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HISTORICAL NOTES

ON

QUEBEC AND ITS ENVIRONS

BY

J. M. LeMOINE, F. R. S. C.

Author of "*Quebec Past and Present*": "*Chronicles of the St. Lawrence*": "*Maple Leaves*": "*Picturesque Quebec*," &c.

Montreal to Quebec, per steamer - Round Town -
Quebec to Jacques-Cartier Monument - Québec to
Montmorency Falls - Drive to Indian Lorette -
Indian Lorette - Tahourenche - The Huron Chief -
The St. Louis and the St. Foye Roads - Château
Bigot - Excursion round Québec Harbor.

SANT-SUJICE

FIFTH EDITION.

QUEBEC

PRINTED BY C. DARVEAU

1890

ALCANTARA
DIAZ-THAS

FC :
2946.18
-L467.
1890

*Dr John Harper
"Greetings!"
J. M. Lemoine*

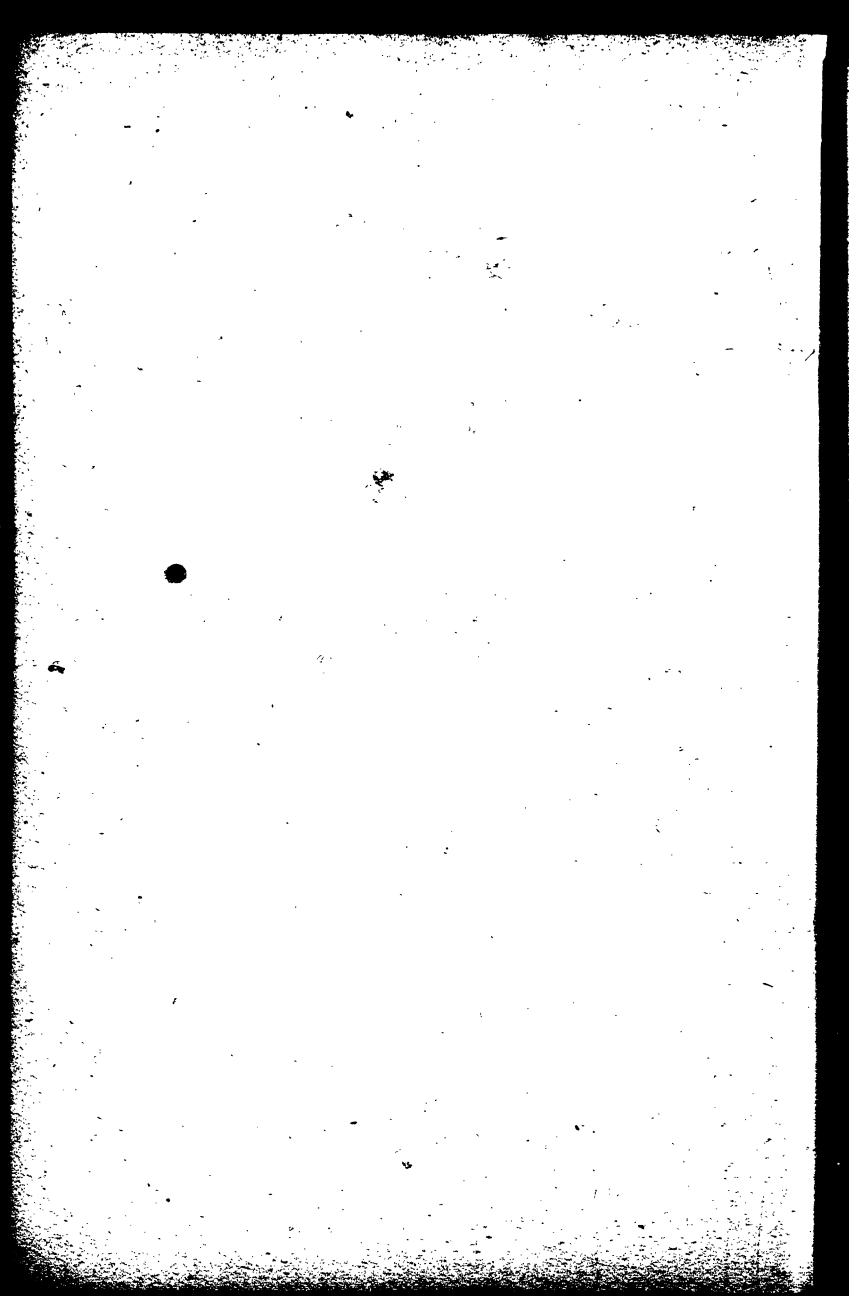
TO
HER ROYAL HIGHNESS
THE
PRINCESS LOUISE

THESE NOTES ON QUEBEC AND ITS ENVIRONS, ARE,
BY SPECIAL PERMISSION, RESPECTFULLY
INSCRIBED BY THE AUTHOR

J. M. LEMOINE.

Spencer Grange, 4th June, 1879.

37965





MONTREAL TO QUEBEC

ON BOARD OF STEAMER, "QUEBEC"

I

[6th June 1890.

Leaving far behind in the dusk of the evening the innumerable gas and electric lights of the city of the Royal Mount—known as Ville-Marie in the primitive, rude times of her worthy founder, Chomedey de Maisonneuve, soon our steamer caught by the current St Mary, shot past historic Hochelaga. Imagination reverting to the misty past, recalled that second October of 1535 — when Cartier's boats were bearing his adventurous followers "Claudius of Ponte Briand, cupbearer to the Lord Dauphin of France, Charles of Fomeraye, John Govrin, John Powlet and twenty eight mariners" to meet, here, his sacred Majesty, King Agouhanna, borne on the shoulders of several natives.

I filled in the time, after enjoying a substantial dinner, listening to snatches of soft music and popular French songs which a long-bearded, dignified M. P. P. warbled *con amore*.

“ Sol Canadien, terre chérie
Par des braves, tu fus peuplé ”

.....

“ Un Canadien errant, banni de ses foyers ” etc.

A bright-eyed Milesian damsel, led to the piano by her *cavalière servante*, closed, much to her satisfaction, the musical portion of the evening with Tom Moore's exquisite boat song, though “ St. Anne ” and its “ rapids were not near, ” *et vogue la galère !*

Presently the pilot pulled his regulation bell and the steamer took a sheer in shore, landed a few noisy deck-passengers and some freight at the thriving town of Sorel, which crowns the *embouchure* of the historic Richelieu, for many decades, the highway of the marauding Iroquois — descending like a ravenous wolf from his mountain fastness near New-York. Sorel, under early English rule, a noted U. E. Loyalist settlement, has for more than a half century, ceased to be the headquarters of King George III.'s staunch adherents, the United Empire Loyalists of 1783. On the proclamation of Independence, the brave and true fellows gave up, at Boston, New-York and Philadelphia, wealth, friends and position rather than go back on their allegiance to their Sovereign.

Visited, in 1787, by George III.'s son, the Duke of Clarence, afterwards William IV, Sorel went under

the name of Fort William Henry, and was, once, much sought after as a fashionable summer resort by the high officials of Montreal. * Its modern name has been dropped long since. The French name bequeathed to it by Captain de Sorel, an officer of Col. Saliere's renowned regiment, who, in 1665, completed the fort then in process of construction, on the Richelieu, was resuscitated.

The mere mention of the Richelieu, so long the home-ward course of the Iroquois canoes, returning with their gory trophies to the picturesque banks of the Hudson, recalls visions of blood, alarm and ambush — of which, happily no trace, save in history, now remains.

* The following note occurs in an old diary :

“ Sorel is the site of the first mission for the propagation of the Gospel established in Canada, and of the first Protestant Church erected there ; the bell is the oldest protestant bell this side the Atlantic... Behind the house now occupied by old Crebassa (N. P.) are the remains of an old moat which surrounded it, and is said to have been the scene of a struggle between the French and Indians. General Burgoyne's army was quartered along the banks of the Richelieu in 1777. The Revd. Mr. Scott, the first officiating minister in Sorel, is supposed to have come out from England, as Military Chaplain, and also the lamented General Frazer, who fell at Bennington Heights, were both interred at Sorel. The first Protestant settlers were United Empire Loyalist... The Bishop of Nova Scotia held a confirmation in Sorel, in 1788. The Governors General and commanders-in-Chief have resided, from the time of Frederick Haldimand, during the summer, at Sorel, — the Government Cottage was built by him. During the incumbency of the Revd. Mr.

Any school-boy will tell you the gruesome story of the pet fox who, on the 19th of August, 1819, at Sorel, bit the Duke of Richmond, then Governor-General of the Province, and the sad end by hydrophobia, of the great Scotch duke a few days later, at a village, since called Richmond, in Ontario. There are yet in Champlain's city those who can recollect the body of the dead Governor, lying in state at the Chateau Saint Louis, in Quebec, previous to being removed to its last resting place, on the 14th September, 1819, under the chancel of the English Cathedral.

Sorel to me, in the days of youthful joys, meant a week of marvellous duck and snipe shooting in September, on the reedy shores of its green isles—hampers of game, to the bagging of which a trusty

Doty, two members of the reigning royal family visited Sorel : the Duke of Clarence, then serving in the royal navy, was pleased, on an address being presented to him, to sanction the change of its name to William Henry, his own. Subsequently the Duke of Kent—Queen Victoria's father—paid a passing visit. In 1819, during the incumbency of Mr Jackson, the Duke of Richmond was bitten by a fox bought on the market at Sorel ; being a pet with one of the staff, the Duke amused himself with it ; it snapped at his finger, which was immediately operated on by a respectable local practitioner, Christopher Carter, but in a few weeks after he died in a barn on the roadside, while on a tour of inspection to the Ottawa. The Earl of Dalhousie succeeded the Duke of Richmond. Sir Richard Jackson laid the corner stone of the present Parish Church in 1843 ; in 1845 he was buried beneath the chancel. The army in Canada erected a mural tablet to his memory in the church, and his daughter, Mrs. Manning, sent the church out an excellent communion service, with an inscription commemorative of her father. ”

(From the *Cruise of the Dixie*, in 1863.)

guide, Maxime Monjeau, and other local *chasseur* had something to say.

Our next stoppage—but we were in the arms of Morpheus at the time—was at the drowsy old town of Three Rivers, founded in 1634, by Lavolette; for half a century and more an important fur-trading post, a fort, and a mission of the Jesuits. We saw it not—not even in our dreams—though its stirring chronicles had recently been so lovingly unrolled for us by a gifted author—Benjamin Sulte, the historian.

Whole fleets of Huron and Algonquin canoes, in 1640-60, used to bring here each spring the products of their winter hunts—hundreds of packages of beaver, martin, mink, deer skins; and bartered them at the fort, for powder, knives, shot, blankets, beads, brandy, etc.

How fortunate the modern town has been to have given birth to such an able writer and devoted son as Sulte! Will Three-Rivers ever erect Mr. Sulte a statue? With what vividness, with what singular industry, has not the Trifluvian annalist written the history of Three-Rivers from its precarious beginnings! How easy at present to reconstruct in one's mind the grim old fort, recall its sieges with their dire alarms!

One recognizes the spots where the ferocious Iroquois concealed themselves to butcher their foes, the Hurons and Algonquins, allies of the French, occasionally scalping in cold blood some of King Louis' subjects. With the aid of Sulte's *Chronique Trifluvienne*, one can follow step by step the perilous career of our early missionaries—Buteux, LeMaistre,

Lallemant, Denoë, Jogues. You feel inclined to accompany the hardy trooper Caron in his wintry search, discovering at the île Platte, near Three-Rivers, on the 2nd of February, 1645, the missing-Jesuit, Denoë, "recumbent along a snow-drift, kneeling, on the river bank, with arms crossed on his breast, frozen stiff with eyes wide open, gazing heavenward, his cap and snow-shoes lying near him."

* victim, the good man, of his humane efforts in trying to seek relief for his less hardy companions. Overtaken by a snow storm and buried in the blinding drift the poor missionary had lost his way. No wonder that Caron should have knelt down and said a prayer after loading the dead hero on his sledge, and departed sorrowfully for Three-Rivers, having marked the spot with a cross on the bark of a tree.

That night, the faithful of Three-Rivers prayed to one more saint!

They were men, the missionaries and explorers of 1645!! What dauntless *voyageurs*, what expert woodsmen must have existed in those early days among the Trifluvians? Hertel, Marguerie, Nicolet, Godefroy and Normanville, and those astute, indomitable, sanguinary savages — Picscaret and Ahatsistari!

What a pity their striking forms in war paint and costume have not been preserved to us by the artists, brush as well as by the historian's pen?

Here was the site of the fort! there stood the convent! on that steep bank where our steamer was

* Chronique Trifluvienne, page 55.

moored, was *Le Platon*. Governor Pierre Boucher dwelled close by with his patriarchal family.

Then again, what thrilling episodes Mr. Sulte relates of Indian cruelty, Indian stratagem, tiger-like instincts! Here is one of his striking pen-photographs: — “An Algonquin girl, captured about the 1st of April (1646) by the Agniers (Mohawks) and brought home with them, succeeded, after about ten days captivity, in making her escape by slipping off during the night the thongs which held her and walking over the prostrate forms of her guardians plunged in sleep. The desire for revenge burnt so fiercely in her breast that she could not refrain from seizing an axe and braining one of the sleepers. She was at once pursued, but took refuge in a hollow tree, where no one thought of seeking her. On viewing her pursuers depart, she directed her flight in an opposite direction. Her footsteps were, however, traced at night-fall. To elude pursuit, she ran to the river and immersed her body under water, where she remained unseen. The Agniers gave up the pursuit and returned home. She travelled on foot thirty-five days, living on wild berries and roots. On approaching Sorel, she built a raft and took to the water. When near Three-Rivers she became alarmed at the sight of a canoe, landed and hid in the deep woods, from which she made her way laboriously to the fort, close to the shore. Some Hurons discovered her and attempted to join her, when she begged of them to throw some clothing to her, which they did. She was then taken to M. de la Potherie. The account of her escape seemed almost incredible; but other hair-breadth es-

capcs of a similar nature which followed ceased to cause any more surprise."*

Marvellous also are the adventures of the great Algonquin chief, Simon Piescaret. "On one occasion," says Mr. Sulte, "when striving to escape from a whole band of Iroquois in pursuit, he turned his snowshoes end for end, so that the track seemed as directed north, when he was going south. The Iroquois altered their course in consequence, and Piescaret, watching his opportunity, followed them, knocking on the head the laggards from the main body. Piescaret was unrivalled in that mode of warfare where great physical strength is required, where woodcraft and stratagem takes the place of genius, and where ambush is necessary. He could outrun a deer, and in single combat he did not seem to heed numbers.

"One day he started from Three-Rivers, his ordinary residence, and went and hid in an Iroquois village more than fifty leagues away. Under the veil of night he crept out of his hiding place, entered a hut, massacred the whole family, and hid in a pile of fuel close by. The alarm was given, but the murderous savage was not discovered. The next night he repeated the bloody drama, carried away the scalps and retreated to his wood pile.

"The whole village remained on guard on the third night. Piescaret, in spite of all the precautions taken, issued from his retreat, opened the door of a hut full

* Chronique Trifluvienne, page 59.

of watchful savages, brained the man nearest to him, and fled with the whole band of indians at his heels; outstripping them, he never ceased running that night and secreted himself in a hollow tree. The enemy, doubtful of effecting his capture, camped down, lit a fire and slept. Piescuret in the darkness crept up unseen, tomahawked and then scalped the unsuspecting slumberers and made for home with his bloody trophies.

“On another occasion cramming his gun with bullets, and accompanied by four savages well armed and concealed in the bottom of his canoe, he pretended to be fishing alone at the entrance of the river at Sorel. Some Iroquois canoes started in pursuit. He allowed them to come close by pretending to surrender, when he and his companions springing up, riddled the Iroquois canoes with balls. They began to fill. In the confusion he upset some, having jumped in the stream. Swimming with one hand and bearing in the other his terrible tomahawk, he plied it vigorously, killing several and taking some prisoners, whilst the rest fled.”† — (*Benj. Sulte.*)

“The Roman Catholic Church of Three-Rivers commenced in 1715, pushed on, in 1740, and completed in 1806 — is well worthy of the attention of *connoisseurs* as a specimen of the ornate primitive Canadian place of worship. Its external walls, however, are not noteworthy; but its interior is laid out in the florid, *rococo* style of the Louis XV era. Sculptures of quaint aspect adorn the ceiling and internal walls. The

† *Chronique Trifluvienne*, p. 19.

pulpit is a marvel in design and antique ornamentation. The main altar with its frame of four columns is remarkable in its way, nor ought the gorgeous pew of the church wardens to be forgotten." †

"The old church at Three-Rivers, richly endowed by the Godefroy (descendants of the old Norman Godefroy), still has the arms of the distinguished family superbly carved on the Banc d'Œuvres." §

Three-Rivers, counts something more than indian alarms, and indian surprizes in her far-reaching chronicles. The voices of other years can recall stirring episodes of the great seige, of 1759 — successful repulse of the marauder, in the dark days of 1775-6 — worthy exploits of her sons — english and french, enlisted for the struggle of 1812-14 — ready, the brave fellows, to seal their allegiance with their blood.

A distinguished soldier Col (afterwards General Sir Fred Haldimand) ruled here in 1760-2 ; his wise, firm administration secured him successive preferment and ultimately, — notwithstanding his foreign birth, — he was a Swiss, — the full confidence of the British Crown.

In June, 1776—an english lieutenant, James Henry Craig headed a detachment of the garrison of Three-Rivers and routed Montgomery's followers : he was destined after a long and honorable term of service, in India, — at the Cape of Good Hope — in Spain

† *Canadian Antiquarian*, October, 1889.

§ *Hamelin's* "Legends of Le Detroit," page 300.

— in Italy, — in America, — to return to our shores, as Governor General of Canada, in those critical times, when England, single-handed, successfully defied the coalesced and titanic power of the first Napoleon.

Old traditions yet teem with quaint reminiscences of the first english-speaking colonist, under english rule: an intelligent German Jew, by name Aaron Hart, the personal friend and *protégé* of Lieut. Governor Haldimand.

Here again, I have to acknowledge my indebtedness to the antiquarian lore of Mr. Sulte, for glimpses of the industrious, long-lived Israelite, born, in 1727, and deceased in 1800. A successful trader was Mr. Hart, with the Indians, after they had raised the hatchet of war, which they flourished with such fatal effect, in the days of good Governor Boucher, in 1663. A brisk trade awaited them, at Mr. Hart's stores: blankets, beads, knives, ammunition, and alas! innumerable casks and demi-Johns — of potent "fire water," in the shape of West India rum, in exchange each spring, for the product of their winter chase. Aaron Hart had, it must be acknowledged, a splendid opportunity of reaping a golden harvest, after the departure of the leading French for France, at the conquest; and his appointment by Generals Murray and Haldimand, to look after the forts of western Canada, helped his commercial ventures, though Brigadier General Montgomery, made free with his stores and supplies, indispensable, he said, to the welfare of his suffering soldiery, bivouacked, round Quebec, in 1775, leaving Mr. Hart, in payment the

“Green backs” of the period. Congress subsequently refused to honor them.

Mr. Hart, like many others, was a victim to the prevailing earth-hunger, so common in early colonial days; he invested his spare cash, in seigniories, acquiring thus, the seigniories of Grondines, Bécancour, Vieux-Port, &c., laying the foundation of a large fortune, bequeathed to his four sons, Ezéchiel, Moses, Benjamin and Alexander, the latter settled in Montreal; Ezéchiel, later on, played an important part as member of Parliament. Three-Rivers was also the cherished home of the Honb Mathew Bell, for years, with Mr. D. Munro, the wealthy lessor of the St. Maurice Forges; Mr. Bell lived in great splendor among the Trifluvians, kept a pack of hounds; from the Three-River hounds, of 1829, sprang the Montreal kennel, so flourishing at present.

Three-Rivers borrows its name from the three channels or mouths of the Saint Maurice, at its confluence with the Saint Lawrence, one mile east of the town; the Saint Maurice, was thus called after Maurice Poulin, a settler there, in 1649.

II.

THREE RIVERS, DESCHAMBAULT, POINTE-AUX-TRÉMBLES AND ST. AUGUSTIN.

Let us bid adieu to Sulte's quaint, native city.

On sped, under the veil of night, our good steamer, successively shooting past innumerable beacons and headlands, each with a story of its own in Canadian

annals.; an hour or two later, we shot past *Cap à l'Arbre*—also known as *Cap à la Roche*, at the point where the St Jean Deschaillons parish church was subsequently built—the scene of a memorable shipwreck. Here, on the 6th November 1640, Gaspard Gouvault—apothecary, recently from Poitiers, and eight companions were drowned.

Next opened out pine-clad Cape Lauzon, of old charts, now Deschambault, half way between Three Rivers and Quebec. Tradition has handed down sad tales of the luckless New Englanders, hurrying home during the inauspicious winter of 1775-6, from their rash invasion of Canada, dropping down, exhausted as they trudged over the snowdrifts at Deschambault, victims of smallpox or dysentery; their stiffened remains thrust uncoffined in the holes dug in orchards and in the whitened meadows on the wayside. The locality teems also with the warlike memories of 1759 and 1760, when Murray's army ascended to Montreal.

Deschambault, until the Grand Trunk Railway in 1853, monopolised the winter traffic and passengers of the Red and Blue Lines of *stages*, was a noted mid-day halting-place for them; the tired roadsters had a rest and feed; the travellers, their dinner at the wayside inn, and new relays were ordered. The antique Deschambault Manor of yore, a cherished summer retreat of Chief-Justice, Sir James Stuart, Bart., is now owned by a distinguished Canadian, *littérateur* and sportsman, George M. Fairchild, Jr., the originator of the Canadian Club, at New York.

We next headed with a full pressure of steam for Pointe-aux-Trembles, and heard at early dawn

the whistle of the little market steamer *Etoile*. This parish, one of the oldest on the north shore of the St. Lawrence, is fringed with low, fertile meadows, with a background of lofty heights, studded with orchards and graceful elms. During the great siege several encounters took place here between the English and French forces. Wolfe, Murray, Levis, Dumas were once familiar names to the peasantry of Pointe-aux-Trembles; some of these names were more dreaded than loved however.

A party of 1,200 of Fraser's Highlanders, and Grenadiers, says Panet, were dispatched to Pointe-aux-Trembles, commanded by General Wolfe in person, under the guidance of Major Robert Stobo, * on the 21st of July, 1759, and captured three men and a bevy of Quebec French ladies, who had sought a refuge there during the bombardment. The English were fired on by about 40 Indians; but succeeded about half-past three in the morning, having surrounded the houses round the church, in capturing about thirteen ladies. The fair captives were Mesdames Duchesnay, DeCharny, with her mother and her sister and Mdlle Couillard. The Joly, Malhiot and Magnan families formed part of them. They were treated with every kind of respect. Young General Wolfe headed the detachment under the guidance of Major Robert Stobo, who, it seems, made several pretty speeches to the ladies—" *qui a fait bien des compliments.*"

* Major R. Stobo, who had been for three years a prisoner of war in Québec, was well acquainted with its environs.

“What was worse,” remarks Panet, “was that whilst the British soldiery did them no harm, the Indians (allies of the French) pillaged the houses and property of nearly all these unfortunate refugees. — (Panet’s “*Journal du Siège*,” p. 13) — “Each captive for the day bore the name of her captor.”

It sounds odd that it should have seemed necessary to detail 1,200 Highlanders and British Grenadiers, etc., to capture thirteen French ladies! One likes to recall this romantic incident in the career of Miss Lowther’s † admirer, James Wolfe — the chivalrous gallantry of the young soldier towards beauty in distress. Next day the fair Quebecers were brought home in boats and landed at *Ance des Mères*, at 3 p. m., orders having been sent by the General to the English fleet to stop firing on the city until 9 p. m., so as to afford the captives time, after their release, to retire to a place of safety. Who was on that 21st of July, 1759, Madame Wolfe, Madame Stobo, Madame Frazer? What a laik for the sons of Mars to write about in their next home letters?

At Pointe-aux-Trembles occurred during the spring of 1760, the engagement between the French frigates with an overwhelming force of the British fleet, brave Captain de Vauchain, of the *Atalante*, winning by his spirited, though unsuccessful defence, the respect of worthy foes.

The next headland is the bluff at the mouth of the roaring Jacques Cartier stream, where frowned the

† She later on married the Duke of Bolton.

grim old fort of that name. There, bivouacked, on the 14th of September, 1759, the routed French legions. The ditches round the vanished fortress are still visible.

Not very far, lower down, is a lurking boulder, visible at half tide, known to this day as *La Roche à Jacques Cartier*. A vague, unreliable tradition, goes on to say that Jacques Cartier was wrecked on this treacherous, hidden rock.

So soon as rosy-fingered Aurora had oped the portals of the east, I was up and pacing the deck of the steamer, when a famous *raconteur*, G. M. F——, d. jr. accosted me, and, pointing to the faint outline of the old Grist Mill, on the bank of the river, and to the *Calvaire* close by, dating from 1698, he asked me if I could notice on the beach any remains of the first church at St. Augustin.

“Did you,” he added, “ever hear the story of the great black horse who carted the greater portion of the stone for the foundation wall of the first church, or chapel of St. Augustin? This was, as you may be aware, a wooden structure, built at L’Ance à Mahout, about ten acres from the main road, in 1690, on the beach. The second church dates back to 1720, some distance from the first; the present one, is a comparatively recent structure.”

On my replying in the negative, he lit his cheroot, and held out as follows:

“Two centuries ago where you now see round here water a fathom and more at high tide, was dry land. The population formed a mission — the mission of La

Côte Saint Ange. A notable portion of the settlers in primitive Canada were originally from Normandy. Normans are famous for their love of lawsuits. There must have been several located here, judging from their cantankerous disposition when the site and size of the future chapel was mooted. One faction wanted the place of worship to be just large enough for the settlement at L'Ance à Maheut, without a steeple. The opposition, a progressive body with an eye to the future, insisted on a larger building with a lofty steeple, and a cross surmounted by a cock—the Gallic cock of course.

“After several noisy conclaves of the *notables*, the steeple was carried, but the cross and cock were dropped, on the score of expenditure. It was remarked that the loudest in denouncing the emblem of Christianity, as unnecessary expense, was a colonist recently arrived from Paris, a swarthy fellow, whose visage was covered with a heavy, bluish beard, wearing a black velvet *justaucorps*. However, he spoke loud and fluently, was evidently a man of some means, as he had ridden to the meeting on horseback; but had refused to dismount, alledging that his steed, a coal-black, fiery Norman roadster, would not stand unattended, and that he alone could master him. The animal, it was remarked, was very restless, and wore a species of spiked, double bridle, which the rider jocosely remarked had not been removed for a year and a day. The mysterious stranger spoke so fair, and seemed to enter so readily in the all-absorbing project of church building, that it required but few arguments on his part to have his

offer accepted, when he tendered for the cartage of all the stone required for the foundation walls. *

“The agreement, a very concise one, was jotted down on a sheet of birch bark by the scribe of the settlement, who counted on being chosen beadle of the future parish. He was a jolly, fat fellow, and boasted of having already found an appropriate name for the fiery, black horse, whom he christened, on account of his sleek, shiny, satin-like coat, ‘*Satan*,’ playing on the words. The *Seigneur* and father of the settlement, on being asked to become a party to the contract and to affix his signature thereto, drew forth from its scabbard the short sword such as the French king’s retainers usually wore; not, however, with any evil intent, but to use the point, in writing his mark, a cross (X), on the bark. This made *Satan*’s owner wince; the feudal magnate heeded him not, telling the scribe to add the usual closing formula — ‘*Et le dit sieur en sa qualité de gentilhomme a déclaré ne savoir signer.*’

“The very next day at sunrise (the nine-hour day’s time was not yet in fashion), *Satan*, suitably harnessed to a rude *charette*, made his appearance, led by his master.

“What a worry for the poor beast, every one exclaimed, that heavy, spiked double bridle must be when he is to be fed or watered? Why, one would

* The reader desirous of obtaining fuller particulars of the erection of the early churches at St Augustin, County of Port-neuf, is referred to my “*Album du Touriste*,” pp. 112-3-4, and foot notes thereon.

imagine it was never intended to be removed? There was evidently something strange, sinister, vorging on the mysterious about the whole turnout? How *Satan* did paw the earth, show his long, white teeth, put down close to his head his short, delicately shaped ears, as if in a chronic stage of rage, when strangers approached him!

It became an established fact that the bridle was to remain as tight as possible on the animal, even when he was brought at noon to drink from a neighbouring spring; else there would be trouble. A late incident left no doubt on this point. On a recent occasion, when the farmers around had assembled, on their way home, at noon, to repeat the *Angelus*, close to the spot where the *Calvaire* was erected in 1698, and to water the horses, *Satan*, being led, like the rest, to the refreshing draught, a peasant said to his master: "Why don't you remove his bridle and give him a chance to drink comfortably?"

To which the mysterious stranger replied with an emphatic "No," the peasant, still pressing him, was met with a dreadful oath, uttered by *Satan's* master. "*Tors mon âme au boût d'un piquet!*" † However, as this last feat rested merely on the *ipse dixit* of a superstitious old crone, *Satan* and his owner were allowed to proceed, unmolested, with the contract, though the future beadle on noticing the huge boulders carted by *Satan*, without any apparent effort,

· † A picturesque expletive in frequent use by old *voyageurs des pays d'en haut*. It might be rendered in english: "Crush my soul on the end of a fence rail!"

had openly stated to the *Seigneur* — crossing himself — “*C'est le Diable ! 'Tis the Devil !*”

The beadle's daughter, a rosy-cheeked, romping lass, had secretly told her mother a curious story about the strange contractor, adding, though she liked him: “*Ça paraît être un beau monsieur, mais j'en ai peur.*” Bravely, however, was the work going on for a full week; so rapidly, in fact, that the contractor drew in advance a large portion of the price agreed on. On the following Saturday, just when all except himself, were preparing to kneel to repeat the *Angelus*, the future beadle, out of pure cussedness? though some said it was through curiosity — while *Satan's* master, who had just pocketed a whole week's instalment in advance, was, with his back turned, paying a gallant compliment to the beadle's blooming daughter — led *Satan* to the well, tugged and pulled at the double bridle until he succeeded in slipping it off, when lo! and behold! *Satan* disappeared in a cloud of blue flame and sulphur smoke Endless were the lawsuits and discord which followed; of course, all caused by the interference of the devil in church matters.

“Well, Mr. F—, this is a capital story. It is indeed risky to unbridle a spirited horse when brought out to make him drink; you want me now to believe that, as a fact, *Diabolus* has occasionally interfered in church matters in Canada as well as elsewhere!”

“I think, I can match it with an old, very old Canadian legend to which students of our folk-lore are welcome.

It exhibits the archfiend merging from an apparently lucrative project merely as second best; in fact, outwitted.

At the dawn of the colony, years before Mr. Mercier spoke of iron Municipal bridges, the crossings in use over brooks were of a very rude, primitive nature.

A spring freshet had carried away a small stone bridge leading to the shrine of a venerable Monastery at.....

A contractor from abroad, eminently able, at least as such he was vouched for, came forth and had little trouble in closing for the materials requisite to reconstruct a public work earnestly sought and prayed for by the numerous pilgrims attracted to the shrine. The remuneration instead of being set forth in *livres*, was of a very unusual character; the odd, some said, daft and mysterious, contractor declined finance altogether, merely stipulating that the first creature crossing the bridge on completion was to belong to him. Here lie the mystery. Did he in his evil mind, contemplate the owning and subsequent ransom of some wealthy pilgrim, anxious to convey offerings to the sacred shrine? Who will ever decide? the contract was signed and sealed.

A crafty notary educated in France, but who had missed his vocation among the Trappists through some escapade, was the man of business, the *Factotum* of the Monastery: at a glance, he saw how loosely the agreement was worded, and, without hesitation, subscribed to its ambiguous terms

Just as the last stone was placed on the structure, the strange contractor stepped forward, claiming payment.

“Wait, friend, until *Matines* are over, urged the artful limb of the law, the Lady Superior will be here with the almoner, to consecrate the new bridge; then we will settle.—“No, roared the archfiend with a hideous oath—“No consecration” will take place over my work, with my consent; I demand instanter the execution of the agreement, else I will claim as mine the bridge itself. *Je lui jetterai un sort!* he ominously added. The official forthwith hurried to the parlor of the Convent and sent word to the Lady Superior that he wanted for a few minutes her favorite, a huge, black cat.

Various were the accounts of the origin of the feline. Some averred it had come over from France with Madame de la Peltrie: others said it once had belonged to Madlle Mance and had been bequeathed by her to ‘Monsieur de Puiscaux and, by him given to the Monastery, when she left for Montreal. Master Thomas, sleek, purring and decked with a pink ribbon round his neck, had to be brusquely removed from his soft cushion, in the Lady Superior’s room; he was then conveyed, unsuspecting, at once to the new bridge.

The Notary Public then let him loose, yelling to the contractor “*Attrape!* (Catch him!)” Thomas scared, at such rude behaviour, made a dash for the other end of the bridge, like lightning; never since has he been seen by mortal eye!!!

The contractor dazed, uttered a hoarse, unearthly howl! saying: “I have indeed been outwitted;

had I added to my contract, the word "human," I now might claim a human creature!"

That bridge was never a success: it got to be shunned by pilgrims and had ultimately to be rebuilt. On a murky, november night, on all Souls Day, the sexton of the Monastery declared he had seen on the main arch, glaring at him with fiery eyeballs, a black cat: the bridge was haunted!"

From the deck of the steamer, we could discern, canopied by the green woods, on the lofty river bank at St. Augustin, the long, mossy, white house, where the historian of Canada, Frs. X. Garneau, was born on the 13th June, 1809. †

I recollect my dear old friend once relating to me how Louis Garneau, his aged sire, had told him the thrilling tale of the encounter which, as a boy, in 1760, he had witnessed from the verandah of this old tenement, between the *Atalante*, commanded by brave Captain de Vauclain (so ungratefully requited on his return to France for his life-long devotion to the interest of the French king) with several English men-of-war.

† " Mon vieil aïeul, courbé par l'âge, assis sur la galerie de sa longue maison blanche, perchée au sommet de la butte qui domine la vieille église de Saint-Augustin, nous montrait, de sa main tremblante, le théâtre du combat naval de l'*Atalante* avec plusieurs vaisseaux anglais, combat dont il avait été témoin dans son enfance. Il aimait à raconter comment plusieurs de ses oncles avaient péri dans des luttes héroïques de cette époque, et à nous rappeler le nom des lieux où s'étaient livrés une partie de ces glorieux combats restés dans ses souvenirs. " — *Biographie de F. X. Garneau*, par l'abbé H. R. Casgrain.

A short distance lower down we steamed past the lugubrious ledge, visible at low tide, where, on the 22nd June, 1857, at about 5 p. m., the ill-fated old steamer *Montreal*, on her daily trip from Quebec, loaded with Irish emigrants, in flames from bow to stern, was beached as a last resort. Two hundred of her despairing passengers, with some well remembered Quebecers, attempting to swim from the burning craft, were that day consigned to a watery grave, within hail of the shore, — one of the most heart rending, among the many marine disasters, which darken our annals.

On we sped, in the cool of the early morn, whilst the orb of day poured forth its purple light over one of the most enchanting river views on the continent, localities for ever enshrined in early Canadian story — Cap Rouge and its lofty bluff where Jacques Cartier and Roberval wintered more than three and a half centuries ago. — the green banks of Sillery Cove, where, in 1637, existed the Jesuit mission house, amidst the Algonquin and Montagnais wigwams. — Convent Cove, where, for three and a half years, piously ministered to the spiritual and temporal wants of their neophytes, the *Hospitalières* (Hotel Dieu) nuns, until incessant Iroquois raids forced them back to Quebec on the 29th May, 1644.

On we sped, past the little monument erected by the inhabitants of Sillery and consecrated on 26th June 1870, to the memory of Commander Noël Brulart de Sillery, a Knight of Malta, the munificent founder of the settlement — sacred also to the memory of good Father Ennemond Massé, the first

missionary of Canada, peaceably resting since the 12th May, 1646, under the chancel of his little chapel of St. Michael, whose walls are now raised level with the shore, but whose foundations are still perceptible under the sod a few yards south of the monument. In rear, on the opposite side of the road, still stands with its massive walls, three feet thick, transformed into a school house, the Jesuits' former residence, known to the inhabitants as "The Mansion"—the oldest house in Canada, dating back to 1637.

As the boat shot past we caught a glimpse, among the trees mantling the Sillery heights, of Clermont, erected there, in 1850, by the late Hon. R. E. Caron, one of our most respected administrators, now the ornate home of Lt. Col. Ferdinand Turnbull, Inspector of our Dominion Cavalry. It adjoins Beauvoir, whose extensive conservatories and vinerias are not in view from the river.

Soon loomed out lofty Pointe-à-Pizcau, once a famous trysting place for the Red Man. The handsome St. Columba church, like a diadem, now crowns the historic old point, since 1854.

Close by, in St. Michael's Cove, stood, in 1641, Monsieur Pierre Puiseaux's sumptuous abode, where the founder of Montreal, Chomedey de Maisonneuve, Mlle. Mance, with the soldiers and farmers, colonists for Montreal, found a hospitable roof to shelter them, during the winter of 1642. †

† "Une maison regardée dans le temps comme le bijou du Canada," the gem of Canada.

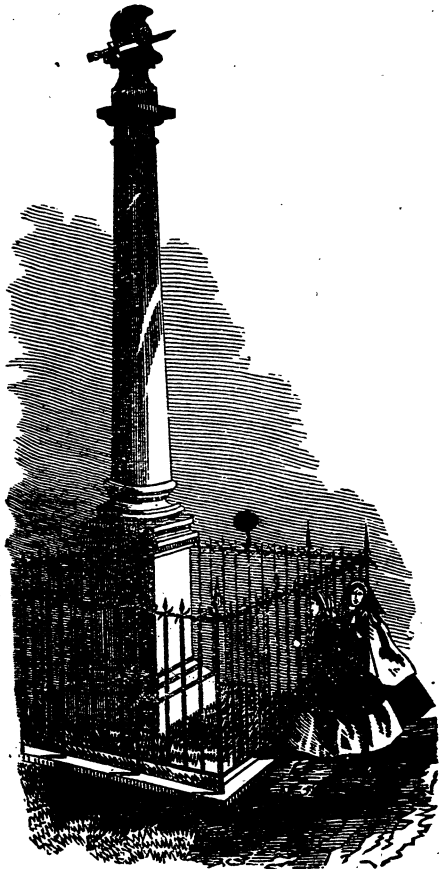
We were rapidly drawing near the indentation in the shore, at the foot of Marchmont Hill — now named after the conquering hero of the Heights of Abraham, Wolfe's Cove — where the British Grenadiers and Scotch Highlanders were silently mustering at dawn on the 13th September, 1759, for assault.

A few more revolutions of the paddles and the steamer, having passed inside of the Fly Bank, was creeping leisurely along the decayed wharves and half submerged piers, close to the precipice where luckless Brigadier-General Richard Montgomery's conquering career was arrested for ever. "HERE FELL MONTGOMERY" was inscribed in white letters on a black board, attached to the rock sufficiently high above to be read from the deck of river craft. Five minutes more and our trusty steamer, taking a sheer, was rounding out — within full view of Orleans' verdant isle, four miles distant — to her berth at the Napoleon wharf.

I quitted the saloon of the steamer after exchanging a friendly nod with her genial old commander, Capt. R. Nelson, trying to treasure in as many as possible of the glorified memories of the past, associated with the noble expanse of water just travelled over. From the haunted halls of memory rushed out in full panoply of success, of war, occasionally of victory, the illustrious dead: Jacques-Cartier, Champlain, de Tracy, de Frontenac, Phipps, de la Galissonnière, Wolfe, Montcalm, Levis, Murray, Cook, Bougainville, Arnold,

Montgomery; and on stepping again on our historic soil, turning to my genial *compagnon de voyage*, I remarked :

“*Sta, viator heroëm calcas.*”



WOLFE'S COLUMN ON PLAINS OF ABRAHAM

ROUND TOWN

What a cape! *Quel bec!* may yet naturally exclaim the visitor, landing from the Montreal steamer at the Napoleon Wharf, at Quebec; old plans of the city, exhibit, on the river bank, in 1759 a french battery of guns, flush with the St-Lawrence which battery the english fleet must have easily silenced that summer. At the dawn of the century, this locality and the adjoining one, the *Cul de Sac* harbor, now built over with wharves and partly occupied by the Champlain Market Hall, was one of the busiest marts of commerce, in the Lower-Town: the *Cul de Sac* was used for laying up coasting craft, in winter. Pedestrians, in order to shorten the ascent to the Upper-Town, can avail themselves of the Griffith Elevator, recently constructed, or else, proceed through the narrow street directly under Dufferin Terrace, which still rejoices in its primitive name of *Sous-le-Fort*. On the

ifty cape above Champlain had built his fort in 1620. *Sous-le-Fort* street, is one of the oldest thoroughfares in Quebec ; on its eastern side a row of dry-goods stores, shuts out the view of the little memorial



CHURCH OF NOTRE-DAME DES VICTOIRES, LOWER-TOWN.
1690-1711

Church, *Notre Dame des Victoires*, erected in 1688, as may be read on its facade: the spot is alive with

warlike souvenirs: the memorable repulse of Sir William Phipp's attack on Quebec, on 16th Oct., 1690, and the providential escape of the town from surrender to Sir Hovenden Walker's formidable armada, wrecked, on Egg Island, on the 22 August 1711; hence its origin.

At the south east corner of *Stus-le-fort* and *Notre-Dame* streets, stood until 1629, Champlain's *abitation*, stores and gardens, † destroyed during the first occupation of the city by the English, 1629-32; not a vestige of these structures now remains.

Just where the steep, dangerous steps, known as break-neck steps terminate, past the entrance to the Elevator and where Little Champlain street commences, may be noticed a small, square iron trap, covering the outlet to a subterranean vault under the side walk, excavated for the city Water Works, in 1854.

Whilst the excavations were going on, the overseer, Mr. Hugh O'Donnell exhumed here some human remains; on his disclosing the circumstance, in the course of a conversation, several years later, to the Revd abbés Laverdière and Casgrain, there arose a

† Quite an extensive pile of buildings, judging from the

FAC SIMILE OF A SKETCH, IN CHAMPLAIN'S VOYAGES.

EDITION OF 1613.

“A Store-room; B, Dove-Cot; C, Arsenal; D, Workmen's Quarters; E, Sun Dial; F, Forge; G, Gallery; H, Quarters of Sieur de Champlain; I, Door of Building, with Drawbridge; L, Walk round; M, Ditch round Castle; N, Triangular Platform; O, Garden; P, Kitchen; Q, Area; R, River St. Lawrence.”

lively, most memorable controversy in the press, on the 12th November, 1866, in which the two antiquaries claimed having discovered, the last resting place of the mortal remains of Samuel de Champlain, the founder of Quebec, who died on Christmas Day, 1635,* and was interred in a *sepulchre particulier*.

This discussion assumed quite a different aspect some years later, in 1875, by the discovery of new documents. Revd. abbé Casgrain (whose colleague

* CHAMPLAIN'S GRAVE AND MONUMENT. De Soto sleeps in a nameless grave on the bank of the river he discovered, but could not name. Sir Humphrey Gilbert perished on a tempestuous night in mid-ocean; his grave is a sailor's grave, without name and without spot. John Cabot gave to England a continent, and not an English-speaking man knows where he is buried. Lief Erickson discovered America four hundred years before Columbus was born, and the fame of the great deed has been given to another. Sir Hugh Willoughby found death and forgetfulness in an unknown Lapland harbor. Henry Hudson was turned adrift from his ship by his mutinous crew in the midst of the bay that bears his name, and at the prime of his life, with his little son, drifted to an unknown death. La Salle, the noblest spirit after Champlain, and the most daring soul old France ever sent Westward, sleeps where he was murdered, under the verbenas of an unknown Texan prairie. La Verendrye, first of white men to see the summits of the Rocky Mountains, slumbers tombless. Jogues, the priest, first of his race to see the Horicon, was tomahawked in a Mohawk village, while the name he gave to the lake has been shoved aside for that of the coarse Hanoverian king. Of them all, Champlain left, in dying, to the clear knowledge of men who were to come after, the two things they most wish to know and visit — a grave and a monument. For at Quebec the tourist and pilgrim can see the spot where his body sleeps, and in the lake that bears his name they can behold a monument as magnificent and enduring as his fame. (W. H. H. MURRAY.)

abbé Laverdière, had died, in 1873) hastened to frankly withdraw from his first pretention and sought for the resting place, after death, of the first Governor of Quebec, in the lot in rear of the present City Post Office, where formerly stood the Huron fort. Latterly, another Richmond entered the field: Dr. J Harper M. A. F. E. I. S. who, in an erudite essay, * selected for Champlain's tomb, the declivity on Mountain Hill, to the east, lower down than the site of Prescott Gate where, until 1657, had existed the first cemetery of Quebec — given up that year, on account of the numerous springs of water filtering through the soil.

On reaching the top of Mountain hill, (this highway, a steep forest-footpath until 1623) travellers have the option of turning to the right, and skirting due east the Quebec Seminary garden wall, within which loom out amidst hoary elms, the massive building, dome and steeple of the Laval University, honored, by the Queen, with a Royal Charter, in 1852; or, of viewing the Grand Battery, some twenty odd, antique 32 pounders "crouching like beasts of prey," ready to hurl destruction on the shipping, in the basin, one hundred and fifty feet below.

Should the traveller instead of proceeding east, turn his steps west, in the direction of the Basilica Minor, after passing Cardinal Taschereau's palace, a plain cut stone building, constructed about 1850, he will reach Buade street, which commences at the

* Read before the *Literary and Historical Society* of Quebec, on the 12th April 1888, and included in its *Transactions*, in 1889.

historic *Chien d'Or* building (our new Post office): this thoroughfare takes its name from Louis de Buade, Count de Palluan and Frontenac, twice Governor of the colony, from 1672 to 1682, and from 1689 to 1698, the year of his death. His mortal remains were interred in the vaults of the Franciscan Monastery, built, in 1692, and burnt, in 1796: it faced the old Château St. Louis and stood partly on the site, on which the Anglican Cathedral was erected in 1804, next to the present Court House. His remains with those of five other * French Governors reposing there, were subsequently committed to the vaults under the Basilica. That church, one of the oldest in North America, was begun in 1647, having been built on eighty perches of land given by one of the first settlers in Quebec, Guillaume Couillard and his wife, Guillemette Hebert, with the privilege to Couillard, of owning in the Church, a pew à perpétuité, on payment of 30 livres *tournois*, at each mutation of holder: the merchants of Quebec, the Company of one Hundred Partners, contributed towards the construction of this place of worship, 1270 beaver skins, then worth 8000 livres. On the 18th July, 1666, it was consecrated by Bishop Laval, § under the name of the *Church of the Immaculate Conception*. The fane, subsequently enlarged — after being shelled by Admirals Holmes, and Saunders,

* Samuel de Champlain, M. de Mesy, M. de Callière, le Marquis de la Jonquière and le Marquis de Vaudreuil.

§ The remains of Bishop de Laval, were found on the 30 Sept. 1877. The workmen in excavating the cellar of the Basilica immediately under the sanctuary, discovered the coffin of Monseigneur de Laval, the first Roman Catholic Bishop of the Diocese of

fleet, in 1759, was rebuilt a few years after the conquest: a more modern facade was added, in 1843. Its sacred paintings, brought from France after the great revolution of 1789, are well deserving of attention.

Facing the French Cathedral, as it is occasionally styled stood until 1877, (west of the former Upper-Town Market place, opened about 1636, and closed in 1844, when it was succeeded by the Garden St. market, now transformed into a square with a *jet d'eau*,) the celebrated Jesuits college, founded in 1635, on six arpents of land given by one of the order, René

Quebec, and in fact the first Bishop in British North America. The wooden coffin was encased in lead, and on the outside of it was, in plain, clear letters, the following, in Latin :—

HIC JACET

D D. FRANCISCUS DE LAVAL PRIMUS QUEBECENSIS
EPISCOPUS. OBIIT DIE 6a MAII, ANNO SALUTIS MILLESIMO
SEPTINGENTE SIMO OCTAVO ETATIS SUÆ OCTOGESIMO SEXTO,
CONSECRATIONIS QUINQUAGESIMO—

REQUIESCAT IN PACE.

“ Here repose D D François de Laval, first Bishop of Quebec, “ died the 6th day of May, in the year of our Salvation, 1708, “ in the eighty six year of his age, and the fiftieth of his consecration. Rest in peace.”

A portion of the top was bent in. The remains were placed in a box. They were at once sealed and removed to the vault of the Seminary Chapel, where a monument has been erected in honor of the great Bishop.

Rohault, eldest son of the Marquis of Gamache. It dates one year earlier than Harvard College, Cambridge, Mass. On the suppression of the Jesuits Order by the Pope, in 1764, the collège escheated to the English Crown. It was used after the conquest, partly as a magazine for military supplies. The Churches, of England and of Scotland also held service, in it, until the Anglican Cathedral was built. This vast edifice was ulteriorly used as a barrack for the British troops stationned at Quebec, until their removal from the colony, in 1870-1. Turning to the left, the traveller reaches Anne street, called after the beautiful Ann of Austria, two centurics back.

Within the private boarding house No. 65, still kept by Miss. Lane, from the upper story of which an excellent view is obtainable of the Ursulines Convent garden and play grounds, William Deans Howells, the brilliant Boston novellist wrote in 1873, his charming volume on Quebec scenes "intituled."—*A Chance Acquaintance*.

Proceeding in a westerly direction the tourist soon meets with Saint Andrews Church consecrated for presbyterian worship, on 30th Nov 1810, by Revd Alexander Sparks, who died in 1819. Its respected present incumbent, Dr John Cook, has been in charge since 1836—his residence, the Manse, adjoins it. To the west looms out what was for half a century the District Jail of Quebec, commenced in 1810 and used first as a prison, in 1814 ; its thick walls as solid as ever. One now seeks in vain, over the main entrance for the well remembered latin inscription :

Carcer iste bonos a pravis vindicare possit !

“ May this prison separate the wicked from the good ! ”

On the site selected for it, according to Hawkins, there appears to have been a species of fort, the ruins of which were still visible at the beginning of the century.

The quaint inscription has disappeared, as well as the fatal drop and gallows, on which Charland, the Monarques, Meehan and dozens of other criminals once stood, before wafting their last adieu to the gaping crowd “ *morituri, te salutant.* ” Over the main entrance there is now a window in lieu of the dismal small door, which opened on the fatal iron gallery then provided with a pulley and cross beam, the hangman’s appliances. This old Jail, when the new Jail, on the Plains of Abraham was handed over to the Sheriff, on the 1st June 1867, was acquired by the Governors of Morrin College, gutted, painted and completely renovated: the prisoners solid cells in the basement were preserved with the flooring covered with the initials of the inmates on them. Morrin College, is now a flourishing seat of learning; the north wing has been leased for years to the *Literary and Historical Society*, where this most ancient of Canadian scientific Associations has had its museum and library ever since. Opposite Morrin College to the west, on Ann street, is Tara Hall, erected in 1816 and serving until 1848, as a Wesleyan place of worship; it was afterwards, known as Victoria Hall. Restored, under its present new name, it is a popular place of meeting to our Milesian brethren, for concerts and social gatherings.

The traveller before reaching, the handsome new gate, Kent Gate, forming part of the Dufferin Plans

of city improvements, built partly out of our sovereign's bounty, to commemorate the memory of her father, the late Duke of Kent, an inmate of Quebec from 1791 to 1794, notices, facing it, an unpretentious little R. C. church, *la Chapelle de la Congrégation*. It has been handed over to the Jesuits, whose residence adjoins it: on the 9th February 1835, it was the scene of midnight sacrilege and robbery. The sacred vases and crucifixes, etc. having been carried off by Chamber's lawless band, taken to the township of Broughton and subsequently removed to the Cap-Rouge woods, where the silver vases, etc. were melted in crucibles, in a deserted forge, near the quarries. Quebec breathed freer, when this murderous crew, with other convicted malefactors to the number of nineteen, were, in the summer of 1837, heavily ironed transported for life to Van Deaman's Land, in the brig *Ceres*, Capt Squire.

The thoroughfare facing the Esplanade still Government property, and sacred, as of yore, to the drill and evolutions of our Dominion Cavalry and Artillery *corps*, took its name of d'Autueil Street, from Attorney General Ruette d'Autueil, a landed proprietor under early French rule, on St Louis street, which it intersects. Lined with fashionable dwellings, it is, on account of the open area, ornamental trees and green lawn to the west, sought after during the hot summer months, as a fresh, enjoyable, healthy locality.

On reaching St Louis street, thus named after Louis XIII of France, the traveller, diverging westward, has his choice either of continuing his explo-

rations towards the citadel, reached after passing first the chain Gate and next, Dalhousie Gate, called, in 1827, after the Earl of Dalhousie, then Governor-General of Lower Canada, or else turning towards his hotel, through St Louis street, inhabited chiefly by Judges and Advocates: nearly facing Parloir street, is the Academy of Music.

On the site, where stood in 1759, Madame Hughes Pean's house, on St-Louis Street there occurs at present an extensive structure. In the beginning of the century, it was the residence of judge Elmsley; many years back, it was purchased by the Ordnance Department, as a barrack for the officers of some of the British regiments, stationed in the garrison of Quebec. It was reserved, after 1867, by the Dominion Government out of the property handed over to the province, at confederation, as quarters for some of the staff of the Dominion military forces.

On this site stood of yore, the residence of the Lotbinière family; here took place as stated in the journal of the superior of the Jesuits, under date of 4th February 1667, the first ball in New France, possibly in North America, given by sieur L. T. Chartier de Lotbinière, to celebrate his appointment, by the French King, as first Lieutenant Général *au civil et au criminel*; Quebec social circles, were probably, more select than extensive in 1667, being composed of the officers of the dashing Carignan-Salières regiment: de Saint Ours, de la Valtrie, de Contrecoeur, de Sorel, de Chambly, de La Naudière, the Marquis of Tracy, Governor de Courcelles, Intendant Talon, the members of the sovereign Council, Messrs Tache-

reau, Duchesnay de Saint Denis, Le Gardeur de Tilly, Rouer de Villeray. This ball seems to have been quite an event in the little world of Quebec and drew forth from the revd Chronicler the exclamation. "God grant that nothing further come of it"! A century later, in 1759, Angélique des Meloises, Bigot's fair charmer, held here her little court. In that splendid historical novel on the times, *Le Chien D'or*, by William Kirby, F. R. S. C. of Niagara, we read the following: "The family mansion of the des Meloises, was a tall and rather pretentious edifice, overlooking the fashionable Rue Saint Louis, where it still stands old and melancholy, as if mourning over its departed splendors. Few eyes look up nowadays to its broad facade. It was otherwise when the beautiful Angelique sat of summer evenings on the balcony surrounded by a bevy of Quebec's fairest daughters, who loved to haunt her window; where they could see and be seen to the best advantage, exchanging salutations, smiles and repartees with the gay young officers and gallants who rode or walked along the lively thoroughfare."

Le Chien-d'or. The Golden Dog, a historical Romance by W. Kirby,—page 154. Edition of 1877.

QUEBEC TO JACQUES CARTIER'S MONUMENT

A RAMBLE THROUGH QUEBEC OF OLD
WITH A SPECTRE.

MIDNIGHT MASS ON CHRISTMAS EVE, 1535, ON BOARD
JACQUES CARTIER'S LITTLE SQUADRON, NEAR
HALE POINT, ON THE ST. CHARLES,
AT QUEBEC.

"On the 24th December, 1885, at Quebec, the author of
"Une Fête de Noël sous Jacques Cartier" met Laverdière on the
Grande Allée."
ERNEST MYRAND.

As Charles Laverdière, the learned annotator of the voyages of the discoverer of Canada, and of those of the founder of Quebec, had then been dead twelve years, it is evident that the personage who accosted Ernest Myrand on this memorable night, and who furnished the subject of his weird dialogue, was not the genial good Abbé Laverdière, such as we knew him in the flesh. It might have been a genial phantom, delegated to wander on earth in our frosty December

weather, even on nights not specially set apart, by popular belief, for supernatural visitations, such as All Souls' Day!

The reader may expect, strange though it may seem, a vivid, perhaps not unwelcome, appeal to the teeming realms of the imagination, in order to obtain a portraiture in bold relief, of scenes purporting to have been enacted in our midst more than three hundred and fifty years ago.

Our eicerone will be a youthful writer, loosing the rein to his exuberant fancy, and seeking both to amuse, and instruct by carefully paraphrasing the records of the past.

What Jules Verne did for science, Flammarion for astronomy, Mr. Myrand would fain undertake for Canadian history. A competent author ty* tells us in plain terms he is not unlikely to succeed.

The writer has chosen as the *locale* of this ghostly encounter the *Grande Allée*, leading to Sillery where it diverges into the Belvidere road. A-suredly he could not have selected a more apt instructor in Canadian history than the Rev. Abbé Lavordière. The Abbé's ghost is not one of those morose, ill-mannered spectres, peeping at nightfall from behind tombstones in rustic cemeteries, but an alert, sprightly, well-informed, disembodied spirit, evincing at every step proofs of the scholarly learning which brought it, when in the flesh, academical honours. To a most natural question put to it by the young student of history —

* Abbé Begin (now bishop of Chicoutimi), in introduction to work.

as to where it came from, it replied that at that late hour, 11.30 p. m., it had just returned from paying its respects to the monument at Sillery †

Hoping Mr. Myrand won't object to us having a word to say, especially when the sacred name of Sillery is mooted, we might point out several neighboring spots where the ghost of a historian, evoked for the nonce, might love to linger—such, for instance as the green wood where Father Liégeois was beheaded in the summer of 1655, where now stands Clermont, while a few rods to the west, Arnold's Green Mountain Boys made a successful raid at Christmas, 1775, on Lieut.-Governor Cramahé's larder, stripping his farm house of—its valuables. These broad acres, dear to our youthful neighbour, Gustavus G. Stuart, Esq., Q. C., are now known as Meadowbank.

Let me first formally introduce the learned phantom: "Nothing fantastical," says Myrand, "was apparent in the demeanor of the archæological priest; no flowing garment over the bust of a skeleton; nor was his, a grave, solemn, chilling, silent deportment; nothing sinister in his looks, sepulchral in his voice, livid in his countenance. The gusts of the night wind affected him not, nor was his form transparent as that of an ordinary spirit should be; his outline was projected on the snow in immaculate

† Erected by the Silleryonians to the founder of the settlement Commander Brulart de Sillery, and to the Missionary, Father Ennemond Massé, at rest under the nave of his little chapel, at Sillery Cove, since 12th May, 1646.

whiteness, and gave one the idea that his shadow would yield to the touch.

“Can your gaze,” softly said the phantom, “take in this Quebec of the past? There goes Brulart de Sillery, a Commander of the Order of Malta; Charles Huault de Montmagny, a brave knight of St. John of Jerusalem; Bras de Fer de Chateaufort. Here come Champlain, M. de Monts, M. de Chattes, Chauvin, the Marquis de la Roche, Roberval, Jacques-Cartier, Verrazani;” and Laverdière seemed as watching in silence and lovingly the stately procession of discoverers, great captains and administrators, as they passed before him in chronological order. “No,” added the ethereal visitor, “it is not the Quebec of to-day one cares to study, but the sturdy fortress alive with warlike pageants in the past — the triumphant Quebec of the 21st December, 1775; the sorrowing city of the 13th September, 1759; Frontenac’s proud fortalice of the 16th October, 1690; Kirk’s Puritanical town of the 20th July, 1629, when British colours were temporarily floating from the bastions of the Chateau St. Louis; Champlain’s nascent *Kebecq* of the 3rd July, 1608; primitive and wild Stadacona, the barbarous home of Chief Donnacona and his copper-coloured warriors; the cluster of Algonquin huts, nestling like chickens under their mother’s wing; the Canada grasped on the 14th September, 1535, by the immortal Jacques Cartier.”

Thus magnificently discoursed to me the ghost of Charles Honoré Laverdière, M. A., at half-past 11 p. m. on the 31st December, 1885, as we leisurely walked

along the Grande Allée, the antique and fashionable street *par excellence* of the Ancient Capital. Laverdière had died twelve years previous, on the 11th March, 1873. I ought to have recollected that the historian had ceased to belong to the living. Some how or other, I was, as I have since thought, under a kind of a spell, else how could I have failed to ask him whence he came. I could not have been quite myself, else I should not have struck up, as I walked, an old French song on this Christmas eve. I may have felt a secret fear and sang :

“ Y a trois petits anges
Descendus du ciel,
Chantant les louanges
Du Père Eternel ! ”

We were rapidly nearing the city gates ; soon we ascended *les buttes-à-Nepveu* (Perrault's Hill), casting, as we went along, a glance behind at the solid dismantled Martello Tower, dating from 1806, a mournful, forgotten sentry, seemingly left in the cold by the British legions. We both lingered here a moment, under the spell of the wondrous panorama spread around. To the north, the populous, progressive city ward honored with the name of Montcalm ; in the distance, the verdant woods of Ste. Foye ; to the south, across the St. Lawrence, the thickly inhabited heights of St. Romuald and St. David de l'Auberivière ; to the west, the waiving pine groves of Spencer Wood, the well-kept highway leading to Sillery, the smiling country-seats around and beyond

Mount Pleasant, embowered like nests in the overhanging woods; lastly, the sweetly pretty valley of the meandering St. Charles.

“What changes in the *mis-en-scène* of the city!” exclaimed Laverdière.

“Are they not for the better?” said I, “though evidently you are not in a mood to be complimentary.”

A faint smile stole over the placid features of the ghost; recovering itself, with becoming gravity, it thus expressed itself:

“There, down in St. Louis street, I can descry the tenement of the cooper, François Gobert, where Montgomery was laid out; also the site of young Surgeon Arnoux’s dwelling, where Montcalm, sorely hurt, was conveyed at mid-day, on the 13th September, 1759. Close by, stands Madame Hugues-Péan’s house, a present from Bigot. Some few yards beyond, on the opposite side, at the corner of Parloir and Stadacona streets, Abbé Vignal had his house and gardens, close to the hoary cloister of St. Ursula, before he left the city, at the call of duty, for Montreal, where, at *la Prairie de la Magdeleine*, on the 27th October, 1661, he was murdered roasted and partly eaten by the Iroquois.”

“I own up to belonging to that class which Horace styles *Laudatores Temporis Acti*,” added the genial phantom, “so, do not be surprised at the tone of my remarks; please also to bear in mind I am not alone in this way of thinking. The time was when Québec held, as administrator an enlightened diplomat —

Lord Dufferin. To him the Ancient Capital owes the restoration of her city gates — a sacred inheritance from our fathers — when threatened to be rased by the stupidity of the Town Council. Pause and admire this far-sighted statesman !

Had I his wealth, power and prestige, I, too, would strive to complete his patriotic project.”

Can you wonder if I am led to recall only the glorified past.”

We had gradually penetrated into the neighbourhood of the Basilica, passing on our way through Parloir street, St. Ursula's old and extensive cloister, and next, the deserted site where, until 1877, stood the famous Jesuit College, whose solid walls at last succumbed to dynamite alone, when our ears were assailed by a deafening clangor of church bells : the *carillon* of the Basilica, that of St. John's Church, of St. Roch, of St. Sauveur, all the city bells, in fact, except one — that of the Jesuits Chapel — silent, alas ! all calling the faithful to Midnight Mass. The streets were crowded to excess. Just at that moment the musical chime of the Anglican Cathedral pealed forth its sweet, weird melody, passing dear to British ears, *Auld Lang Syne* ; the old year, with its sorrows, ushering in a hopeful new Christmas. Evidently joyful tidings were at hand : *Adeste fideles, laeti triumphantes* ! How my heart yearned to enter the sacred edifice of the Basilica ! I longed to hear again the solomn tones of its great organ — to inhale the fragrant incense ascending in clouds heavenward . . . but another mission awaited me.”

The above is but a faint outline of some of the incidents most eloquently discoursed on by the youthful Mr. Myrand in the first part of his dialogue with a spectre who had joined him on the *Grande Allée*, on Christmas Eve, 1885. Let us for the present close it with the appropriate, french, Christmas carol :

“ Nouvelle agréable !
Un Sauveur Enfant nous est né !
C'est dans une étable
Qu'il nous est donné.”

II

In the previous chapter, it was our pleasant office to follow the erratic footsteps of Ernest Myrand, led by his genial phantom, as far as the threshold of the Basilica, in Quebec, on the eve of Christmas, 1535. We left him within its sacred portals, at a quarter to twelve, with a few minutes to spare before the intonation of Midnight Mass.

We must now prepare for one of those wondrous feats peculiar to fairy tales, where genii convey their heroes through the realms of space with slender regard to time or distance.

Fully three miles intervene between the Basilica — the trysting-place of our two mysterious visitors at a quarter to twelve — and the Lairet stream, * where

* The Lairet stream, says Abbé Chs. Trudelle, borrows its name from François Lairet, one of the pioneer settlers, at Charlesbourg — *Histoire de Charlesbourg*.

the *Grande Hermine*, the *Petite Hermine* and the *Emerillon*, Cartier's craft, were laid up for the winter of 1535-6. For all that, the eager pilgrims are expected to reach the spot in time for Midnight Mass, celebrated there three hundred and fifty years ago.

After trudging briskly over the crisp, whitened surface, glistening under the bright, starry Canadian skies, the benighted wanderers struck on a dense wood, where Donnacona, the Sachem of Stadacona, and his unreliable — shall we say — unfriendly warriors, held sway. They both crossed it very cautiously — in the deepest silence — lest even the snapping of a dry twig might rouse from their lairs the quick-eared and light-footed foe. Soon they reached the bank of a frozen river, which the great explorer of Canadian wilds had called Ste. Croix, on account of the exaltation of the Holy Cross, on the 14th of September, 1535, when he entered it. To Donnacona it was known as Cabir-Coubat, which means "many windings." Eighty years afterwards the Recollets named it the Saint Charles, in honour of Charles de Boües, Grand Vicaire de Pontoise, the pious ecclesiastic, who founded their mission in New France. Presently, whilst listening in rapt silence to the faint sound of a bell, as if a great distance off, they were startled by meeting two stalwart Indians, dragging along a toboggan on which was stretched a dead cariboo.

"Who are they and where are they going?" asked Mr. Myrand.

"They are," replied the phantom, "Jacques Cartier's interpreters — Taignoagny and Domagaya. They are going to Stadacona."

“ And I marvelled how it could know all this.”

Passing over the singular and striking † resemblance which the spectre pointed out to his travelling friend between the contour of the Lairet stream, and Jacques Cartier's familiar profile, Ernest Myrand was plodding on meditatively, pondering in his own mind as to whether Donnacona's Indian capital really occupied, as Laverdière had said, the site at the Coteau Ste. Geneviève, whercon St. John's Saburbs would be built in after years, when the phantom, stopping short, outstretched a transparent hand, pointing excitedly to these objects in view round the point, exclaimed in a shrill, piercing voice, “ JACQUES CARTIER'S THREE SHIPS ! ”

Really, Monte Christo Dumas could not have pronounced in a more dramatic way “ *Mes Trois Mousquetaires !* ”

The author favours us next with an elaborate discussion as to the size, ‡ build and armament of the discoverer's vessels : the diminutive ocean-craft of other days, such, for instance, the cockie-shell with which, in 1598, the Marquis de la Roche crossed the Atlantic — “ *que du pont, on pouvait se laver les mains dans la mer* ” — so very small and low in the water “ that a person from deck could, according to an old narrative, wash his hands in the sea ” Two hundred

† A striking sketch of both appear at page 77 of Mr. Myrand's work.

‡ The tonnage of Cartier's three ships is given as follows : — The Grande Hermine, 120 tons ; the Petite Hermine, 60 tons ; the Emerillon, 40 tons.

and twenty-five years later, in 1860, the Great Eastern, 22,500 tons, would be steaming past, a mile or more to the east of where *La Grande Hermine* and her two consorts were safely wintering in 1535 — after braving the perils of the stormy Atlantic.

But let us hurry on, heedless of the wealth of antiquarian lore so profusely spread through Myrand's curious dialogue, and advance closer to the historic *Grande Hermine*, where we will be formally introduced to the St. Malo captain, his devoted lieutenants and intrepid mariners — all fully described and identified. We must refer the reader, for further particulars of this very interesting portion of Canadian history, to the several prize § essays, just published on Jacques Cartier and his times.

LA GRANDE HERMINE

Dom Guillaume Le Breton, the first almoner of the fleet, in the absence of his surpliced colleague, Dom Anthoine, was just then reading from the sacred book the account of the birth of Christ, of the Star in the East, of the Magi, when the spectre drew the attention of his companion to the joyful Christmas decoration of the ship. The hull was hidden under

§ Four medals were offered by His Honour Lieut.-Governor Angers to competitors for prize Essays — subject: "Jacques Cartier and His Times." Silver medal awarded by judges to Joseph Pope, Civil Service, Ottawa; silver medal, Dr. N. E. Dionne, Quebec; bronze medal, H. B. Stephens, Montreal; silver medal, Jouiou de Longrais, Rennes, France.

wreaths of evergreen, culled from the neighboring spruce and pine forest; the port-holes festooned alike; in the aft part of the main cabin, encircled in a shield of small arms, floated, conspicuously, the white banner of Francis I., with the word "France" in large letters on a white ground; the sailors bore lighted tapers, whose flame brought out, in this improvised *chambre ardente* in strong relief, the blue uniforms of the stalwart Breton sailors, who surrounded their respected chief — easily recognisable by his sharp features and long flowing beard; he stood next to his lieutenants — Marc Jalobert, master and pilot of the *Petite Hermine*, and *Guillaume Le Breton Bastille*, master and pilot of the *Emerillon*.

* * * * *

LA PETITE HERMINE.

Laverdière's ghost then beckoned me to follow. We crossed over the frozen space lying between the *Grande Hermine* and her consort, the *Petite Hermine* and climbed her low side, descending to the cabin below through its dimly-lit companion ladder.

A strange, overpowering spectacle awaited us in the narrow abode. For an instant I fancied I was stalking through the sick wards of the Hotel-Dieu Hospital.

Careful precautions had been taken to exclude the icy breath of winter from this miserable den, whose inmates — plague-stricken and forlorn — twenty-five all told — where writhing in anguish, and tossing in disturbed dreams, and visions of the homes of their

youth, in their hammocks, the victims of the awful disease, *le mal de terre*, known as scurvy,— with swollen gums, cancerous and loathsome pustules over their persons, which made them pray for death as a release from their intolerable sufferings. The atmosphere was too close and unhealthy, even for a ghost. We were hurrying away and cast our eyes for a last time on this array of suffering humanity, when we spied Dom Anthoine leaning over the emaciated form of a scorbutic subject, a Breton, by name Reumenel, whom he was trying to rouse by telling him of the birth of a Saviour; but the sick man turning away his face, uttered in despair the words, “Landerneau, my dear village.”

The author then presents, in connection with the *Petite Hermine*, transformed by Cartier for the nonce, into an hospital, a vivid, very circumstantial, enumeration of the afflicted tars—their name, origin etc. St. Malo, Lorient, Quiberon, St. Bruno, St. Cast, Dol, Landerneau could each count more than one sturdy son among the scorbutic patients. Several might doubtless have been saved had Chief Donnacona announced earlier his infallible Indian cure—a decoction of spruce boughs, styled “Ameda,” and subsequently applied with wondrous success. * “In the

* Scurvy—*le mal de terre*—was supposed to be caused by too prolonged a use of salted meat as food. It was not confined to New France. Benjamin Sulte notices its ravages in Acadia in 1604-5.

midst of Dom Anthoine's † errand of mercy, a loud report shook the timbers of the vessel, and the roused sick sailors, realizing at once its meaning, made an effort to leave their hammocks. It was a salvo of guns from Jacques Cartier's fort, built close by, fired at the elevation of the Host in the *Grande Hermine*. Forgetting for an instant their anguish, the sick men tried to repeat after their kind monitor, the sweet, solemn, old anthem of the Roman Catholic liturgy—
Veni, Creator Spiritus! Amidst the moans of the dying sailors, racked with the dear memories of that forgotten home far away across the sea, La Bretagne—we left the cabin of the *Petite Hermine* and emerged into the keen wintry air, with the sound of Cartier's salvo of artillery still booming in our ears, reverberated by the wild echoes of the Laurentides mountains to the north."

* * * * *

† The presence of Roman Catholic priests with Cartier on his second voyage to Canada, is a question much debated by commentators. The student of Canadian history is referred to the excellent prize Essays on Jacques-Cartier, recently published, which sum up nearly all the available evidence *pro* and *con*. Mr. Joseph Pope in his Essay, after adducing many curious texts and authorities leaves it an open question, though he seems to incline to the negative pp. 62, 69, 95 : whilst Dr. N. E. Dionne, in his volume, pronounces for the affirmative, pp. 120, 121, 283, 284, 286—“*Adhuc sub judice lis est.*”

THE EMERILLON.

On quitting the dismal infirmary of the *Petite Hermine*, the weary travellers, according to Mr. Myrand, agreed to call at, and inspect Jacques Cartier's solid palisaded fort, erected by him on the shore of the St. Charles, close by, as a protection against Indian surprises.

Laverdière attempted to force open its massive door. It yielded not, however, to his ghostly effort. The noise called forth a loud and prolonged yelping from the Indian curs in the neighbourhood, which soon was taken up and responded to by the dogs of Stadacona. The din was increased by the shrill bark of foxes, and dismal howling of some hungry wolves prowling about the thickets on the neighbouring heights.

“There, there lies the Emerillon!” ejaculated Laverdière, not my old favorite, the swift Emerillon, † of the Quebec Yacht Club, but Jacques Cartier's tiny ocean craft.

It is especially, when trying to portray such thrilling scenes as the one that follows, that the sober-minded historian fails and has to admit his inferiority, for effect, compared to the narrator of the Jules Verne romantic school.

† One of the favourite amusements of the abbé Laverdière in his later years, was cruising about the Quebec harbour in one of the Quebec Yacht Club's crafts.

“In a trice,” says Myrand, “we had reached the Emerillon’s deck, removed the forehatch and descended into the forecabin, where a small binnacle lamp threw around an uncertain glare. The flame flickered as the nightwind entered through two port-holes, such as ships-of-war had in the olden time. There was perceptible a strong smell as of spruce boards recently plained. In the centre, on blocks, rested a box seven feet long by two feet high. Around it, a carpenter’s tool chest, a book and some nails with a hammer.”

“What did it contain, and the workmen, where were they?”

The spectre, taking down from the ceiling the suspended lamp, allowed its flickering light to fall on the singular object. “O horror! I saw it was a coffin, and that it held the dead body of a man — Philippe de Rougemont,” says Ernest Myrand.

The discovery of the remains of de Rougemont of Amboise, France — deceased about 32 years of age — the only follower whose death Cartier mentions by name in his narrative, furnishes the author with material for a very touching forecast of the sorrow in store for de Rougemont’s poor mother when Cartier’s squadron shall return to St. Malo without her son. But of the striking passage, like many others in the volume, I am compelled to omit further notice for lack of space.

Soon Guillaume Sequart and Jehan Duvert, ship carpenters, aided by Eustache Grossin, mariner, made their appearance to prepare the body of their dead

companion for interment, performing the solemn duty amidst expressions of deep regret at the early demise of one so full of bright promise.

De Rougemont was tenderly placed on a layer of green, fragrant spruce boughs, in his rude coffin, preparatory to being buried under twelve feet of snow at the mouth of the St. Michel stream, which empties in the St. Charles, as a precautionary measure against the assaults of the ravenous Indian dogs, and wild animals infesting the surrounding forest.

The work, or rather the chapter, closes with an account of the discovery to take place at this spot, of the decaying timbers of the *Petite Hermine*, three centuries later, in 1843, by Joseph Hamel, City Engineer, of Quebec. Ample details of this antiquarian *trouvaille* appear in Neilson's old *Quebec Gazette*, in the *Quebec Mercury* and in *Le Canadien*, over the signatures of Geo. B. Faribault and Dr. John Charlton Fisher, of Quebec. Every page of *Une Fête de Noël sous Jacques Cartier* abounds with historical data, with most copious texts in the foot-notes in support of Mr. Myrand's application of the Jules Verne process to popularize Canadian history. With the favourable testimony it elicited from the late Rector of the *Ecole Normale-Laval*, at Quebec, Revd. L. N. Bégin,* as to the historical matter and Mr. Myrand's

* Since created Bishop of the Saguenay Diocese, at Chicoutimi. See his able letter printed as an Introduction to Mr. Myrand's Volume. Since these lines were penned, the popularity of the work has called forth a second edition, which has furnished the

mode of treating it, we are happy to agree, hoping this first, wont be the last literary effort, of the youthful author of *Une Fête de Noël sous Jacques Cartier*.

Spencer Grange, Christmas Eve, 1889.

JACQUES CARTIER'S MONUMENT AT QUEBEC

24 June, 1889.

St Jean Baptiste Day, in June, 1889, was kept as usual, as a red-letter day, in the peaceful existence of Quebecers, the anniversary of the national festival of the French element. A date passing dear to the sons of old France forgathered by her in the valley of the St Lawrence, it of course called forth gushes of national feeling. It did more, however, on the 24th June last; it took the form of the celebration of a great historical event, having been chosen to inaugurate also a monument in honor of the famous St Malo sea captain, Jacques Cartier, the first explorer of Canadian wilds, more than three and a half centuries back.

The idea of such a celebration was not however new. It dated of 14th September 1835, exactly three hundred years, from the landing at Hare Point, on the St Charles, of the noted discoverer. A much respected Quebec antiquary, George B. Faribault, for years, President of the *Literary and Historical Society*

author with an opportunity to correct several misprints as to dates and other slight inaccuracies. Mr. Myrand, it is stated, is now engaged in writing a novel on the era of Frontenac

was its father ; he was however ably seconded in his enlightened project by an Oxford graduate, Dr John Charlton Fisher L. L. D. lately joint-editor of the *New York Albion*, and invited to Quebec by the Earl of Dalhousie, then Governor General, to edit the *Quebec Gazette* by authority. A committee of * fifteen of the leading citizens, headed by the mayor, had been named at a public meeting ; and a wooden cross erected to commemorate the event. It is unnecessary to state here that no vestige of this cross, existed fifty four years later, in 1889.

This famous celebration, was due to the laudable efforts of the President of the St-Jean-Baptiste Society, Amedée Robitaille, Esq., Jules Tessier Esq., M. P. P., Mr. Jos. Beauchamp, its energetic Secretary, H. J. J.

* His Honor, the Mayor of Quebec, R. E. Caron, late Lt. Governor of the Province.

Revd Messire Jerome Demers, superior of the Quebec Seminary.

Colonel Joseph Bouchette, the eminent topographer.

Michel Clouet, merchant.

G. B. Faribault, barrister.

Dr John C. Fisher, President of the Literary and Historical Society.

Hector Simon Huot, Barrister.

Joseph Légaré, jr., artist.

Louis Massue, merchant.

Dr Joseph Morrin, Founder of Morrin College.

Dr Joseph Parent, a noted Physician.

William Sewell, Sheriff of Quebec.

Pierre Pelletier, merchant.

W. B. Lindsay, Clerk of the House of Assembly.

Edouard Glackemeyer, Notary Public.

B. Chouinard Esq., M. P.,* Mr. J. H. Edmond Plamondon, and other prominent members, and powerfully aided by the literary committee of the *Cercle Catholique de Québec*, presided over by Mr. E. E. Taché, deputy commissioner of Crown Lands, patronised by the offerings of the Governor General, Lieut.-Governor and leading citizens of Quebec and Montreal. It had been talked of and written about for years. Mr. Ernest Gagnon, Secretary to the Provincial Board of Works, had suggested the idea as early as 1882.

All Canada, was supposed to be represented in this compact crowd of 100,000 beaming spectators.

His Eminence, the Cardinal, His Honor, the Lieut. Governor, the Prime Minister of the Province, members of Parliament, Presidents of the St. George, St. Andrew, Saint Patrick Societies, the professors, *savants*, antiquaries of all Quebec, the pupils of the public schools had mustered, that morning, on the green banks of the St. Charles, to listen in rapt silence to the eloquent addresses, patriotic speeches and stirring appeals, uttered on that gala day. All Canada was represented, did we say, in this pageant, French of course, by its aspirations and Roman Catholic in its leading features, one representative man however was missing: the last survivor of the family of the great discoverer, a resident, at present, of

* Author of the *Fête Nationale des Canadiens français*, published in 1881, and of a second volume under the same title, for the festivals of 1881-1889, published in 1890.

France, near Bordeaux, a protestant, * says Dr N. E. Dionne, the clever historiographer, of the festival. How singular the fate of individuals and families!

The site of the monument is at the confluence of the little Lairet stream with the St. Charles, about a mile from Quebec, on a slight elevation of the soil, with the city in the back ground. An excellent view can be obtained of its principal points of interest; to the west is seen St. Rochs, then the suburbs of St. John, surmounted by Mount Pleasant, away to the east, the Parliament House, the Upper Town and the Battery, the Basilica and the Laval University. The monument, which is erected in the centre of the enclosure above described is 22 feet high.

It is almost square in form, measuring 8 feet at the base, and 3 feet at the summit, which has quite an ornamented cornice. The granite of which the monument is composed is polished on each of its four sides. On the north face is found Jacques Cartier's shield with the device *Semper fidelis*, and immediately below the following inscription.

JACQUES CARTIER
ET SES HARDIS COMPAGNONS
LES MARINS
DE LA GRANDE HERMINE,
LA PETITE HERMINE
ET DE L'EMERILLON
PASSÈRENT ICI L'HIVER
DE 1535-36

* "Le seul survivant de la famille du grand Découvreur, réside actuellement à Sainte-Foy-la-Grande, près de Bordeaux, et il est protestant de croyance." (*Jacques Cartier, ouvrage couronné par Son Honneur, le Lieutenant Gouverneur de la Province de Québec, N. E. Dionne, p. 181.*)

Below this is the crest of Lord Stanley of Preston, Governor-General of Canada; his arms, a helmet surmounted by an eagle with spread wings, and device *Sans changer*.

On the east side is this inscription :

LE 23 SEPTEMBRE, 1625
LES PÈRES
JEAN DE BREBEUF, ENNEMOND
MASSÉ, ET CHARLES LALEMANT
PRIRENT SOLENNELLEMENT POSSESSION
DU TERRAIN APPELÉ FORT JACQUES-
CARTIER, SITUÉ AU CONFLUENT
DES RIVIÈRES ST-CHARLES ET
LAIRET POUR Y ERI-
GER LA PREMIÈRE
RÉSIDENCE
DES MISSIONNAIRES JÉSUITES
À QUÉBEC.

Below this is found the crest of Lieutenant-Governor Angers with the device: *Par droicts chemins*.

The south side is surrounded with the arms of the *Cercle Catholique de Québec*; their arms, an angel's head, with wings extended over a shield representing the Sacred Heart, with the device: *In manifestatione veritatis*, and this inscription :

LE 3 MAI, 1536
JACQUES CARTIER
FIT PLANTER À L'ENDROIT OÙ IL VENAIT
DE PASSER L'HIVER UNE CROIX DE
35 PIEDS DE HAUTEUR PORTANT
L'ÉCUSSON FLEURDELISÉ ET
L'INSCRIPTION
*Franciscus Primus dei Gracia rex,
Regnat*

Below the inscription is the crest of Cardinal Taschereau, and the device: *In fide, spe et caritate certandum.*

On the west side is engraved a palm with the names of the Jesuit-martyrs Jogues, Garnier, Masse and de Noue at the right, and Brobeuf, Lallemand, Buteux and Daniel on the left. Below is the shield of the Jesuit order and device: *Ad majorem Dei gloriam.*

An iron railing surrounds the lot of ground purchased by the Cercle Catholique, from George Holmes Parke, Esquire, J. P. the genial proprietor of *Ring field.*

The monument was designed by Mr. E. E. Taché and executed by Mr. J. A. Belanger. The granite of which it is composed comes from the quarries of Migwick, on the line of the Quebec and Lake St John Railway.

QUEBEC TO MONTMORENCI

An excellent turnpike road leads past the Dorchester bridge, (erected by Asa Porter, in 1789, and called after Lord Dorchester, then Governor General of Canada) through a double row of neat cottages, and white farm houses, to the foaming cataract of Montmorenci.

Previous to 1789, the St. Charles was crossed by a scow ; and, at low water, at a ford.

One of the most conspicuous landmarks in this neighborhood towards the shore, at *La Canardière*, in a line with Hedleyville, is MAIZERETS ; a long two story farm-house belonging to the Quebec Seminary, where their blue-coated boys, each Thursday, spend their weekly holiday, since time immemorial, walking back to the city with the descending shades of evening, and awakening the echoes of the Beauport shore with their jolly old French songs: *La Claire Fontaine*, — *Par derrière chez mon père*, — *En roulant, ma Boule*

rodant, &c.: the usher in charge, with his long black cassock flowing to the night wind, merrily joining in the chorus.

In 1778, the dear old mansion was rebuilt after having been ruthlessly burnt to the ground by Col. Benedict Arnold's rude followers, in the fall of 1775.

In 1850, it was enlarged to its present size. A diminutive island, christened in July, 1852, *St. Hyacinthe* (2), was added, in the centre of the sheet of water in rear of the house, and communicating, at high tide, with the *St. Lawrence*. It is provided with row boats, canoes, &c.

This long, narrow pond, served in 1759, in lieu of a ditch, to one of General Montcalm's redoubts; for a succession of years, in summer, it has been the source of unspeakable enjoyment, on each weekly holiday, to the Seminary scholars.—*Crede experto*.

On the 7th March, 1850, the pupils, in solemn conclave, and after exhaustive discussion of several names proposed—among which that of Montigny (after the great Bishop Laval, Abbé de Montigny, founder of the *Petit Séminaire*, in 1668) came prominently to the front—decided that their pleasant holiday place should be known to succeeding generations as Maizerets.

Maizerets is the name of the venerable Superior of the Quebec Seminary, during whose protracted tenure of office this valuable property was acquired by this educational institution. Revd Louis Ango des Maizerets closed his career, on the 22nd April, 1721, at the ripe age of 85 years, loved and regretted.

The main road, arched over with wide-spreading elms, leads past the lofty, turreted dome, extensive buildings, and pleasure grounds of the *Provincial Lunatic Asylum*, founded in 1845; first, in Col. Gugy's roomy stone stables, (1) adjoining the Duchesnay Manor, by three of the leading physicians of Quebec, Doctors James Douglas, Joseph Morrin and Joseph Frémont, and then transferred to the present location. The east wing, occupied by the females, stands on the site of the old *Château de Bonne*, where Judge de Bonne, an active politician in his day, and also a learned jurist, resided for years, in the early part of the century. No more suitable, nor healthy locality, could have been selected as a home for the 1,000 unfortunates, bereft of reason, and over whom the Provincial Government is expected to watch. The streamlet, known as the *Rivière des Tappières*, winds through the leafy seclusion, and flows under the rustic iron, suspension bridge of Glenalla, now Villa Mastai.

During our war with the United States, in 1812-14, this diminutive, deep brook was assigned as the western limit of the paroled American prisoners — some forty, officers and privates — taken at Detroit, &c : among them, Generals Hull, Winchester and Chandler; they were at first located in the *Château de Bonne*. Capt. Mathew Bell's cavalry escorted them to Quebec in the winter of 1813, and they were placed in the house, No. 81, St. Louis street — in which the historian, Hon. Wm. Smith expired, on 17th December,

(1) This commodious receptacle of Col. Gugy's stud was taken down in 1887.

1847 — the residence of the late Sheriff Chs. Alleyn. Their fellow prisoner, taken at Queenston, Col. (afterwards Genl.) Winfield Scott, had the run of the city on parole. Col. Scott won laurels in the Mexican war, and acquired, on account of his activity and love of display, the well remembered *sobriquet* of *old Fuss and Feathers*. The stately, athletic Colonel, however, lived on *parole*, with Colonel (afterwards Major General) Glasgow, the Commander of the Quebec Garrison; in 1813. In 1817, we shall find him again, within our walls, an honored guest, under the hospitable roof, at Marchmont, *Grande Al'ée*, of Sir John Harvey, who subsequently became Governor of one of the maritime provinces.

The eastern *parole* limit of the unhappy (1) warriors was the second stream occurring on the road to the falls, *le ruisseau de l'ours*, Bear Creek, whose waters yet furnish motive power to mills in the second range of Beauport, and, until a few years back, to an extensive grist mill — now in ruins — formerly owned by the late William Brown. In 1759, this stream had, at this spot, steep banks, since solidly bridged over, as portion of the highway. The hollow formerly existing was then designated, and frequently appears in Chevalier Johnstone's and Capt. John Knox's diaries of the siege, as the "ravine at Beauport." What

(1) The *Quebec Mercury* of 9th November, 1813, advertises for the capture of Abraham Walter, pilot, native of Grandfield, aged 24 years, who had deserted from Beauport on the 6th November, 1813. Captain Kempt, the imperial agent for prisoners of war, offers for his apprehension one guinea reward above the Provincial reward allowed in such cases.

lively scenes Benedict Arnold's myrmidons enacted in this locality during the crucial winter of 1775-6 ?

Col. Jos. Bouchette mentions the erection here of a distillery, about 1790, by the Hon. John Young.

A year or two later, Prince Edward, Her Majesty's father, then a jolly Colonel of Fusiliers, twenty-four years of age, might have been met, on bright summer mornings, trotting his pair of Norman ponies over the Beauport road, from Haldimand House to the city, with the fascinating Madame de Saint Laurent at his side.

Half a century later, in 1841, the *Curé de Beauport*, the Revd. Abbé C. Chiniquy, the idol of the Beauport teatottellers, was raising the Temperance pillar, which now, on the north side of the road, attracts the attention of tourists

Let us hie back to this historic *ruisseau de l'ours*.

What gave it its sporting name ?

I have a faint remembrance of a bear story, more than two hundred years old, in which the local Nimrod, Seigneur Giffard, whilst lying *perdu* for wild geese, one spring, on the sandy banks of this river, is stated to have spied a huge bear roaming in the neighborhood, mayhap in quest of the seigniorial mutton. Gaunt, tired, possibly unconscious of evil intent, Bruin was lapping the crystal draught of the rivulet. To substitute in his long duck gun, slugs, for goose shot, was the affair of an instant for the sporting Laird, and lo! Bruin's brave spirit was wafted to where all good bears go !

Let us cross Bear Creek close to the front door of the Beauport Manor, and ask about the Seigneur. "Who was the first Seigneur of this flourishing village?" I hear you say —

Here is what we read in history :

Seigneur Robert Giffart or Giffard, *Sieur de Beauport*, a native of Perche, left old for New France, in 1627. Later on, we find him an English prisoner of war. Taken on board of Rocmont's fleet, he it was who gave the parish its name, and, as its first Seigneur, watched over its feeble beginnings. We shall find him a practising surgeon at Quebec, in 1634: the calling at that distant time must have been a bit of a sinecure.

He applied for, and was granted by the Company of New France, the Seigniorship of Beauport, on the 14th January, 1634, according to a Parliamentary return printed in 1852; on the 31st December, 1635, says Colonel J. Bouchette. Giffard had several sons and daughters; two of the latter married the brothers Juchereau, the sires of the warlike clan of Duchesnay who occupied the Beauport manor for nearly two centuries.

Robert Giffart, a man of importance in his day, was elected Church Warden, at Quebec, in 1646. It is recorded that the Jesuit Fathers selected his house, at Beauport, to celebrate their first mass. The lettered, and sporting Esculapius died, on the 14th April, 1668, and was buried in the cemetery at Beauport.

Let us now knock at the chief entrance of the Manor !

Had we, with us, Jean Guion, we might possibly have a chance of meeting his worthy contemporary. François Boullé, Seigneur Giffart's faithful farmer of the 14th March, 1634. Alas! Both are enjoying their long rest, for the last two hundred and fifty years, in yonder rustic necropolis.

But I was forgetting that of the Duchesnay Manor nothing remains save some disjointed ruins, dear to Canadians for having been the head-quarters of the chivalrous Marquis of Montcalm, during the thrilling summer of 1759. The circumstances of the sojourn of the French General, at that Manor, had so roused the cupidity of the Quebec treasure seekers after the hurried departure of the Gallic legions, that cellars, and outer courts were more than once dug up for gold and silver, supposed to have been concealed and forgotten there prior to their hurried retreat. These Doustirswivels might have saved themselves much labor, many midnight vigils, suffumigations and incantations, undersuitable planetary influence for searches, — with or without “a hand of glory, by the light of a taper, manufactured from the fat of an executed murderer, — when the clock strikes twelve at midnight” — had they chosen to bear in mind, that during the drooping, closing years of French rule, the chief circulating medium at Quebec was card money, supplemented with Bigot's *Exchange* on the French treasury — destined to be dishonored.

Some time after the destruction by fire of the old Manor, in 1879, a mysterious inscription was unearthed from the ruins. Mrs. Gogy, the owner of the property, kindly forwarded it to the President of the

Literary and Historical Society for examination. It gave rise to a very lively discussion in the English and French press

The tablet was a circular plate of lead or pewter nine inches in diameter, one-quarter of an inch in thickness. The fire had much injured it. It appeared to have contained within its rolls, originally, coins, but the diggers apparently had abstracted them; also some document, which alas! crumbled into dust when exposed to the air. The inscription, as well as can be deciphered, ran thus :

I.H.S. M.I.A. *

LAN 1634 LE



NTE

25 IVILET.IE.ETE-PLA
PREMIERE.P.C GIFART
SEIGNEVR. DE CE.LIEV †

The Beauport strand was privileged, by its proximity to Quebec to play a conspicuous part in the numerous sieges which have beset the old city.

There, in 1690, 1759, 1760, 1775, the invader left his foot-prints, in marks of blood. Some of Canada's most noble sons found there a glorious death, others furnished a no less creditable record of service rendered to their country.

During the occupation by the English of Quebec by the Kirkes, 1628-33, Beauport, with the exception

* *Jesus Hominum Salvator* ; Maria, Joseph, Anne.

† For explanation, vide *Picturesque Quebec*, pages 440-8.

of the *Ferme des Anges*, had little to do with these unauthorised conquerors, as peace had been proclaimed between England and France, when the Kirkes took Quebec. It was widely different in 1690—*Mère Ju hercau*, Monseignat, Whalley and Davis, have each a stirring tale to tell. Admiral Sir William Phipps' abortive attempt to capture the old rock on the 16th October, 1690, whilst his second in command Major John Whalley, landed, heading a detachment on the Beauport flats, has brought out creditably the successful and stout resistance offered by Count de Frontenac, "speaking from the mouth of his cannon," and whilst his lieutenants Prevost, Longueuil, de Ste. Hélène, at the head, of his regulars and Beaupré and Lorette volunteers, met and routed Major Walley's Puritan Boston host.

What an exciting discovery it must have been for the sentinels on the Sault-au-Matelot batteries, when they, at day break, on the 16th October, 1690—spied the slowly moving lights of the Massachusetts fleet, thirty-four armed vessels, gliding past the Point of Orleans, and casting anchor in view of Quebec, thronged with soldiery,—in their French eyes, merciless heretics,—who, "it had been reported, meant to kill them all, after cutting off their ears to make necklaces"?

A grand spectacle awaited Admiral Phipps' entrance in our port. As Parkman well remarks: "One of the grandest scenes on the western continent opened upon his sight. The wide expanse of waters, the lofty promontory beyond, and the opposing heights of Levi, the cataract of Montmorenci, the distant range

of the Laurentian Mountains, the warlike rock with its diadem of walls and towers, the roofs of the Lower Town clustering on the strand beneath, the *Château St Louis* perched at the brink of the cliff, and over it the white banner spangled with *fleurs-de-'is* flaunting defiance in the clear autumn air."

The dramatic account of Admiral Phipps' repulse has been too often given and too well, for me to attempt to repeat it here. I shall confine myself to a bare mention of a few incidents which happened during the week of alarm, which marked the operations of Major Whalley, on the Beauport beaches, in his vain attempt to cross the St. Charles at the ford, and assail the city in reverse. Whalley's van, though brave levies of Massachusetts fishermen and farmers, had no mean enemy to contend with. In one of the engagements, Frontenac in person sallied forth at the head of 1000 soldiers — Montreal, Three Rivers and Quebec men — to wait on the south side of the St. Charles, near the ford, for the appearance of the invaders, whilst Baron de Longueuil and his chivalrous brother, LeMoyné de Ste. Hélène, headed the Canadian Militia. Both were wounded, Ste. Hélène fatally. He was buried on the 4th December, 1690, in the *Hôtel-Dieu* cemetery, at Quebec. His two other brothers, LeMoyné de Bienville and LeMoyné de Maricour, won laurels in this memorable campaign, whilst the sturdy Seigneur of Beauport, Juchereau de Saint Denis, more than sixty-four years of age, in the act of leading his armed peasants, lost an arm. For his bravery, the French monarch awarded him a patent of nobility. He was more fortunate than his

companion-in-arms, the Chevalier de Clermont, an officer of distinction, who was killed.

The Boston invaders, on re-embarking, had been compelled to leave behind 5 cannon, 100 lbs. gun-power and 40 or 50 cannon balls. A detachment of armed peasants from Beauport, and the adjoining parishes, aided by 40 scholars from the St. Joachim Seminary, led by *le Sienr Carré*, a fighting inhabitant, of *Ste. Anne du Petit Cap*, seized and held the guns, in spite of the detachment sent from the fleet to recapture them. Governor de Frontenac was so well pleased with their spirited conduct, that he presented one of the captured guns to the Seminary scholars, and another to the *Sieur Carré*. *

The little Church, in process of construction in the Lower Town Market Place, in 1688, and still in existence, was named, in commemoration of Phipp's defeat. "*Notre-Dame-de-la-Victoire*," and King Louis XIV ordered a handsome medal to be struck, in memory of it -- the well-known *Kebeka Liberata* Medal.

The occupation of Beauport and adjoining parishes round Quebec, by Arnold and Montgomery's New Englanders, in 1775-6, gave rise in this locality to many strange incidents, unrecorded by the general historian. The following, I gather, from an account recently furnished me :

* FERLAND, *Cours d'Histoire du Canada*. Vol II. p. 227.

SEIGNIOR DUCHESNAY, at Beauport, in 1775—His farmer, Vincent Giroux ; current prices of horses, cows, sheep, chickens, turkeys, geese. * Jeremiah Duggan, the hair-dresser : the part he played in the blockade of Quebec.

The following document occurs among the family records of the late Henry F. Duchesnay, Esq., M. P., for Beauce. Mr. Duchesnay was a lineal descendant of that fighting seignior of Beauport, Juchereau Duchesnay, who lost his arm, in 1690 whilst repelling the invasion of Phipps, and who received from the French King, letters of *noblesse* for his meritorious conduct.

It purports to be a true copy of a claim made by Seignior Duchesnay, in the fall of 1776, on the Government for indemnity on losses suffered whilst upholding the King's authority. The losses are on farm produce, &c. The claim is sworn to before Hon. Thomas Dunn, a loyal official of the period. The Cadwells, Allsops and others had preferred similar claims for which, His Excellency, Guy Carleton, had them indemnified. The document is curious as indicating the current rate of prices of several objects still in general use. A rapacious Irish hair-dresser, rejoicing in the name of Jeremiah Duggan, was a leading figure in this raid on the Tories, as the loyal folks were then styled.

The Duchesnay stone manor, the head-quarters of General de Montcalm, during the siege of 1759, after being the family seat of the Duchesnays for nearly two centuries, became, about 1845, the property of the late Col. B. C. A. Gagy.

Statement of the losses caused to Mr. Duchesnay by the American Invasion, in 1775.

“ Vincent Giroux, farmer, residing in a house belonging to Mr. Duchesnay, Seignior of Beauport, declares under oath that at the end of November, 1775, there came to Mr. Duchesnay's residence, at Beauport, a band of about fifty armed rebels, commanded, as they asserted, by one Jeremiah Duggan, also present.

* For particulars, see. THE EXPLORATIONS OF JONATHAN OLDBUCK, page 22.

“That the said Duggan, who was well known to deponent, entered the house, asked for eatables and told deponent that he (Duggan) knew that deponent had fattened a cow — that he had killed pigs and that, at the instant, Duggan declared himself master of the house,

“That, on this day, Duggan and comrades seized all articles of furniture — removed them to the garret of the house, locked the door of the garret and took the key away.

“That the said Duggan visited other farm-houses, leaving other rebels in charge of M. Duchesnay’s house, forbidding them to interfere with the garret, where the furniture was.

“That this guard remained at this house, but that other parties of rebels succeeding one another, broke into the garret, and carried away the furniture stored there, a few days before Christmas,

“That from date of entry of the rebels, in the said house — that is from the end of November, 1775, to the beginning of May last, (1776), they took the live stock, house furniture, grain, hay and other objects belonging to the said Mr. Duchesnay.”

This old record very clearly discloses the worth, in 1775, of numerous house utensils, cattle and farm produce, some of which have not apparently increased much in value after a hundred years. Hay does not, each fall, fetch more than \$8, per hundred bundles, at Beauport; horses seem higher in value. Turkeys and geese are a trifle more in price. The 15 couple of domestic pigeons “lifted” by Jeremiah Duggan’s pals, from the manor, recall by their presence the old feudal privilege of the seigneur, to keep pigeons — *le droit de colombier* — as Lord of the Manor; in this case might have been added, *Sic vos, non vobis* The Beauport andirons may yet, possibly, be doing duty in some antique New England home, with the picture of the “Mayflower” over the mantlepiece. Jeremiah and his hungry band of raiders, bent on having their fat goose for Christmas, 1775, with great foresight inspected, and with success, the seigniorial larder, also carrying away the kitchen utensils, a roasting apparatus, a

skewer, a gridiron (without even asking for "the loan" of it) and a goodly supply of cedar pickets, to do the cooking and broil the steak.

On the 6th May following, the English frigate "Lowestoff," rounding Pointe Levi, was the signal for the hasty departure of the hungry Sons of Independance, and the occasion for loud English cheers, when the standard of Britain was run up the flagstaff on Cape Diamond. Hurrah !

A central object in the parish of Beauport, in full view of the city, and of the green Isle of Orleans, stands out: the Roman Catholic temple of worship. The modest structure of 1759, has been replaced by a large and handsome edifice in our own day. *

Who could tell of the fervent orisons, and daily prayers sent up to Heaven, during the ever memorable summer of 1759, in the cherished fanc, to avert the war of extermination, of which the colony was threatened? It adjoined Montcalm's headquarters; its steeple, on the 28th June, 1759, was selected by Governor de Vaudreuil as a safe and suitable observatory, from which he could feast his eyes on the sure destruction of the English fleet, then lying, since the 23rd June, at anchor opposite the Island of Orleans. Monsieur Deslouches, a French naval officer, had designed and equipped, at great cost, several "infernal engines" to wit: five fire-ships and two large rafts, which he had sent down at ten o'clock that night from the Lower Town, with the ebb, to wipe out the British squadron of 60 ships.

(*) This was however destroyed by fire in January, 1890. An extensive structure is now being built on the old site.

Capt. John Knox, of the 43rd, an eye witness and accurate observer, in his *Journal of the Siege*, pronounces the display, the grandest fire work, conceivable. Though according to Montcalm, who had no faith in them, they had cost "a million," they turned out worse than a failure. Some having been set on fire too soon, grounded before reaching the fleet; others, were courageously taken in tow by the fearless British tars, in their boats, and run ashore, where their rigging and hulls blazed away until the morning "with no other harm, says Parkman, than burning alive one of their own captains, and six or seven of his sailors who failed to escape in their boats." Knox relates how the "air and adjacent woods reverberated with sonorous shouts and frequent repetitions of *all's well*, from our gallant seamen on the water."

The whole of that night scene, evidently was one of dismal and appalling grandeur.

What would you give for the prospects of promotion in the french navy, of Deslouches, the originator of this costly, and primitive experiment?

Governor de Vaudreuil, dejected and crestfallen, hurried back to his doomed city.

Parkman vividly recalls this incident :

"There was an English outpost at the Point of Orleans ; and about eleven o'clock the sentries descried through the gloom, the ghostly outlines of the approaching ships. As they gazed, these mysterious strangers began to dart tongues of flame ; fire ran like lightning up their masts and sails, and then they burst out like volcanoes. Filled as they were with pitch, tar and every manner of combustible, mixed with fireworks, bombs, grenades, and old

cannon, swivels and muskets loaded to the throat, the effect was terrific. The troops at the Point, amazed at the sudden eruption, the din of the explosions, and the showers of grape shot, that rattled among the trees, lost their wits and fled.

The blazing dragons hissed and roared, spouted sheets of fire, vomited smoke in black, pitchy volumes and vast illumined clouds, and shed their infernal glare on the distant city, the tents of Montcalm, and the long red lines of the British army, drawn up in array of battle, lest the French should cross from their encampments to attack them in the confusion." (*Montcalm and Wolfe*, Vol. II, p. 211.)

The Montmorency-falls are still known to old French peasants as *La Vache* (the Cow) on account of the resemblance of their foaming waters to milk, though others have attributed the name to the noise, like the bellowing of a cow, which is made by the roaring torrent pending the prevalence of certain winds. They present, when swollen by spring floods, or by autumnal rains, a most imposing spectacle. The volume of water, though much less than that of Niagara, falls from a much greater height, viz., 275 feet. When the sun lights up its brilliant prismatic colors, the roaring mass of foam, rainbow-tinted, assumes hues of marvellous brightness. Beauport's wondrous cataract may be seen under various, attractive aspects.

I have ridden back from it to the storied city, at sunset, watching entranced, the departing orb of day, shedding its orange rays on the quaint, old metal-sheathed roofs of Quebec, and the city windows looking westward; the whole panorama, a realm of fairy land lit up with the quivering sheen of diamonds. I also remember, on a bright starry night amid-winter, contemplating in dreamy, rapt silence,

a novel spectacle, seldom vouchsafed to Quebecers. The snowy cone at the foot of the cataract, had been scooped out by an enterprising city *restaurateur*, to represent a vast, glittering palace, provided with icy couches, seats, &c.,—a cold, bright, but fitting throne for the Frost King, illumined by bright Chinese lamps, reminding one of Cowper's glowing description of imperial Catherine's Russian ice-palace of 1787:

Silently as a dream, the fabric rose,
Ice upon ice, the well adjusted parts
.....
Lamps gracefully disposed, and of all hues,
Illumined every side.....
So stood the bright prodigy.....
.....
Convivial table and commodious seat.....
.....
A scene of evanescent glory, once a stream,
And soon to glide into a stream again.

(THE TASK, book V., 127)

About a mile and a half from the bridge, occurs the geological curiosities, denominated the *Natural Steps*, adjacent to cascades of three or four yards-in depth.

"The rocks are so-called because they exhibit," says, B. J. Lossing, "a series of rectangular gradations resembling stairs. They are composed of shaly limestone, and supposed by some, to have been formed by the abrasion of the waters, and by others to be original in their shapes. For an eighth of a mile the river rushes in irregular cascades among these rocks, in a very narrow and tortuous channel, its surface white

with foam ; and here and there sending up fleeces of spray. On the bold, rocky bank we sat, watching the rushing waters, and made an early dinner of sandwiches. ”

Sweetser adds that fine specimens of trilobites have been found in the vicinity.

Over the strand^s at the foot of the Fall, adjoining the vast sawmills of the Messrs. Hall & Price, a muddy beach of more than a mile broad extends at low tide. You can now at this spot hear the whistle of the *Quebec, Montmorency and Charlevoix Railway* conveying its myriads of halt and rheumatic pilgrims to *La Bonne Sainte Anne*, a cherished shrine, fourteen miles lower down. Very different scenes greeted here the eye, on a sultry July afternoon (the 31st in 1759) ; a deadly encounter between Britton and Gaul. Read the oft, told tale in Garneau and Parkman. Wolfe paid dearly for his ill-timed and rash assault, from an unprotected position on the beach ; attempting to scale the wet, perpendicular heights flanked with earth-works, protected by woods, bristling with cannon, and crowned by expert French-Canadian marksmen. He lost nearly 500 men, in killed and wounded, including those scalped by the Hurons and other savages. The dauntless English leader, and his rash Grenadiers made a grave mistake, and the heroic frenchman Montcalm failed to make the most of a victory which the tide and elements brought to an unsatisfactory close. *

* A full account of the siege of Quebec and battle of Beauport Flats appears in the *Maple Leaves*, for 1864, and in *Quebec, Past and Present*.

QUEBEC TO CAP ROUGE

RETURNING BY ST. FOYE ROAD.

A few doors from the Kent House on St. Louis street, occurs the St. Louis Hotel, the head quarters of tourists, salmon and trout fishers.

No American traveller, or pleasure seeker should pass, unnoticed the modest tenement* (Gobert's House) close to Ste. Ursule street where Brigadier General Montgomery's body was laid out on the 31st December, 1775.

Another stately land mark in the vicinity is the solid Sewell manor, built in 1804, now the headquarters of the Dominion School of Cavalry.

On emerging from St. Louis Gate, the first object which attracts the eye is the House of Parliament; on the opposite side stood the home of the

* Now removed by Vandalistic hands.

Prentices, in 1781, — Bandon Lodge * once the abode of Sandy Simpson, † whose cat-o'nintails must have left lively memories in Wolfe's army.

Did the Quebec damsel about whom Horatio, Lord Nelson, raved in 1782, when, as commander of H. M.'s frigate *Albemarle*, he visited Quebec, ever live here? ‡

This seems very likely. The Parliament Buildings, an imposing *block* facing east, north, south and west, with a spacious court-yard in the centre, a jet-d'eau and lawns, are erected on the north-side of the *Grande Allée*.

The Parliament and Departmental Buildings, the largest public edifice in the Province of Quebec, begun in 1878, are now completed at a cost of \$1,393,784.40. It forms a square, each side of which

* The ornate residence of Hon. Jos. Shehyn. M. P. P., occupies now this historic site. Bandon Lodge, was acquired by Government from Hon. John Stewart, in exchange for Marchant, 4th May 1835.

† SAUNDERS SIMPSON. — "He was Prevost Marshall in Wolfe's army, at the affairs of Louisbourg, Quebec and Montreal and cousin of my father's. He resided in that house, the nearest to Saint Louis Gate, outside, which has not undergone any external alteration since I was a boy." — From *Diary of Deputy Commissary General Jas. Thompson*.

‡ Recent evidence extracted by the historian Miles out of the diaries and letters of James Thompson, overseer of military works, in 1775, deceased in 1830, lead to strengthen the theory previously propounded by me, and to indicate Miss Mary Simpson, daughter of Saunders Simpson, as the famed Quebec beauty of 1782.

externally measures 300 feet? and encloses a court 138 × 195 feet.

The style of architecture, though not over ornate, is what was used in public edifices of the XVII century: embossed pilasters in rustic work, rising from the basement up to the cornice, close the salient angles of each projection.

The height of the body of the edifice from the ground, to the great cornice is 60 feet, English measure, and 72 feet to the top of the cornice above the attics.

A heraldic *Lion passant*, between two fleur-de-lys, and three maple leaves, displays the arms of the Province of Quebec. On the piers of the first story are cut in relief, the escutcheon of the two first Lieutenant-Governors of the Province of Quebec; sculptured on the central window of the second story, is visible from afar, the "year" when the structure was commenced, "1878", and on the side windows are inscribed the monograms of the Governor General and Lieutenant-Governor, under whose administration the edifice was built.

Niches on different points of the edifice will exhibit statues of Jacques Cartier, of Champlain, of Maisonneuve, Laval, Brebeuf, Viel, Olivier, Frontenac, Wolfe, Montcalm, Levi, de Salaberry, Elgin; \$23,000.00 has been voted for this object and an able sculptor, Mr. Hebert, is now pushing on, in Paris, this work of art. A statue of the historian F. X. Garneau, will also be erected on the grounds, near the fountain.

The interior of the building, will furnish a complete epitome of Canadian history, by the heraldic

groups, armorial inscriptions, &c., on the pannellings, and stair cases.

Opposite, looms out the handsome Drill Hall and its adjunct the Cavalry Riding shed. "Ferguson's house," * next to it, noted by Professor Silliman in his "Tour between Hartford and Quebec in 1819," is now difficult to recognize; its late owner A. Joseph, Esq., added much to its size. It now rejoices in the name of *Le Lion d'Or*. Its proximity to the Legislative Halls, will doubtless make it a popular resort for members of the Provincial Legislature. Another landmark of the past deserves notice — the ex-Commander of the Forces' lofty quarters; from its angular eaves and forlorn aspect, it generally went by the name of "Bleak House." I cannot say whether it ever was haunted, but it ought to have been. †

We are now in the *Grande Allée* — the forest avenue, which two hundred years ago led to Sillery Wood. Handsome terraces of cut stone dwellings, erected by Hon. P. Garneau Messrs. Joseph, Hamel, Duquet, Roy, Bilodeau, Vallière add much to the appearance of this fashionable neighborhood. On turning and looking back as you approach Bleak House, you have an excellent view of the Citadel, and of the old French works, which extend beyond it, to the *cime du Cap*, over-looking *l'Anse des Mères*.

* Exchanged between, Sir John Coal Sherbrooke, Governor General, and Arch. Ferguson, 15th April, 1818.

† The widening and paving of the *Grande Allée*, signs of progress, due to our late Mayor, Hon. Frs. Langelier.

A little beyond the Ferguson's house, at the top of what is generally known as Perrault's Hill, stands the Perrault homestead, dating back to 1820, l'*Asile Champêtre*, lately owned by Mrs. Henry Dinning, but by the expiration of the lease-hold of 99 years, claimed by the Ursuline Nuns of Quebec. To the east of it, on a most commanding position, on the *Buttes-à-Nepveu*, stands the old Freer Mansion, rebuilt and adorned by John Roche, Esq.—*The Hillocks*,—recently purchased and ornamented by Mr. L. J. Gilmartin.

The adjoining range of heights, at present occupied by the Martello Tower, is known as the *Buttes-à-Nepveu*, from the name of one of their earliest occupants under French rule.

‘ It was here that Murray took his stand on the morning of April 28th, 1760, to resist the advance of Levi, and here commenced the hardest-fought—the bloodiest action of the war, which terminated in the defeat of Murray, and his retreat within the city. The Martello Towers are bomb-proof, they are three in number, and form a chain of forts extending along the ridge from the St. Lawrence to the River St. Charles. The fact that this ridge commanded the city, unfortunately induced Murray to leave it, and attempt to fortify the heights, in which he was only partially successful; owing to the frost being still in the ground.

The British Government were made aware of the fact, and seeing that from the improved artillery, the city was now fully commanded from the heights, which are about seven hundred yards distant, decided to build the towers. Arrangements were ac-

cordingly made by Col. Isaac Brock then commanding the troops in Canada. In 1806, the necessary materials were collected, in the following year their construction commenced. They were not, however, completed till 1812. The original estimate for the four was £8,000, but before completion the Imperial government had expended nearly £12,000. They are not all of the same size, but like all Martello Towers, they are circular and bomb-proof. The exposed sides are thirteen feet thick, and gradually diminish like the horns of the crescent moon, to seven feet in the centre of the side next the city walls. The first or lower story, contains tanks, store-rooms and magazine; the second has cells for the garrison, with port-holes for two guns. On the top there used to be one 68-pounder carronade, two 24, and two 9-pounders."

(Dr. W. J. ANDERSON).

A party of Arnold's soldiers ascended these heights in November, 1775, and advanced quite close to the city walls, shouting defiance at the little garrison. A few shots soon dispersed the invaders, who retraced their steps to Wolfe's Cove. On the *Buttes-à-Nepveu* the great criminals were formerly executed. Here, la Corriveau, the St. Valier Lafarge, met her deserved fate in 1763, after being tried by one of General Murray's Court Martials for murdering her husband. After death she was hung in chains, or rather in a solid iron cage, at the fork of four roads, at Levis, close to the spot where the Temperance monument has since been built. The loathsome remains of the murderess caused more than one shudder amongst the peaceable peasantry of Levis, until some brave

young men, one dark night, cut down the horrid cage, and hid it deep under ground, next to the cemetery at Levis, where close to a century afterwards, it was dug up and sold to Barnum's agent for his Museum.

M. Jas. Thompson records in his diary, under date 18th Nov., 1782, another memorable execution :

“This day two fellows were executed for the murder, and robbery of Capt. Stead, commander of one of the Treasury Brigs, on the evening of the 31st Dec., 1779, between the Upper and the Lower Town. The criminals went through Port St. Louis, about 11 o'clock, at a slow and doleful pace, to the place where justice had allotted them to suffer the most ignominious death. It is astonishing to see what a crowd of people followed the tragic scene. Even our people on the works (Cape Diamond) prayed Capt. Twiss for leave to follow the hard-hearted crowd.” It was this Capt. Twiss who subsequently furnished the plan, and built a temporary citadel, in 1793.

Eleven years later, we have, recorded in history, another doleful procession of red coats, the Quebec Garrison, accompanying to the same place of execution a mess-mate (Draper), a soldier of the 7th Fusiliers, then commanded by the young Duke of Kent, who, after pronouncing the sentence of death as commander, over the trembling culprit kneeling on his coffin, as son and representative of the Sovereign, exercised the royal prerogative of mercy and pardoned poor Draper.

Look down Perrault's hill towards the south. There stood, with a garden-plot and trees in the foreground

the Military Home, — where infirm soldiers, their widows and children, could find a refuge. It has since been purchased and converted into the "Female Orphan Asylum," and forms the eastern boundary of a large expanse of verdure and trees, reaching the summit of the lot originally intended by the Seminary of Quebec for a Botanical Garden; subsequently it was contemplated to build the new seminary there, to afford the boys fresh air. Alas! other counsels prevailed.

Its western boundary is a road leading to the District Jail, — a solid stone structure surmounted by a diminutive tower, admirably adapted, one would imagine, for astronomical pursuits. From its glistening cupola, the Provincial Observatory lower down is visible to the east.

I was forgetting to notice that substantial building, dating from 1855 — the Ladies' Home. The Protestant Ladies of Quebec have here at no small expense and trouble, raised a fitting asylum, where the aged and infirm find shelter. This, and the building opposite, St. Bridget's Asylum, with its fringe of trees and green plots, are welcome ornaments to the *Grande Allée*.

The old burying ground of 1832, with all its ghastly memories of the Asiatic scourge, has assumed quite an ornate aspect since it was closed. Near the toll-bar on the *Grande Allée*, may yet be seen one of the meridian stones which serve to mark the western boundary of the city, west of the old Lampson Mansion. On the adjoining domain, well named "Battlefield Cottage," formerly the property of Col. Charles Campbell, now the handsome residence of

Mr. Alphonse Charlebois, who added a new front to the house, a conservatory, and spacious outhouses, was the historic well, out of which a cup of water was obtained to moisten the parched lips of the dying hero, Wolfe, on the 13th September, 1759. The well was filled in, a few years ago, but not before it was nigh proving fatal to Col. Campbell's, then young son—(our friend Arch. Campbell, Esq., of Thornhill.) Its site is close to the western boundary fence, in the garden, west of "Battlefield Cottage.

Here we are at those immortal plains — the Hastings and Runnymede of the two races once arrayed in battle against one another at Quebec. The Plains of Abraham are the eastern boundary of Marchmont, formerly owned by John Gilmour, Esq., now magnificently rebuilt by Thomas. Beckett, Esq.

At the corner of the Belvédère road, embowered in trees, is Belvédère Lodge, owned by Mr Lamb.

Opposite to the west extremity of Marchmont may be seen indistinctly from the road, John Burstall's, commodious mansion — on a well wooded estate recently bought from the Marquise de Bassano, *née* Symes. A magnificent old elm and some smaller ones, deck its lawns ; hence, its name ELM GROVE.

A few minutes more brings the tourist to Hon. J. E. Price's villa, Wolfe-field, where may be seen the precipitous path up the St. Denis burn, by which the British soldiers gained a firm footing above, on the 13th and September, 1759, and met in battle array, to win a victory destined to revolutionize the New World. The British were piloted in their ascent of the river by a French prisoner brought with them

from England — Denis de Vitré, formerly, a Quebecker of distinction. Their landing place at Sillery was selected by Major Robert Stobo, who had, in May, 1759, escaped from a French prison in Quebec, and joined his countrymen, the English, at Louisbourg, from whence he took ship again to meet Admiral Saunders' fleet at Quebec.

The tourist next drives past Thornhill, Sir Francis Hinck's cosy home, when Premier to Lord Elgin. Adjoining Thornhill amidst trees, glistens the red roof of *Villa St. Denis*, Israël J. Tarte's pretty cottage, built close to the diminutive stream, the *ruisseau St. Denis*, up which climbed, in 1759, brave Wolfe, at the spot where it falls into *Wolfe's Cove*, west of Marchmont hill. In view, may be seen from the St. Louis road, the new stables, farm, buildings and well tilled fields of the intelligent agriculturist who now owns it. Opposite, appear the leafy glades of Spencer Wood, so grateful a summer retreat, that Lord Elgin used to say. "There he not only loved to live, but would like to rest his bones." Next comes Spencer Grange, the seat of J. M. LeMoine, F. R. S. C.; then Woodfield, the homestead of the Hon. Wm. Sheppard * in 1847, later on, of Messrs. John L. and Jas. Gibb. § The eye next dwells on the rustic Church of

* Hon. W. Sheppard died in 1857 — regretted as a scholar, an antiquary, a type of the old English gentleman.

§ This realm of fairy land, so rich in nature's graces, so profusely embellished by the late James Gibb, Esq., President of the Quebec Bank, was recently sold for a Cemetery, and if not denuded of trees, is likely to continue an ornament to St. Louis road.

St. Michael, embowered in evergreens; close to which, looms out, at *Sous les Bois*, the stately convent of *Jésus-Marie*; then you meet with villas innumerable — one of the most conspicuous is Benmore House, Hon. Col. Rhodes' country seat. Benmore House is well worthy, of a call, were it only to procure a *bouquet*. This is not merely the Eden of roses; Col. Rhodes has combined the farm with the garden. His underground rhubarb and mushroom cellars, his boundless asparagus beds and conservatories, are a credit to Quebec and to the new Minister of Agriculture, P. Q. The highway which branches off towards Ste Foye, is called the Gomin road, after one of its earliest inhabitants, Dr Gomin, a french botanist, whose dwelling stood, in the last century, on the north side. A few acres to the west, a conspicuous landmark is ROSLIN, the ornate homestead of Lt. Col. Joseph Bell Forsyth. Amidst a plantation of lovely trees grown by the owner of the ground, peeps out MONTAGUE COTTAGE, the residence of Alfred P. Wheeler, Esq, on the north side of the road, adjoining the Sillery Rectory, the residence of Canon Von Iffland.

Next come Clermont * Beauvoir, † Kilmarnock, ‡
Catarqui, § Kilgraston, Kirk-Ella, ** The Highlands,

* The stately home of Lt. Col. Ferdinand Turnbull.

† The picturesque villa of Richard R. Dobel, Esq.

‡ A mossy old hall founded by Mr. McNider in the beginning of the century; for years owned by the Graddon family.

§ The gorgeous mansion of Mrs. Chas. E. Levey.

** The property of Robert Campbell, Barrister, Esq.

Bardfield * Dornald, † Meadow Bank, ‡ Ravenswood, § until, after a nine miles drive, Redclyffe closes the rural landscape: Redclyffe, ** on the top of Cap Rouge promontory. There, many indications yet mark the spot where Roberval's ephemeral colony wintered as far back as 1542. One can return to the city, by the Ste Foye Road, skirting the classic heights where General Murray, six months after the first battle of the Plains, lost the second, on the 28th April, 1760; the Ste Foye Church was then occupied by British soldiers. Your gaze next rests on Holland House, the residence of the late Hon. James G. Ross, senator. Montgomerys head-quarters in 1775, behind which is Holland Tree, overshadowing, as of yore, the grave of the Hollands. ††

The view from the Ste Foye road, of the gracefully meandering St Charles, below, especially during the high tides, is very striking. The tourist shortly after detects the iron pillar, surmounted by a bronze statue of Bellona, presented in 1855, by Prince Napoléon Bonaparte — intended to

* The picturesque cottage of Albert, Furniss, Esq.

† Founded by the late Hon. John Neilson, M. P. P.

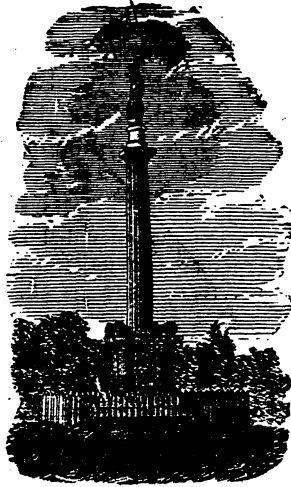
‡ The highly cultivated farm and summer residence of Gustavus C. Stuart, Barrister, Esq.

§ The beautiful home of W. Herring, Esq.

** Recently acquired by Amos Bowen, Esq.

†† For account of the duel, which laid low one of the Hollands, see *Picturesque Quebec*. The tree, however, has lately been destroyed by a storm.

commemorate the fierce struggle at this spot, of 28th April, 1760. * In close vicinity, appear the bright



MONUMENT TO THE BRAVES, 1760.

* "The monument is about ninety feet high : on the side facing Ste Foye road, may be read the inscription surrounded by a laurel wreath : "*Aux braves de 1760, érigé par la société St. Jean-Baptiste de Québec, 1860.*"

On the face looking towards the city is the name "MURRAY," on an laurel shield surrounded by the arms of Great Britain and Ireland and supported by British insignia. On the other side, is the shield bearing the name "LEVIS," surmounted by the arms of France under the Bourbons, the crown and lilies, with appropriate supporters at each side. In rear, looking towards the valley of the St Charles, there is a representation of a wind-mill in bas-relief, in allusion to the wind-mill which was an object of alternate attack and defence to both armies on the occasion of

parterre or umbrageous groves of *Bellevue*, * *Hamwood*, † *Bijou*, ‡ *Altamont*, § *Sans-Bruit*, and the gothic arches of *Finlay Asylum*; soon he re-enters by *St John's* suburb; with the broad basin of the *St. Charles* and the pretty *Island of Orleans* staring him in the face. A trip to the *Island* will also repay trouble; half an hour of brisk steaming will do it. The *Island* contains good hotel accommodation. Let him

the battle. This portion of the pedestal also bears the national arms of Canada. Four bronze mortars are placed on the corners of the pedestal.....

The idea (of this monument) was conceived many years ago, but for a long time the plough of the farmer and the shovel of the workman, as he labored at the foundation of new buildings along the *Ste Foye* road, turned up human remains, evidently the relics of those that were slain. In 1853-54 an unusual number of those bleached fragments of humanity were found, and the *St Jean-Baptiste* society conceived the idea of having them all entered in one spot. They were accordingly collected, and, on the 5th June 1854, carried with great pomp to the Roman Catholic cathedral, where a solemn *Requiem* was sung. The remains were thence conveyed in the same state to the field on *Ste Foye* road, where the death struggle had taken place between the 78th *Highlanders* and the french *Grenadiers de la Reine*, where they were deposited in a common grave..... It was intended to lay the corner stone of the monument on the 24th June 1855, but it was thought desirable to postpone until the 19th July following,

* A stately Convent of Congregational Nuns.

† The ornate country seat of Robt. Hamilton, Esq.

‡ The cosy dwelling of Andrew Thomson, Esq., President, Union Bank.

§ The homestead of Hon. David A. Ross, L. C.

cross then to St. Joseph, Levis, in the ferry steamer, and go and behold most formidable, as to design, modern earthworks, making one forget those of Antwerp. They are capable of containing three regiments of soldiers. At a point to the north-east of the lower fort, a plunging fire from above can be brought to bear, which would sink the most invulnerable ironclad in the world.

when the presence in the harbor of the french imperial corvette. *La Capricieuse* (commander de Belvéze) added new solemnity to the occasion. The Honorable P. J. O. Chauveau was the orator of the day. His speech was a most brilliant effort worthy of his reputation as a public speaker. During the following years, the St Jean-Baptiste society labored earnestly and unceasingly for the purpose of collecting subscriptions to complete the monument. Success was attained and in four or five years the base was crowned by the noble pillar which now rises its fine proportions on the historic heights of Ste Foye. Baron Gauldrée Boileau, then consul general of France in Canada, obtained from His Highness Prince Napoleon the beautiful statue of Bellona which forms such an appropriate ornament on the summit of the monument, which was inaugurated with great pomp, in the presence of at least 25,000 spectators, on the 19th October 1863.

The design of this monument was made by le Chevalier Chs. Baillarge, of Quebec. It commemorates the valour displayed by the french and english troops on the very spot where it stands, in the battle of Ste Foye, (28th April 1760) when Levis, in the spring following the capture of Quebec, by Wolfe, attempted to reconquer the city and defeated the troops of General Murray, although he could not force the english general to capitulate nor take possession of the city. (J. C. LANGRIS.)

QUEBEC TO INDIAN LORETTE

Of the many attractive sites in the environs of the city, few contain in a greater degree than the Huron village of Lorette, during the leafy months of June, July and September, picturesque scenery, combined with a wealth of historical associations. The nine miles intervening between Quebec and the rustic *auberge* of the village, thanks to an excellent turnpike, can be spanned in little more than an hour. I shall now attempt to recapitulate some of the sights and incidents of travel which befell me, while escorting to Lorette an old world tourist, of very high literary estate, the Revd. Arthur Penhryn Stanley, then Dean of Westminster and Chaplain to Her Majesty. Fortunately for myself and for my genial and inquisitive companion, I was fresh from the *perusa* of Bressani, Ferland and Faillon, as well as the excellent French sketch "*Tahourenché*," which A. N. Montpetit had published, to whom I take this early opportunity of

making due acknowledgment. My agreeable and distinguished companion had spent one day in the old capital, sight-seeing. He had devoted the whole forenoon, visiting

THE CITADEL ON CAPE DIAMOND,
THE SITE OF THE OLD FRENCH WALLS
WOLFE AND MONTCALM'S MONUMENT,
THE LAVAL UNIVERSITY—ITS MUSEUM AND PICTURE
GALLERY,
THE LITERARY AND HISTORICAL SOCIETY AND ITS
MUSEUM,
THE FRENCH BASILICA — ITS RELICS, PAINTING, &c.,
THE URSULINE CONVENT AND ITS OIL PAINTINGS,
THE DUFFERIN TERRACE — THE DUFFERIN IMPROVE-
MENTS,
THE KENT GATE,
THE NEW PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS,
THE PLAINS OF ABRAHAM,
SPENCER WOOD AND ITS GRAND RIVER VIEWS,

where His Honor Lieut.-Governor Letellier had asked some of the Quebec *literati* to meet the literary lion, after luncheon. The Dean had engaged a comfortable carriage and driven down to the FALLS OF MONTMORENCY, the *promenade obligée* of all tourists, — crossing over to the east bank and contemplating the striking, panorama and glittering distant city roofs, from the very spot, mayhap, on which Wolfe, in July, 1759; had stood, whilst settling the details of the campaign which by its results, was to give the Anglo-Saxon, he who rejoices in "Chatham's tongue," the supremacy in the New World.

The NATURAL STEPS and the historic ford adjacent thereto, defended, in 1759, by Montcalm's militiamen and Indians, had been inspected; nothing had escaped the eagle glance of the learned man. My functions as Cicerone, confined to a visit to Lorette, were to commence on the morrow.

With a mellow autumnal sun, just sufficient to bronze the sombre tints, lingering at the close of the Indian summer, we left the Citadel, where Dean Stanley was the guest of the Governor General, Lord Dufferin, and drove through *Fabrique* and Palace streets, towards the unsightly gap in our city walls, of yore yeleft Palace Gate, which, thanks to his powerful initiative, we expect yet to see bridged over with graceful turrets and Norman towers. The New City Gates and imposing Dufferin Terrace have since been built, a lasting proof of his Lordship's interest in the welfare of Quebec.

A turn to the west brought us opposite to the scarcely perceptible ruins of the Palace * of the French Intendants, destroyed by the English shells, in 1775, to dislodge Arnold and Montgomery's New England soldiery.

The park which intervened formerly between it and the St. Charles, many years back, was converted into a wood yard to store the fuel for the garrison; a

* Originally a brewery owned by Intendant Talon, and sold to the French King, in 1686, for 15,000 *écus*. Later on, the Intendant's Palace, in magnificence, rivalled the *Château St. Louis*. Messrs. B. Swell's extensive Malt House was built in 1886, on its still solid foundations.

portion now is used as a cattle market. Opposite, stand the station and freight sheds of the Canadian Pacific Railway; the road skirts the park towards the populous St. Roch suburbs, rebuilt and transformed since the great fire of 28th May, 1845, which destroyed 1,600 houses occupying the site of former spacious pasture ground for the city cows, hence styled by the early French *La Vacherie*. In a trice, we reached Dorchester bridge, the second one, built there in 1822 — the first opened with great pomp by His Excellency Lord Dorchester, in 1789, having been constructed a few acres to the west, and called after him.

One of the first objects on quitting the bridge and diverging westward, towards the Charlesbourg road, on the river bank, is the stately, solid, antique mansion of the late Mr. Chs. Smith, who at one time owned nearly all the broad acres intervening between this house and *Gros Pin*. The area took, for a time, the name of Smith-ville; it was inherited by several members of his family, who built cosy cottages thereon. These green fields fringed with white birch and spruce plantations, are watered by the St. Charles, the *Kabir-Koubat* * of ancient days. In rear of one of the first villas, *Ring field*, owned by Geo. Holmes Parke, Esq., runs the little stream the *Lairer*, at the

* *Kabir-Koubat* "a meandering stream." Ahatsistari's house (formerly Poplar Grove, the homestead of L. T. McPherson Esq.) on the north bank of the St. Charles, is now called *Kabir-Koubat*. Here, formerly, dwelt, we are told, Col. De Salaberry, the hero of Chateauguay, until 1814.

confluence of which Jacques-Cartier wintered in 1535-6, leaving there one of his ships, the *Petite Hermine*, of 60 tons; its decayed oak timbers were exhumed, in 1843, by Jos. Hamel, City Surveyor of Quebec. Our antiquaries are starting doubts anent this discovery. The discussion may yet culminate, in a second *Querelle d'antiquaires!* A very remarkable vestige of French domination exists behind the villa of Mr Parke — a circular field (hence the name Ring-field) covering about twelve acres, surrounded by a ditch, with an earth work once about twenty feet high, to the east, to shield its inmates from the shot of Wolfe's fleet lying at the entrance of the St. Charles, before Quebec. A minute description has been given by General Levi's aide-de-camp, the *Chevalier* Johnstone (2), of what was going on, in

(2) An eye-witness, the *Chevalier* Johnstone, thus writes :

“ The French army in flight, scattered and entirely dispersed, rushed towards the town. Few of them entered Quebec ; they went down the heights of Abraham, opposite to the intendant's palace (past St John's gate), directing their course to the hornwork, and, following the borders of the River St. Charles.....

“ It is impossible to imagine the disorder and confusion that I found in the hornwork.....

“ The hornwork had the River St. Charles before it, about seventy paces broad, which served it better than an artificial ditch : its front facing the river and the heights, was composed of strong, thick and high palisades, planted perpendiculary, with gun-holes pierced for several pieces of large cannon in it, the river is deep and only fordable at low water, at a musket shot before the fort. This made it more difficult to be forced on that side than on its other side of earthworks facing Beauport, which had a more formidable appearance ; and the hornwork

this earthworth, where at noon, on the 13th Sept., 1759. were mustered the disorganized French squadrons, in full retreat from the Plains of Abraham towards their camp at Beauport. Here, on that fateful day, was debated the surrender of the colony, the close of French power, at the first settlement and winter quarters of the French pioneers, Cartier's hardy little band.

certainly on that side was not in danger of being taken by the English, by an assault from the other side of the river

“M. de Vaudreuil was closeted in a house in the inside of the hornwork with the Intendant (Bigot) and with some other persons. I suspected they were busy drafting the articles for a general capitulation, and I entered the house, where I had only time to see the Intendant, with a pen in his hand, writing upon a sheet of paper, when M. de Vaudreuil told me I had no business there. Having answered him that what he said was true, I retired immediately, in wrath, to see them intent on giving up scandalously a dependency for the preservation of which so much blood and treasure had been expended. On leaving the house, I met Mr. Dalquier, an old, brave, downright honest man, commander of the Regiment of Bearn, with the true character of a good officer — the marks of Mars all over his body. I told him it was being debated, within the house, to give up Canada to the English by a capitulation, and I hurried him in to stand up for the King's cause, and advocate the welfare of the country. I then quitted the hornwork to join Poularies at the Ravine of Beauport, but having met him about three or four hundred paces from the hornwork, on his way to it, I told him what was being discussed there. He answered me that sooner than consent to a capitulation, he would shed the last drop of his blood. He told me to look on his table and house as my own, advised me to go there directly, to repose myself, and clapping spurs to his horse, he fled like lightning to the hornwork.” — (*Johnsone's Diary of Siege of Quebec, 1759*).

From this spot, at eight o'clock that night (13th Sept.), began the French retreat towards Charlesbourg church; at 4 a. m. the army was at Cape Rouge, disordered, panic-stricken.

On ascending a hill (Clearihuc's) to the north, the eye gathers in the contour of a dense grove, hiding in its drooping folds "Auvergne," the former secluded country seat of Chief Justice Jonathan Sewell, now owned by George Alford, Esq.

A mile to the north, in the deep recesses of Bourg Royal, rest the fast crumbling and now insignificant ruins of the only rural *Chateau* of French origin round Quebec. Was it built by Talon, or by Bigot? an unfathomable mystery. Silence and desertion at present reign supreme, where of yore Bigot's heartless wassailers used to meet and gamble away King Louis's card money and *piastres*.

"And sunk are the voices that sounded in mirth!
And empty the goblets and dreary the hearth.

The tower or boudoir, where was immured the Algonquin maid, Caroline * the beautiful, that too has crumbled to dust. The *Rossignol* and Hermit

* Beyond the unmistakable vestiges of its having been of early French construction, there is nothing known of the origin under French rule, of Bigot's little *Chateau*. History is replete with details about his peculations and final punishment in the bastille of France; possibly the legends in prose and in verse, which mantle round the time-worn ruin, have no other foundation than the fictions of the poet and the novelist. Thanks to Amédée Papineau, W. Kirby, Jos. Marmette, Edmond Rousseau, Beaumanoir, Bigot's *Chateau*, is now immortalized.

thrush now warble their soft melody over the very spot which once⁴echoed the dying shriek of this dusky Rosamond; the poniard of a rival had struck deeply, had struck home. Charlesbourg, in part, colonized by Intendant Talon's quiet peasantry, with its white cottages, its frugal colonists, its erect cedar picket fences, like stockades or French sentries forgotten, to prevent Indian surprises, amidst the land lots, which fan-like all radiate * from a common centre, the parish church, is not an unapt type of the primitive New France village.

But let us hurry on, over the pleasant road, meandering round the crest of the highlands, towards the quaint Indian settlement of Lorette. Here we are at last, but where are the wigwam of the chief medicine man, his *chichiquois* and *totems*? I had expected an Indian greeting such as rejoiced the ears of friend *Ahatsistari*, when recently he escorted there the light-hearted officers of the French frigate *Laplace*, anchored under Cap Diamond.

“*Quaig! quaig! oiataro!* (Good morning! Good morning! Friend!) and the response “*Quiag! Quiag!* (Good morning! Good morning!) was ready, when instead of the great Chief *Tuhourenché*, a comely

* Louis XIV, granted to his Canadian Intendant Talon, in 1665, the lands of Bourg-Royal, Bourg La Reine, Bourg-Talon. The great Intendant had located French settlers here;— the lots were divided and tapered off to a point round the church, so that in the event of an Indian raid the tolling of the bell—*le tocsin*—might call them to arms and make them concentrate in one spot.

young woman, with nothing in her air to remind you of Pocahontas, in classic French, informed us that if it was her father *Paul* we were seeking, she regretted to say, he was not at home. We were politely asked to come in and rest, and as I was known to her father, a silver tray with Bordeaux wine was brought in; proud we felt in pledging the health of the great *Tahourenché*, whose hospitab'e roof, says Ahatsistari, has sheltered "dukes, counts and earls." as well as many men famous in letters, war and trade.

TAHOURENCHÉ.

“ I'm the chieftain of this mountain,
Times and seasons found me here,
My drink has been the crystal fountain,
My fare the wild moose or the deer. ”

(*The HURON CHIEF, by Adam Kidd.*)

There is a faithful portrait of this noble savage, such as drawn by himself and presented, we believe, to the Laval University at Quebec; for glimpses of his origin, home and surroundings, we are indebted to an honorary chief of the tribe, Ahatsistari. *

Paul *Tahourenché* (François Xavier Picard), Great Chief of the Lorette Hurons, was born at Indian Lorette, in 1810; he is consequently, in 1879, 69 years of age, tall, erect, well proportioned, dignified in face and deportment. When habited in his Indian regalia,

* Ahatsistari, such the name of the former great Huron warrior, which Mr. Montpetit was allowed to assume when elected Honorary Chief of the Council of Sachems, possibly for the service rendered to the tribe, as their historiographer.

blue frock coat, with bright buttons and medals, plumed furcap, leggings of colored cloth, bright sash and armlets, with war axe, he looks the *beau ideal* of a respectable Huron warrior, shorn of the ferocity of other days. Of the line of Huron chiefs who preceded him, we can furnish but a very scant history, A. J. Kidd, who wrote the *Huron Chief*, in 1829, and who paid that year a visit to the Lorette Indians and saw their oldest chief, *Oui-a-ra-ligh-to*, having unfortunately failed to fulfil the promise he then made of publishing the traditions and legends of the tribe furnished him on that occasion. Of *Oui-a-ra-ligh-to*, we learn from Mr. Kidd, "This venerable patriarch, who is now (in 1829) approaching the precincts of a century, is the grandson of *Tsa-a-ra-ligh-to*, head chief of the Hurons during the war of 1759. *Oui-a-ra-ligh-to*, with about thirty-five warriors of the Indian village of Lorette, in conjunction with the Iroquois and Algonquins, was actually engaged in the army of Burgoyne, a name unworthy to be associated with the noble spirit of Indian heroism. During my visit to this old chief—May, 1829—he willingly furnished me with an account of the distinguished warriors, and the traditions of different tribes, which are still fresh in his memory, and are handed from father to son, with the precision, interest and admiration that the tales and exploits of O-sian and his heroes are circulated in their original purity to this day among the Irish." Mr. Kidd alludes also to another great chief, *Atsistari*, who flourished in 1637, and who may have been the same as the Huron Saul *Ahatsistari*, who lived in 1642.

THE HURONS OF LORETTE.

Of the powerful tribes of the aborigines, who, in remote periods, infested the forests, lakes and streams of Canada, none by their prowess in war, wisdom in council, success as tillers of the soil, intelligence and lofty bearing surpassed the Wyandots, or Hurons. * they numbered 15,000 souls, according to the historian Ferland, 40,000 according to Bouchette; and chiefly inhabiting the country bordering on Lakes Huron and Simcoe; they might, says Sagard, have been styled the "nobles" among savages in contradistinction to that other powerful confederacy, more democratic in their ways, also speaking the Huron

* The French named the Wyandots, Hurons, from their style of wearing their hair — erect and thrown back, giving their head, says the historian Ferland, the appearance of a boar's head, "*une hure de sanglier.*"

language, and known as the Five Nations (Mohawks * Oneydoes, Onondagas, Cayugas and Senecas,) styled by the French the Iroquois, or Hiroquois, from the habit of their orators of closing their orations with the word "Hiro" — *I have said*.

"Tis a curious fact the aborigines whom Jacques Cartier had found masters of the soil, at Hochelaga (Montreal,) and Stadacona (Quebec,) in 1535, sixty-eight years later on, in 1603, when Champlain visited these Indian towns, had disappeared: a different race had succeeded them. Though it opens a wild field to conjecture, recent investigations seem to indicate that it was the Huron-Iroquois nation who, in 1535, were the *enfants du sol* at both places, and that in the interim, the Algonquins had, after bloody wars, dispersed and expelled the Huron-Iroquois. The savages with whom the early French settlers held intercourse can be comprised under two specific heads — the Algonquins and the Huron-Iroquois — the language of each differing as much, observes the learned Abbé Faillon, as French does from Chinese.

It would take us beyond the limits of this sketch to recapitulate the series of massacres which reduced these warlike savages, the Hurons, from their high estate to that of a dispersed, nomadic tribe, and placed the Iroquois, or Mohawks, at one time nearly destroyed by the Hurons, in the ascendant.

* The Dutch called them Maquas; the English, Mohawks probably, from the name of the river Mohawk which flows into the Hudson.

Their final overthrow may be said to date back to the great Indian massacres of 1648-49, at their towns, or missions, on the shores of Lake Simcoe, the first mission being founded, in 1615, by the Friar L. Caron, accompanied by twelve soldiers sent by Champlain in advance of his own party. The Jesuit's missions were attacked by the Iroquois, in 1648; St. Louis, St. Joseph, * St. Ignace, † Ste. Marie, ‡ St. Jean, § successively fell, or were threatened; all the inmates who escaped sought safety in flight; the protracted sufferings of the missionaries Brebeuf and Gabriel Lallemant have furnished one of the brightest pages of Christian heroism in New France. Brebeuf expired on the 16th March, and Lallemant, on 17th March, 1648. A party of Hurons sought Manitoulin Island, then called Ekaontaton. A few fled to Virginia; others succeeded in obtaining protection on the south shore of Lake Erie, from the Erie tribe, only to share later on, the dire fate of the nation who had dared to incorporate them in its sparse ranks.

Father P. Ragueneau (the first writer, by the by, who makes mention of Niagara Falls — *Relations de 1648*,) escorted three or four hundred of these terror-

* The mission of St. Joseph, composed of 400 Huron families, was suddenly attacked by the Iroquois on the 4th July, 1648.

† St. Ignace was surprised and taken on the 16th March, 1649.

‡ Ste. Marie mission-house was given to the flames by the Jesuits themselves, on the 15th May, 1649.

§ St. Jean was ravaged on 7th December, 1649.

stricken people to Quebec, on the 26th July, 1650, and lodged them in the Island of Orleans, at a spot since called *L'Anse du Fort*, where they were joined, in 1651, by a party of Hurons, who, in 1649, on hearing of the massacre of their western brethren, had asked to winter at Quebec. For ten years past a group of Algonquins, Montagnais and Hurons, amidst incessant alarms, had been located in the picturesque parish of Sillery; they, too, were in quest of a more secure asylum. Negotiations were soon entered into between them and their persecuted friends of the West; a plan was put forth to combine. On the 29th March, 1651, the Sillery Indians, many of whom were Hurons, sought a shelter, though a very unsecure one, in a fortified nook, adjoining their missionary's house, on the land of Eleonore de Grandmaison, purchased for them at *l'Anse du Fort*, in the Island of Orleans, on the south side of the point opposite to Quebec.

Here they set to tilling the soil with some success, cultivating chiefly Indian corn, their numbers being occasionally increased during the year 1650, by their fugitive brethren from the West, until they counted above 600 souls. Even under the guns of the picket fort at Orleans, which had changed its name to Ile Ste. Marie, in remembrance of their former residency, the tomakawk and scalping-knife reached them; on the 20th May, 1656, eighty-five of their number were carried away captives, and six killed, by the ferocious Iroquois; and on the 4th June, 1656, they had to fly before their merciless tormentors. The big-guns of Fort St. Louis, which then stood at the north-west

extremity of the spot on which, Duffer'n Terrace has lately been erected, seemed to the Hurons, a more effectual protection than the howitzers of *Anse du Fort*, so they begged from Governor d'Aillebout for leave to nestle under them in 1658. T'was granted. When the Marquis de Tracy had arranged a truce with the Iroquois in 1665, the Huron refugees bade adieu to city life and to city dust. Two years later, we find them ensconced at Beauport, where others had squatted on land belonging to the Jésuits; they stopped there one year only, and suddenly left, in 1667, to pitch their wigwams for a few years, at Côte St. Michel, four and a half miles from Quebec, at the Mission of Notre-Dame-de-Foye. On the 20th December 1673, restless and alarmed, the helpless sons of the forest sought the seclusion, leafy shades and green fields of *Ancienne Lorette*.* Here they dwelled nearly twenty-five years. The youths had grown up to manhood, with the terrible memories of the past still fresh in their minds. One fine day, allured by hopes of more abundant game, they packed up their household gods, and finally, in 1697, they went and settled on the elevated *plateau*, close to the foaming rapids of St. Ambroise, now known as Indian or *Jeune, Lorette*.

* This parish was called after the celebrated Church of *Santa Casa, of Loretto*, in Italy. The Huron missionary, father Chaumonot, had disposed their huts around the church, which he had erected in imitation of the Loretto Chapel in Italy, where he had seen a vision of angels.

'Tis here we shall now find them, 336 souls all told *
“The Hurons,” says Ahatsistari, † “are divided into four families; that of the *Deer*; of the *Tortoise*; of the *Bear*; of the *Wolf*. The children hail from the maternal side. Thus, the great Chief François-Xavier Picard — *Tahourenché* — is a *Deer*, and his son, Paul, is a *Tortoise*, because (Her Highness) Madame *Tahourenché* is a *Tortoise*; a lithe, handsome amiable woman for all that.

“Each family has its chief, or war captain; he is elected by choice. The four war captains choose two council chiefs; the six united select a grand chief either from among themselves or from the honorary chiefs, if they think proper.

The Lorette Chapel dates back, as well as the *Old Mill*, to 1731. In 1862, the Chapel suffered much by fire.

The tribe occupies land reserved by Government, under the regulations of the Indian Bureau of O. tawa.

* A census of the settlement taken on 19th January, 1879, exhibit the population as composed of 336 souls, divided as follows: Adult Males, 94; Adult Females, 137; Boys, 49; Girls, 56. Total 336. 143 males to 193 females; bachelors must have been at a premium in the settlement. We understand that a complete history of the tribe is now in course of preparation by the Revd. Prosper Vincent; a son of Chief Vincent.

† An excellent sketch in French has been published of *Tahourenche* and his tribe, in the *Opinion Publique*; under the *nom de plume* of *Ahatsistari*, which we think ourself warranted in crediting to the elegant pen of A. N. Montpetit, one of their honorary Chiefs.

“Indian Lorette comprises from forty to fifty cottages, on the *plateau* of the falls — spread out, without design, over an area of about twenty square acres. In the centre, runs the king’s highway, the outer half sloping down towards the St. Charles. The most prominent objects are the Church, a grist mill and Mr. Reid’s paper mills; close by, a wooden fence encloses “God’s acre,” in the centre of which a cross marks the tomb of Chief Nicholas,”* It is, indeed, “a wild spot, covered with the primitive forest and seamed by a deep and tortuous ravine, where the St. Charles foams, white as a snow-drift, over the black

* Probably the same as alluded to in a quaint old engraving in our possession. Under the portrait of Chief Nicholas is printed “Nicholas Vincent. Isawanhonhi,” principal Christian chief and Captain of the Huron Indians, established at *La Jeune Lorette*, near Quebec, habited in the costume of his country, as when presented to his Majesty George IV, on the 7th of April, 1825, with three other chiefs of his nation, by *Generals Brock and Carpenter*; the chiefs bears in his hand the wampum or collar, on which is marked the tomahawk given by his late Majesty George III. The gold medal on his neck was the gift of His Majesty on this presentation.

“They were accompanied and introduced into England on the 14th *December*, 1824, by Mr. W. Cooper, who though an Englishman, they take to be a chief of their nation, and better known to them as chief *Tourhaunchi*.”

N. B. — It may be well to say that from the earliest times the Lorette Indians have been in the habit of electing as “Honorary Chiefs” Quebecers of note, who may have rendered service to the tribe. An oil painting is now in the possession of Noble Campbell, son of the late Wm. Darling Campbell, of Quebec, exhibiting the installation as a Chief, in 1837, of the late Robert Symes, J. P. of Quebec.

ledges, and where the sunshine struggles through matted boughs of the pine and the fir, to bask for brief moments on the mossy rocks, or flash on the hurrying waters..... Here to this day, the tourist finds the remnants of a lost people, harmless weavers of baskets and sewers of mocassins, the Huron blood fast bleaching out of them." (*Frs. Parkman.*)

Of "free and independent elector" none here exist; the little Lorette world goes on smoothly without them. "No Huron on the reserve can vote. No white man is allowed to settle within the sacred precincts of the Huron kingdom, composed 1st, of the lofty *Plateau* of the village of Indian Lorette, which the tribe occupy. 2nd: of the forty square (40 x 40) acres, about a mile and a half to the north-west of the village. 3rd: of the *Rocmont* settlement, in the adjoining County of *Portneuf*, in the very heart of the *Laurentine Mountains*, ceded to the Hurons by Government, as a compensation for the *Seigniory of St. Gabriel*, of which Government took possession, and to which the Hurons set up a claim.

' In all that which pertains to the occupation, the possession and the administration of these fragments of its ancient extensive territory, the usages and customs of the tribe have force of law. The village is governed by a council of *Sachems*; in cases of misunderstandings an appeal lies to the *Ottawa Bureau*, under the control of the *Minister of the Interior* (our *Downing street* wisely abstaining to interfere, except on very urgent occasions). Lands descend by right of inheritance; the Huron Council alone being authorized to issue location tickets; none are granted but

to Huron boys, strangers being excluded. Of course, these disabilities affect the denizens of the reserve only; a Huron (and there are some, *Tahourenché*, Vincent and others) owning land in his own right elsewhere, and paying taxes and tithes, enjoys the rights and immunities of any other British subject."

From the date of the Lorette Indian settlement in 1697, down to the year of the capitulation of Quebec — 1759 — the annals of the tribe afford but few stirring incidents: an annual bear, beaver, or cariboo hunt; the return of a war party, with its scalps, English, probably as the tribe had a wholesome horror of meddling with the Iroquois.

An occasional *pow-wow* as to how many warriors could be spared to assist their trusted and brave allies, the French of Quebec, against the heretical soldiers of old or New England.

We are in possession of no facts to show that these Christianised Hurons differed much from other Christianised Indians; church service, war-councils, feasting, smoking, dancing, scalping and hunting, filling in, sociably, agreeably or usefully, the daily routine of their existence. Civilization, as understood by Christian or by Pagan savages, has never inspired us with unqualified admiration.

The various siege narratives we have perused, whilst they bring in the Indian allies, at the close of the battle, to "finish off" the wounded at Montmorency, in July, 1759; at the Plains of Abraham, in September, 1759; at Ste. Foye, in April, 1760, generally mention the Abenakis, for this charming office of *friseurs*. The terror, nay, the horror, which the

tomahawk and scalping knife inspired to the British soldiery, was often greater than their fear of the French musqueteers.

British rule, in 1759, if it did bring the Hurons less of campaigning and fewer scalps, was the harbinger of domestic peace and stable homes, with remunerative contracts each fall for several thousands of pairs of snow-shoes, cariboo mocassins and mittens for the English regiments tenanted the citadel of Quebec, whose wealthy * officers every winter scoured the

* I am indebted to Mrs. K. E. Mahon, of Landsdowne Place, Plymouth, England, the widow of the late Col. Mahon, R. E., serving in Quebec, in 1864, and great grand-daughter of Genl. James Murray, first English Governor of Quebec, in 1759, for the following unpublished document, showing the kind treatment, delt out to the Huron Indians, of Jeune Lorette, when Canada, became a British possession.

Copy of Certificate granted by general Jas. Murray to the Lorette Indians.

“ These are to certify that the chief of the Huron tribe of Indians, having come to me in the name of his nation, to submit to His Britannic Majesty and make peace, has been received under my protection with his whole tribe and hence forth no English officer or party is to molest or interfere with them in returning to their settlement, at Lorette, and they are received upon the same terms with the Canadians, being allowed the free exercise of their Religion, their Customs and liberty of trading with the English Garrisons, recommending to the officers commanding the posts, to treat them kindly.

Given under my hand at Longuil this 5th day of September 1760, by the General's Command. ”

(Signed) JAS. MURRAY.

(Signed) JOHN COSNAND, Adj.-Genl.

The above copied from the original produced at a special session of the Peace, by Vincent, of Lorette.

Saturday, 28th January, 1804.

J. J.

Laurentine range, north of the city, in quest of deer and cariboo; under the experienced guidance of Gros Louis, Siouï, Vincent, and other famous Huron Nimrods.

The chronicles of the settlement proclaim the valour and wisdom of some of their early chiefs; conspicuous, appears the renowned Ahatsistari, surnamed the Huron Saul, from his early hostility to missionaries; death closed his career, on the verdant banks of Lake Huron, in 1642, a convert to missionary teachings.

At the departure of the French, a new allegiance was forced on the sons of the forest; St George and his dragon for them, took the place of St. Louis and his lilies. The *Deer*, the *Bear*, the *Tortoise* and the *Wolf*, however, have managed to get on well with the *Dragon*. In 1776, Lorette sent its contingent of painted and plumed warriors to fight General Burgoyne's inglorious campaigns. The services rendered to England by her swarthy allies, in the war of 1812, were marked; each succeeding year, a distribution of presents took place from the Quebec Commissariat and Indian Department. Proudly did the Hurons, as well as the Abenakis, Montagnais, Micmac and Malecite Indians bear the snow-white blankets, scarlet cloths and hunting knives awarded them by King George, and by the victors of Waterloo. Each year, at mid-summer, Indian canoes, with their living freight of hunters, their copper-coloured squaws and black-eyed papooses, paddled from Labrador, Gaspé, Restigouche, Baie des Chaleurs, and pitched their tents on a point of land at Levis, hence called, Indian Cove; the city

itself being closed to the grim monarchs of the woods, reputed ugly customers when in their cups. A special envoy, however, was sent to the Lorette Indians on similar occasions. The Indians settled on Canadian soil were distinguished for their attachment to England, who has ever treated them more mercifully than did "Uncle Sam."

What with war medals, clothing, ammunition, fertile lands specially reserved at Lorette, on the Restigouche, at Nouvelle, Isle Verte, Caughnawaga, St. Regis, Pointe Bleue, the "untutored savage," shielded by a beneficent legislation, watched over by zealous missionaries, was at times an object of envy to his white brethren; age or infirmity, seldom war, tore him away from this vale of sorrow, to join the Indian "majority" in those happy hunting grounds promised him by his Sachems.

The sons of the forest were ever ready to parade their paint, feathers and tomahawks, at the arrival of every new Governor, at Quebec; and to assure Ononchio * of their undying attachment and unwavering loyalty to their great father or august mother "who dwells on the other side of the Great Lake." These traditions have descended even to the time when *Ononchio* was merely a Lieutenant-Governor, under Confederation. We recollect meeting, in plumes and paint, on the classic heights of Sillery, on the 31st March, 1873, a stately deputation, composed of twenty-three Hurons from Lorette, returning

* Means the *Great Mountain*; the name they gave Governor de Montmagny and his successors.

from Clermont, the country seat of Lieutenant-Governor Caron, where they had danced the war-dance for the ladies, and harangued, as follows, the respected Laird of Clermont, just appointed Lieutenant-Governor:

ONONTHIO:

Aisten tiothi non8a † tishon dekha hiatononstati deson8a8endio daskemion tesontariai denon8a-ation datito8anens tesanonronh8a nionde, aon8a deson8a8endio de8a desakatade; a8eti desanonronk8anion datito8anens chia ta skenralethe kiolaoutou8ison tothi chia hiaha a8eti dechienha totinahiontati desten de sendete ataki atichiaï a8eti alonthara deskemion ichionthe desten tiodeti aisten orachichiaï.

Rev. Prosper *Sa8atonem*. The Memory Man. (Rev. Mr. Vincent, a Chief's son, then Vicar at Sillery.)

Paul *Tahourenché*, 1st Chief. The Dawn of Day.

Maurice *Agnolin*, 2nd Chief. The Bear.

Fra cis *Sassennio*. The Victor of Fire.

Gaspard *Ondiaralethé*. The Canoe Bearer.

Philippe *Theon8atlasta*. He stands upright.

Joseph Gonzague *Odilonrohannin*. He who does not forget.

Paul Jr. *Theianontakhen*. Two United Mountains.

Honoré *Télanontoukhe*. The Sentry.

A. N. Montpetit *Ahatsistari*. The Fearless Man.
And others; in all, 23 warriors.

[TRANSLATION].

"The chiefs, the warriors, the women and children of our tribe, greet you. The man of the woods also

† The 8 is pronounced *oui*.

likes to render homage to merit; he loves to see in his chiefs these precious qualities which constitute the statesman.

“ All these gifts of the Great Spirit: wisdom in council, prudence in execution, and that sagacity we exact in the Captains of our nation, you possess them all, in an eminent degree.

“ We warmly applaud your appointment to the exalted post of Lieutenant-Governor of the Province of Quebec, and feel happy in taking advantage of the occasion to present our congratulations.

“ May we also be allowed to renew the assurance of our devotion towards our August Mother, who dwells on the other side of the Great lake, as well as to the land of our forefathers.

“ Accept for you, for Madame Caron and your family our best wishes.”

P. S. — Whilst closing these lines, we learn that *Tahourenché* and his Huron braves will again be allowed * to renew the assurance of their devotion and loyalty to our gentle Queen, and that ere many suns set, in full costume they will offer to *Ononthio*, her envoy and her accomplished daughter, the Princess Louise, their respectful homage, under the whispering pines of Spencer Wood, where oft, of yore have roamed their forefathers.

4th June 1879.

* The Lorette Hurons paid their respects to His Excellency and to H. R. H., the Princess Louise, later on, but not at Spencer Wood.

CHATEAU-BIGOT.

ITS HISTORY AND ROMANCE.

“Ensconced 'mid trees this chateau stood —
'Mid flowers each aisle and porch ;
At eve soft music charmed the ear —
High blazed the festive torch.

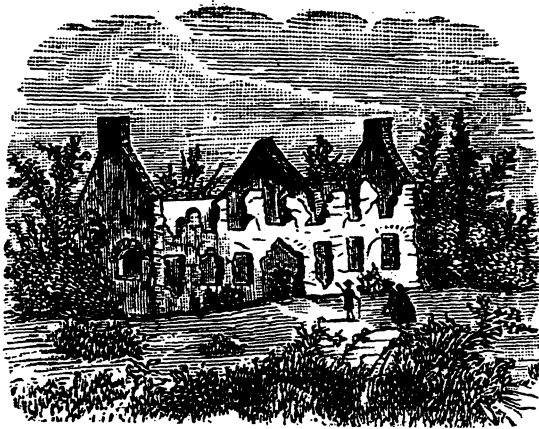
But, ah ! a sad and mournful tale
Was her's who so enjoyed
The transient bliss of these fair shades —
By youth and love decoyed.

Her lord was true — yet he was false,
False — false — as sin and hell —
To former plights and vows he gave
To one that loved him well.”

THE HERMITAGE.

From time immemorial an antique and massive ruin, standing in solitary loneliness, in the centre of a clearing, at the foot of the Charlesbourg mountain, five miles from Quebec, has been visited by the

young and the curious. It was once a two-story stone building, with thick ponderous walls. In length, it is fifty-five feet by thirty-five feet broad — pierced for six windows in each story, with a well proportioned door in the centre. In 1813, at the date of my first visit the floor of the second story was yet tolerably strong ; I ascended to it by a rickety, old staircase.



Ruins of the HERMITAGE—Intendant Bigot's LODGE (*from a sketch, in 1858, by the historian BENSON J. LOSSING.*)

The ruin was sketched in 1858, by Col. Benson J. Lossing and reproduced in *Harper's Magazine* for January, 1859. The lofty mountain to the north-west of it, is called *La Montagne des Ormes*; for more than a century, the Charlesbourg peasantry designate the ruin as *La Maison de la Montagne*. The English have christened it *The Hermitage*, whilst to the French portion of the population, it is known as *Chateau-Bigot*, and *Beaumanoir*; and truly, were it not on

account of the associations which surround the time-worn pile, few would take the trouble to go and look at the dreary object.

The land on which it stands was formerly included, in the *Fief de la Trinité*, granted between 1640 and 1650 to Monsieur Denis, a gentleman from Larochele, in France, the ancestor of the numerous clan of Denis, Denis de la Ronde, Denis de Vitré, &c. * This seigniority was subsequently sold to Monseigneur de Laval, a descendant of the Montmorency who founded, in 1663, the Seminary of Quebec, and one of

* I am happy to be able to throw some additional light on the early times of this mysterious ruin, which has so perplexed Quebec antiquaries. T'is probable this stately mansion was built by the great Intendant Talon, as the Baronial *chateau*, permitted by his grant (see *Seigniorial Documents*, 1852—“page 444 und 448) according to which he was empowered to establish gaols, a fourpost gibbet.....a past with an iron collar on which his arms should be engraved.” Of all this redoubtable feudal pomp, there are no vestiges now extant. Of how the *chateau* fared from Talon's time to Bigot's, we have failed to unearth any information.

After the conquest, the land came by purchase into the possession of the Stewart family, lately, represented by the Hon. John Stewart. A most interesting but lengthy letter from one of the Stewarts, describing the winter months he spent at the Hermitage in 1775-6, whilst Arnold, held for Congress, the environs of Quebec, is in my possession. Mr. Wm. Crawford, the late owner of the land and ruins, having kindly allowed me the use of his title-deeds. I read that “Charles Stewart, avocat et notaire demeurant à Québec, propriétaire du fief de Grand Pré, autrefois dit De la Mistanguenne ou MontPlisir, à la Canardière, par acte de vente du 26 Juin 1780, devant Jean Antoine Panet, N. P., concéda à titre de cens et rentes seigneuriales a

the most illustrious prelates in New France: the portion towards the mountain was dismembered. When the Intendant Talon formed his Baronie Des Islets * he annexed to it certain lands of the *Fief de la Trinité*, among others, that part on which now stands the remains of the old château, of which he seems to have been the builder, but which he subsequently sold. Bigot having acquired it long after, enlarged and improved it very much. He was a luxurious French gentleman who more than one hundred years ago, held the exalted post of Inten-

Monsieur Jean Lees, le Jeune, Simon Fraser, le Jeune et William Wilson, négociant en cette ville, 10 arpents de front situés dans le fief Grand Pré ou MontPlaisir, à la Canardière, au lieu nommé La Montage ou l'Hermitage, prenant d'un bout, vers le sud aux terres de Joseph Bédard et Jean-Baptiste LeRoux dit Cardinal, et allant en profondeur vers le nord, quatorze arpents ou environ, jusqu'à la vieille clôture du verger, icelui verger compris en la présente concession et vente, les dix arpents de front joignant du côté du sud-ouest au fief de la Trinité, appartenant au Séminaire, et du côté du nord-ouest à la terre de Jean Chat, tereau ensemble la maison à deux étages, une grange et une étable en bois, construits sur les dits dix arpents.

The property was resold the 12th August 1805, by John Lees *et al.*, to Charles Stewart, Esq., Comptroller of Customs, Quebec.

* May 1675, Louis the XIV and Colbert granted to Monsieur le comte Talon, Intendant, the seigniorie des Islets, "together with those three neighboring villages to us, belonging the first called Bourg Royal, the second Bourg la Reine, the third, Bourg Talon, subsequently changed into the Barony of Orsainville."—FERLAND, *Cours d'Histoire du Canada*, II Vol., p. 69.)

dant under the French Crown in Canada. * In those days the forests which skirted the city were abundantly stocked with game : deer of several varieties, bears, foxes, perhaps even that noble and lordly animal, now extinct in the Province of Quebec, the Canadian stag or Wapitt, roamed in herds over the Laurentine chain of mountains and were shot within a few miles of the *Château St. Louis*. This may have been one of the chief reasons why the French Lu-

* Hawkin's Picture of Quebec will give us an idea of the splendour in which the Intendant lived in his town residence :

“ Immediately through Palace Gate, turning towards the left, and in front of the Ordonance building and store-houses, once stood an edifice of great extent, surrounded by a spacious garden looking towards the River St. Charles and as to its interior decorations, for more splendid than the Castle of St. Lewis. It was the Palace of the Intendant, so called, because the sittings of the Sovereign Council were held there, after the establishment of the Royal Government in new France. A small district adjoining is still called *Le Palais* by the old inhabitants, and the name of the gate, (since removed) and of the well-proportioned street which leads to it, are derived from the same origin.

“ The Intendant's Palace was described by LaPotherie, in 1698 as consisting of eighty *toises*, or four hundred and eighty feet of buildings, so that it appeared a little town in itself. The King's stores were kept there. Its situation does not at the present time appear advantageous, but the aspect of the River St. Charles was widely different in those days. The property in the neighborhood belonged to the Government, or to the Jesuits ; large meadows and flowery parterres adorned the banks of the River, and reached the base of the rock ; and as late as the time of Charlevoix, in 1720, that quarter of the city is spoken of as being the most beautiful. The entrance was into a court, through a large gate way the ruins of which, in St. Valier street, still remain. ”

cullas owned the castle, which to this day bears his name — a resting place for himself and friends after the chase. The profound seclusion of the spot, combined with its beautiful scenery, would have rendered it attractive during the summer months, even without the sweet repose it had in store for a tired hunter. Tradition ascribes to it other purposes, and amusements less permissible than those of the chase. A tragical occurrence enshrines the old building with a tinge of mystery.

François Bigot, thirteenth and last Intendant of the Kings of France in Canada, was born in the province of Guienne, and descended of a family distinguished by professional eminence at the French bar. His Commission bears date "10th June, 1747," the Intendant had the charge of four departments: Justice, Police, Finance and Marine. He had previously filled the post of Intendant in Louisiana, and also, at Louisbourg. The disaffection and revolt which his rapacity caused in that city, were mainly instrumental in producing its downfall and surrender to the English commander, Pepperell, in 1745. Living at a time when tainted morals and official corruption ruled at court, he seems to have borrowed his standard of morality from the mother country: his malversations in office, his extensive frauds on the treasury, some £400,000; his colossal speculations in provisions and commissariat supplies furnished by the French government to the colonists during a famine; his dissolute conduct and final downfall, are fruitful themes, wherefrom the historian can draw wholesome lessons for all generations. Whether his Charlesbourg (then

called Bourg Royal) castle was used as the receptacle of some of his most valuable booty, or whether it was merely a kind of Lilliputian *Parc-aux-Cerfs*, such as his royal master had, tradition does not say. It would appear, however, that it was kept up by the plunder wrung from sorrowing colonists, and that the large profits he made by pairing from the scanty pittance the French government allowed the starving residents, were here lavished in gambling, riot and luxury.

In May, 1757, the population of Quebec was reduced to subsist on four ounces of bread per diem, one lb. of beef, HORSE-FLESH OR CODFISH; and in April of the following year, this miserable allowance was reduced to one-half. "At this time," remarks the historian Garneau, "famished men were seen sinking to the earth in the streets from exhaustion."

Such were the times during which * Louis XV.'s minion would retire to his Sardanapalian retreat, to gorge himself at leisure on the life blood of the Canadian people, whose welfare he had sworn to watch over! Such the doings in the days of La Pompadour. The results of this misrule were soon apparent; *the*

* These were times in which royalty did not shine forth in peculiarly attractive colors. On one side of the English Channel loomed out the effeminate figure of the French Sultan, Louis XV., revelling undisturbed in the scented bowers of his harem, the *Parc-aux-Cerfs*; *La Pompadour*, managing state matters; on the other, a Brunswicker, (George II) one who, we are told, "had neither dignity, learning, morals, nor wit — who tainted a great society by a bad example: who, in youth, manhood, old age, was gross, low and sensual:"—although Mr. Porteus, (afterwards My

British lion quietly and firmly placed his paw on the ccreted mercel. The loss of Canada was viewed, if not by the nation, at least by the French Court, with indifference. Voltaire gave his friends a banquet at Ferney, in commemoration of the event; the court favorite congratulated Majesty, that since he had got rid of these "fifteen thou and arpents of snow," he had now a chance of sleeping in peace; the minister Choiseul urged Louis the XV to sign the final treaty of 1763, saying that Canada would be *un embarras* to the English, and that if they were wise, they would have nothing to do with it.

In the mean time the red cross of St. George was waving over the battlements on which the lily-spangled banner of France, * had proudly sat with but one interruption for one hundred and fifty years, the infamous Bigot was provisionally consigned to a dungeon in the Bastille — subsequently tried and exiled to Bordeaux; his property was confiscated, whilst his confederates and abettors such as Varin, Breard, Maurin, Corpron, Martel, Estebe and others, were also tried and punished by fine, imprisonment and

Lord Bishop Porteus) says the earth was not good enough for him, and that his only place was heaven!—whose closing speech to his dying, loving, true-hearted Queen is thus related by Thackery: "With the film of death over her eyes, writhing in intolerable pain, she yet had a livid smile and a gentle word for her master. You have read the wonderful history of that death-bed? How she bade him marry again, and the reply the old King blubbered out, "*Non, non, j'aurai des mattresses.* There never was such a ghastly farce," — (*The Four Georges*).

* In 1629, when Quebec surrendered to Kerk.

confiscations: one Pénisseault, a government clerk (a butcher's son by birth), who had married in the colony, but whose pretty wife accompanied the Chevalier de Levi on his return to France, seems to have fared better than the rest.

But to revert to the chateau walls, as I saw them on the 4th June, 1863.

After a ramble with an English friend through the woods, which gave us an opportunity of providing ourselves with wild flowers to strew over the tomb of "Fair Rosamond," * such as the marsh marygold, clintonia, uvularia, the starflower, veronica, kalmia, trillium, and Canadian violets, we unexpectedly struck on the ruin. One of the first things which attracted notice was the singularly corroding effect the easterly wind has on stone and mortar in Canada: the east gable being indented and much more eaten away than that exposed to the western blast. Of the original structure nothing is now standing but the two gables and the division walls; they are all three of great thickness; certainly no modern house is built in the manner this seems to have been. It must have had two stories, with rooms in the attic

* The fascinating daughter of Lord Clifford, famous in the legendary history of England, as the mistress of Henry II, shortly before his accession to the throne, and the subject of an old ballad. She is said to have been kept by her royal lover in a secret bower at Woodstock, the approaches to which formed a labyrinth so intricate that it could only be discovered by the clew of a silken thread, which the King used for that purpose. Queen Eleanor discovered and poisoned her about 1173 — (*Noted names of Fiction*, 1175. See also Woodstock. — *Faverly-Novels*.)

and a deep cellar: a communication existed from one cellar to the other through the division wall. There is also visible a very small door cut through the cellar wall of the west gable; it leads to a vaulted apartment of eight feet square: the small mound of masonry which covered it, might originally have been effectually hidden from view by a plantation of trees over it. What could this have been built for, asked our romantic friend? Was it intended to secure some of the Intendant's plate or other portion of his ill-gotten treasure? Or else as the Abbé Ferland suggests: * "Was it to store the fruity old Port and sparkling Moselle of the club of the Barons, who held their jovial meetings there about the beginning of this century?" Was it his mistress's secret *boudoir*

* I am indebted to an old friend the late Abbé Ferland for the following remark: "I visited Chateau-Bigot during the summer of 1834. It was in the state described by Mr. Papineau. In the interior, the walls were still partly papered. It must not be forgotten that about the beginning of this century, a club of *Bon vivants* used to meet frequently in the Chateau."

Three celebrated clubs flourished here long before the Stadacona and St. James' Club were thought of. The first was formed in Quebec, about the beginning of this century. It was originally called, says Lambert, the Beef Steak Club, which name it soon changed for that of the Barons' Club. It consisted of twenty-one members, "who are chiefly the principal merchants in the colony, and are styled barons. As the members drop off, their places are supplied by knights elect, who are not installed as barons until there is a sufficient number to pay for the entertainment which is given on that occasion." J. Lambert, during the winter of 1807, attended one of the banquets of installation, which was given in the Union Hotel (now Morgan's Tailoring Store, facing the (Place d'Armes) Ring. The Hon. Mr. Dunn,

when the Intendant's lady visited the chateau, like the Woodstock tower to which Royal Henry picked his way through "Love's Ladder?" *Quien sabe?* Who can unravel the mystery? It may have served for the foundation of the tower which existed when Mr. Papineau visited and described the place fifty-eight years ago. The heavy cedar rafters, more than one hundred years old, are to this day sound: one has been broken by the fall, probably, of some heavy stones.

There are several indentures in the walls for fire places, which are built of cut masonry; from the angles of one, a song sparrow flew out, uttering its anxious note. We searched and discovered the bird's nest, with five spotted, dusky eggs in it. How strange!

the President of the Province, and administrator during the absence of Sir Robert. S. Milnes, attended as the oldest baron. The Chief Justice and all the principal officers of the government, civil and military, were present. This entertainment cost 250 guineas. "The Barons' club, says Wm. Henderson, was a sort of *Pit Club*, — all, Tories to the backbone.

It was a very select affair — and of no long duration. Among the members, if my memory serves me right, were John Coltman, George Hamilton, Sir John Caldwell, Sir George Pownall, H. W. Ryland, George Heriott, Postmaster and author, Mathew Bell, Gilbert Ainslie, Angus Shaw." *Notes of W. Henderson*, of Hemisson, Megantic.

The other club went under the appropriate name of "Sober Club" — *lucus a non lucendo* perhaps: it flourished about 1811. It seems to me more than likely that it was the Club of Barons, and not the Sober Club, who caroused under the romantic walls of the Hermitage. The third Club flourished at Montreal, 1785-1821, it took the name of the Beaver Club, and was, composed of old *Northwesters*.)

in the midst of ruin and decay, the sweet tokens of hope, love and harmony? What cared the child of song if her innocent offspring were reared amidst these mouldering relics of the past, mayhap a guilty past? Could she not teach them to warble sweetly, even from the roof which echoed the dying sigh of the Algonquin maid? Red alder trees grew rank and vigorous amongst the disjointed masonry, which had crumbled from the walls into the cellar; no trace existed of the wooden staircase mentioned by Mr. Papineau; the timber of the roof had rotted away or been used for camp-fires by those who frequent and fish the elfish stream which winds its way over a pebbly ledge towards Beauport. It is well stocked with small trout, which seems to breed in great number in the dam near the Chateau.

Those who wish to visit the Hermitage, are strongly advised to take the cart-road which leads easterly from the Charlesbourg church, turning up. Pedestrians will prefer the other road; they can, in this case, leave their vehicle at Gaspard Huot's boarding-house,—a little higher than the church of Charlesbourg,—and then walk through the fields skirting, during greater part of the road, the murmuring brook I have previously mentioned, but by all means *let them take a guide* with them.

I shall now translate and condense, from the interesting narrative of a visit paid to the Hermitage in 1831, by Mr. Amédée Papineau and his talented father, the Hon. Louis Joseph Papineau, the legend which attaches to it:

CAROLINE, OR THE ALGONQUIN MAID

(BY AMÉDÉE PAPINEAU, OF MONTE BELLO.)

“ We drove, my father and I, with our vehicle to the very foot of the mountain, and there took a foot-path which led us through a dense wood. We encountered and crossed a rivulet, and then ascended a plateau cleared of wood, a most enchanting place; behind us and on our right was a thick forest; on our left the eye rested on boundless green fields, diversified * with golden harvests and with the neat white cottages of the peasantry. In the distance, was visible the broad and placid St. Lawrence at the foot of the citadel of Quebec, and also the shining cupolas and tin roofs of the city houses; in front of us, a confused mass of ruins, crenelated walls embedded in moss and rank grass, together with a tower half destroyed, beams, and the mouldering remains of a roof. After viewing the *tout ensemble*, we attentively examined each portion in detail—every fragment was interesting to us; we with difficulty made our way over the wall, ascending the upper stories by a staircase which creaked and trembled under our weight. With the assistance of a lighted candle, we pene-

* It is painful to watch the successive inroads perpetrated by sportsmen and idlers on the old Chateau. In 1819 an old Quebecker, Mr. Wyse, visited it; doors, verandah, windows and everything else was complete. He, too, lost his way in the woods but found it again without the help of an Indian beauty. It was then known as the haunted house; supposed to contain a deal of French treasurer and called *La Maison du Bourq Royal*.

trated into the damp and cavernous cellars, carefully exploring every nook and corner, listening to the sound of our own footsteps, and occasionally startled by the rustling of bats which we disturbed in their dismal retreat. I had just left college; these extraordinary sounds and objects at times made me feel very uneasy. I pressed close to my father, and dared scarcely breathe; the remembrance of this subterranean exploration will not easily be forgotten. What were my sensations when I saw a tombstone, the reader can imagine? 'Here we are, at last!' exclaimed my father, and echo repeated his words. Carefully did we view this monument; presently we detected the letter 'C,' nearly obliterated by the action of time; after remaining there a few moments, to my unspeakable delight we made our exit from this chamber of death, and, stepping over the ruins, we again alighted on the green sward. Evidently where we stood had formerly been a garden: we could still make out the avenues, the walks and plots, over which plum, lilac and apple trees grew wild.

"I had not yet uttered a word, but my curiosity getting the better of my fear, I demanded an explanation of this mysterious tombstone. My father beckoned me towards a shady old maple; we both sat on the turf, and he then spoke as follows: "You have, no doubt, my son, heard of a French Intendant, of the name of Bigot, who had charge of the public funds in Canada, somewhere about the year 1757; you have also read how he squandered these moneys and how his Christian Majesty had him sent to the Bastille when he returned to France, and his property

confiscated. All this you know, I shall now tell you what, probably, you do not know. This Intendant attempted to lead in Canada the same dissolute life which the old *noblesse* led in France before the French Revolution had levelled all classes. He it was who built this country seat, of which you now contemplate the ruins. Here, he came to seek relaxation from the cares of office; here, he prepared entertainments to which the rank and fashion of Quebec, including its Governor General, eagerly flocked: nothing was wanting to complete the *eclat* of this little Versailles. Hunting was a favorite pastime of our ancestors, and Bigot was a mighty hunter. As active as daring as a lion was this indefatigable Nimrod, in the pursuit of bears and moose.

“On one occasion, when tracking with some sporting friends an old bear whom he had wounded, he was led over mountainous ridges and ravines, very far from the castle. Nothing could restrain him; on he went in advance of every one, until the bloody trail brought him on the wounded animal, which he soon dispatched.

“During the chase the sun had gradually sunk over the western hills; the shades of evening were fast descending: how was the lord of the manor to find his way back? He was alone in a thick forest: in this emergency his heart did not fail him; he hoped by the light of the moon to be able to find his way to his stray companions. Wearily he walked on, ascending once or twice a high tree, in order to see further, but all in vain: soon the unpleasant conviction dawned on him that, like others in similar cases, he

had been walking round a circle. Worn out and exhausted with fatigue and hunger, he sat down to ponder on what course he should adopt. The Queen of night, at the moment shedding her silvery rays around, only helped to show the hunter how hopeless was his present position.

Amidst these mournful reflections, his ear was startled by the sound of footsteps close by: his spirits rose at the prospect of help being at hand; soon he perceived the outlines of a moving white object. Was it a phanton which his disordered imagination had conjured? Terrified, he seized his trusty gun and was in the act of firing, when the apparition, rapidly advancing toward him, assumed quite a human form: a light figure stood before him with eyes as black as night, and raven tresses flowing to the night wind; a spotless garment enveloped in its ample folds this airy and graceful spectre. Was it a sylph, the spirit of the wilderness? Was it Diana, the goddess of the chase, favoring one of her most ardent votaries with a glimpse of her form divine? It was neither. It was an Algonquin maid one of those ideal types whose white skin betray their hybrid origin—a mixture of European blood with that of the aborigine races. It was Caroline, a child of love born on the shores of the great Ottawa river: a French officer was her sire and the powerful Algonquin tribe of the Beaver claimed her mother.

“The Canadian Nimrod, struck at the sight of such extraordinary beauty, asked her name, and after relating his adventure, he begged of her to show him the way to the castle in the neighborhood, as she must be familiar with every path of the forest

Such is the story told of the first meeting between the Indian beauty and the Canadian Minister of Finance and Feudal Judge in the year 175.—

“The Intendant was a * married man : his lady resided in the Capital of Canada. She seldom accompanied her husband on his hunting excursions, but soon it was whispered that something more than the pursuit of wild animals attracted him to his country seat : an intrigue with an Indian beauty was hinted at. These discreditable rumors came to the ears of her lady-ship : she made several visits to the castle in hopes of verifying her worst fears : jealousy is a watchful sentinel.

“The Intendant’s dormitory was on the ground floor of the building. It is supposed the Indian girl occupied a secret apartment on the flat above ; that her boudoir was reached through a long and narrow passage, ending with a hidden staircase opening on the large room which overlooked the garden,

“The King, therefore, for his defence
Against the furious Queen,
At Woodstock builded such a bower,
As never yet was seen.
Most curiously that bower was built,
Of stone and timber strong.”

(Ballad of Fair Rosamond.)

* Error — he was a bachelor. These unions were not uncommon. We find the Baron de St. Castin marrying Matilda, the beautiful daughter of Madocawando : he became a famous Indian Chief, helping D’Iberville, in Acadia, and left a numerous progeny of olive colored princess with eyes like a gazelles—(J.M.L.)

“ Let us now see what took place on this indetical spot on the 2nd July, 175.—It is night ; the hall clock has just struck eleven ; the ceaseless murmur of the neighboring brook, gently wafted on the night wind, is scarcely audible : the * Song-Sparrow has finished his evening hymn, while the † *Sweet Canada* bird, from the top of an old pine, merrily peels his shrill clarion. Silence the most profound pervades the whole castle ; every light is extinguished ; the pale rays of the moon slumber softly on the oak floor, reflected as they are through the gothic windows ; every inmate is wrapped in sleep, even fair Rosamond who has just retired. Suddenly her door is violently thrust open ; a masked person, with one bound, rushes to her bedside, and without saying a word, plunges a dagger to the hilt in her heart. Uttering a piercing shriek, the victim falls heavily on the floor. The Intendant, hearing the noise, hurries up stairs, raises the unhappy girl who has just time to point to the fatal weapon, still in the wound, and then falls back in his arms a lifeless corpse. The whole household are soon on foot ; search is made for the murderer, but no clue is discovered. Some of the inmates fancied they had seen the figure of a woman rush down the secret stair and disappear in the woods about the time the murder took place. A variety of stories were circulated ; some pretended to trace the crime to the Intendant's wife, whilst others alleged that the avenging mother of the creole was the

* *Melospiza melodia.*

† *Zonotrichia leucophrys.*

assassin ; a few again urged that Caroline's father had attempted to wipe off the stain on the honor of his tribe, by himself dispatching his erring child. A profound mystery to this day surrounds the whole transaction. Caroline was buried in the cellar of the castle, and the letter "C" engraved on her tombstone, which, my son, you have just seen."

More than a century has now elapsed since the period mentioned in this narrative. I searched in vain for several of the leading characteristics on which Mr. Papineau descants so eloquently : time, the great destroyer, has obliterated many traces. Nothing met my view but mouldering walls, over which green moss and rank weeds cluster profusely. Unmistakable indications of a former garden there certainly were such as the outlines of walks over which French cherry, apple and gooseberry trees grow in wild luxuriance. I took home from the ruins a piece of bone ; this decayed piece of mortality may have formed part of Caroline's big toe, for aught I can establish to the contrary. Chateau-Bigot brings back to my mind other remembrances of the past. I recollect reading that pending the panic consequent on the surrender of Quebec, in 1759, the non-combattants of the city crowded within its walls ; this time not to ruralize, but to seek concealment until Mars had inscribed another victory on the British flag. I would not be prepared to swear that later, when Arnold and Montgomery had possession of the environs of Quebec, during the greater portion of the winter of 1775-76, some of those prudent English merchants (Adam Lymburner at their head), who awaited at Charles-

bourg and Beauport, the issue of the contest, did not take a quiet drive to Chateau-Bigot, were it only to indulge in a philosophical disquisition on the mutability of human events; nor must I forget the jolly pic-nics the barons held there some eighty years ago. *

On quitting these silent halls, from which the light of other days has departed, and from whence the voice of revelry seems to have fled for ever, I recrossed the little brook, already mentioned, musing on the past. The solitude which surrounds the dwelling and the tomb of the dark-haired child of the wilderness, involuntarily brought to mind that beautiful passage of Ossian † relating to the daughter of Reuthamir, the "white bosomed" Moina: — "I have seen the walls of Balclutha, but they were desolate. The fire had resounded in the halls: and the voice of the people is heard no more. The thistle shook there its lonely head; the moss whistled to the wind. The fox looked out from the windows; the rank grass of the wall waved round its head. Desolate is the dwelling of Moina, silence is in the house Raise the song of mourning, O bards! over the land of strangers. They have but fallen before us: for one day we must fall."

* The Hon. Mr. Dunn, Administrator of the Province in 1807, was the senior baron; Hons. Mathew Bell, John Stewart, Messrs. Muir, Irvine, Lester, McNaught, Grey Stewart, Munro, Finlay, Lymburner, Paynter, these names were doubtless also to be found amongst the Canadian barons; the Hon. Chas. de Lanaudière, was the only French Canadian member.

† Book of Carthon.

QUEBEC AND ITS HISTORIC PAST

(*From Canadian Illustrated News*, 16 Sept. 1882.)

"We insert the address of the President of the *Literary and Historical Society*, James McPherson LeMoine, at the Harbor excursion, in the steamer *Canada*, at the luncheon given to the Delegates of the *American Association for the Advancement of Science*, on their visit to Quebec, on the 26th Aug. 1882.

Mr. LeMoine, in reply, spoke as follows :

"Ladies and Gentlemen. — The annals of this vast dependency of Britain, which we are proud to call our country, vaster even in extent than the territory of your prosperous republic, are divided into two distinct parts. The first century and a half — 1608 to 1759 — represents the French domination. Though totally alien in its aims and aspirations from the succeeding portion, it has nevertheless for Quebec an especial charm, most endearing memories. It was the fruitful era of early discovery, missionary zeal and

heroism, wealthy, fur trading companies, — shall we call them, monopolies? incessant wars with the ferocious aborigines and sanguinary raids into the adjoining British provinces. When the colony expanded, an enlarged colonial outfit required more powerful machinery, more direct intervention of the French monarch: a Royal Government in 1663, to save and consolidate the cumbersome system based on the Seigniorial Tenure in land; a mild form of feudalism implanted, at Quebec, by the *Grand Monarque*. It would take me far beyond the limits I have prescribed to myself, were I to unravel the tangled web of early colonial rule or misrule, which until the conquest by Britain, in 1759, flourished, under the lily banner of the Bourbons, on yonder sublime cliff. Let us revert then, to that haunted dreamland of the past; let us glance at a period anterior to the foundation of Jamestown, in 1607, even much anterior to the foundation of St. Augustine, in Florida.

On the north bank of the river St. Charles, about a mile from its entrance, Jacques Cartier wintered in 1535. What a difference in the tonnage of the arrivals from sea, in September, 1535; the "Grande Hermine," 120 tons; the "Petite Hermine," 60 tons; the "Emerillon," 40 tons; and, in August 1860, Captain Vine Hall's leviathan, the "Great Eastern," of 22,500 tons! What terror the shipping news that morning of September, 1535, must have caused to swarthy Donnacona, the Chieftain of the Indian (Iroquois or Huron?) town of Stadacona! the first wave of foreign invasion had surged round the Indian wigwams

which lined the northern declivity of the plateau on which Quebec now stands (between Hope Gate and the Côteau Ste Geneviève)! Of course you are aware this was not Cartier's first visit to the land of the north; his keel had, in 1534, furrowed the banks of Newfoundland and its eternal fogs; in 1541-2, he had wintered a few miles, higher than we now are — at Cap Rouge — west of Quebec. Then there occurs in our annals of European settlement, a gap of more than half a century. No trace, nor descendants on Canadian soil, of Jacques Cartier's adventurous comrades. The wheel of time revolves; on a summer day (3rd July, 1608), the venerated founder of Quebec — Samuel de Champlain — equally famous as an explorer, a discoverer, a geographer, a dauntless leader, and what to us, I think, immeasurably superior, a God fearing, Christian gentleman — with his hardy little band of Norman artificers, soldiers and farmers, amidst the oak and maple groves of the lower town, laid the corner stone of the "Abitation" or residence, so pleasantly, so graphically described by your illustrious countrymen, Parkman and Howells.

Ladies and gentleman, I have promised you the briefest of discourses; but if, instead of pointing out to you the historical spots, brought under your notice in the course of our excursion, it were my lot to address, as a Canadian annalist, such an appreciative audience as I see here, what glowing pictures of soldierlike daring, of Christian endurance, of heroic self-sacrifice, could be summoned from the pregnant pages of Champlain's journal and from that quaint repository of Canadian lore the *Relations* of the

Jesuits? you would, or I am much mistaken, be deeply moved with the story of the trials, sufferings and unrequited devotion to country, of the denizens of this old rock; your heart would warm towards that picturesque promontory, sometimes, seemingly dear to sunny old France.

One would be tempted occasionally to forgive her cruel desertion of her offspring in its hour of supreme trial.

From the womb of a distant past, would come forth a tale of deadly, though not hopeless, struggles with savage or civilized foes, a tale harrowing, not however devoid of useful lessons. The narrative would become darker, more dreary, when to the cruelty of Indian foemen would be added, as oft' was the case, the horrors of a famine or the pitiless severity of a northern winter. A transient gleam of sunshine would light up the canvass when perchance, the genius of a Talon, the wisdom of a Colbert, or the martial spirit of a Frontenac succeeded in awakening a faint, canadian echo on the banks of the Seine. In those winding, narrow, uneven streets, the forest-avenues of Montmagny and de Tracy, which now resound to no other sounds but the din of toil and traffic, you would meet a martial array of fearless, gay cavaliers, and plumed warriors, hurrying to the city battlements to repel the marauding savage, or the foe from old or New England, equally objects of dread. From the very deck of this steamer, with the wand of the historian you could conjure the thrilling spectacle of powerful fleets, in 1629, in 1690, and in 1759, anchored at the very spot which we now cross, belching

forth shot and shell on the sturdy old fortress, or else watch flotillas of birch bark canoes laden with litho, tatted, painted warriors landing on that ere beach, bearing peace offerings to great Ononthio. Varied, indeed, would be the panorama which history would unroll. Finally, you might cast a glance on that crushing 13th of September, 1759, which closed the pageant of French rule on our shores, when all the patriotism of the yeomanry lead by the Canadian *Gentilshommes* — the Longueuils, Vaudreuils, De Beaujeu, de St. Ours, de la Naudière, &c., was powerless against the rapacity and profligacy of Bigot, and his fellow plunders and parasites.....

These were truly the dark days of the colony, under French rule; a glimpse of the doings in those times suffices to explain why French Canada, deserted by France, betrayed by some of her own sons, accepted so readily, as a *fait accompli*, the new regime; why, having once sworn fealty to the new banner implanted on our citadel by the genius of a Chatham, it closed its ear and steeled its heart even against the blandishments of the brave, generous Lafayette, held out in the name of that grand old patriot and father of your country, George Washington.”

BRITISH MUSEUM
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MEMORABILIA.

Jacques Cartier landed on the banks of the Saint Charles,	Sept. 14, 1535
Quebec founded by Samuel de Champlain.....	July 3, 1608
Fort St. Louis built at Quebec.....	1620
Quebec surrendered to Admiral Kirk.....	1628
Quebec returned to the French.....	1632
Death of Champlain, the first Governor.....	Dec. 25 1635
Settlement formed at Sillery.....	1637
A Royal Government established at Quebec.....	1663
Quebec unsuccessfully besieged by Admiral Phipps.....	1690
Count de Frontenac died.....	Nov. 28, 1698
Battle of the Plains of Abraham.....	Sept. 13, 1759
Capitulation of Quebec.....	Sept. 18, 1759
Battle of Ste. Foyè — a French Victory.....	April 28, 1760
Canada ceded by treaty to England.....	1763
Blockade of Quebec by General Montgomery and Col. Arnold.....	Nov. 10, 1775
Death of Montgomery.....	31st Dec., 1775
Retreat of Americans from Quebec.....	May 6, 1776
Division of Canada into Upper and Lower Canada.....	1791
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