over the Dominion.

THE BI-METALLIC STANDARD.

Now that the Silver Bill has become law in the United States, spite of the President's veto, our American friends are desirous of obtaining the sanction and cooperation of other countries, and Secretary Evans, with this view, has just addressed an important letter to members of the Latin Union. He invites the Governments of Europe to join the United States in a conference to adopt a common ratio between gold and silver for the purpose of establishing, internationally, the use of bi-metallic money, and securing fixity of relative value between these metals, such conference to be held at such place in Europe or in the United States, at such time within six months as may mutually be agreed upon by the executives of the Governments joining in the same, whenever the Governments so invited or any three of them shall have signified their willingness to unite in the same. As the President, in his message to Congress, distinctly expressed his opinion in favor of maintaining silver as one of the two precious metals which furnished the coinage of the world, and keeping up to as full a measure as possible the volume of the two precious metals as intrinsic money, and as the act of Congress was passed by very great majorities of both houses, the policy of the country in support of bi-metallic money may be considered as decided. The position of the country commercially, from its relation to the Western and Eastern nations of the other hemisphere, gives to it a paramount interest in proper adjustment of the two precious metals in their common service of furnishing the intrinsic and universal money of foreign trade. And besides, as a principal producer of silver, the United States have a just disposition to promote one of the important uses of that precious metal as a constituent part of the money of the world. The attention of European Governments is drawn to the great interest which the United States Government feels in the measure now proposed for conforming the coinage and proportions of the two precious metals in the systems of the two countries invited to participate therein to the common advantage of the world. An early adhesion of at least three of the European nations to this project of the conference is of the first importance. This being assured, it will be in the power of the President to appoint the Commissioners provided for in such case by the act of Congress.

THE CHRONICLES OF THE ST. LAWRENCE.

We are permitted to offer to our readers the following advance sheets of a work in press of some 400 pages, by the author of "Quebec Past and Present."

CODRES ISLAND.

On returning from Murray Bay, the steamer, after touching at the long Government Pier at Eboulements, skirts, until it reaches Bay St. Paul, the base of the rugged North Shore range, with *Cap-aux-oses*, *Cap-aux-Corneilles*, and *Cap au Corbeau* towering in the skies above. On your left lies a low, grassy, fertile island, nearly nine miles long by four miles broad: *Ile-aux-Coudres*, thus designated more than two centuries ago.

Here sojourned on the 6th September, 1535, the venturesome St. Malo' mariner, Jacques Cartier. At the west end you can get a glimpse of the little harbour where lay the three French vessels. It is known now as *Harre de Jacques Cartier, le Mouillage des Anglais* (the English

anchorage), hereafter we shall say why, and the *Barre de la Prairie*, probably on account of the meadow stretching along the beach. Cartier named this inviting abode *Hazel Island, Isle-aux-Coudres*, from the abundance of hazel bushes (*Coudriers*) growing there.

In few corners of New France, under French régime, could you have found, or could you find to this day, more fully, more agreeably preserved the manners, *bonhomie*, patriarchal simplicity of the early Norman and Breton settlers of Canada, though the land grants are all posterior to 1720.

Everything, it is true, tended in this direction; the unsettled state of the inhabitants, the exegency of this sea-girt kingdom, the uneventful, even tenor of their lives, their feudal, social and religious training. During the summer months, being equal to providing for all their wants, the islanders have little communication with outside barbarians. No telegrams, no railways, no steamers to wait them tidings of the shifting, wicked outer world, no communists to array them against Church and State. Occasionally, on the eve of a general Parliamentary election, a dazed politician may land on these peaceful shores, momentarily ruffling the surface of this guileless Arcadia—a passing ripple, nothing more.

Cold, torpid winter has one advantage. The islanders are then safe, or nearly so, against politicians and electioneering agents. When snow storms rage, shutting out from view the frowning North Shore settlements and their white-walled dwellings, like awnings dotting the sea shore, you might remain there for days a captive, though the hospitality of the natives would render it a mild captivity. 'T would be worth the lives of a crew for a canoe to be caught in a blinding snow storm, amidst the hammocks and held ice, choking up the narrow passage between *Ile-aux-Coudres* and *Point St. Paul*, with the tide rushing past like a mill race.

To the pious of the neighbouring parishes on *Acadia*, sufficiently hardy to tempt, as pilgrims, the perils of the deep, the island is invested with more than ordinary interest. A supernatural, a mystic glamour hangs over its solitary shores.

Here, on the 7th September, 1535, being the Feast of the Nativity of the Virgin, was celebrated the first mass said on Canadian soil, for which incident, we have the undoubted authority of Jacques Cartier.

Three and a half centuries after, imagination likes to recall to mind the brave little French squadron—the *Grand Hermine*, the *Petite Hermine*, the *Emerillon*, quietly at anchor on yonder bay.

A mellow autumnal sun gilds the hills in rear, dispelling the haze, which September's cool evenings draws from the bosom of the heaving waters; the neighbouring groves, with their graceful maples, sturdy oaks and quivering pines, rustle under the morning breeze to the depressing notes of the retiring migratory birds. Their foliage glistening with the dew, touched by the first chills of September, are hushed with gold—bathed in amber, or tipped with scarlet—a gorgeous, a royal mantle, with the sheen of diamonds and rich gems, thrown over nature by the genius *bee*, as it were to greet the famous discoverer and sea captain. Mark to the cadence of oars, from boats bearing ashore French uniforms—French colours! You could not mistake their nationality, the officers, soldiers and sailors of the gallant *Frances I.* Here followed the almoners of the fleet, Dom Anthonin and Dom Guillaume le Breton, bearing in their hands the sacred vessels, for the celebration of the sacrifice of mass.

To every son of Rome, rejoicing in religious freedom on Canadian soil, under his Protestant Queen, the spot where was offered for the first time the holy sacrifice is indeed a sacred spot.

On a slight eminence close to the shore, in commemoration of the event, a wooden cross, surrounded by a palisade, was erected in 1848, by a devout islander, the Rev. Epiphane Lapointe. On the base may be read the following inscription, calculated to mislead those unacquainted with early Canadian history:

4 Ici
Fut célébré
La Première Messe
Dûe à l'Isle-aux-Coudres
Par
Le Révérend Père De La Brosse
1763

Father de la Brosse was an excellent priest—a devout missionary. He closed his career on the 11th April, 1782, at midnight, at Tadoussac, some seventy miles lower down. We are informed by Abbé Casgrain, the historiographer of the island, on the faith of a pious tradition current all over *Ile-aux-Coudres*, that the news of his death was wafted that very night (not by telephone, be it remembered), but by a voice, which naturally or supernaturally whispered into the ear of the pastor of the island, Rev.

"Le sixième jour du mois, nous vîmes poser à une île qui fait une petite baie et couche de terre. Cette île contient environ trois terres de long et deux de large, et est une moult bonne terre et grasse, pleine de beaux et grands arbres de plusieurs sortes; et entre autres y a plusieurs coudres franches qui trouvaient fut chargées de noixelles aussi grosses et de meilleure saveur que les nôtres, mais un peu plus sèches. Et par cela nommâmes l'Isle-aux-Coudres."

Le septième jour du dit mois (le septième) jour de Notre Dame, après avoir ouï la messe, nous partîmes de la dite île pour aller à mont le dit fleuve."

(Voyages de Jacques Cartier)

1 Here was celebrated the first Mass, said in the *Ile-aux-Coudres*, by Revd. Father De La Brosse, 1763.