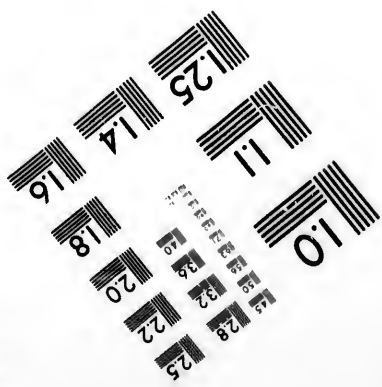
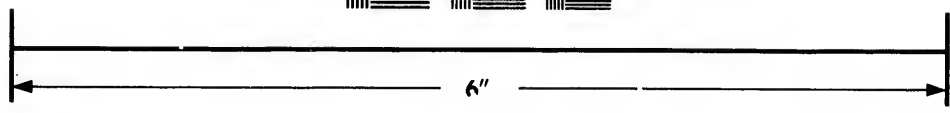
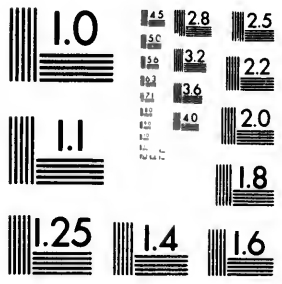


**IMAGE EVALUATION  
TEST TARGET (MT-3)**



**Photographic  
Sciences  
Corporation**

23 WEST MAIN STREET  
WEBSTER, N.Y. 14580  
(716) 872-4503

15 28  
20 25  
32 22  
36 20  
18

**CIHM/ICMH  
Microfiche  
Series.**

**CIHM/ICMH  
Collection de  
microfiches.**

10



**Canadian Institute for Historical Microreproductions**

**Institut canadien de microreproductions historiques**

**1980**



The copy filmed here has been reproduced thanks to the generosity of:

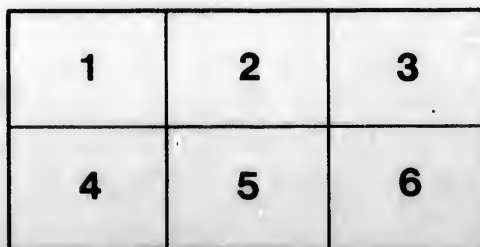
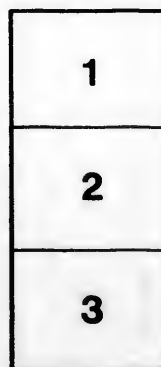
National Library of Canada

The images appearing here are the best quality possible considering the condition and legibility of the original copy and in keeping with the filming contract specifications.

Original copies in printed paper covers are filmed beginning with the front cover and ending on the last page with a printed or illustrated impression, or the back cover when appropriate. All other original copies are filmed beginning on the first page with a printed or illustrated impression, and ending on the last page with a printed or illustrated impression.

The last recorded frame on each microfiche shall contain the symbol  $\rightarrow$  (meaning "CONTINUED"), or the symbol  $\nabla$  (meaning "END"), whichever applies.

Maps, plates, charts, etc., may be filmed at different reduction ratios. Those too large to be entirely included in one exposure are filmed beginning in the upper left hand corner, left to right and top to bottom, as many frames as required. The following diagrams illustrate the method:



L'exemplaire filmé fut reproduit grâce à la générosité de:

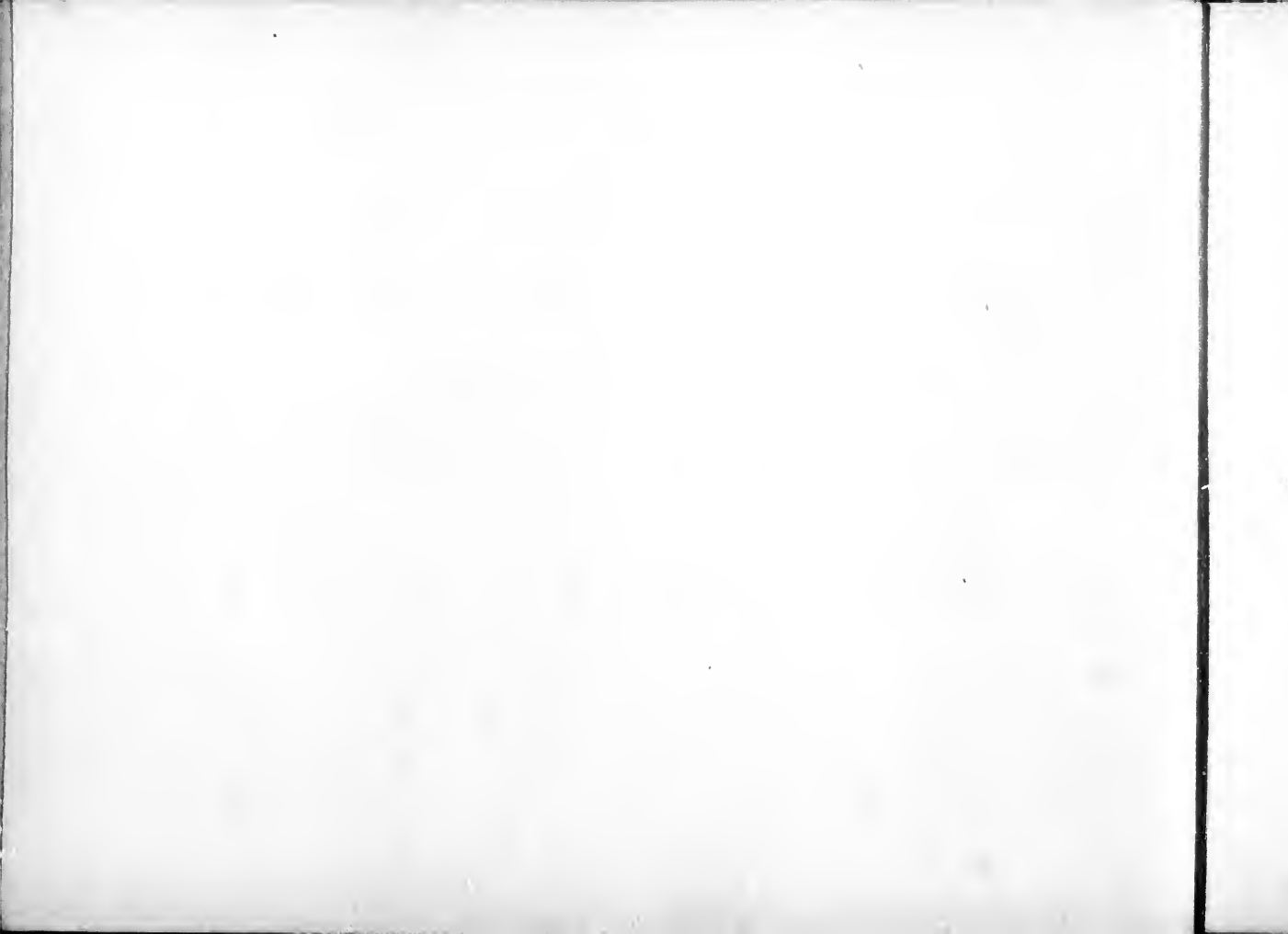
Bibliothèque nationale du Canada

Les images suivantes ont été reproduites avec le plus grand soin, compte tenu de la condition et de la netteté de l'exemplaire filmé, et en conformité avec les conditions du contrat de filmage.

Les exemplaires originaux dont la couverture en papier est imprimée sont filmés en commençant par le premier plat et en terminant soit par la dernière page qui comporte une empreinte d'impression ou d'illustration, soit par le second plat, selon le cas. Tous les autres exemplaires originaux sont filmés en commençant par la première page qui comporte une empreinte d'impression ou d'illustration et en terminant par la dernière page qui comporte une telle empreinte.

Un des symboles suivants apparaîtra sur la dernière image de chaque microfiche, selon le cas: le symbole  $\rightarrow$  signifie "A SUIVRE", le symbole  $\nabla$  signifie "FIN".

Les cartes, planches, tableaux, etc., peuvent être filmés à des taux de réduction différents. Lorsque le document est trop grand pour être reproduit en un seul cliché, il est filmé à partir de l'angle supérieur gauche, de gauche à droite, et de haut en bas, en prenant le nombre d'images nécessaire. Les diagrammes suivants illustrent la méthode.



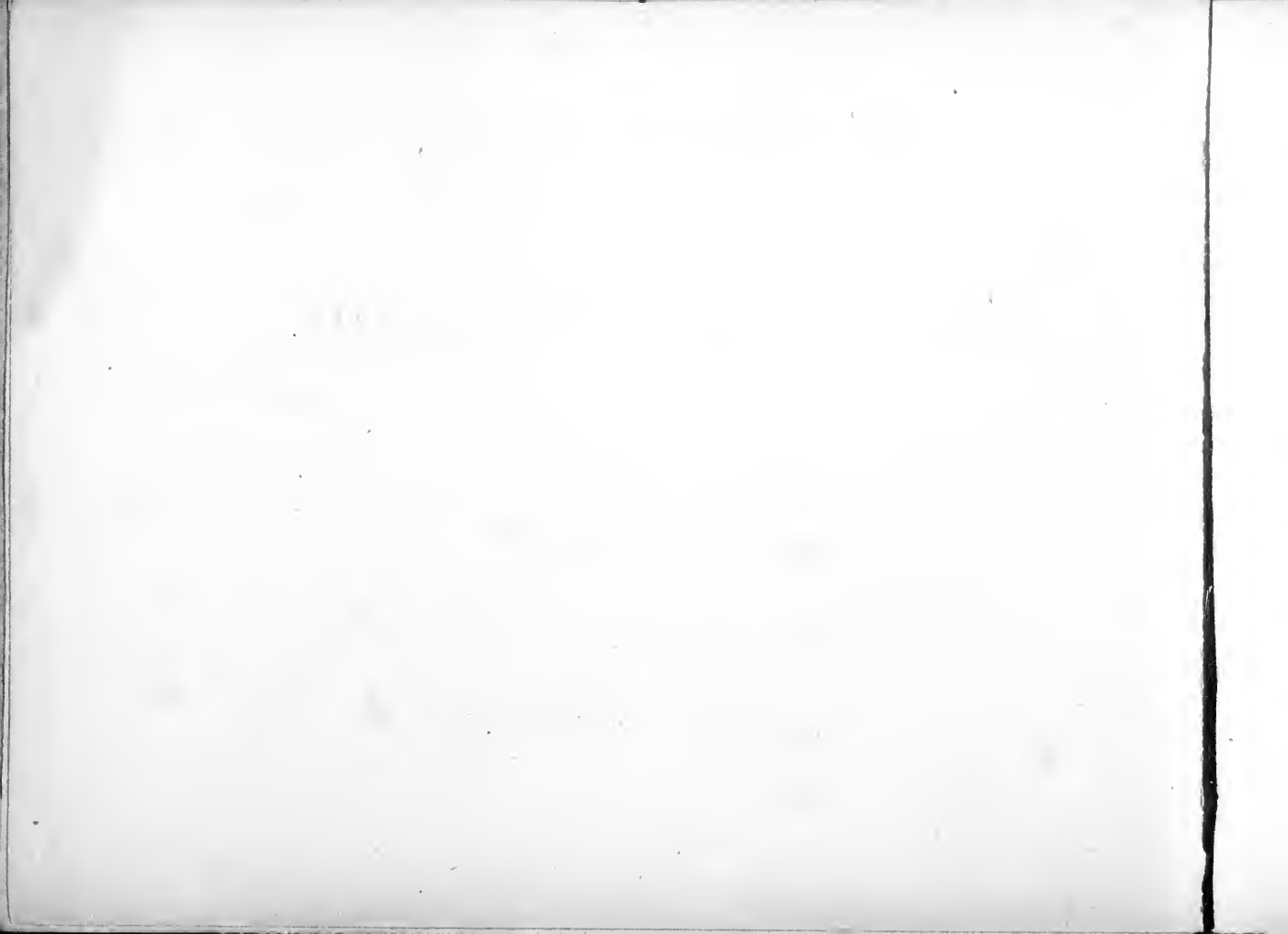
DOMINUS DOMI,  
OR  
THE CHATEAU SAINT-LOUIS,

BY

**J. M. HARPER,**  
The author of "Our Jeames."

---

"Je me souviens."



To the Hon. Justice Chauveau, Q.C., LL.D.,

the Literature-loving Son of a

Distinguished Litterateur,

These Historico-topographical Verses

are Respectfully Inscribed by

a Citizen of Quebec

on the occasion of the

Unveiling of Champlain's Monument,

21st September, 1898.



Ne  
the  
163  
earl  
ves  
Por  
his  
and  
the  
exp  
Lie  
eig  
St.  
Lo  
Kin  
pun  
*Do*

## BIOGRAPHICAL NOTE.

---

Samuel de Champlain, the founder of the city of Quebec and Governor of New France, was born in Brouage, in France, in the year 1570, and died, in the fort near the spot where his monument now stands, on Christmas day, 1635, a hundred years after the memorable voyage of Jacques Cartier. His earlier years were spent in the wars of the League and as commander of a vessel in the Spanish fleet sailing for Mexico. In 1603, he took part in Pontgrave's expedition to Canada, and published on his return a description of his attempt at settlement on an island at the mouth of the St. Croix in Acadia, and his explorations on the St. Lawrence. On a later expedition he founded the city of Quebec in 1608, and after defeating the Iroquois, made sundry explorations of Lake Champlain and the Ottawa. In 1612, he was appointed Lieutenant-Governor of New France under Prince de Condé as viceroy, and eight years after, began the fortifications of his capital by erecting Fort St. Louis on the ground which afterwards became the site of the Chateau St. Louis burned in 1834. In 1628, Quebec suffered its first siege under David Kirke, but Champlain was reinstated as governor in 1633, and industriously pursued his plans of colonization until the day of his death. And now, as *Dominus Domi* (the Master at Home), he is fittingly represented by the

monumental statue erected in his honour by the citizens of Quebec a few yards from the site of the fort where he breathed his last. His contemporary, Father Le Jeune, has said of him : " He lived a life of justice and honour, faithful to his king and the company ; and in his death he has perfected his virtues with a piety so remarkable that we cannot but be astonished." A complete edition of his works, ably edited by Abbés Laverdière and Casgrain was published at Quebec in 1870.

éta  
cor  
cel  
cet  
tra  
et  
cor

few  
ary,  
our,  
his  
A  
rain

“Toutes choses furent si bien ménagées que tout fut en peu de temps en état de nous loger, pour le peu d'ouvriers qu'il y avait, une partie desquels commencèrent un fort pour éviter aux dangers qui peuvent advenir, vu que sans cela il n'y a nulle sûreté en un pays éloigné presque de tout secours. J'établis cette demeure en une situation très bonne, sur une montagne qui commandait le travers de fleuve Saint-Laurent, et qui est un des lieux les plus étroits de la rivière et tous nos associés n'avaient pu goûter la nécessité d'une place forte pour la conservation du pays et de leur bien.”—*Œuvres de Champlain.*

And what Quebec is to Canada from an historical point of view, the Chateau St. Louis is to the city itself. The spot is a pleasure ground for antiquary and poet. Here the imagination may revel in its sweetest delights and draw sunshine from the memorials of primitive colonial life. And if the quaint grouping of buildings within the walls seems but a bit of the old world set down on the borders of the new, the site of Champlain's early home sheds a dreamland light from the social and political traditions of the mother countries beyond the seas.

—*The Burning of the Chateau.*

cor  
per  
un

hur  
bra  
nov  
her  
his

C'est de sa résidence du Port Saint-Louis que le fondateur de Québec contemplait dans les derniers jours de son existence, l'admirable campagne que sa pensée couvrait de villages et de moissons et d'où son génie voulait faire surgir une France nouvelle.— *Ernest Gagnon.*

In face of the self-seeking that threatened for long the existence of the little hungry-eyed community at the base of Cape Diamond, he was able to stand bravely by his almost limitless principality in the days of its immaturity; and now to us of the present he looks out from behind the curtain of the past with the heroic light, not of the seventeenth century, but of the middle ages, playing around his features and character.— *Champlain's Tomb.*

And Champlain's city, proud with battlement  
And wall, deep-mouthed and fierce of brow, uplifts  
Her milder voice and seeks to doff her frown,  
While yet her rock, with empire flag for crest,  
Bespeaks the war-stained lore of centuries near  
Writ golden on the fringe of nature's smile.

— *Then and Now.*

DOMINUS DOMI,  
OR  
THE CHATEAU SAINT-LOUIS.

Hail, beauteous shrine of nature, gay festooned  
With woodland grandeur, where the fervid soul  
May drink a draught from summer's rippling bloom,  
Like sweet ambrosial odour mortalized !

· · · · ·  
Beyond the glacis' slopes as vantage ground  
The picture groups—horizoned by the hills  
Of dark Laval and Levis' frowning forts.  
The river broadening into laughing lake,  
Whose face the virgin blue of heaven reflects,  
Breaks cadence with a kiss on Orleans Isle,



And laves the cheek of Eden grace and bloom  
That blushes 'mid a thousand rural tints  
In view of Montmorency's bridal wreath.

From Cap Rouge glades a fringe of forest runs,  
Now here, now there, along the fertile plain,  
Where drowsy nature hums the sower's song  
Or cheers the reaper in his harvest toils.  
Bright emblems of Arcadian peace and joy,  
That blink at commerce rushing through the streets,  
The cowering hamlets dotted o'er the glebe —  
Sweet clustering gems that glimmer in the light —  
Bespeak themselves the havens of a peace  
That hovers, like an angel, in the air.  
Near banks of velvet moss and waving fern  
The river's silvery links steal through the groves,  
Where brooklets find their strength of woodland song,  
Where laughing poplars quiz the solemn pines ;

Then leap the waters in their hissing haste  
The rocks of old Lorette, like headlong steed ;  
Till, weary grown with frolic's escapade,  
Befoamed with many a flake, they lave the holms,—  
Now creeping through a silent salmon pool,  
Now bubbling o'er the minnows in their play,  
Now singing requiem near the old graveyard.

And still to charm the scene with varying light,  
The contrast lies beyond the shades below,  
Where dance in myriads sun-born sparkling gems  
Around the summer's fleet at anchor near.  
Nor far is heard the hum of noonday life  
That seeks not hither from its toilsome gains,  
Till sunset sends it climbing up the hill  
To rest on threshold of the moon's fair realm,  
On kiosked terrace or on esplanade.

The Chateau's faded splendour shines anew  
In later festal halls ; and when the tints  
Of golden twilight lave the pathways near,  
'Tis then a thousand voices fill the air  
With gleeful sounds — gay citizens astir  
To breathe the soothing balm of eventide.  
Whence comes the music near its open courts  
As flit the shadows round the lilac-lawn ?  
Whose ghosts are these that dismal flit around  
The lingering aspect of the olden time,  
When brilliant groups of knights and courtly dames  
Rang gallery and garden with their cheer ?  
. . . . .  
Within a flood of festive light that glares  
A dazzling nucleus 'mid encircling gloom,  
Where earth below seems heaven for brilliant stars  
That twinkle in the landscape and the glass  
Of waters gleaming like a nether sky,

Two streams of gayety go tripping past :  
Now here, now there, they time their gladsome pace  
To music's strains that sweeten friendship's hour,  
That mingle with the whispered tale of love  
Soft breathed and coy in ear of blushing maid,  
Or yet renewed to joy the matron's cares.  
And is it here, on ground where living mirth  
Its incense burns to scent the evening shades,  
Where caste and kindred join the wreathing throng  
To wile away the irksomeness of life ?  
Is't here we seek the spirits that sentry keep  
To watch how human joys repeat themselves ?

Yes, here it is, where other walls still throw  
Their silken shadows on the terrace lawn,—  
Here where is seen the river's rippling smile,  
As Phœbus weaves his evening web of gold  
Around the woodland setting of the scene !  
The breeze makes grotto of the terrace-nooks

That sentinel the frowning rock ; and here  
Of choice escaped awhile from commerce-cares,  
The memory, cradled on the velvet charms  
Of nature, hums its olden song, and plays  
With history's fingers to assure its tune.

'Tis vantage-ground ; for here the fort was raised  
To pioneer the prowess of New France.  
Ere prolicidal lewdness dared betray.  
Even here, the sepulchre of war's behest,  
Seen through the telescope of time reversed,  
Reads curious epitaph, as near converge  
The weird perspective shadows of events  
Which old Saint-Lawrence saw within his realms  
When times of eld were at a second birth.

. . . . .

In eagle's eyry that defiance bade  
To cunning lurking in the glades around,  
The hero of St. Croix, intrepid borne,

Scought destiny beyond the seas, where realm  
Was wilderness, a kingdom unsubdued.  
In name of God and king, 'twas his to guide  
The restlessness of man, and even seek  
From craft alliance in the cause of peace ;  
'Twas his with threads of woe to weave a wreath  
Of glory for the brow of France ; alas !  
To see disaster crown his several toils  
When foreign foe beset his forest home.  
And still his fame sounds sweet in nature's song  
On hill and dale around the river-lake ;  
For was it not the anthem his the first  
To hear, as solace of vice-regal cares —  
Even his the first to bless, as round him pressed,  
The dismal dawning of a fate severe  
That since has been the halo round his name ?  
And as the years saw realized their hopes,  
When regal pomp sought place beyond the seas,

And palmier days grew sweet in courtesy,  
The Chateau's walls arose to crown the breach  
Where stood the fort of Champlain's first defence ;  
For here it was there thronged the old noblesse  
To seek the fame the gay Versailles refused,  
And shed the lustre of its court abroad.  
Here courtiers proud, and belted knights have paced  
These lingering battlements beneath our feet,  
Here held they in the halls high festival  
Or council state, where pageantry a new  
Reflection shone from Bourbon majesty.

And dare we not, within the corridors,  
Catch glimpse between of luxury's fading couch  
Adorned with trappings of vice-regal sway —  
Perchance behold the poet-painter's touch  
Reveal a tale our own in heroes ours  
Whose deeds shine golden in the light of time.

Beyond, within the chamber most remote,  
Where, drooped with ample folds of red and gold,  
The throne commands the seats of councillors,  
Is seen uplift on Parian pedestal  
The statue of the king who boldly sought  
Renown through deeds his own ; and as we scan  
The rigid lines where lip meets nether lip,  
We read the record of a spirit that rose  
Above the flatteries of minionry,—  
Ne'er trusting sceptre in another's hands  
To guide the destiny of sovereign power  
In France, the New or Old.

And yonder near,  
This side the throne, as if to guard it still,  
Are seen to glance the haughty Cardinal's eyes,  
As, through the art that dares to tell the truth,  
There comes from them the light that men had feared,  
Made milder by the rays that women loved.



And strange, so far away from scenes of yore,  
We here may read the tale of princely craft,  
With aims admired that sought a country's good  
With aims abhorred that sought its own advance,  
And yet make great the less in what was done  
For France beyond, where vain was seen for long  
The budding feudal strength bestowed on it  
A seeming ground for greatness yet to be.

On other side, in purple robes adorned,  
Is seen the dignity of Buade's grace  
Portrayal fitting of a feudal lord,  
Who thought to rule a king, yet stooped to find  
His strength in court intrigue and homage paid  
To beauty's power in her who called him spouse.  
'Twas his the hand that shaped a destiny  
Anew, where Champlain dared impending doom ;  
As else 'twas his to show, in rule renewed,  
How far the great in littleness is seen.

Behind the gildings of the chair of state,  
A colour contrast to its crimson glare,  
There hangs the portrait of Laval : his robes,  
The simple vestments of a priest, betray  
No churchly pomp : 'tis only when the light  
Plays round his face is seen the prelate-king,  
Who swayed a realm beyond the will of king,  
And gave it firm abode in western wilds.

And Colbert's craft that withered Fouquet's fame,  
Looks out from eyes on spacious canvass near  
To turn its glance on Richelieu the great !  
The smile that wreathes his lips still seems to speak  
Of proud success,— of guile that honest wove  
A garland-wreath in honour of New France.

And there beneath the country's liliated crest,  
In niche retired, is Talon's modest bust,  
The wisest of intendants, who, with aims  
His own well-curbed, sought prouder fame  
In working for a people's weal,— to whom

The smiling fields may well sing lusty praise  
And commerce raise a lasting loud acclaim ;  
For was't not he who found a wilderness,  
To make it radiant with a harvest-bloom ?

The light is fading, yet we still may see,  
On western wall where twilight magnifies,  
Grouped round the gravings of the brave Champlain  
And Malo's mariner, the forms of those  
Whose's life's devotion solved a country's fate.  
The heroes of the past ! Their spirits near  
Are with us still, as float within the courts  
And corridors the silver accents sweet  
Of motherland, the sounds they loved so well :  
A living music echoes through the nooks  
They knew ; the sounds of louder joy approach :  
The dream takes sudden wing, and ere we know,  
The spirits near have laughter in their song  
That wakes us to the life this side of death.

The answer is in the growing feeling that the founder of our city should have within its borders a monument to commemorate his life work, not an ordinary monument, for his was no ordinary life merely magnified now for us by distance-effects. Let us raise to his memory something that shall really show that the enterprise born to us through him continues to live; something that men shall know of everywhere and that will commemorate the realization of his great life dream, the pathway past Quebec that leads westward to the east.

In a word, is there anything to keep the citizens of Quebec from joining with those who would assist in raising a *Maison de Champlain* on (or overlooking) the ground where the stalwart frame of our first governor had resting place?

— *Champlain's Tomb.*

