

whom fealty and homage were rendered with becoming pomp, by his *ceusitaires*, the Bellangers—Guions—Langlois—Parents—Marcoux, of 1635, whose descendants, bearing the old Perche or Norman name, occupy to this day the white cotages to be seen on all sides.

On the highest site of this limestone ridge, a clever, influential, refined and wealthy Briton, the Hon. W. H. Ryland, for years Civil Secretary, Clerk of the Executive Council, with other appointments, selected a spot for a country seat in 1805.

For more than thirty years, Mr. Ryland enjoyed the favor, nay the intimacy of every ruler, (except Sir George Prevost), which this then mis-ruled colony owed to Downing Street.

Antipathies of race had been on the increase at Quebec, ever since the parliamentary era of 1791; there was the French party, led by fiery and able politicians, and the English oligarchy, occupying nearly all the places and avenues to power. French armies under Napoleon I., swayed the destinies of continental Europe; their victories occasionally must awake a responsive echo among their downtrodden fellow-countrymen, so cowardly deserted by France in 1759, whilst Nelson's victories of the Nile, of Trafalgar, of Copenhagen, and, finally, the field of Waterloo, had buoyed up to an extravagant pitch the spirits of the English minority of Quebec, which a French parliamentary majority had so often trammelled. It was during the major part of that stormy period that Herman Wistius Ryland,—aided by the able Chief Justice Jonathan Sewell,—was in reality entrusted with the helm of state. He was, as Christie observes, considered the "Fountain head of power." This subtle *diplomat*, (for such will be his title in history), however hostile in his attitude he might have been towards the French Canadian nationality, succeeded in retaining to the last the respect of the French Canadian peasantry who surrounded him.