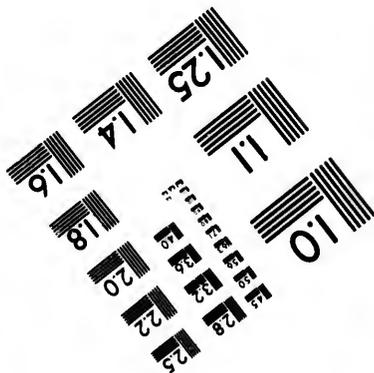
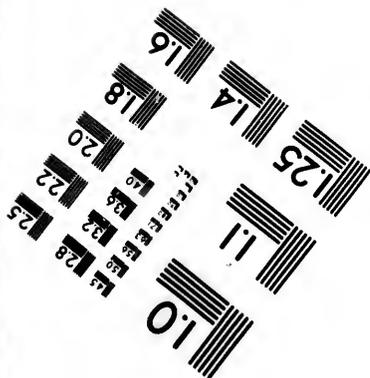
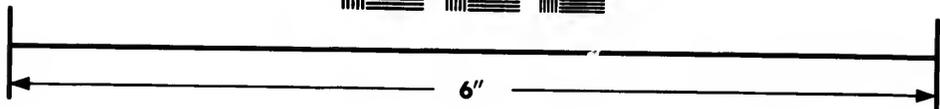
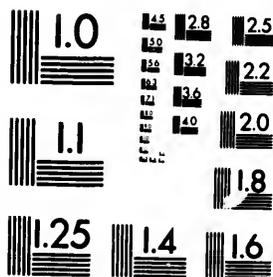


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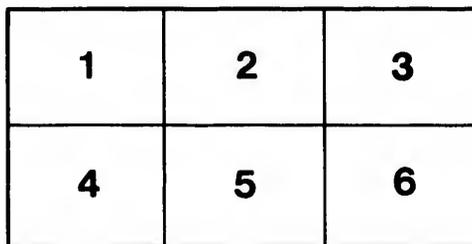
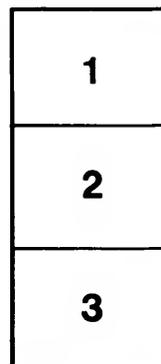
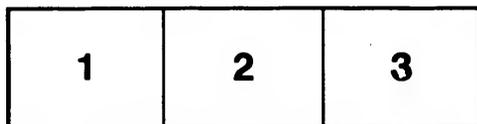
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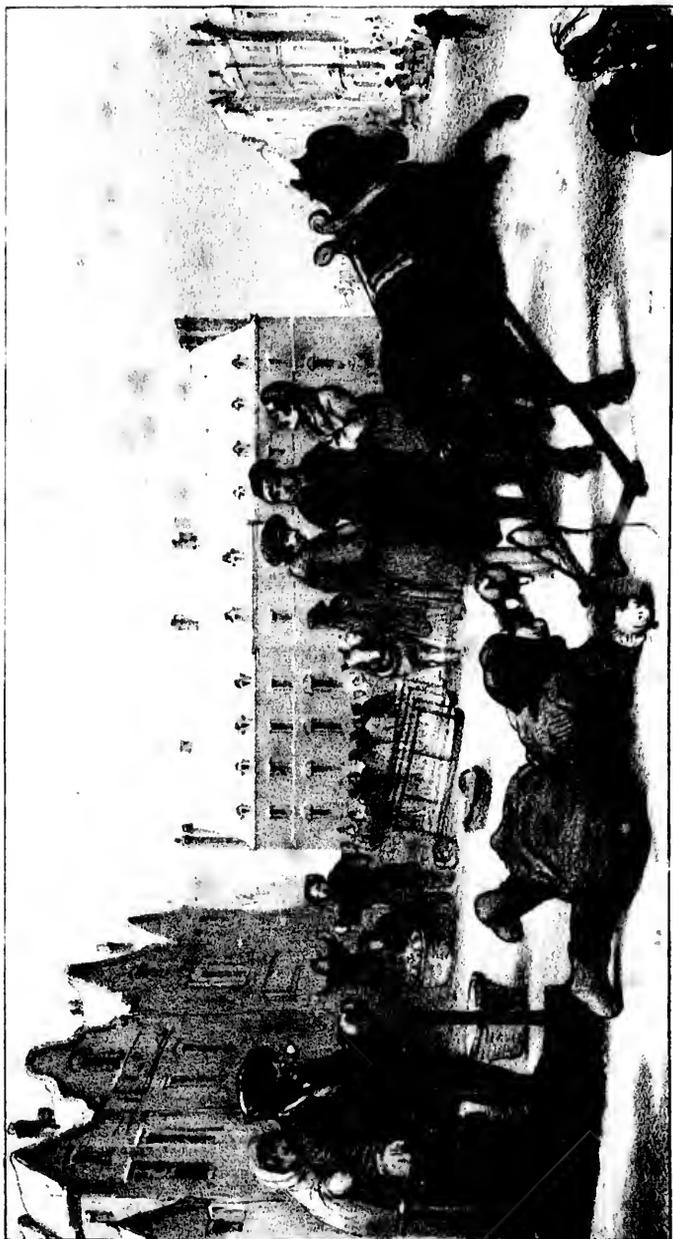
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R. J. Hamerton.

### HOW TO FLOOR A CANADIAN.

(From "Lads in the Ministry.")



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THE  
SPORTSMAN IN CANADA.

CHAPTER I.

Winter of 1816-17.—The "Pont."—Driving on the Ice.—Beautiful appearance of the Falls of Montmorency in a congealed state.—Military Amateurs and Garrison Theatricals.—Tragedy of Douglas.—A Marine's Version of the Text.—The farce of Miss in her Teens, and complimentary speech to the Heroine.—An American Horse-dealer and specimen of Yankee Candour.

THE winter of 1816-17 *was* a winter, and "no mistake," as the little boys say, and the double-distilled frost by which this season of idleness and festivity was ushered in, gave

rise to the idea that the one-and-twenty imitations of snow and ice I had looked upon in Old England during the Christmas holidays had all been congealed into one genuine Canadian specimen, and that Captain Parry had driven the North Pole and surrounding scenery even up to the harbour of Quebec.

In spite of the nipping and pinching of the extremities, I confess I rather rejoiced than otherwise, for it afforded an opportunity for beholding the novel, extraordinary, and interesting sight of so broad an expanse of water as the Basin of Quebec frozen over from shore to shore. When the breadth and depth of the river and the rapidity of the current are taken into consideration, this gigantic congelation—for I can find no term more apt to convey my meaning—may be truly termed a phenomenon.

This solid, stationary mass of congealed water, as I have said in the preceding Chapter, is termed *Le Pont—Anglicè*

Bridge. Dame Nature in her freaks thus affording a temporary communication between the City of Quebec and Point Levi, the inhabitants are not insensible of the boon thus conferred upon them, for they avail themselves of the privilege to a surprising extent, and the appearance of the sleighs and sleigh-drivers, when viewed from the citadel, a height of some hundred feet, is extraordinary in the extreme ; and without any very great stretch of imagination on the part of the gazer these diminutive objects skipping and bobbing over the frozen and uneven surface might be fairly compared to so many fleas hopping about on a white counterpane. When the masses of ice, which have for some time previously floated to and fro in front of the town under the influence of the tide become fixed, great is the joy manifested by young and old.

Experienced "ice-road" makers are then selected to cut and prepare a carriage and foot-way across the river, to define which

large branches and stems of the fir-tree are placed at legitimate distances to indicate the path a well-conditioned Canadian should travel ; and these equi-distant evergreens, planted on either side of the levelled road, bear no slight resemblance to the formal fringes of poplars which skirt a highway in France. On the occasion I am recording, the Pont having firmly taken, roads were cut through the wedges of ice in every direction, and, if I remember rightly, the solid junction between the two shores took place in the early part of December.

The setting-in of the winter in Canada is the signal for fun, feasting, and frolic : it is the merchant's holiday ; and at this season the civillians of the Lower Town, whose occupations have kept them chained to the desk in their counting-houses during the summer months, deep in the mysteries of the relative value of red and white deals, pitch pine timber, shingles, flour, and corn-meal, have an opportunity of mixing with and enjoying the society of their military

friends in the upper regions of the Garrison. Dinners, balls, and parties are the order of the day, or rather night, for the mornings are devoted to sleighing and tandem-driving. The snow once on the ground, the face of the earth is not to be seen again for some five or six months, but you have hills and dales of flaky, slippery substances, and drive over hedges and ditches as you would a turn-pike road. The scene altogether is extremely exciting and amusing, and the dry, elastic air and cloudless atmosphere tend, in no slight degree, to cheer and exhilarate the spirits. Pic-nic parties are of as frequent occurrence in the winter as during the summer months. One of the favorite drives is across that part of the Basin which spreads towards the Island of Orleans, and that part of the river which runs beneath the Falls of Montmorency.

This is a very curious as well as remarkably beautiful sight: the spray, as it rises from the bottom of the Fall, becomes frozen, and these congealed *spiculæ* glittering beneath the now-limited volume and channel of

water which flows down a precipice of transparent ice (the sluggish portion of the cascade itself being completely frozen), presents one of the most dazzling and beautiful sights it is possible to behold. This "lion" visited, the parties turn their horses' heads towards the Island of Orleans, where at a snug farmhouse, and in a room at a furnace heat (for your true Canadian would live in an oven, and the men and women look smoke-dried), the pic-nic-ers unpack themselves and their provender, and set to work at the edibles and bibibles with a gusto which would excite no little wonderment in the minds of those who have never experienced the craving begotten by a drive through a Canadian atmosphere in the winter months. On returning to the city of tin-roofs and convent-spires, one or other of the papas and mammas make it a point to invite all the young people in the evening, and a dance and supper invariably wind up the amusements of the day.

Although we youngsters in the Garrison were ever foremost in promoting gaiety and convivial meetings, and joining in every

species of fun which was going forward, we were not unmindful of the wants of our poor, misguided countrymen, who were suffering privations of no ordinary nature in this Siberian climate. We got up during the first part of the winter "The School for Scandal—the First Part of Henry the Fourth—Douglas—The Heir at Law—and The Castle Spectre, with the farces of "High Life below Stairs—Miss in her Teens—Raising the Wind—Bombastes Furioso—and Who's the Dupe?" I have already said that our Garrison could produce some first-rate amateurs, and I can with truth assert that I never on any stage saw a better *Falstaff* than the impersonation of that arduous and difficult character by Mr. Larratt Smith of the Ordnance Commissariat: I will not even except poor old Downton.

The *Norval* of Mr. Wood, of the Artillery, was a chaste and finished piece of acting; and the *Pangloss* of Captain Cruttenden, of the same distinguished corps, was inferior only to the late lamented Mr. Fawcett's. We opened the season with "The First Part

of Henry the Fourth," and the farce of "Raising the Wind," the parts of *Hotspur* and *Falstaff* by Mr. Wood and Mr. Smith. The following was written by a Member of our *Corps Dramatique*, and spoken by myself. I give it *verbatim*, not as a specimen of poetical excellence, but to shew that we were zealous in the cause of charity.

Ere we exhibit on our infant stage  
 The classic scenes of Shakspeare's heavenly page,  
 With sympathetic grief beguile your tears,  
 With mirth your laughter raise, or rouse your fears—  
 One word—No Bard his kind assistance lends  
 In flow'ry lines to welcome here our friends :  
 But lo ! on me devolves the arduous duty  
 To greet this formidable line of beauty !  
 Then welcome all ! a thousand welcomes here,  
 Where no satiric Poet dare appear,  
 Eager each little failing to espy,  
 And find a blemish in perfection's eye.  
 To this assembly without fear repair,  
 For *you* to please is our peculiar care.  
 Your approbation let us once obtain,  
 Your fostering smiles, your flattering plaudits gain,  
 We'll act our parts with spirit, nor shall we act in  
 vain !

This appeal was received most kindly and in the spirit the author of the address wished and intended. The play was, I am in justice bound to say, admirably performed, and went off with great *eclat*, and, if we might believe our friendly audience, very much to their gratification. In all garrison towns and in every regiment in the service some few humble followers of the sock and buskin are to be found, and as we were in want of an understrapper or two to fill up the minor parts, our Manager, who commanded the——, picked out from his corps all the embryo Keans and Kembles he could muster. Our second representation consisted of "The Tragedy of Douglas," and the farce of "High Life below Stairs," the part of *Norval* by Mr. Wood, and *Lady Randolph* by a female professional engaged from the States. The soldier engaged to perform one of the subordinate characters in the play, had been, prior to his enlistment in a regiment of the line, a jolly marine

and, as the sequel will shew, had picked up a little nautical, or, if I were inclined to perpetrate a pun, I might say *naughty-call* slang on board of a man-of-war, which nevertheless, however appropriate at sea or between decks, is not exactly suited to the stage, or in a society of amateurs performing for the amusement of their friends and acquaintances.

But I must not anticipate. The play proceeded to the satisfaction of every one, both before and behind the curtain, and Mr Wood's *Norval* applauded, as it really deserved to be, to the very echo: it was in truth a very talented performance. Many years have elapsed since I last saw "The Tragedy of Douglas," and I may therefore be pardoned for having forgotten the names of the minor characters. One of these is mainly instrumental in foiling the machinations of the party opposed to the recognition of *Young Norval's* rights and honors, and after having detected a secret enemy

lying in ambush for no good or honest purpose, is made to say,

“ I caught the villain lurking in the wood.”

This I believe to be the only line the performer has to utter : at all events the part is not a long one, and our Thespian recruit ought (to use a theatrical phrase) to have been “ well up” in it, and “ letter perfect.” Judge then of the effect produced when our jolly marine, with a military strut, advanced towards the principal characters on the stage, and exclaimed most pompously as well as audibly,

“ I cotched the——a-lurking in the wood.”

I must leave it to the reader to fill up the *hiatus*, as well as his imagination to supply the word, which, however familiar to our rollicking dare-devil tars, is not *quite* suited to ears polite ! The gravity of the performers was sorely taxed on the occasion, and the roars of laughter elicited from the

majority of the audience were equal to anything of the kind Liston ever called forth. Never shall I forget it ; and should this meet the eye of some of my old Canadian contemporaries, they will remember the night in question, and, I doubt not, smile as they recur to this extraordinary scene. In spite, however, of this *lapsus linguæ* on the part of the quondam marine, we occasionally availed ourselves of the services of private soldiers. Although our Manager's regiment did not shine in the way of amateur performers, we found out that another corps in the garrison had in its ranks some eight or ten heroes of the sock and buskin, who while in the Mother Country had followed the precarious calling of strolling players, and, while starving in a country town in the West of England, had, by reason of their pinching necessities, been compelled to enlist prior to the American war of 1811-13-14. To test their merits, the strollers were summoned to the green-room, and the choice of a farce given to them in which they were

to make their *debut* after the play of the "Heir at Law," which we proposed getting up. They decided on "Miss in her Teens." A rehearsal was appointed, and they acquitted themselves much to our satisfaction.

Our theatre had for some time past been in need of substantial as well as ornamental repair, and while the house was being re-decorated and rendered safe for the crowded audiences we attracted within its walls, we engaged and fitted up for the purpose a large store or shop, termed by all Colonial residents a *Europe-shop*, that is, a shop for the exclusive sale of European goods, in contradistinction, I presume, to the *store*, where Native commodities are disposed of. With the aid of Government workmen, and flags and other materials from the Ordnance Department, our capacious shop was soon converted into a very pretty little theatre. As our Theatrical Club had sought the addition of the strollers to the Amateurs of the Garrison, I ventured to commemorate the event by writing a prologue, which was

spoken by myself before the curtain drew up for the farce. The local allusions I have explained in a note.

What various tenants this old house engage !  
 So late an " Europe-shop,\*" and now—a stage !  
 How wide the difference of their several arts,  
 'Twixt casting invoices and casting parts !  
 One doles out words, the other wares, by measure—  
 This courts the mind's and that, the palate's  
 pleasure.

What disappointment on our efforts lowers,  
 Should you prefer the purser's tongues to ours !  
 If while the Drama's drooping cause we prop,  
 Your absent thoughts should wander to the shop,  
 And, inattentive to our costless play-bills,  
 Ponder in sad remembrance on our pay-bills !  
 What Poet can with claret's charms contest ?  
 What Player give to wit wine's potent zest ?  
 Say, lest our aim should expectation baulk,  
 Which shall we draw—the curtain, or the cork ?

---

\* Europe-shop is a Colonial saying ; everything imported from England is designated as Europe—for instance, Europe porter, Europe pickles—to distinguish the commodities from indigenous articles. The word Europe also carries with it a *carte blanche* as to price, of which the Europe shopkeeper knows how to avail himself.

Which of the two the most your fancy tickles—  
The Europe players, or the Europe pickles?  
Whether 'tis better for the purse to pay  
For hams or *Hamlet*—porter or the play?  
Some thirsty souls there are whose spirits fail  
Deprived of rosy wine and pallid ale,  
Who own no mirth but what the bottle brings,  
And deem dry jokes to be—insipid things!  
These we despair to gratify—for here  
'Tis ours to seek, and yours to give—the cheer.  
Some of Bellona's sons aspire to-night  
To add to pleasure's fund their humble mite :  
In peaceful days, ere Freedom call'd to arms  
(Not unaccustomed to the buskin's charms).  
Heroes and Kings thro' many a town they ranged,  
And *characters* more oft than *guineas* changed.  
When as their steps to fame they onward bent,  
War came—"Othello's occupation" went.  
On their crown'd heads a Serjeant clapt his fist,  
And cried in *Hamlet's* voice, "List, list, oh list!"  
Their scenic acts for valor's deeds they yield,  
And quit the mimic for the martial field ;  
Change carts for cartridges, and bills for balls,  
Sink cat-call's sounds in honor's higher calls.  
No more they "shoot at folly as it flies"—  
To shoot Britannia's foes their high emprise.  
For Fame to Mars (not critic laws) a debtor,  
*Their pieces now go off a great deal better !*

If then old habits they once more resume,  
And slight "Brown Bess" for Bidley's\* witching  
bloom,

'Tis for this Court to try the truant band,  
Oh! clap them not in jail—but, *with the hand!*

The indulgent audience were merciful enough to express their approbation of this my first attempt at prologue-writing, and this flattering prelude to the farce itself was cheering in the extreme to those who were about to face the foot-lamps for the first time, in that part of the world at least.

The experiment—for experiment it was, seeing that our amateur stock of comedians was an exceedingly good one—of seeking the assistance of these stray followers of the sock and buskin was rather hazardous. We had only the bare words of the *ci-devant* strollers that their performances were above par; for I will defy the most experienced Manager, the *great Alfred Bunn* himself, to come to a just conclusion of a performer's

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\* Bidley, the principal female character in the farce of "Miss in her Teens."

real merits by hearing him repeat like a parrot, at a morning rehearsal, the words, the lines, the part in fact he (the performer) has to go through at night. I suspect that some of our crack bands, whose abilities and good nature had been on more than one occasion severely taxed by giving them the leading characters in a long five-act comedy and a first-rate farce on the same evening, were chiefly instrumental in recommending this addition to the Thespian band, for the double duty must have been an over-exertion, mental as well as bodily. I confess to having entertained certain misgivings as to the success of the scheme; for the bearing as well as dress of the lover who was to win the witching Biddy was anything but *distingué*; and while I am on the subject I may be permitted to state, that Gentlemen by birth and education, who have an innate talent for theatricals, and who, from their position in society and the advantage thus afforded them of mixing with well-bred people, are better qualified for undertaking

characters in the higher walk of comedy than those professionals to whom such opportunities may have been denied.

The curtain rose, and the first scene passed off tolerably well, although I could discover a want of self-possession and awkwardness on the part of our new allies, which did not forbode much credit to the experiment. The walking gentleman, the lover, the hero of the piece in fact, was, either from a lack of nerve, trepidation, or an over-indulgence in stimulants, manifestly imperfect, and stood so much in need of the prompter as to render the voice of this indispensable functionary rather more audible than is admissible in any well-governed theatrical establishment. Still the audience were indulgent, and the farce would have been gone through *tant bien que mal*, had not the aforesaid ardent lover made a most awful and at the same time ludicrous mistake while making love to the fair Bidy, the object of his adoration. I have said that the "Inamorato" was imperfect in his part :

now for an example. In the scene where the lover is kneeling, and breathing forth in impassioned tones his protestations to the object of his affections, the immaculate Biddy—lo! he faltered, and then came to a full stop: the cue was given from the wing; a word or two only caught the ear of the hero, who, as Fate would have it, subverted and misapplied the meaning of the sentence, thereby rendering his address to the lady a tissue of unmeaning nonsense. This so enraged our prompter, who was not the most patient and least irascible of Staff Officers, that he muttered in an under-tone to the offender, "D—n your stupidity!" The impassioned lover, still on his knees, thinking this was the proper cue, repeated, while beseeching his mistress to look kindly on his suit, *D—n your stupidity!* This very gallant speech, delivered at such a time and in such an attitude, produced, as may well be imagined, a unanimous shout of laughter—nothing can be more ludicrous—the effect produced was indescribable. It was the

cause of a most desirable end to the entertainments of the evening, for this little *contre-temps* kept boxes, pit, and gallery in perfect good humor until the termination of the play.

In alluding to our private theatricals, I have done so to show how a little good may be effected while combined with a great deal of amusement.

The Emigrants of 1816 have good cause to remember our exertions ; and to this day I reflect with no little pleasure on the substantial service we were enabled to render our unhappy countrymen.

Balls, plays, dinners, parties, and all sorts of fun, feasting, and frolic, caused us to pass our winter most agreeably. Before the snow and ice disappeared, a Yankee Field Officer, a horse-dealer by vocation, one Major Slocomb, arrived in our Garrison from the States. He brought with him a *string* of horses, as Brother Jonathan terms it, some one or two of which, according to the Major's account, would have distanced

Eclipse. Give me an American horse-dealer for hyperbole and gag: he is the boy for metaphor.

A friend of mine, Captain J—— of the Engineers, and myself, had agreed to purchase a good cock-tail that could gallop a little, with the intention of running him in the Spring, as it had been determined upon to establish something in the shape of Garrison Races as soon as the weather would permit. With this object in view, we repaired to the livery-stables where "the Major" had put up his stud of thoroughbreds. The loquacious owner of this wonderful batch of high-bred cattle was in the yard smoking his Havannah, whip in hand, and looking as cute as a thorough Kentuckian alone can look. After enumerating the several estimable qualities of every quadruped in the stud, he inquired what sort of a "crittur" we wanted. Upon being informed we were in quest of a nag "wot could get over the ground rather smartish," he replied, "Now, Gentlemen, I'll be *candid* with you—

(mark the Yankee's candour I pray you, good reader)—if you want a *slow* horse, he won't suit you, for may I go to everlasting smash if he an't the fastest gallopper I ever clapt my eyes on—that ere chesnut I mean, gentlemen—him as the boy's a leading up and down. May I be *catamaupously chawed up* if there's his *ekal* (equal) in all Canada.

“You all know God Almighty was employed six days a making the world : well, and on the seventh he put on that ere horse's forehead. I say, you, Hiram (addressing the stable-boy), run him down below, and let the British Officers see what a genuowine American horse is. He arn't got no *wishousness* in him. Lord love ye ! he's as spry as a fiddler, and as pleasant as a tea-party. He's cheap as dirt at four hundred dollars.”

As we did not quite agree with our American dealer as to this fact, we took leave to express our dissent, the surest and most comprehensive method being to offer half the money. After a good deal of swearing, lying, asserting, higgling, and bargaining

the horse was ours for two hundred and fifty dollars: and I must in justice to Major Slocomb add, that this wonderful "crittur" did in part deserve the high eulogiums passed upon him: he was a good, honest horse, and ran gamely and well, as I shall presently show.

We have now brought the first winter to a conclusion. I have a word or two to say on the breaking up of the "Pont," a most wonderful and extraordinary sight, a description of which will be found in the following Chapter.

## CHAPTER II.

Breaking up of the "Pont."—Sudden transition of Climate from Cold to Hot.—Disappearance of Snow, and green fields are more visible.—Training Horses for Private Matches.—Cock Shooting in Wolf's cover and Sillery.—Lucky discovery of a lost ring.—German Sentry and the wrong Countersign.—Garrison races and capital sport, wound up by a Ball.—A short cut to the Lower Town, recommended by the Author to an enquiring Yankee.

' PRAISE the bridge that carries you over' is a trite and respectable old adage, and in obedience to ancient custom, I render all due homage and lots of "*kudos*" to the frozen *Pont* of 1817, for I crossed it repeatedly from the commencement of its congelation

to within three days of its final disappearance. To the eye of the European this breaking up of some miles of solid ice is not only a novel but a most astonishing sight, and one, which once seen, can never be forgotten, Incredible as it may, and I fear must appear, I crossed the ice from the wharf at the Lower Town of Quebec to the opposite shore of Point Levi on the 1st of May 1817, together with one or two Officers of the Artillery, and Mr. Davidson, the present Surveyor-General of the Canadas and one of the Commissioners of the Boundary Line ; and when we had reached the centre of the Basin formed by the splendid river over whose rapid current we were at the moment standing, the depth of the ice was plumbed with an orthodox line attached to an instrument constructed for the purpose, and half-way between the two shores we found *nine feet and upwards* of solid mass. We dined with Mr. Davidson at his beautiful villa on the southern bank of the noble river, and returned at night in his sleigh by

the same route, wrapped up in bear-skins and buffalo-hides, with our interiors well lined with generous Port, fragrant Claret, and sparkling Champagne, which as effectually prevented our feeling the pinching atmosphere as the furred covering with which our hospitable host had taken care to provide us.

On the morning of the 4th of May, a messenger was despatched to my quarter to convey the intelligence that the *Pont* was breaking up, and as I reached the street I heard a hollow, rumbling sound resembling distant thunder. The inhabitants were all making towards the heights and other spots which commanded a view of the river, and I ran as fast as my legs would carry me to the Grand Bastion, from which I could have an uninterrupted view of the scene. Here I found a pretty numerous squad of my *compagnons-d'armes*, to whom the sight was as much an object of novelty and interest as myself.

The crash of the enormous masses of ice which were borne down by the impetuosity

of the stream as they were jostled together was terrific, and as the frozen plain which formed a junction between the two shores was rent asunder, the reverberation may be pronounced truly awful. A deadly strife appeared to be carrying on by some supernatural agency, and the contention between the frozen and liquid element was absolutely frightful to behold. A more exciting and extraordinary exhibition I never witnessed, and I remained for hours on the Battery wrapt in wonder at the appalling scene.

The roaring, the crushing, and the battle of fresh water icebergs continued without intermission during the whole of the afternoon, and at night, when stillness prevailed in the Garrison, and the inhabitants had sought repose, the deep and hollow sounds were distinctly audible within our closed and sheltered barrack-rooms ; not even feather-beds, bolsters, pillows, and night-caps could keep the murmuring from our ears.

In the morning I was among the first of the anxious gazers on the Battery, but all

communication with the opposite shore, whether by ice or water, was completely cut off; all vestige of the magnificent, artificial road, with its symmetrical rows of pine-trees, had disappeared; and nothing met the eye save large fragments and hillocks of dislodged ice, which appeared to be chasing each other down the river as they were swept past the town by the overwhelming tide. The congealed masses were being hurried sea-ward, there to join the icebergs in the Bay of Fundy and the inhospitable regions of Newfoundland.

Notwithstanding these dangerous obstacles to river navigation, the Eweretta, generally the first ship of the season, rounded the Point in the afternoon of the 5th, having been for some days previously blocked up in the ice at Green Island. Her old weather-beaten commander had availed himself of the first opening which presented itself, and the stout vessel poked her way through every impediment, and was safely moored alongside the Quay before dark.

The arrival of the first ship from the Mother Country is always a day of rejoicing amongst the merchants, and creates almost as much sensation as the appearance of a homeward-bound Indiaman in that Insular Paradise, St. Helena ; and when in wartime the East-India fleet, under the convoy of one or more men-of-war, were wont to rendezvous at this celebrated Island for the purpose of taking in water, vegetables and other fresh provisions, the inhabitants were furnished with food for conversation for a good half year at least. I remember a fair damsel, a daughter of one of the principal merchants, asking me at a farewell ball given prior to the departure of the fleet, *whether London was not very dull when the China ships sailed ?* Thus it is in all Colonies : matters of but little moment to us "Gentlemen of England who live at home ease" interest those of our countrymen as well as the natives whose sphere of action is confined to local incidents.

In eight-and-forty hours after the arrival

of this ship, not a lump of ice was visible in the St. Lawrence. The weather altered as suddenly : from a Siberian climate we had a show of spring weather ; the snow dissolved as if by magic in the streets ; the hills were denuded of their winter coating, and, *hi presto!* we beheld once more something like verdure and our Mother Earth. The transition is in truth wonderful ; the face of the country in less than a week was completely changed ; and the extraordinary metamorphosis could hardly have been more sudden if an adventurous traveller had embarked with Mr. Green in the car of his Nassau Balloon from St. Petersburg in the month of January and landed in the South of France.

The masses of ice and snow which had accumulated in the streets were removed by carts and thrown into the river, and we rejoiced not a little when our moccasins and cloth boots were thrown aside, and we could walk, after the European fashion, on the

roads and trottoir. Sleighs, carriages, furs, bear-skins, and buffalo-hides were laid up in ordinary, and great was the joy on the day when we took our first gallop on the Plains of Abraham. A little spurt of half a mile on the turf between an Officer of the Staff and myself gave rise to a Match for a few dollars to be run that day month; and at the mess-table in the evening two or three more were made.

Our nags were put in training, and what with the physicking, sweating, galloping, trials, &c., the cocktails had but a sorry time of it. In a garrison town abroad, however, anything serves to amuse the youngsters; and nothing but racing was talked about or thought of. Every regiment can furnish its quota of grooms, and the condition of our half-breds shewed that we had exported a few proficientes in the ranks. My "bât-man," an old horse-artillery-man, was a top-sawyer in his way, and really understood the management of the stable.

He brought my little brown horse to the

post in tip-top condition, and to his judicious treatment of my Buchephalus, and his attention to the minutiae of obtaining I was indebted for winning my Match. But I must not anticipate.

While all these preparations were going on, and during the month which intervened ere I was to figure in a silk jacket on the race-course, I was not idle with my gun. My friend Mr. Hamilton had repeatedly assured me in the fall of the year that the cock and snipe shooting during the spring were excellent as soon as the snow had partially melted in the woods around Sillery Cove, about a mile beyond the Plains of Abraham.

About ten days after the breaking up of the ice I accompanied the hospitable merchant to this spot, and we were fortunate enough to find a very pretty sprinkling of woodcocks. The North American bird, however, differs essentially from ours : it is very much smaller, and varies in plumage, being lighter and redder in color. The flight is the same,

and so are its habits, and for delicacy of flavor is not to be distinguished from the European cock. If any of my readers should in the course of human events extend their travels to the capital of Lower Canada, they will do well to explore all the coves in the neighbourhood of Sillery Cove before they try any other ground. The birds invariably visit this spot at an earlier period than any other. The wood running down to the river is intersected by little rills, which attract these delicious migratorics in their flight. The shooting is good, and, on the day I am recording, I bagged between seven and eight couple, and my more experienced companion rather above that number.

My next trip was to the woods and fields above and at the back of the village of Beauport on the Montmorenci road, and about three miles from the Garrison. In the coves we found a few cocks, and only a few, not above three or four couple. I had four shots, and *missed three*: but I had dined the evening before with my West India

friend, and, as a matter of course, drank enough Port wine, to say nothing of a previous dose of his inimitable Madeira, to have frightened Father Mathew into fits. A magnum of Port, however old and however good, is but a sorry preparative for a day's cock and snipe shooting, on which occasions it is imperative on the sportsman, and especially the snap-shot, to have his head cool and his hand steady. But at the age of one or two-and-twenty, and with a bumper of ruby wine before one, who ever thought of the morrow?

At all events, I am free to confess to the peripatetic Apostle of Temperance himself that I never was of the number, and I blush to own, although verging closely on a cool half hundred of years, I fear I never shall. We must all pay for indulgences *dans ce bas monde*, and the penalty on this occasion was missing several cocks. Mr. Hamilton killed his two couple, and of these, I believe, a couple of those I had missed; and as soon as he had roasted me for my

*maladresse*, I took a good swig out of his pocket-pistol prior to going in quest of snipes, and I found the restorative had the desired effect, for, on entering a piece of stubble land, old "Slackback," the Major's gift, stood like a brick, and I killed my two first birds. We had some very pretty shooting here the whole day.

The snipes were scattered all over the fields which were cleared of snow, and before two o'clock I had bagged nine couple and-a-half, and Mr. Hamilton twelve or thirteen. There are also some very good swampy meadows on the banks of the River Charles to the right of the Bridge which leads from the suburbs to the Beauport road. Snipes are always to be found there in the spring; and although not so numerous as in the Fall at Chateau Richer, I question if as much real amusement is not afforded the bogtrotter in the month of May and beginning of June as later in the year. The cock and snipe shooting kept us actively employed until

the all-important day when the speed of our several nags was to be tested.

Before, however, I proceed to describe the doings on the Plains of Abraham—the Epsom of Quebec—I cannot resist recording an extraordinary piece of good luck which befel me, or rather the owner of the bauble I so accidently recovered. On the second occasion of my visiting the coverts around Sillery Cove, after beating for cocks, as I was returning through the grounds of Mr. Percival, the collector of the Customs, whose beautiful seat lies between the Cove and the Plains of Abraham, I perceived some object glittering at the foot of a pine tree, and, on picking it up, discovered, to my surprise as well 'as gratification, that it was a very valuable “cat's-eye” ring, which our Commanding Officer of Artillery had lost on returning from the hospitable board of the worthy collector during the previous winter. The Gallant Colonel, now gathered to his forefathers, had no objection to a glass (or more)

of generous wine, and having on this occasion imbibed rather more of the collector's old Port than prudence would warrant, upset his sleigh between the house and the Lodge, pitching his better-half, himself, and his servant into a snow drift. The astonished Colonel, in his struggles to release himself from his uncomfortable predicament, lost his ring, which he prized highly, having brought it from Ceylon, where it was justly esteemed of great value ; in proof which Messrs. Rundell and Bridge had offered a hundred guineas for it. On the following morning half a company of artillery and I don't know how many sappers and miners were sent to seek for the gem ; but the old saying of "looking for a needle in a bundle of hay" might be aptly parodied by substituting "a gold ring in a drift of snow." Their labors were fruitless, and the "cat's-eye" saw not the light until my lucky stars conducted me to the spot. I returned home with the trophy, not a little elated with my good fortune.

As may be imagined, the Gallant Colonel

was in ecstasies on recovering his lost treasure, and in the plenitude of his joy invited me to dinner : and in honor of the event the old boy broached an extra bottle, to which I did ample justice as well as himself, and, as it turned out, I could well have dispensed with this overflowing of hospitality. Our Gallant Colonel, by reason of his seniority in rank, was the Commandant of the Garrison ; and as I made sure of obtaining the countersign from him at night, in order that I might pass the sentries on my road up to Cape Diamond (where I was perched *pro tem.* while my quarters in the Barracks were being painted), I did not call at the main guard on my way to dinner for the necessary password.

It so happened that we had the 2nd Battalion of the 60th Regiment in the Garrison, which had arrived during the summer from the West Indies : nine-tenths of the men were Germans, and capital Garrison soldiers they are ; and so punctilious are they in all the minutiae of detail duty, that passing their

posts without going through all formalities to the letter would be as hopeless as to expect Dan O'Connell to forego his *rint*. I have said that the jolly old Colonel had indulged in an extra glass: in short, he was a little "consarned in liquor." Before we parted, he hiccupped an affectionate adieu, and on taking leave, in compliance with my previous request, whispered the countersign in my ear. Not quite making out the word, I begged he would repeat it. "Gib-Gib-e-ralter," that's the countersign. "Thank you, Colonel," I replied; and away I went. To those who know the distance and the scrambling road from the Artillery Quarters to Cape Diamond, I need not describe the infliction of climbing it: it is an awful undertaking at any time; but at night, and after a drinking bout, oh, *Sachristie!* I shudder to this day when I think of it! Well, I got on tolerably well until I came to the first sentry-box beyond the Esplanade, when a vigilant German bellowed out "Who comes dar?"—"Friend," I replied.—"Ad-

vansh, frend, and give ze countorsoin.”—  
“Gibraltar,” said I.—“Dat’s not de voord—  
can’t parsh.”

Whereupon down came his firelock turned up with a bayonet, which was politely presented within half a foot of my body. “But Gibraltar *is* the Countersign,” I continued: “I had it from the Commandant himself.” But the fellow was not to be talked over. All I could get out of him was, “Not de voord—can’t parsh.” Seeing there was no help for it, I returned moodily enough to the Colonel’s quarters, and was lucky enough to catch him before he was made snug for the night. Upon acquainting him with my errand, and apologizing for disturbing him, he expressed great sorrow for the mistake, and taking me aside, fearing his servant might take it into his head to undertake a nocturnal excursion round the ramparts, once more whispered the secret and talismanic word. This time it was “Malta.” After thanking the Colonel once more, away I trudged with the certainty of gaining my

virtuous bed without further hindrance. Alas! for the fallacy of human calculations! I approached my German friend with confidence. On hearing my footsteps, out he popped from his clock-case, and saluted my ears with the customary.

“Who comes dar?”

“Friend,” roared I most emphatically.

“Advansh, frend, and give ze countor-soin.

“*Malta*,” I whispered; “that will satisfy you, won’t it?”

To my horror the fellow replied, “Dat’s not de voord --*can’t parsh*.”

What I said I know not, for my monkey was up, and I believe I d—d the Colonel in my wrath for the trouble and annoyance his stupidity (or port wine) had given rise to.

Not choosing to risk a third disappointment, I marched off to the main guard, where Captain Pack of the 60th gave me the correct pass-word, which happened to be “*Minorca*,” so that the obfuscated

Colonel, though out in the word itself, was not quite astray in his latitude, and had stuck like a trump to the Mediterranean. Poor Old General Wilson! he died last year at Cheltenham—not of drinking the waters I will be sworn, for he held in abhorrence any liquid weaker than Port wine. He was a generous, kind-hearted old soldier, although apt to make mistakes three hundred and sixty-five times in the year when in his cups: and may my old Commanding Officer have the correct *countersoin* when St. Peter puts the question to him at a future day, key in hand!

It was during the first week in June that our garrison races (for our private matches had been magnified into this imposing title) came off. The day was a particularly fine one, and every individual, male and female, civil and military, who could leave their homes was to be seen on the Plains of Abraham. The merchants of the Lower Town, ever anxious to second their military friends in promoting sport, had not only

made one or two private matches amongst themselves, but had challenged one or two of the clippers of the Upper Town, for a trial of speed on the site of the immortal Wolfe's glorious victory.

The first race run was between Captain Montresor's Indian Queen and Mr. Malsham's Brown Bess ; catch weights, mile heats ; the former ridden by myself, the latter by the owner. This could hardly be called a race, for both heats were won in a canter by the Indian Queen.

The next affair that came off was between Mr. Burnett's brown horse Grand Turk and Mr. Fale's Paddy-whack ; catch weights, mile heats : the former ridden by myself, and the latter by the owner. The first heat was won by Paddy-whack, and the Hibernians sported their dollars pretty freely. I knew the stoutness and honesty of Mr. Burnett's horse, and, according to his instructions, took as little out of him as possible, just saving my distance.

I took the odds from Mr. Fale and his

party, and, when we started for the second heat, allowed him to lead until we faced the flat for the run in : I then crept up to him, and, *to all appearances*, made a race of it : but I had it all my own way ; and the third heat I could have won by a distance had I pleased. Mr. Burnett and his friends, as well as the military amateurs, won a few dollars on the occasion, much to the astonishment of the emigrants from the *green* Isle, who booked the thing as certain.

The next Match was between Captain Dickson's bay horse Selim and Major Cochrane's Humbug ; the former ridden by the owner, and the latter by Lieutenant Mendham ; catch weights, a mile and a distance —both heats won by Humbug in excellent style.

The Match which had given rise to this meeting was run the next, between my own horse Marquis and Captain Catty's Sheelah ; the former ridden by myself, and the latter by Lieutenant Furneaux of the Artillery ;

second mile heats ; 9st. each. " Though I say it that should not say it," as the nurses have it, this was the best race of the day, as the nags were more equally matched. The little mare had rather the foot of my brown horse, upon whose game, however, I could depend : my groom brought him to the post as fine as a star, and in splendid condition. The mare won the first heat, which I expected she would, but I ran her at score the whole way.

The second heat was a splitter, and a desperate struggle it was : I called upon my honest Marquis at the finish, gave him a taste of the steel, and landed him the winner by nearly a neck. The odds now turned in favor of my horse, although at starting the mare had the call. The third heat was as closely contested, running nearly neck and neck the whole way ; but at the Distance-post the mare had had enough of it. She was admirably ridden, and her jockey tried all he knew ; but the stiff little horse was not

to be headed, and came in an easy winner by half a length.

The last race was between Colonel Cockburn's bay horse Grimaldi and Captain Dickson's chesnut mare Columbine ; the former admirably ridden by Captain Kirk of the 70th, and the latter by her owner. The four-footed clown, however, had it all his own way, and won both heats in a canter.

Thus ended one of the best day's amusements I ever enjoyed. Every one was pleased, barring the losers ; and to this meeting may be attributed the subsequent establishment of the Quebec Garrison Racing Club, the flourishing state of its funds, and the support and encouragement it has met with up to the present time. With such patronage as that afforded at a later period by the lamented Duke of Richmond, Lord Dalhousie and Lord Aylmer, this is not to be wondered at.

I shall have occasion in the course of this

work to allude to these distinguished noblemen—that is, when in following up my little narrative they will appear in chronological order ; but we must not anticipate. We wound up the day I have recorded by a dinner at the Union Hotel, when a whole string of rules and regulations were drawn up and agreed to, subscriptions entered into, and as the wine circulated and did its work, an unprejudiced listener might have been led to believe that Newmarket, Epsom, and Ascot, the Robinsons, Buckles, and Chifneys were to sink into insignificance when placed in comparison with our achievements on the Plains of Abraham.

To recount the number of toasts given and drunk, the number of songs sung, the quantity of claret consumed, or the variety of devils devoured to give zest to the wine, is a task I cannot impose upon myself. As the evening advanced the songs became more humorous and *descriptive*, and as we reeled out from beneath the porch of the caravan-

sery, the assurance which was chanted forth from the throttles of a dozen *convives*, that they did not intend to "go home till morning," was utterly useless, seeing that Aurora had already unbuttoned her eyelids and was peeping daylight at us from beneath her eastern canopy. We all reached our couches in safety after as uproarious a night as any gentlemen's sons need wish to spend. We were only too jolly, that was all—for good feeling and harmony presided over this Bacchanalian feast.

Our race-course had been honored by the presence of one or two American birds of passage, for on the following—or rather the same—morning, as I was chatting with an Officer on the Staff in the Aid-de-Camp's waiting-room of the Chateau (which is built on the edge of a precipice, absolutely hanging over the Lower Town at the height of two hundred feet or more), a Gentleman from the States made his appearance somewhat abruptly, and addressed me rather unceremoniously as follows :—

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*R. J. Hammer*

THE AUTHOR OFFERS "SHORT CUT" TO A YANKEE.

"I say, Captain, can you tell me the shortest way to the Lower Town?"

Upon turning round to my interrogator, and recognising the Yankee *patois*, I beckoned him into the verandah or balcony, and pointing to the houses which lay at such a dizzy distance beneath us, I replied—

"If you will take the trouble, Sir, to jump over the balustrade you will find that *by far the shortest way* to the Lower Town—at least that I know of."

The Gentleman stared not a little, and looked somewhat mystified; but, recovering from his surprise said—

"I guess, you Britisher, you're poking your fun at me. I saw you ride yesterday, and may I be considerably d—d if I don't bring a Virginy horse down to these parts which shall flog all your soldier cattle hollow, and I'll walk into your dollars as soon as H—ll would scorch a feather."

With this parting malediction he left me in high dudgeon. The fellow kept his word

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THE AUTHOR OFFERS "SHORT CUT" TO A YANKEE.

R. J. Hannen

in part, for he brought a dark chesnut with one eye the following year, which could go the pace, as the reader shall know hereafter.

## CHAPTER V.

Preparations for a future Race-meeting.—Good Cock and Snipe-shooting in the neighbourhood of Old Lorette.—Removal of the Seat of Government from Quebec to Montreal.—The policy of such a proceeding questioned.—Visit to the Epicurean Commandant of the fort at Sorel.—Fatal Consequence of going to Jacques Cartier without the *Maquereau* cosmetic.—Trip to Sorel.—Captain Thomas and his French “chef” François.—The paste rises at last.—A visit to the 19th Dragoons at Chambly.—Adventure of the Bull-bitch Nettle, with the Yankee Bear.

OUR summer diversions commenced most auspiciously, as will have been seen by the last Chapter, and the result of our maiden attempt to establish Garrison races was as satisfactory as the most sanguine could have anticipated or wished for.

The more active of the promoters of this national pastime received the thanks of young and old for the amusement afforded them ; although some of the belles, at least the unmarried ones, of the tinned roof city, reproached the Stewards for having so selfishly organized a dinner for the male portion of the Garrison without thinking of the petticoats and a ball. Like good Knights and true, they acknowledged the omission with becoming penitence; not without a promise that on all future occasions the female votaries of Terpsichore should have their share in the nocturnal revelries which were to wind up the renewal of the sports on the race-course.

Peace having been restored amongst the fair malcontents, we bethought ourselves of our guns and rods, so soon as we had "dubbed up" our dollars to defray the expenses of a second race-meeting to be holden in the month of August following. Nothing else was talked of over our wine but Handicaps, Sweepstakes, Purses, and Matches.

The Heads of Departments and the principal merchants of the Lower Town subscribed liberally to the Racing Fund, and at the close of the meeting of the Club, which had been convened a day or two after the conclusion of our new "Newmarket Spring Meeting," we had amassed a very respectable and substantial fund wherewith to tempt the owners of cocktails to contend for the different prizes.

While our stud-grooms were busily engaged in physicking, bolussing, sweating, and galloping our Eclipses and Cotherstones, we embryo Sportsmen sought for amusement in wood, and swamp, and at the river's side.

The meadows and fields below and above the village of Beauport yielded a fair quota of snipes, while the adjacent woods and those around Woolfe's Cove, and the plantations of alder beyond the vicinity of Sillery Cove, supplied us with plenty of cocks.

A little beyond the village of Old Lorette, on the high road to Jacques Cartier—which is in fact the *grande route* to Montreal—

woodcocks will we found in plenty, especially in a little covert to the left between the village itself and the *Curé's* habitation.

I once took up my quarters in this little hamlet for a week or two beneath the comfortable roof of the wheelwright and waggon-builder of the place, who wisely added to his exchequer by letting a wing of his snug cottage to those who felt disposed to inhale a little pure air during the summer and autumnal months. In a mossy bog in front, as well as the rear of the building on both sides the high road, the snipes are, or rather were, in great abundance, I say *were*, for the march of improvement may have enlightened the minds of the landholders; and the quagmire of 1817 may now be as dry as the Macadamized thoroughfare of Regent Street in the dog-days.

In Canada, as well as elsewhere, changes and startling alterations have taken place of late years. Amongst the greatest of these, if report speak truly, has been the removal of the seat of Government from the ancient

city of Quebec to Montreal—why this has been done I leave to wiser heads than mine to determine, but I cannot think of the measure without a feeling of regret. The very name of Quebec conjures up a thousand proud as well as glorious associations. On the Plains without its walls, one of the most decisive and important victories that grace our military annals was gained: the name of Woolfe is, or ought to be, endeared to every Englishman; and the removal of our troops from the capital city of Lower Canada to any other fortified town must tend to weaken the enthusiastic feeling which should ever be kept alive in the breast of the soldier.

The very name of Quebec should be revered and hallowed; and deserting its walls seems as if we were forgetful of past glories, and of the valor which put us in possession of the strongest and most important city of our North American conquest. I should as soon have looked for the Court of St. James's removing to Birmingham, as

the Governor-General of the Canadas betaking himself, his Staff and suite, to Montreal or Kingston.

I begin to think that the discontented Tory was right when he exclaimed "that everything had gone wrong since the Reform Bill." In the event of a war with Brother Jonathan, I should say that prudence as well as military judgment would suggest the expediency of making this ancient and almost impregnable citadel our stronghold ; and, in a commercial point of view, the natural advantages are so obvious that it almost staggers belief that even in the piping times of peace the military should be withdrawn from the mercantile body. When I speak of the *natural* advantages, I allude to the splendid basin and harbor under the very walls of the town, to which a three-decker could approach in safety : vessels of the largest class and tonnage can ride in fifteen and twenty fathom water ; and the valuable cargoes which arrive from the Mother Country, and the equally valuable

produce of the soil exported from this seat of commerce, must ever give importance to this wealthy and populous city. But I forget that I am writing of 1817, and not 1845, so we will skip back some few eight-and-twenty years, and see how we managed matters in those days.

Towards the end of June, as I was sipping my wine with my old friend Tom Trigge, the present Barrack Master of Quebec who at the time I speak of was on the Staff and acting as Assistant Military Secretary to the Governor-General, we agreed, after our third bottle, to start for Jacques Cartier at daylight and kill a basket full of trout above the Bridge.

When the wine is in, the wit is out, they say; in proof of which sapient adage I never bethought me of the fragrant cosmetic, the infallible mixture of hog's-lard and turpentine, wherewith to ward off the attacks of the insatiable mosquitoes; but who, either in the Old or New World, ever gathered his tackle together and packed a

carpet-bag after midnight, and *Bacchi plenus*, into the bargain, without forgetting some essential article ?

The thing's *unpossible*, as Sam Weller would have said ; and as what's *unpossible* can't be, I started with my companion for the far-famed Jacques Cartier at early dawn unprovided with the Major's antidote. We reached our destination by noon, and after a slight refection sallied forth in piscatorial trim, taking a short cut across the fields from the north bank of the river above the Bridge under the guidance of one of the fishermen's sons, who led us to a beautiful sheet of water about two miles from the village. Here we put our rods together ; and then for the first time I discovered my unpardonable forgetfulness. My only hope was that the thirsty blood-suckers would not be in force so early in the season. Delusive dream ! Ere I had hooked my first fish, a vigorous insertion of the proboscis of a thorough-bred "gallinipper<sup>\*</sup>" soon gave proof how very much out I

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\* This is the Yankee term for a genuine smart-stinging mosquito of the back-wood breed.

had been in my calculation. I was soon surrounded by a swarm of the "critturs," who brought to their aid a host of auxiliaries in the shape of a damnable black fly, which were not less assiduous or expert in the art of phlebotomizing *extempore*. Such merciless besiegers of human blood I never saw : they seemed determined by one common consent not to leave a drop in my veins. I endeavoured to protect the neck and face by tying a handkerchief over my head ; but the intruders were not to be so easily repulsed ; every unguarded point was vigorously assailed, and I had no pleasant time of it ; and what with slapping with the left hand and striking trout with the right, I was pretty actively engaged in the double warfare.

My sport, however, made up for the temporary annoyance, which I little heeded as the fish were at play all around me, and rising at every living insect within their sight and reach. My military companion, however, not being quite so zealous in the

cause, and anticipating probably that his personal appearance would not be improved by prolonging his stay amongst the sanguinary marauders, very quietly cut his stick, and left me to fight my own battle by the river's side, while he returned to the villager's cottage overlooking the Bridge, where we had taken up our quarters instead of at the bewitching Widow's.

This desertion was somewhat pardonable seeing that he had a charming wife and a baby to match at home; and fearing a certain lecture on reaching his domicile for having damaged his beauty, he prudently avoided the mishap which subsequently befel myself. So intent was I on my amusement, and so greedily did the trout take the fly, that I remained by the side of this beautiful stream until after dusk, and returned home with more trout than the boy and myself could well carry. By the time I reached the cottage an uncomfortable tightness of the skin all over the cheeks, nose, and eyes led to the conclusion that I

was becoming rather puffy in the face. Hot water and vinegar were unsparingly applied, but all to no purpose : the swelling increased to a frightful extent, and by the time I laid my head on my pillow my own mother would not have known me. In the morning when I awoke, or rather tried to open my eyelids, no daylight could I see ; and I was subsequently told by Mr. Trigge himself, that such a frightful spectacle as my inflamed physiognomy presented he never beheld. Let my unhappy fate be a warning to any of my Readers who may chance to visit the Jacques Cartier, or indeed any other Canadian river, and never let them whip a North American stream without bountifully anointing themselves with hog's-lard and turpentine well mixed and amalgamated in equal parts. Thanks to Doctor Lloyd, of the Artillery, I was soon restored to my pristine beauty : but to this day I shudder when I reflect on the misery and torture I underwent.

Our reason for not putting up at the Widow's snug lodging in the toll-house was

two-fold :—firstly, the salmon were not at the time in their summer-quarters up the Jacques Cartier, consequently we had no object below the Bridge : secondly, by remaining at the top of the bank we avoided the long sandy hill leading down to the Widow's habitation ; and as our route lay to the right of this precipitous bank, and higher up the River, we betook ourselves to the very clean and comfortable dwelling of the principal fisherman, who rents a long line of the water for netting salmon. As you approach the turning which leads down to the toll-house, there is a sandy path to the right which skirts the overhanging bank, on the side of which, at the distance of a hundred yards or so from the direction-post, two or three very clean and well-furnished cottages will be seen. At the furthest of these we pulled up, and were snugly housed. The fishermen had fitted up their lodgings very respectably for the purpose of letting their spare rooms to the disciples of Walton : the beds were unexceptionable ; and we met with

great civility and attention, united with extraordinary cleanliness and comfort.

While I was submitting to a second edition of blood-sucking from Dr. Lloyd's leeches, I was visited by the Major, who, after laughing at my misadventure, rated me roundly for having been so imprudent and thoughtless as to go to Jacques Cartier without his anti-sting-and-tickle-quick specific.

"By the Powers," he added, "there's vartue in that same hog's grease and turpentine, and if you'd rubbed your face with the stuff, you wouldn't be looking just now for all the world like a plum-pudding."

This address was neither very consolatory nor flattering; but, being aware that I was precluded by my own folly from *putting a good face on the matter*, I submitted to the bantering with as much fortitude as I could muster.

The flies I used on this never-to-be-forgotten occasion were a "black Palmer," a "hare's flax," and a "whirling brown."—These will be found the most killing at the

commencement of the season for the trout ; the red, and soldier Palmers, drakes, and duns a month later. The best general killing or standard fly I found to be one of the Major's manufacture—body, a cinnamon brown ; wing, light partridge or starling's wing ; legs, blood red hackle ; tail, the narrow fibres of mallard's wing. This fly will take in all winds and weather, and I have seldom known it to fail even in this country.

By the time I was in a fit condition to shew my face in the Garrison, rumors were afloat that our Governor-General was about to undertake a trip to William Henry, Three Rivers, Montreal, and Chambly, on a tour of inspection ; nor were they ill-founded, for within a week some few of the Staff received orders to hold themselves in readiness to accompany His Excellency. As I had heard much of the beauty of the scenery around "Sorel," re-christened "William Henry," and had been told marvellous tales touching the fishing in the lakes and rivers

within a few miles of the spot, I obtained leave to join the party. I was acquainted with the officer commanding the post, Captain Francis Tracey Thomas, of the old 100th regiment, a *bon-vivant* of the first water, who had sadly mistaken his profession, for he was cut out by nature for a Lord Mayor or Alderman, instead of a man-at-arms in a marching regiment. His knowledge in the culinary art would have put to the blush the immortal Ude himself; his *déjeuners à la fourchette* were faultless, and his *petits soupers* unapproachable: in short he was *renommé* throughout the Canadas for his exquisite and delicate repasts.

Independently of his individual skill in the *ars coquandi*, he had on his liveried staff a serving-man of no mean pretensions as a *chef*. This "invaluable treasure," as the gallant and epicurean Captain termed him, had been picked up during the short peace of 1814 by his master, who had gone on a gormandizing expedition to the French capital for the purpose of ascertaining the

relative merits of the Parisian *restaurants*

In the course of the worthy gastronome's peregrinations, he encountered one of the supernumeraries of a celebrated establishment in the Palais Royal, who was willing to enter the service of Milor Anglais in the capacity of valet.

Finding upon enquiry that the aspiring youth was well qualified to fill the post he sought, and that, in addition to other recommendations, he was no mean proficient in the mystery of concocting *fricassées* and *béchamels*, the talented François was raised to the rank of Major Domo in the establishment of Captain Francis Tracey Thomas.— But to my tale.

On the appointed day His Excellency Sir John Sherbrooke and suite started for William Henry, a fortified post on the left bank of the St. Lawrence, about a hundred and twenty miles above Quebec. We landed at night, and the Commanding Officer, my friend Thomas, gave up his quarters to the Governor and his Staff, contenting himself

with a shake-down at a neighbour's house next door to him.<sup>9</sup>

Early in the morning the detachment under his command was inspected by the Governor-General, who also visited the fort, magazines, &c. As in duty bound, the hospitable Commandant of the Fort invited his visitors to breakfast, and one or two of us knew full well that no exertion would be spared to give us a *recherché* entertainment. As soon as his men had been marched off to their barracks, Captain Thomas hastened to his quarters to prepare for our reception, as well as to superintend, examine, and taste the various delicacies he had caused to be prepared for us. One dish above all others he piqued himself upon, and this was a *vol-au-vent*. The fame of this *chef-d'œuvre* had been spread far and wide, and as an avowed admirer of this delicacy, of which I had partaken with my gastronomic friend more than once, he told me in confidence, after the inspection, that François was to

out-do all his former out-doings on this occasion. While waiting for his guests, the Captain had been observed to walk up and down the balcony in front of his quarters in a state of nervous and fidgetty excitement, and as the time approached for their arrival he was nearly bordering on distraction. The following colloquy between master and man took place, which referred, it would seem, to the renowned *vol-au-vent*.

Captain Thomas :—“ François, does the paste rise ?”

François : “ No, sare ; he no rise yet.”

Captain Thomas : “ François, I shall be ruined and undone. The time approaches for His Excellency’s appearance : say *dear* François, *does* the paste rise ?”

François : “ No, sare ; *parole d’honneur*, de paste he no rise *du tout*.”

Captain “ Thomas : Hell and the Devil ! François, you d—d French son of a bitch, here’s the Governor coming round the corner ! *does* the paste rise, and be d—d to you ?”

François: "Ha! ha! *la voilà* yaes, sare, he rise now, sare, *magnifiquement*."

Captain Thomas, (with uplifted eyes and clasped hands, and an expression of thankfulness): "*Heaven be praised!*"

Such was the importance this Son of Mars attached to the good things of this life.

In justice to our *Amphytrion*, I am bound to say that his breakfast was in every respect unimpeachable, and every one of the *convives*, from His Excellency the Governor-General downwards, did ample justice to the savoury and exquisitely dressed fare that was set before us.

The breakfast over—for some time was consumed in discussing the dainties this modern Apicius had so lavishly bestowed upon us—His Excellency and Staff took leave of their hospitable host, and proceeded on to Montreal. As I was only on leave, I did not join the tourists, but determined on remaining for four-and-twenty hours or so for the purpose of reconnoitering the waters

and marshes in the event of undertaking an excursion at some future period. I consequently became the guest for the time being of the worthy commandant, who resembled to a shade, in appearance, taste, habits, and good nature, the late Sir William Curtis.

Before I started on my tour of inspection, my kind and hospitable host entreated me most emphatically not to be later than five, as his dinner was ordered for half-past ; and in a confidential whisper gave me to understand that his bill of fare would consist of a black basse stewed in claret, cutlets *à la tartarre*, a *salmi* of snipes, and some spring chickens ; adding, that he had invited Mr. Briscoe, of the Engineers, and a Mr. Monk, of the Commissariat Department, to meet me.

With such a tempting perspective, I did not allow my love for the picturesque to lure me beyond the prescribed hour, although I could have rambled until dark while contemplating the charming scenery of this locality. The woods and waters

around William Henry, however, have been so graphically described by Mr. Fenimore Cooper in his startling and powerfully written work, "The last of the Mohicans," that any attempt on my part would not only be presumptuous, but an act of supererogation. I learnt from a Canadian boatman in the course of my walk, that the black basse were very abundant in the lake, and that they were of peculiarly fine flavor. The black basse of Canada differs essentially from the fish bearing the same name in this country, and which are usually found in shoals at the entrances of small harbours and those streams which empty themselves into the sea. In one respect, however, they do resemble each other, for they will both take, and greedily too, an enormously large and gaudy salmon-fly : but here the similarity ceases. In color, size, appearance, and flavor, they are as unlike as (arithmetically speaking) Joseph Hume is to Cocker ; for the basse on our coasts and in our rivers is a woolly, flabby, tasteless fish, while the lusty native

of the Canadian streams is firm, flakey, juicy, and of surpassing flavor and richness, combining the firmness and solidity of the turbot or John Dory with the luscious savour of salmon. Good proof had I of the excellence of this finny delicacy at the well stored table of my aldermanic host. The talented François added another wreath to his imperishable laurels by the skill with which he served up his *basse en matelotte*: it was stewed to perfection; and although the French have it, "c'est la sauce qui fait manger le poisson," I question whether the fish required the aid of claret as a zest, for neither sea nor river ever afforded a more exquisite sample of piscine excellence than this identical black basse of which I partook at William Henry. In justice to my talented friend and host, Captain Thomas, and his Aid-de-Camp François, I must add, that the other *entremets* and appetizing dishes were of equal excellence with the savoury precursor above-mentioned, and that we jointly and severally did ample honor to the match-

less skill of the *Coquus Magnus*. Lucullus himself never presided at a more elegant or rational feast.

As we were sipping our wine—and very pretty tippie it was, for my host was as celebrated for his choice vintages as for the excellence of his *cuisine*—we were most agreeably surprised by the unexpected appearance of my old friend and brother chum, Captain Catty of the Engineers, who had wheedled his good-natured Commanding Officer, Colonel Durnford, out of a week's leave for the purpose of running up to Chambly to see some old friends, quartered there; and knowing I was so far on the road, and under Captain Thomas's comfortable roof, he very wisely beat up his quarters and joined our party. In a trice a few kickshaws were warmed up for the new arrival, which he discussed with audible *goût* at a round table in the corner, while we continued our devotions to the claret. We made a jolly night of it; and what with the wine and my friend Catty's persuasive arguments,

I was induced to forego my original intention of returning to Quebec on the following morning, and to promise to accompany him to Chambly. I never could say "No" in my life; and the Laffitte, with a pleasant trip in perspective, upset all my previous resolutions. My old friend and fellow-passenger the Cornet, weighed somewhat in the balance also, for his regiment, the 19th Light Dragoons, was quartered at Chambly, and I knew I should be *le bien venu* on presenting myself at the Cavalry Barracks.

Much invigorated by old Thomas's good cheer, Captain Catty and myself started for Chambly in a spring waggon of *genooine* Yankee build on the following morning. As the first bugle was sounding as a summons for the Officers to dress for dinner, we drove into the barrack-yard, after eight or nine hours of unmerciful bumping over an infernal corduroy road. Such a dislocating drive I never endured; but as neither my companion nor myself were of an age to care for trifles, we bore the infliction with

light hearts, and laughed and talked, when the few intervals would admit of our opening our mouths with safety, as unconcernedly as if we had been posting down to Bath in a britska. We received a flattering and cordial welcome from the Dragoons, and at their well-appointed mess-table the miseries of our journey per waggon were forgotten.

On the following morning, while we were standing on the platform in front of the Officers' quarters, the sentry at the gate of the barrack-yard sent a message to the Adjutant to say that an American with a bear and some dogs was desirous of exhibiting his animals for the amusement of the gentlemen. We all went down to the gate, and found that this itinerant Yankee was about to get up an entertainment on a common without the Fort. Thither we went after breakfast for lack of better amusement. It so happened that the officer of engineers quartered here had a celebrated bull-bitch named Nettle, which was afterwards rechristened Rose. Nettle, at the time I saw

her, was of a "certain age," but still in full vigor: she was of a very dark brindle, but the most compactly-made animal of her species I every beheld—low, broad, and muscular; and, although the gamest of her kind, was so gentle and fond with her master and his friends as to make her a general favorite. Nettle, or Nell, as we called her, had been known to achieve wonders in England in her vocation; but her talents and powers had never been called forth on the other side of the Atlantic. The Yankee had some good dogs with him certainly, but none of them what we should term first-rate. The fellow had a huge bear, upon which his tribe of quadrupeds could not make any impression: the bear shook them off as readily as you or I, good reader, would dislodge a musquito. The Commanding Engineer was induced to try the pluck of his bitch at this monstrous bruin, and dispatched his servant for her to his quarters. She was brought and set at the bear, but the unprincipled owner of the brute had, unper-

ceived by us, lengthened the tether of the baited animal to such an extent that he had unlawful liberty : in fact, by the unfair latitude allowed to the besieged party, the poor bitch had not a shadow of a chance ; the consequence was that poor Nell was most severely handled and cruelly punished by bruin, and she came off with a broken leg and two fractured ribs.

She was instantly removed from the scene of action, and consigned to the hands of the Doctor, who was no less a personage than an Assistant Surgeon of the Royal Artillery, rejoicing in the name of Quigley, and with whom the old bitch was a great favorite : the wounded animal's leg and ribs were instantly set ; the former swaddled in splents with Christian-like care ; Madame Nettle was supplied with a comfortable bed at the Doctor's quarters, and left to lap her sick broth while we returned to the Barracks to regale ourselves with more solid fare at the hospitable mess-table of the 19th Light Dragoons.

But mark the sequel, and the almost incredible game of the crippled animal! We were sipping our claret about the tenth hour, when we were called from the mess-room by an Artillery-man who had run from the Fort to the Cavalry Barracks to inform us that old Nettle had escaped unperceived from the Doctor's quarters, and had been chased by the "bear-leader," bludgeon in hand, vowing vengeance against the *tarnation howdacious hanimal*.

Upon seeking the Yankee we found that the bitch, to avenge her wrongs and the unfair attack she had been subjected to in the morning, had leaped from Dr. Quigley's window, some feet from the ground, and, notwithstanding her broken leg and ribs, had hobbled on her three remaining serviceable pins to the bear's cage or den outside the Fort, and had attacked him by herself and *choked* him—for the bear was found dead by its discomfited and enraged owner, who would most decidedly have destroyed her had not her master's "bât-man" and

one or two of the gunners and drivers rescued her from the Yankee's fury. This is one of the most remarkable instances of indomitable courage in a bull-dog I ever met, and occurred exactly as I have related the circumstances. Before her owner left Canada, he gave Nell to Captain Jebb, of the Engineers, and I believe Nettle, or Rose, as she was afterwards called, breathed her last at the seat of his forefathers in Derbyshire. I was fortunate enough to have a bitch pup from this courageous animal, got by a dog of Colonel Cockburns, our Deputy Quarter Master General. The young-un was the handsomest and best I ever saw; and as a proof that the breed was not deteriorated by the cross, *she ate her own ears on being cropped!* The father of this pup had been given to Colonel Cockburn by "ould Tom Grib," and was of course "nothing but a good-un."

## CHAPTER IV.

The 19th Dragoons Reviewed at Chambly by the Governor-General.—Trip to St. John's on the borders of Lake Champlain.—The Mammoth Pike of Canada, and capture of some colossal Muskanungee.—How to prove to demonstration that a coat will turn.—The first visit of the Season to Jacques Carter.—Great success of the Author and his friend the Major.—Return to the Garrison.

Two days after the adventure of old Nettle and the Yankee bear, His Excellency and Staff crossed the St. Lawrence from Montreal, and came over to Chambly for the purpose of inspecting the 19th Light Dragoons. This crack regiment which had so eminently

distinguished itself under the Duke of Wellington, when Sir Arthur Wellesley, in India, and had contributed in no slight degree to the glorious termination of the important and memorable battle of Assaye, was in the highest possible state of discipline : their soldier like appearance, and the rapidity and precision with which this efficient corps executed their manœuvres, drew forth the well-merited approbation of the critical Commander-in-Chief.

The inspection over, His Excellency partook of an elegant as well as a sumptuous *déjeuner à la fourchette* in the mess-room of the regiment, and having complimented the officers on the very creditable manner in which themselves and the men under their command had acquitted themselves, the worthy Governor and his Aides-de-Camp and Staff returned to Montreal.

The field-day having terminated so auspiciously, the principal performers in this military exhibition were not a little pleased at being released from drills, gallopings

wheeling squadrons, and other indispensable duties incidental to cavalry discipline. The pains taken by one and all, from the Colonel commanding to the Cornet, were not thrown away, for they must have experienced no little gratification on receiving the just encomiums passed on their *compagnons-d'armes*.

On the following morning my fellow-passenger from England, the Cornet, my much-lamented friend Robert Downes, since gathered to his forefathers, Captain Catty of the Engineers, and myself rode over to St. John's, an out-post towards the outlet from Lake Champlain, distant about twelve miles from Chambly, where a troop of the 19th were in quarters under the command of Captain Browne. A hearty welcome and a capital breakfast awaited us, after discussing which we took boat and did a bit of punt on the broad sheet of water in front of the Commandant's quarter.

Captain Browne had been a noted troller in the land of his birth, "Ould Ireland,"

and had acquired no little experience as well as skill on the lakes of the Emerald Isle ; and as he had ample opportunity for the indulgence in his favourite pastime during his temporary banishment, he was never unprovided with plenty of tempting live-bait.

I had heard much of the muskanungee, a kind of mammoth pike, in the Canadian lakes and rivers, and I subsequently discovered that my old ship-mate had kindly requested his brother officer to organize a day's sport in honour of my visit. Of strong and excellent tackle there was no lack : our rods short and stiff, such as are generally used for dead snap-fishing ; one or two of the lines of plaited silk, the rest of whipcord ; our bait consisted of small trout, very large minnows, and a bright little fish something between a dace and a bleak, which some urchins of the village had been deputed to catch in the brooks.

As soon as we were in deep water, and had approached the spot where our Cicerone

had predicted we should be sure of "a run," our rods and lines (wound on large salmon reels) were put together and the live-bait impaled *secundem artem*. Acting under Captain Browne's advice, I selected one of the captivating and lively white fish for my bait, and had good cause to thank him for the judicious recommendation, for my hook and gyp had not been lowered to the prescribed depth (about seven or eight yards) more than two or three minutes ere my reel was spinning like a Manchester jenny.

"Strike now," called out Captain Browne; and strike I did, and then came "the tug of war." I have hooked and played a shark many a time on the broad Atlantic in calm weather, but my arms never ached more from exertion than on the occasion I am recording.

Having incautiously handled my rod after the European fashion, my fingers were cruelly cut by the line being whisked through them with such extraordinary velocity: the excitement as well as the

novelty of the affair prevented my noticing the inconvenience at the time : I shall never forget the sensation I experienced on feeling such a monster at the end of my line. "Gently does it"—"now wind up"—"now let him go," were the alternate cautions given me by the experienced troller at my elbow.

"By the Powers ! he's a big fish, and I'm right glad you've got him," continued Captain Browne : "he'll give us some trouble yet : he's a forty-pounder at least."

Many minutes elapsed before I caught a glimpse, even, at my splendid prize ; but at length this fresh-water monster, having been exhausted by the resolute game I had played, came within view of our party in the boat : three hearty cheers greeted the Aldermanic pike—which vociferous compliment by the way was not received with a very good grace, for the disgusted captive abruptly turned tail, carrying with him as many yards of line as I could well afford him. He tried all sorts of dodges ; but the tackle was too

stout and he had been too firmly hooked to admit of his giving us the slip. Having run to the end of his tether, my friend remained quiet for a minute or so. "He's sulking now," said Captain Browne; "give a pull at him before he gets his second wind." Following my mentor's instructions, I went to work after the fashion of an Italian boy with a hurdy-gurdy, and wound away to some tune.

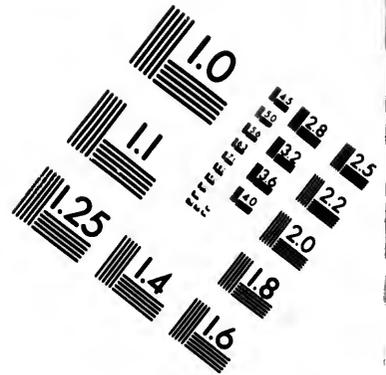
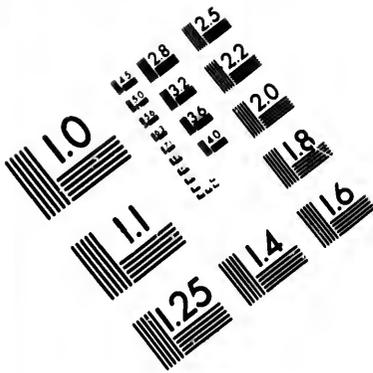
For the succeeding quarter of an hour we kept up a very animated game of "pull-devil, pull-baker;" but, as I had the best of it, I felt but little inclination to show any quarter—the race of the muskanungee was run; the sand of his piscatorial existence was ebbing fast, thanks to the stout gymp and honest steel that held him fast by his formidable jaws. A fiercer or more resolute customer I never battled with: he fought nobly, and died—as all well-conditioned pike of Patagonian dimensions should do—game to the last, and snapping at every object, animate or inanimate, within reach

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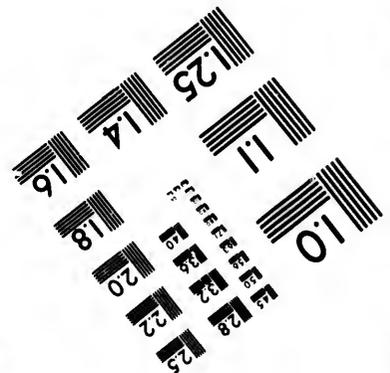
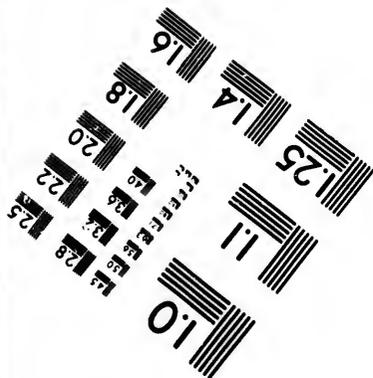
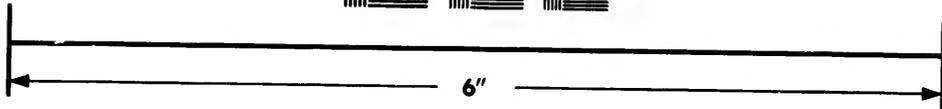
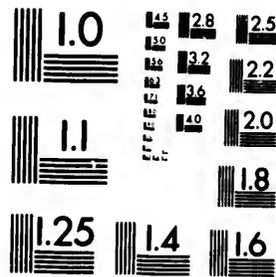
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HOW TO FISH FOR MUSKUNGE.

P. J. Hamerton.

of his molares. My experienced coadjutor gaffed my prize most dexterously as soon as the colossal fish was brought to the surface, and in a trice he was floundering in the boat, lashing right and left with his ponderous tail, much to the discomfiture of the Cornet, whose immaculate ducks and polished boots were awfully bespattered.

This little misadventure, however, was unheeded by the rest of the party, who exulted as heartily as myself at the capture : it was in truth a noble fish, and, when weighed at the "store" of a Yankee in the village, proved to be rather over than under forty-two pounds. This to the European troller may appear extraordinary, if not exaggerated, and sound somewhat like a traveller's tale ; but when I state that muskanungee in the Canadian lakes have frequently been taken of *double this weight*, the statement will not appear marvellous. Lieutenant Coultman of the 76th Regiment, when he was quartered at Kingston and York (now Toronto) in Upper Canada, repeatedly killed the mus-

kanagee in Lake Eric, the weight of which varied from *thirty* to *eighty* pounds! Two or three fish of sixty or seventy pounds each he has often taken in one evening. I call upon the jolly old "Sub" to come forth from his hiding-place—(I'll be sworn it's on the banks of a good salmon river)—and corroborate my assertion. This scientific and enthusiastic angler used for this particular sport a very short and stiff rod with four large rings; his line of whipcord well saturated with linseed oil, which he kept coiled by his side in the boat, and this Walton *secundus* told me that a hundred and fifty yards were not too much for these fresh-water sharks.

But to resume. It was some time before order was restored in our boat, for our new visiter did not give up the ghost until he had stood an unmerciful battering about the head, administered with an unsparing hand by one of the rowers, who almost demolished the tiller during the murderous process. As soon as this little "skrimmage" was over, we

pulled over towards the opposite shore in some very deep water which swept round a beautiful little bay. This was a favorite spot with the Captain, and I begged of him to commence operations on his own account, and afford me an opportunity of witnessing his skill. He took his station at the bow of the boat, while Mr. Downes, the gallant Cornet, was trying his luck over the stern of our little vessel.

For nearly half an hour the trolling pair were sawing the water without success, and the Commodore was on the point of steering to some other cruising ground, when a shout from the Cornet set us all on the *qui vive*. As he was a young hand at the sport as well as myself, Captain Browne kindly came to his assistance: the Cornet was nervous, and so eager to accomplish the capture by a *coup-de-main*, that, but for the timely interference of our cooler and more practical ally, the fish must have been lost. As it was, poor Downes in his flurry had contrived to shiver his rod to splinters, for

when "paying out" the line, as the sailors term it, he had contrived to twist a coil of it round his hand, and the sudden check had snapped the joints in two or three places. As good luck would have it, this second maskanungee had gorged the bait so effectually, and the hook had taken so firm a hold, that the demolition of the rod did not give him the chance, which it otherwise might have done, of releasing himself from his ticklish situation.

This was a comparatively small fish, but he afforded us a good deal of amusement, being uncommonly "spry and active," as the Yankees say, and struggling to the last to escape his doom: the old soldier, however, at the other end of the line was too good a general to be foiled or scared even by a pike, and, in a few minutes, victory crowned his efforts, for his prey lay quivering at his feet; it weighed rather more than twenty-seven pounds, and was in splendid condition. Before our day's diversion was concluded, Captain Browne took two more fish, both of

them under thirty pounds. I lost a tremendous fellow, if I may judge by the tug he gave me, from over-anxiety : I struck him too quickly, I believe, and he broke his hold. The year following I had some magnificent sport in the Upper Province, as will be seen hereafter.

It was now three o'clock, and as we were under a promise to return to Chambly to dinner, we were reluctantly compelled to land, mount our horses, and take leave of our jovial military host. He was much disappointed at our resolution, and used all his persuasive arguments to induce us to remain and punish his larder ; but, as Major Lisle at head-quarters had invited some friends to meet us at dinner, we were, per force, obliged to resist all entreaties : we hired a light cart in the village, the owner of which was the undoubted possessor of a fast trotting galloper—a "crittur," as he asserted, that went over the ground like a flash-o'lightning through an apple orchard."

In this flying vehicle was deposited the noble fish which I (and Captain Browne) had captured, with strict injunctions to the driver to make the best of his way to the mess-kitchen of the 19th Light Dragoons. Alas for mundane calculations! the piscine delicacy arrived too late for that day's dinner; but, to atone for the disappointment, he was most scientifically served up the following evening, with an unimpeachable veal stuffing in his interior, baked to a turn, and swimming in a most appetizing, strong and judiciously-seasoned gravy. My fellow *convives* enjoyed this splendid fish not a little, and, if I remember rightly, an extra bottle or two of claret were quaffed in honor of the occasion. It was in truth very pretty picking.

As I was absent on leave, I had left all my military harness in my barrack-room at Quebec, and, to enjoy my temporary absence the more completely, I had arrayed myself in a most becoming suit of "Mufti;" for,

after being buckled and belted in uniform for any length of time, the ease and comfort of plain clothes are indescribable.

It so happened that for this little excursion to Chambly my servant had packed up a pet coat of mine, made by that schneider of imperishable fame, the immortal Stultz, the father of the no less celebrated brothers who preside over their temple of taste and fashion in Clifford Street. Under the Baron's immediate supervision was this identical coat sent forth into the world on my unworthy shoulders. Its color was of a darkish snuff brown, of a most curious and attractive shade; its hue was in fact peculiar to Stultz's emporium, for I never saw the same indescribable shade emanate from any other firm of this coat-cutting metropolis.

Start not, gentle reader! it was, though brown, a dress-coat; for, in the days I write of, colored habiliments were admissible as evening wear in polite assemblies. On the evening of the day it first came into my pos-

session, in my anxiety to astonish the London world with this exquisitely-cut garment, I went to the Opera in it. In those days the *habitués* had free access behind the scenes, and I was not slow to avail myself of the indulgence, and many a pleasant hour of dalliance have I passed with the fascinating *coryphées*. But this is a digression : return we to my *coat-tale*.

Oh, luckless, hour, when my vanity tempted me to don this *chef-d' œuvre* of the classic Stultz ! It came to pass that on this fatal night a new *Ballet* was produced, with new scenery and appliances to boot. The dilatory scene-painters (artists they called themselves), the wretches who daubed the canvas with green sky and blue trees, had but completed their work of oil and mess as the prompter's bell rang for the overture. The manager (he must have been bribed by the whole fraternity of tailors), with a culpable and reprehensible negligence, had omitted to post an official notice at the wings that danger threatened the loungers

who flocked behind the scenes : he was thinking of his infernal ballet instead of the inevitable destruction of our coats. While whispering a little soft nonsense in the ear of one of the dear angels in tights and gauze, and to give due effect to the best fit old Stultz ever achieved, I leant uncautiously against one of the wings, my back supported by a thing like an overgrown cabbage, which the limner, in the innocence of his heart, imagined to be a tree. Tree or not, there was the paint, of which no inconsiderable portion was plastered on my unfortunate coat *Mais regardez donc comme Monsieur est arrangé !* was the exclamation of a little French *déesse*, and the first information I received of the calamity. Here was a tragic termination to my evening's fun, for, not wishing to play the part of a *painted dandy*, I sneaked out of the house and returned home to chew the cud of bitter disappointment.

On the morning following this night of misery, I went to old Stultz, and related to

him the disaster which had befallen his masterly production. He comforted my drooping spirit with the disinterested assurance of being enabled to turn the doomed coat. With this consolation in store, I took my leave of the talented Baron, who faithfully fulfilled his promise—the coat *was* turned, and looked as well as ever. This by way of prelude to the following.

And now to our narrative.

I was standing on the platform leading to the mess-room after breakfast, when my host, the Cornet, came up to me and said "That's a devilish pretty coat, Master Tolfrey, and not a bad fit either: who built it?"—"Stultz," was my reply.

After a little further inspection, my friend Downes added, "I've taken a great fancy to that coat, old fellow, and I should like to have it; for I think with a very trifling alteration our regimental tailor would make it do for me. I'll tell you what I'll do; I'll make a *chop* with you. Before I joined the 19th, my father had some idea of putting

me into the 7th Hussars, and I had a pelisse made which is now of no use to me. I will give you this said pelisse for your coat if you will spare it me, and I shall feel obliged to you into the bargain." At last I consented, and went to his room to change my coat. As I was pulling it off, he put the following singular, though pertinent, question to me: "*Will it turn?*" I could hardly forbear smiling as I unhesitatingly answered "Certainly; *I'm sure it will,*" little dreaming at the time that he would make the experiment. Well, the exchange was effected, and leaving my old fellow-passenger to the enjoyment of his newly-acquired treasure, I amused myself during the rest of the day in walking through the stables and looking at the horses. As we were both dressing for dinner, for he had given me a shake-down in his barrack-room, a knock at the door announced a visiter. "Come in," said Downes. Who should the intruder be but the regimental tailor, with my unpicked coat dangling in strips over his left arm, while

with his right he saluted his officer, and thus delivered himself :

“ If you please, Sir, this coat’s been turned already, and there’s a *green* place in the back of it.”

“ The devil it has,” said the Cornet, and turning sharply round to me, he continued :

“ Why, d—n your eyes, you said the coat would turn.”

“ To be sure I did,” was my reply ; “ I *knew* it would, and there’s nothing like a little experience in these matters : I proved it, for old Stultz himself turned the coat the day after it was made.” I then recounted the mishap of the Opera, at which the astonished Dragoon laughed most heartily, and I told him he would have saved his regimental knight of the needle a great deal of trouble if he had only intimated his intention of turning the coat *instanter*, as I should have made him acquainted with the history relating to it. However, he still was so captivated with Stultz’s master-piece,

that the military schneider received orders to put it together again, and my old friend wore the coat with great satisfaction until it was threadbare.

My holidays were now drawing to a close, and Captain Catty and myself, after remaining to the last hour which our limited leave would admit of, took leave of the jolly Dragoons, taking William Henry in our way ; whence, after an early dinner and drinking a bottle of Claret with old Thomas, we embarked on board the "Malsham," and steamed it down to Quebec just in time to "save our bacon."

Before we left Chambly, we did not omit to make tender inquires after poor old Nettle.

We had the satisfaction of seeing her, on the morning of our departure, in a fair way of recovery under the judicious and careful treatment of Dr. Quigley. The old lady's leg was carefully swaddled in splents, and as she lay bolstered up on the skilful surgeon's sofa, excited our compassion as well as

admiration for the patience she exhibited under her sufferings, and the sagacity and courage she had displayed.

When this paragon of bull-bitches was thoroughly set upon her legs again, she was sent down to Captain Jebb at Quebec, where she was shortly afterwards betrothed to a celebrated bull-terrier of Colonel Cockburn's. A numerous and handsome progeny blessed their union, and the breed (which has been carefully preserved) to this day is renowned for every quality which can adorn a pugnacious quadruped.

On my return to the Garrison I found that our Transatlantic Chifneys and Robinsons had not been idle, and that during our absence the process of training had been carried on most actively. Several new Matches had been made, and Handicaps were the order of the day : the Quebec-ites were racing mad ; but as our second meeting was not to come off until August, I was determined during the interval to run up to Jacques Cartier, and try my luck for the

first time that season in the salmon stands, not without a hope that I should escape a second merciless mauling from the mosquitoes ; for I still held in remembrance the martyrdom I had suffered during my excursion a short time before. As I never undertook a piscatory pilgrimage without consulting the Hibernian Walton, my kind instructor, Major Browne, I ventured to propose a quiet drive to the Widow's snugery on the Bridge, as I was rather anxious to have the honour of killing my first salmon under his auspices.

"By, the powers, Master Tolfrey !" said the Major *majorum*, as soon as the interesting subject had been broached, "you're just the lad after my own heart. I've heard of your doings up with the Dragoon boys on the borders of the Lake. By Jasus ! you'll become a Greenlander next, and be after taking the whales with a live bait. It's early days yet for the salmon, for I'll go bail they've not got the snow-water out of their stomachs : but I'm for a drive to the *Widdy's*

any how, so order a *caleche*, and we'll be off by peep-o'-day in the morning. I've been tying some sweet-looking flies, which would make a dead salmon jump out of a fish kettle if he got a sight of 'em." Not a little amused at the whimsical and hyperbolic eulogiums on his own productions, I left my warm-hearted friend, and lost no time in ordering one of old Michael Gauvin's best-appointed vehicles, and giving our mess-man a list of the *comestibles* requisite for the journey. By five o'clock I was at the door of the Major's lodging, rod and creel in hand, backed by a respectably-sized hamper filled with the good things of this life. Our Canadian charioteer, punctual to the moment, turned round the corner as the Major's Leporello admitted me, and in a few minutes we were *en route*.

There are few happier hours in a man's checquered life than those passed under circumstances such as I am narrating. That man must be a phlegmatic animal, who, with youth, health, and spirits, and bright worldly

prospects withal, could set forth in quest of his favorite diversion without pleasurable emotions ; and to fill up the measure of my enjoyment on this occasion, I was accompanied by a jovial, warm-hearted, and sincere friend, one who never professed a regard without freely bestowing it. This kindly feeling once engendered, the individual on whom it was conferred had good reason to be proud ; for a more honorable, noble-minded, guileless being never breathed than the frank and generous soldier by my side. Such was Major Browne of new Town Barry, late of the 103rd Regiment. Alas ! he has long since rendered up his last earthly account : but he carried with him to the grave the love and esteem of everyone who had the pleasure of knowing him. But I forget that I have to speak of the exploits of the living, and not to record the virtues of the dead.

What is life if divested of anticipation ? I should say, a senseless void. As we jogged along, we were playing and killing salmon "in our mind's eye, Horatio," and

counting *d'avance* the number of fish we should capture. All the favored spots we had visited the year before were brought to the recollection ; the merits of our several flies canvassed ; the excellence of our rods and lines discussed : in fact, I very much question if we did not as much relish the affair in perspective as we did the reality when thrashing the water with our ponderous tackle. We reached the blooming Widow's quarters soon after ten o'clock, where, in addition to a most flattering welcome, the gratified hostess knocked us up an *impromptu* breakfast, which I relished equally well, especially after my long drive, as we had only tasted a weak, washy, mahogany-colored mess which the Yankee landlord of the half-way post-house at Lorette, where our horse was baited, honored by the name of coffee. By way of contradistinction, our fascinating hostess, distilled some fragrant beverage from the *veritable* Mocha berry we had brought with us, so that, with some of her new-laid eggs, rich cream, and freshly-

churned butter, and a slice or two from a chicken-pie of our own importing, we fared tolerably well.

While we were standing on the Bridge, and putting our rods together after our palatable meal, one of the native fishermen clambered up the ladder from the rocks beneath us, to communicate, as was his wont, the state of the river, the arrival of fresh-run fish, and all other matters relating to the sport piscatorial. To the Major's uncontrollable joy the worthy renter of this portion of the stream gave us to understand that during the late floods the fish had come up the river, and that he had seen several new arrivals which were recruiting their strength in the Hospital-pool down below. He had taken but few in the leap above the Bridge, but those had proved to be in splendid season.

In addition to this welcome intelligence, he surprised us by stating that the night before they had been visited by *un orage afreux*, a violent storm, which had suddenly

swollen the river, and that he was certain we should meet with good sport, backing this opinion by affirming that he had seen the fish in the lower stands take the fly very greedily early in the morning. The Major's glee was exuberant in the extreme on hearing this unexpected news; in fact, he danced a jig on the Bridge, and cut such extraordinary capers, accompanied with so many whoops and antics, that he nearly shook the wooden structure from its foundation.

"By the piper that played before Moses!" chimed in the Major, "but we'll be tickling their gills for them! It's in luck we are to be the first up here, and just in the nick of time."

(Here followed a screech something between an Indian war-whoop and the yell of a cad of a Paddington omnibus.)

"Get ready, my boy, with all *spade*; *grase* your face, and let's be off."

As I was quite as anxious as my delighted companion himself, I was not long in obeying orders, and in less than ten minutes we were

trotting briskly down to the Major's favorite stand, the far-famed Hospital-pool. Here we drew breath, and the Major took an attentive survey of the water, which a slight glance assured me was in most desirable order.

"Sure enough and it is," soliloquised the veteran.

"What?" I ventured to inquire. An impatient gesture of the hand towards me, and "Aisey, and you'll see," was the reply I received.

Presently the Major was to be seen creeping stealthily towards a projecting rock, around which a curling eddy and froth were bubbling, as the main current of the stream swept swiftly by. As he approached the spot, his rod was gently raised and the fly dropped in a masterly style at the edge of a curl; as it was being agitated through the foaming ripple, I saw an unmistakable commotion just below the surface. The practised hand which had just guided the deceptive bait was raised for a second, and ere another had expired, the reel was spinning

with a velocity that told how well the old angler had done his duty.

“ Hurrah, Tolfrey ! there he goes, and it’s a fine fish, my boy : come and help me with the gaff, for I’ll land him on the flats down below, just above the fall, so that we shan’t be after disturbing the rest in the big pool.

Away we went down the water, the Major’s prize keeping him at a pretty good trot as he floundered over the rough ground. At the first check the salmon came up stream again, and appeared to be making for the deep water where he had been hooked. This, however, the Major prevented ; and after about twenty minutes manœuvring, I had the pleasure of gaffing the first salmon of the season, which proved to be a fine fresh-run fish of eleven pounds and a half.

“ This was the chap,” said the Major, as he proudly handled his captive, “ I saw when you were *spaking* to me up above there ; he was sucking in the flies like mother’s milk,

under the *craime* at the top of the water ; I thought I should have him, and by the Powers ! here he is : and now, my lad, do you go and set to work and catch the fellow of him."

I was nearly as much elated as the veteran angler himself, and followed his advice with right good will.

I returned to the spot where the Major had commenced, and tried a few casts, but without success. I fished the pool carefully down, and was beginning to despair of getting a rise, when to my indescribable delight, under a shelving projection of granite, just as I was about to whip my fly out of the water, a kind-hearted salmon took compassion on me, swallowed the tempting fly the Major had given me, shewed me his nether end, and went off at a splitting pace down to the spot where my military mentor had taken up his position.

"Aisey does it," roared out the Major : "let him go till I come to ye."

I endeavoured to obey orders, but I was

in a devil of a stew, for I was afraid of losing my prize. He must have been the Wieland of the Jacques Cartier salmon, for never did fish leap, jump, tumble, and twist himself about as this did.

“That’s a lively chap you’ve got hold of anyhow, Master Tolfrey,” said my companion as he joined me: “if you give him any slack line, he’ll be giving us the slip. Let me hold him a bit till he kicks the nonsense out of himself.”

I was too happy in this ticklish stage of the business to give up my rod to my old master, who told me to observe how he played and tired a salmon.

“When they kick as this fellow does,” said my instructor, “it’s a sign they are badly hooked, and you must keep a tight hand on ’em; for if you slack at all, the chances are they’ll *back off the hook*. There now! you see, keep him so, and mind you I won’t let him turn too often.”

Thanks to the Major’s skill, prudence, and patience, he exhausted my fish by good

generalship, and when his task was nearly completed, he placed the rod in my hands again, desiring me to wind up gradually and draw the salmon to the bank. Having followed his instructions as patiently as I could under the exciting circumstance, he dexterously gaffed my prize, and it was safely landed. He was a smaller fish than the Major's, rather under ten pounds, but in tip-top condition. I lost two fish before we left the pool, one of which I had played for nearly ten minutes. The Major killed a brace below the little fall, one a magnificent fish of nearly fourteen pounds. We returned highly delighted to the "*Widdy's*," where the smallest of the Major's salmon was dressed by her fair hands. The fish was in splendid order, and we enjoyed it not a little. The others were packed up, and forwarded by the mail-cart to our friends in the Garrison.

On the following morning we got up betimes, and were by the river's side soon after daylight. I had the good fortune to

kill two small fish, and the Major captured two brace and a half, one brace of which were "thumpers," as he termed them, upwards of twelve pounds each. Our fun lasted until ten o'clock, after which hour not a salmon could be moved. We got back to the Bridge in time for a late breakfast, and in the afternoon returned to the Garrison, where we arrived as the first bugle sounded for dinner.

It was with no little reluctance we turned our backs on Jacques Cartier, for there was no doubt the Major would have done great execution had we been enabled to prolong our stay; but our several duties called us to Quebec.

## CHAPTER V.

Second Race-meeting.—Ball to the Ladies.—A large party visit Jacques Cartier.—How to advertise for Stolen Harness.—Wood-Pigeons, and how to dress them.—Snipe and Partridge shooting.—Merchants of Quebec, their hospitality and good fellowship.—The Governor-General, and his abhorrence of school-boy pranks.—How to “*sarve out*” a tale-bearing Aide-de-Camp.

THE day was now approaching for our second race-meeting ; and the whole City of Quebec, or rather its inhabitants, were inoculated with a mania for handicapping.

The bump of “*Philo-Amateur-Jockey-tive-ness*” was strongly developed : the male

match-makers fairly outnumbered the female ones—I mean those provident or rather *providing* dames who take delight in disposing of other people's marriageable daughters, and love to see the youth of both sexes run "in couples," by assuming to themselves the privilege of thinning every Garrison town of its gay bachelors.

Our military dandies (and every regiment can boast of its *exquisites*), whose wardrobes were sufficiently well-stocked to boast of an extra suit of "mufti," converted by aid of the regimental tailor's magical skill, their colored frock or dress-coats into janty cut-away sporting Newmarket-looking garments. Cords and tops were in the ascendant, and "regulation trousers" at a discount.

Quebec in fact was redolent of Epsom ; the Plains of Abraham vied with the Surrey Downs ; and gallops and sweats were more thought of than morning drills and evening parades. Such was the state of things in the first week of August 1817.

Expectation, anticipation, excitation, tre-

pidation, *et omne quod exit in ation*, were the order of the day, until the day came round in due order to test the relative qualities of the contending quadrupeds. Even the proverbially apathetic and phlegmatic Yankees were "pretty considerably frustrated," and the eager throngs who flocked to the course told how great was the interest felt for the sport we had provided for all classes.

A detailed account of the running would not interest my Readers, seeing that a quarter of a century or more has passed away since our "terrible high-bred cattle" distinguished themselves on the celebrated Plain where the immortal Wolfe fell in the hour of victory; added to which, a description of the several Matches which came off would be all but a repetition of the doings during our former meeting. It is true we had some additional entries; but as it is to be presumed the animals which afforded so much amusement to their owners in the days I write of have long since run their

last race, and as Time has galloped at such a slapping pace from 1817 to 1845, that he has beaten my gallopers out of the Field, I must content myself with a condensed report of our proceedings, by stating that the August Meeting of the Quebec Garrison Club Races passed off with all possible *eclat*, and to the satisfaction of everyone, excepting always the losers ; and that at the conclusion of the day's fun I was some five-and-twenty or thirty pounds in pocket, having ridden five races and won three.

The Stewards with becoming gallantry, for which they were rewarded by the smiles of our *belles*, had determined upon giving a ball in the evening after the race-dinner. We all met at Malhiot's Hotel where a sumptuous repast was served up at six o'clock, and soon after nine we adjourned to the Union Hotel in the Castle Square as sober as Father Mathew after a tea party, where we welcomed our fair guests in the splendid ball-room of that capacious caravansery. The excellent band of the 76th regiment

soon set our legs in motion, and long and merrily was the dance kept up.

At one o'clock our partners were invigorated with cold chicken, ham and tongue-sandwiches, to say nothing of some very palatable Madeira and bumpers of negus of all degrees of strength and weakness.

The refection over, we returned to the *salle-de-danse*, where our Terpsichorean exercise was renewed, and continued until, in the language of *The Morning Post* of that day "Sol's brightening rays warned the fair votaries of Terpsichore that it was time to seek their downy couches." Each gay *cavalier* escorted his partner and her wearied mamma to their several domiciles, which gallant exploit having been duly performed, we sought our virtuous camp-beds, there to refresh ourselves after the fatigues of the day and night ; and of a verity we required not the narcotic aid of poppies or mandragora to summon Morpheus to our drooping eyelids. A long, sound, and unbroken sleep enabled us to come forth in the afternoon, ready for

another bout in "pig-skin," and "shaking a toe" afterwards.

All those who were instrumental in getting up these diversions were thanked in the most cordial and flattering manner by everyone who had partaken of, or participated in, the entertainment provided for them; and though I say it, who perhaps should not, both young and old had every reason to be pleased, for the convenience, taste, and inclinations of all had been studied, and every exertion made to gratify all parties.

The Bachelors of Quebec, old, middle-aged, or young, military and civil, of all ranks and denominations owed a heavy debt of gratitude to the kind and hospitable families whose doors were open to them, and whose pleasant, sociable parties beguiled many a wearisome evening, which in those northern latitudes might otherwise have been less profitably and pleasantly passed; and the jolly young Subs of the days I write of must look back with a feeling akin

to gratitude for being admitted unceremoniously to the well-bred circles of the intellectual female coterie which adorned with their presence the Capital City of the Canadas; and fortunate the "lady-killers" deemed themselves in being lured from the debasing influence of the bottle and the fascinating conviviality of the mess-table, by charming female society, which the old Eton Latin Grammar teaches us to believe *emollit mores, nec sinet esse feros*.

The crying evil of our Garrison towns and outposts abroad is the lack of good society, and to a young man of companionable qualities the absence of such attraction in many instances lays the foundation of habits of intemperance, and confirms a taste for tipping strong waters. I have known many a fine promising youth become a degraded being from this very cause. In many instances, the youthful Ensign on joining his regiment, is the bearer of letters of introduction to the Commanding Officer, and it oftentimes happens that he himself is

acquainted with the parents of the stripling or some of his relatives, and on the strength of this acquaintance the Lieut.-Colonel or Major is solicited to have a watchful eye over "the hopes of the family," and to prevent his drinking *too much wine after dinner*.

If the youngster evinces an inclination for an extra glass, he is lectured accordingly; and, fearing a sermon on intemperance in the next letter from the paternal mansion, refrains from the proscribed indulgence *in the presence of his Mentor at the mess-table*. But is the propensity, if it exist, effectually checked? Does the Commanding Officer follow the Bacchanalian Sub to his barrack-room, where grog, if not wine, can be indulged in *ad libitum*, and without a chance of remonstrance? No: so that, where the attraction of female society does not exist, and there are no balls or evening parties to entice a young man from the potent spell of the bottle, the chances are, that, for want of some more rational enjoyment, he becomes a

hard-drinker, if not a confirmed drunkard. This is scarcely to be wondered at : indeed I very much question if Father Mathew himself could escape the contamination under similar circumstances.

In making these observations, I beg most unfeignedly to express a hope that I may not be set down as a teetotaller : I hold in abomination the whole clique of canting humbugs. Bacchus knows, I love a glass of generous wine as well as any jolly fellow of my acquaintance, and many a good bout I have had in my day. I merely point out the danger lurking in the treacherous bottle when there are no "petticoats" in the way to lay claim to one half at least of our devotions. So far as I am concerned, I have ever been of opinion that a pretty girl looks infinitely more lovely *after* dinner than *before*. A few cups of sparkling Champagne and a bottle of fragrant Claret clear the visual organs most agreeably, and thereby increase a female's charms to a captivating degree. Thanks to the papas and mammas

who had begotten such good-looking daughters, and who had been considerate enough to transplant themselves to the Capital of Lower Canada, there was no lack of female attraction in our Garrison ; and those of the youngsters who preferred quadrilling to swilling, and were, like " Captain Wattle" of old, whom we are told in the song was

" *All for love and a little for the bottle,*"

were welcome guests in all family circles every night in the week ; and though some four or five-and-twenty summers have passed over my head since the happy period I allude to, I shall never cease to remember the hospitality and kindness evinced towards the dancing Philanders (*quorum pars MINIMA fui*) by the ladies patronesses of our delightful and sociable quadrille parties. Even in 1817 the mysteries of the then complicated mazes of *L'Eté*, *La Poule*, and *La Pasto-*

*rare* were beginning to be unravelled in the New World, and "Paine's first set" (and prettier airs I have not heard since) is still jingling in my head.

I have already remarked, I believe, that the City of Quebec was the pleasantest of all Garrison towns: it decidedly merited the encomium in those days "whate'er it may be now," as Lord Byron would have said. Independently of the advantages the neighbouring streams, marshes, and copses held out to the Sportsman, we were thrice blessed by intellectual, high-bred society within the circle of which we had the honor of being admitted. In short, we had a very merry time of it, and what with fishing, shooting, racing, driving, and dancing, we fairly drove the fiend *Ennui* out of the field.

As soon as the excitement attendant upon our race-meeting and its consequences had subsided, horses, training, gallops, sweatings, walks, and extra-feeds were forgotten, and we turned our attention to other matters: fishing and shooting once more occupied our

fickle minds : and, to wind up the salmon season, a large party was formed to pass a fortnight on the Bridge and in the village of Jacques Cartier.

I need not enter into the particulars of our achievements, the fun we enjoyed, or the pranks we played during the two weeks' holidays we were permitted to spend on the banks of this lovely stream : no school-boys could be happier than we were, or more uproarious in their mirth : Eton or Harrow broken loose could not have outdone us in mischief and noise. The only difference was that *we* handled the rods instead of our *quondam* tormentors, the much-dreaded magisters ; and we whipped the water instead of being whipped ourselves : and truth to say, when we were at work by the river's side we were not idle, and performed our tasks to the satisfaction of our Chief, the head-master of the School Piscatorial.

We killed a great many fish during the excursion, if we did nothing else worth noting ; and may I here remark *en passant*,

that August is the best month in the year for the novice in salmon-fishing on the Jacques Cartier river: the peal come up in shoals, and afford magnificent sport: they take the fly greedily on their way up the stream from the sea, and not only call for the angler's skill when hooked, but repay him for his trouble after they come to table. They are truly delicious; they seldom exceed five pounds in weight, but, in proportion to their size, are lusty and resolute beyond conception in their element.

Before the rains of September set in, we were once more safely domiciled within the walls of the Garrison. I found, however, on returning to my quarters that during my absence some unscrupulous person had done me the favor of breaking into my stable and taking therefrom the wheel-set of my tandem-harness, whereupon the following day I inserted an advertisement in the *Quebec Gazette*, which ran nearly as follows:—  
 “August 29th, 1817.—Whereas it was discovered yesterday morning that the wheel-

set of a tandem-harness had been taken from Mr. Tolfrey's stables adjoining the Artillery Barrack Square—if the person who so unceremoniously helped himself will call at the Ordnance Storekeeper's Office any day between the hours of ten and four, he may have the leading-set also upon application, as it is of no further use to the owner." I regret to say that this good-humored appeal did not produce the desired effect, for I have never seen my wheel-harness from that hour to this; and I have no doubt some rascally Yankee possessed himself of Mr. Whippy's splendid workmanship, and sold it for a good round sum to one of his countrymen in New York. I would rather have given the fellow a new set from any saddler's in the town than have lost this harness, for, I need not tell my brother-dragsmen, that Mr. Whippy's harness is worth more than most other maker's even in the Mother Country, and that on the other side of the Atlantic it was matchless.

As our operations with the rod were drawing to a close, we began to brush up

our Mantons preparatory to a trip to the marshes of Chateau Richer. From the end of September, and I might add the beginning of that month, to the time when the Canadian winter begins to set in, this swamp is and ever has been the stronghold of the snipes—in the neighbourhood of Quebec at least. Those of my Readers who do not object to wading through mud, and who, like myself, would rather knock over three couple of long-bills than ten times that number of partridges, let them take a passage forthwith on board one of the Halifax or New York line-steamers, and, having landed on the American continent, make the best of their way to Quebec, and if they do not thank me for the hint there is no gratitude extant. The countless masses of snipes in this locality would astonish the European shooter : there is nothing like it in this or any other country. Snipe-shooting in fact forms the principal feature in North American sports ; for of partridges there are none. Woodcocks are abundant, and so are wild-fowl of

every denomination, but the snipes outnumber them all ; and the amusement they afford to the bog-trotter amply repay him for the lack of ordinary field-shooting such as he may have been accustomed to in Old England.

When I say that of partridge there is none, I mean that not a bird will be found in stubble or turnips, but, *mirable dictu!* perched on pine-trees. The birds miscalled partridges are in fact a bastard ptarmigan, and as different in flavor to our indigenous breed as it is possible to conceive—resembling a bundle of red-deal shavings dipped in turpentine—for such is, without exaggeration, the flavor imparted to them from their pecking at the exudations from the fir-tree. The Natives knock these nondescripts from off their perches by stealing beneath the branches of their roosting-places and blazing away at all hours of the day and night. The flocks of wild pigeons, which are so large and dense as to darken the air during their flights (and this, by way of parenthesis, is no

traveller's tale, however strange it may sound as well as read), are destroyed in like manner, and for the table the latter is much to be preferred. The *ramier*, when scientifically dressed, is a bird not to be despised.

The wood-pigeon of North America, of the Continent of Europe, and indeed of this country (for they are one and the same bird), if certain precautions be not used in dressing them, will taste of the last food of which they may happen to have partaken. This indisputable fact is the more observable as regards the turnip, which rank flavor overpowers the really delicate nature of this species of game. The difficulty is to be overcome by roasting the bird with an onion *whole* within its carcase. The property of this odoriferous bulb draws out any unpleasant flavor the bird may have imbibed, besides imparting a very delicious aroma throughout its juicy breast. The onion must be abstracted from the interior before the cooking-delicacy is sent to table, and the presiding priestess of the kitchen must take

especial care not to over-roast the dainty : it must be taken from the spit with the gravy in it ; and if so placed before the epicure with some good *coulis* or game glaze, the expressed juice of a lime or lemon, and a gentle dusting of genuine cayenne, it is as pretty a wind-up to a repast as I know of in the whole range of culinary curiosities. This is a "wrinkle" worth knowing, and I recommend the reader to try it on the first opportunity that presents itself.

The dogs that I would recommend for the generality of shooting to be met with in Canada are thoroughly good high-bred, well-broken setters : they will be found the most useful. Nine out of ten of these superior animals will take water and retrieve : and with a setter so broken the snipe-shooter will do more execution than with a pointer, that is, if both dog and sportsman understand their business, in a marsh. I admit that an old steady-going pointer who has served his apprenticeship to this branch of his education is a valuable aid-de-camp in a

swamp, and such was Slack-back, the staunch old file given me by Major Browne : but this extraordinary pointer, who had a very strong cross of the fox-hound in him, was one of ten thousand. Every quality which a dog ought to possess was united in this wily quadruped. He had a wonderful nose, speed, sagacity, cunning, under perfect command, hunted to hand, took water, and retrieved : he was in truth an extraordinary animal, and I have never seen his equal since. He had, as I have before said, but one fault, and a venial one too : he never would back, and hence his name ; but as a single-handed dog he never was surpassed, if equalled. Still, were I going out to Canada to-morrow, I should infallibly take a brace or more of first rate setters with me, a good deer-hound, a retriever that would take water, and perhaps a couple of well-trained spaniels that would hunt mute. These latter would be found especially useful in the thick woods and coverts.

There is hardly any deer-hunting in

Lower Canada, but in the Upper Province and in the back Settlements, if you cultivate the good graces of any one or more of the wandering tribes of Indians, the hunters will shew you good sport, and one of the rough Scotch deer-hounds will be found an efficient ally on all excursions undertaken with the copper-colored guides.

But "to return to our muttoms," as a Frenchman would say.—Before the winter set in, we made several trips to Chateau Richer, and slaughtered the snipes by wholesale; and we also undertook a cruise down to Green Island, where my friends Messrs. Grant and Wood had taken me the year before when I had witnessed the misadventure which befell the unfortunate decoy-duck. We touched at nearly all the Islands on our way down, but none of them could shew a tithe of the birds we found on the renowned *Ile Verte*, and this must have been owing to some attractive quality in the ooze and mud I presume, and that the boring was peculiarly sweet in this spot.

We made the best use of our time before the hard weather set in ; for not a day passed that we could be spared from our duties in the Garrison but was spent in the surrounding marshes.

It is capital practice is this snipe-shooting for a youngster ; at least it makes a man a good snap-shot, although, if he confine himself to this branch of sport for any length of time, it may tend to render the partridge-shooter rather unsteady at first ; but to acquire quickness it is a good school, and what little proficiency I may have attained in the use of the trigger, I must attribute, firstly to the able tuition of a first-rate Sportsman, and secondly to the extraordinary quantity of game to expend my powder and shot upon. What if I missed shot after shot during my noviciate, I could always fill my bag ; and whether I was *minus* one or two pounds of powder during the day's work, I cared but little : by dint of persevering and a little *amour propre*, I acquired the knack of holding my gun straight and pulling at

the right moment, for, ere I left the good City of Quebec, I could kill my sixteen birds running. A very good snipe-shot, however, may be but an indifferent performer in stubble and turnips. I have known many instances of this ; while, on the other hand, several of my acquaintances who are first-rate men as partridge-shots cut but a sorry figure in a swamp. Some few of these latter I have heard assert that snipe-shooting is *a gift*. This I never could understand. The flight of the two birds is essentially different certainly, the one requiring a quick eye, a steady hand, and long practice ; the other, great coolness and good nerve. I would by no means advise a youth to begin his shooting-education by trying to knock over snipes. Let him acquire the rudiments of field-sports under a steady keeper, and commence with partridge-shooting. When he was reached the *Pons Asinorum*, and can bring down his birds right and left without winking, he may then betake himself to a swamp.

The fall of the year is a busy season for

the merchants of Quebec : the Lower Town is all bustle and excitement ! the wharfs and quays are crowded with timber-waggons, porters, sailors, and workmen of all classes : staves, timber, planks, and boards environ you on every side, and woe to your shins, if you happen to stand in the line of march of a wheelbarrow propelled by a Canadian : not an inch will he diverge from the line he has chalked out for himself, and many a Johnny Newcome have I seen laid sprawling from lack of a little experience in a *marche done\**, forgetful of courtesy or even ceremony. Whilst the last vessels of the season are being loaded ere the ice drives them down the river, the military see but little of their commercial friends of the Lower Town : but, with the last ship, business ceases, ledgers and counting-houses are closed, and the houses and cellars of the merchants opened.

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\* *Marche done* is a sobriquet bestowed on all Habitans from their vehement and invariable ejaculation of the words when applied to their ponies as an incentive to increased speed.

The first fall of snow is the signal for feasting, relaxation, and amusement. Though the *port* is hermetically sealed against their shipping, the seal on the Port in their cellar is taken off, and liberally uncorked for their guests. Their hospitality is as unbounded as unostentatious, and I know not any set of men who welcome a guest with more unaffected cordiality than the higher class of wealthy merchants in the good old City of Quebec. A most friendly feeling existed, as it ever should exist, between the Civil and the Military, and the only attempt at rivalry between them was who should be the first to entertain the other. The principal out-of-door amusement in Canada is the sleighing, and capital fun it is ; and the first equipage of the season, as it glides over the newly-fallen snow, is an object of as much curiosity as the Lord Mayor's state-carriage on the 9th of November.

The anxiety to claim the distinction of being "the first turn out," as the post-boys were wont to say in days of yore at Hounslow,

leads the ambitious charioteer to risk his neck before the paved streets and the rough roads have received the proper quantum of winter-coating; the consequence of which puerile indiscretion is the infliction of a cruel draught upon the horses, and the almost certainty of an ugly spill, the adventurers forgetting that "runners" are not wheels. The patience, however, of the "sleighers" is not very heavily taxed, for when the snow once begins to fall, it does so in earnest, and seldom without intermission, so that the face of the earth is soon covered by its dazzling winter-garb, over which the Canadian vehicles glide with inconceivable rapidity. I hope most unfeignedly that those abominations the *traineaux* and *carrioles* mounted—no, mounted is too high a term, I would say constructed—on low runners have been abolished. If the Canadian legislators have not put them down and prohibited their use, it is to be hoped that example has had the desired effect. All the military and every English resident adopted the high runner,

and some of the carriages in the days I write of were extremely elegant. The body of a Dennett or a Stanhope can easily be fixed on properly-built high runners, and in many instances this plan was adopted by those who prided themselves on a good turn-out.

It was during the winter of 1817-18 that the idea of a Garrison Tandem-Club was first acted upon ; but it was not regularly organised until the year following. It is true, we met on appointed days, and drove through the principal streets of the Upper Town in humble imitation of the Four-in-hand Club at home ; but we had no regulations or members balloted for, no President or constituted Leader, until the new Governor-General arrived, who gave an impetus to every sport and amusement within and without the Garrison. Of this revered and lamented Nobleman it will be my painful task to speak shortly. The usual routine of balls, dinner-parties, and amateur-plays kept us most agreeably employed during the winter : we had a pleasant and a very gay

season, although the State-balls at the Chateau were of less frequent occurrence in consequence of the illness of our Commander-in-Chief, and rumors were rife that His Excellency had applied to the authorities at home for permission to resign his command.

These conjectures were further confirmed by a report which was current in the Garrison that the Duke of Manchester was to succeed our choleric Governor. The succeeding mail from England, however, removed all doubts on the subject, for it was officially announced that His Grace the Duke of Richmond had accepted the office. That so popular and distinguished a Nobleman should have been selected to preside over the two Provinces, was as gratifying as unexpected, and some few, whom I could name, were profane enough to rejoice at the circumstance. Without wishing to detract from the merits or private virtues (and the term *private* is not misapplied, for the Gallant Officer kept them to himself) of Sir J. S., it must be confessed he cared but little

for public opinion good or bad, for he had set his mind upon carrying a point, the means by which the end was accomplished were alike to him ; and some of the stratagems he resorted to did not redound much to his good taste or good feeling. The following instance will illustrate the force and truth of the observation, and it will be seen that, however good the worthy General's motive may have been, the *modus operandi* was reprehensible to the last degree when Gentlemen were concerned.

It cannot be denied—the truth must not be concealed --there were some sad mischievous, noisy, rollicking madcaps in the Garrison ; and it is equally true that we (for I had my share in the pranks) invaded the peace of the inhabitants during the winter evenings. No matter at what hour of the night or morning these freaks were perpetrated, Sir John had them all by heart at breakfast time ; and it was no unusual occurrence for me to receive a message, delivered by the Orderly between eleven

and twelve o'clock, requiring my presence at the Chateau as the governor had some private business with me. I always knew what the *private business* was—nothing more nor less than a full, true, and particular account, slightly embellished, of the previous night's follies, which, when enumerated, a severe admonition, not couched in the most refined language, invariably followed. One sample will suffice.—Sir J. S. *loquitur* ;—

“ Tho, thir, you're there, are you ? Thit down thir : tho, I underthtand, you *that* up very late latht night, thir ; and you and your riotouth companionth were dithturbing all the people by your mad prankth. How comth it, thir, that you whitewathed the undertaker'th hearth and his hortheth too, and how dare you, thir, thave the tail of one of his black hortheth, and go and tie the long hair on the thtuff thurgeon'th rat-tailed gray pony ? Are you not athamed, thir, of thethe thcool-boy trickth ? And I hear you've taken down a pawnbroker'th

thign, and hung up a long, wooden thpout inthead ; and not thathitfied with thith, you thent a midwife to poor Mith—— (a nasty, mischief-making old spinster who dealt out scandal by the ton), who, you must know, thir, bethidth being unmarried, ith too old to require thuch aid. Now, thir, I inthith upon knowing who wath with you.”

I replied : “ You must excuse me, Sir John, from doing this ; for, even admitting I was of the party—which of course I do not—I should never think of betraying my companions. I did not do so at school, when I had partners in a scrape, and certainly I should not be guilty of such meanness now.”

“ You won’t, won’t you ?” roared out the General.

“ No, Sir John, certainly not,” was my answer.

“ Then, thir, tell me, were you the perthon, that thaved the hortheth tail ? or were you of the party ?”

"Before I answer the question, Sir, I must ask your authority for putting it."

Here the Governor's rage was *ungovernable*: he stamped and fumed, and finished the interview by ordering me from his presence, not without threats of arrest, court-martial, and writing letters home to my relatives to apprise them of my backslidings.

The mystery to myself and brother culprits was how the old General invariably obtained such accurate information—for we *had* whitewashed in the most workmanlike manner the undertaker's hearse, and we could not resist it. The mournful carriage was in the yard on the premises which were being whitewashed; the pails, buckets, and brushes were at hand, and the gates open; we saw the vehicle, and set to work on the moment.

True it is we shaved or rather cut off the flowing raven tail from one of the black horses, which we subsequently and most

dexterously appended to a worthy M.D.'s rat-tailed gray—but who was the informer? By dint of a little patience and manœuvring he was discovered. He was no other than a relative of the Governor, and this subservient, obsequious aid-de-camp condescended to act the part of a spy.

It was the custom of our mess to have a little card *ré-union* every Wednesday night during the winter, and those of our friends who liked a quiet rubber, a broiled-bone, and a glass of toddy afterwards, were welcome guets.

In return for the hospitality I had experienced at Sir John's table, I frequently invited his aides-du-camp, and amongst them his relative, to dine with me on stranger-days, as they were termed. The others frequently gave me the pleasure of their company, the individual in question seldom doing me that honour.

To my surprise, however, soon after the establishment of our little whist-club, the

convivial Captain *invited himself*, and never missed joining our jolly meetings, for we generally made a hole in the night, and never separated until after the small hours had chimed.

Now it so happened that if any mischief were perpetrated, it was always on these particular nights, and as secrets are supposed never to go beyond the walls of a mess-room, where every word is, or ought to be, held sacred, our exploits were freely discussed and commented upon. These conversations he repeated, and our pranks he divulged ; but as soon as we could fix him with this breach of trust and good fellowship we *sarved him out*. He ought to have known better than to have subjected himself to our tender mercies.

He fell into pretty hands did this said A. D. C. Having received from undoubted authority the proofs of his delinquency, I, on meeting him in the Castle Square one fine morning, expressed a hope that he would

join our party on the following Wednesday evening, as we expected a full meeting, some good whist, and a song afterwards. He came, he saw. but he did not conquer ; he *fell*, and fell a victim to our plot. Our rubber over, he sat down with us to supper : those who were in the secret were assiduously polite, and not one omitted to take wine with him. The devils, the broils, the stewed and scolloped oysters discussed, the grog was brewed and the song went round. As a guest, every attention was shewn him, and as the whiskey and brandy did their work, our friend became as jolly as any of us, and when he was getting comfortably *en train*, his grog was brewed for him either by myself or one of my allies.

An especial little tea-kettle was provided for the occasion filled with strong whiskey-and-water—of the latter very little ; stories were told, all sorts of freaks proposed, and after the old stagers had retired, we drew round the fire for the avowed purpose of

making a night of it. The unsuspecting victim fell into the snare: we fairly sewed him up, and when he was curiously screwed, and not particularly conscious of what was going on, we ordered our sleighs to the door, of which intention our grooms had received previous intimation, and we drove our guest into the suburbs, where some very respectable old ladies with large families of fascinating daughters received us most hospitably and with open arms. Having remained long enough in this quarter to *effect our purpose*, away we drove back again to the Garrison, galloping through the principal streets, stopping occasionally at the houses of the more sedate and demure families, and calling to our friend the A. D. C. loud enough for his name to be heard, and entreating him not to *pull their bells or wrench off their knockers*.

By this time our guest was nearly *hors-de-combat*, and having abstracted the key of the hall door of the Chateau from his pocket,

we carried him to the portico of the Government House, where we hammered and rang in such a manner as to astonish the knocker and bell quite as much as the inmates.

We left our friend in a pitiable state of helplessness, with a splendid pair of burnt cork *moustaches*.

Great was the uproar as we afterwards learnt, and the consequences of the night's adventure were anything but agreeable to this military tell-tale. At all events our revenge produced one good effect, the Governor never sent his relative down to our mess again ; and if our parties were *minus* an aide-de-camp, we had effectually got rid of a sneaking tale-bearer.

We had not any *Pont* during this winter, the ice never remaining fixed save at particular hours of the tide.

Spring came, the snow vanished, sleighs and carriolets were housed, the rattle of wheels was heard, earth and water were once more visible, and the first ships of the

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season were safely anchored in the Basin. Snipes and woodcocks once more made their appearance, and shooting was the order of the day.

## CHAPTER VI.

Contains a romantic love story.

THE adventitious aid of "*Déjeuners à la fourchette*," pic nics, dinners, balls, private theatricals, "*soirées dansantes*," carpet-hops, tea, toast, and scandal, enabled us to run through our winter most merrily, and snap our fingers at the fiend "*ennui*." As a wind-up of this festive season, two state balls were given by the Governor-General,

at the former of which, a meeting of a most interesting and romantic nature took place between an officer belonging to one of the Regiments in Garrison, and an elegant and beautiful girl, the daughter of one of the most distinguished as well as ancient families in the Province. The fair heroine of the following romantic incident, was all but a stranger to the English guests assembled at the Chateau, indeed many years had elapsed since this lovely creature, now, or rather at the period I write of, in the full bloom of woman-hood, had graced with her presence the capital of Lower Canada.

The circumstances which gave rise to this affecting interview, and the undisguised emotion on the part of the gentleman as well as the lady, I shall here take leave to narrate.

Independently of any interest it may possess, it forms part and parcel of my "Adventures in Canada," and as such is introduced here. The hero too, an intimate friend of mine, as well as a brother Sports-

man, has figured in these pages, both as a shot and a fisherman—and as the stirring adventures, in this extraordinary narrative, which I give in his own words, befel him just two years prior to our acquaintance, and as I was an eye-witness to the accidental meeting of the principal agents in this melodramatic story (which is true to the letter), I anticipate the thanks of all lovers of the marvellous, as well as the ladies, for affording them a little excitement if not amusement. This much for preface; and now for a bit of Love and Romance.

It was upon a cold, dark, rainy day in the month of November, towards the close of the last short American War, in the year 1814, that a detachment of the —— Regiment, commanded by Lieutenant F——, marched into the town of Montreal. The men and their Officers were drenched and fatigued, and not a little impatient at having to wait in the market-place until “Billets” could be procured for them. The city was already so full that no accommoda-

tion could be found at any of the houses of public entertainment.

After some delay the necessary talisman was obtained which would procure them shelter—it is an “*open sesame*,” which generally uncloses the most stubborn doors—in short there is magic in the word “billet.” F—— and about ten of his men groped their way through some three or four narrow cross streets, and halted opposite a large, gloomy-looking edifice, from the appearance of which he inferred that it must be occupied by one of the principal, if not one of the most wealthy inhabitants of the town.

An old servant in rather dingy livery, opened the door, evidently more surprised than pleased at the party, who, by virtue of the authority before mentioned, demanded quarters for the night.

With some reluctance he invited F—— into the Hall, requesting that the men might remain outside until he should report their arrival to his master.

The Officer, notwithstanding the vexation

caused by this unseemly delay, signified his assent, for he was fully aware of the annoyance this invasion of the domestic seclusion of a private family was calculated to produce. The Domestic shortly returned, saying, that his master would willingly pay any expenses which might be incurred, if his military visitors would consent to betake themselves elsewhere. F—— now waxed wrath, telling the servant that, however unwilling he might feel to intrude were he was not welcome, himself and the men under his command stood in need of rest and refreshment, and that, therefore, he must insist upon being immediately conducted to the quarters assigned to them by a mandate which could not be disputed. A further delay was prayed for, in order that preparations might be made for the reception of so large a party. To this F—— assented, being still very unwilling, in spite of the personal inconvenience sustained by his self-denial, to push matters to any extremity. Waiting, therefore, with as much patience as he could

muster, for the return of the servant, he comforted the poor soldiers without with the prospect of speedy admission within.

In something less than ten minutes the same person (no other having yet been visible) made his re-appearance, and conducting F—— and his party to a back entrance ushered them into a large court yard.—A spacious apartment, a kind of servants' hall, which had evidently been recently occupied, and which formed one side of the quadrangle, was to be appropriated, (the domestic said), to the soldiers. A cheerful fire blazed in a grate of considerable dimensions, and the poor fellows, delighted at having gained a place of shelter, threw down their knapsacks, piled their arms in one corner, and began to make themselves comfortable. Their Conductor, as if to atone for his late uncourteous behaviour, offered the welcome intelligence that refreshments would speedily be forthcoming; and F—— having been shown two comfortable apartments over the stables

which were to be made ready as the place of repose for his men, now bethought himself of his own wet condition.

The baggage-waggon had come up, and his servant having arrived with his port-manteau, he desired to be conducted to his chamber. The antiquated domestic, who was the only individual belonging to the family they had yet seen, led the officer and his man through a long passage up a back stair-case to a large, handsome, but very dismal, old-fashioned apartment.

The cold and damp state of the atmosphere showed that the ample stove with its fire of logs which was already shedding a genial warmth around its immediate vicinity, had been but newly lighted ; there was, however, a gladdening promise in the crackling wood, so having performed his ablutions and changed his dress, our young officer sat down to the enjoyment his cold and wearied state so much required. Having at length warmed himself so thoroughly as to be obliged to retreat from the heat thrown out by the

stove, F—— began to look about the room. A pair of massive silver candlesticks, holding wax candles of corresponding dimensions, stood upon the table, but even these, when lighted, but ill-served to illumine the dark wainscotted room with its sombre furniture. There were three doors communicating with the apartment, one apparently opening on the principal stair-case, and one into another chamber, this last being blocked up by a large press, which had evidently been hastily placed before it, so hastily as not to have answered the intended purpose of concealment, since the post and hinges were visible on one side. The discoloration of the wainscot showed the place from which the piece of furniture had been moved, and F—— feeling rather annoyed at the suspicion which so very unnecessary a precaution implied, began to entertain some curiosity respecting the inmates of a mansion in which he was evidently so unwelcome a guest. He had heard a great deal of the hospitality of the

families of Canada, but felt disposed to think the accounts exaggerated from the very sorry sample which he had experienced upon his first entrance into the country. He had sent his servant to join his fellow-soldiers in the court-yard below, and was now beginning to feel very hungry. He was unwilling to ring the bell for the purpose of enquiring if it would be necessary for him to sally forth in quest of a meal which would not be very easily procured at any of the over-crowded hotels of a place which seemed to hold out no promise of good entertainment anywhere.

Sauntering to the window he perceived that it looked out upon a large garden ; at least judging of the space from the distance at which the lights from the adjacent villages and suburbs twinkled, for the evening was too dark to make any other observation regarding its exact boundaries.

A book-case next attracted his attention, and taking up a volume, in a very ancient binding, he found that it contained a series

of Monkish Legends in French, of which he had heard, but which he had never chanced to meet with before. Missals, Lives of the Saints, and the Sermons of one Père Emanuel de Bouville, a Dominican Friar, composed the collection.

The speculations to which those observations gave rise were agreeably interrupted by the appearance of the same servant who had performed the scanty honors in the first instance, and who might almost have been supposed to be the only inhabitant of the Mansion. Gabriel, for by that appellation this trusty serving-man announced himself (a name strange to F——'s English ears) brought a tray in his hand, which being placed upon the table and duly uncovered, displayed a broiled fowl, a few rashers of bacon with a delicately poached egg upon each, and other concomitants equally refreshing to the eyes of the hungry officer, who, in spite of his reluctance to accept favors which he considered to be ungraciously bestowed, was too hardly pressed by the

cravings of an empty stomach to refrain from attacking the repast now set before him. A plentiful supply of Claret, brandy, and bottled porter, (the last in compliment to the guest's presumed English taste), crowned the board ; but F—— being habitually temperate, took no more than seemed absolutely necessary to recruit his strength and spirits.

The table cleared, he was again left to himself, and having satisfied his curiosity by the perusal of a few pages of the books which had invited his attention, he strolled once more to the window.

The rain had now ceased, but the evening (for night had scarcely yet appeared), continued to be dark and gloomy, and it was sometime before he could discern any object without. At length a sudden blaze, apparently proceeding from a bon-fire kindled in an adjoining lane, showed him the figure of a man standing opposite to the window, and apparently watching his movements. The light was so strong, that the form and features

of this person were distinctly disclosed, and the black cloth skull-cap, and the peculiar make of his coat and under-garment (a black silk vestment appearing), betrayed that he was a Canadian priest. The moment he discovered that his presence must be made known to the young officer, he walked away, and F——, feeling rather indignant at finding that his movements were so closely watched, drew a thick dark curtain across the window, and so shaded the light, that nothing passing in the room could be seen from without ; he even covered the key-holes of the doors, and now trying the one opening on the principal staircase, and finding that it was locked, he bolted it on the inside, being determined to secure himself from the impertinent intrusion of those who seemed to entertain a desire to pry into matters that did not concern them. Though not naturally of an inquisitive disposition, at least perfectly free from that vulgar curiosity which renders so many people desirous to acquaint them-

selves with the personal affairs of their neighbours, he could not help entertaining a strong anxiety to learn something respecting the family with whom he had been brought so unexpectedly into contact.

The only individual belonging to it with whom he had conversed was either singularly incommunicative, or, for some reason best known to himself, had put a restraint upon his natural disposition.

F——, while refraining from leading questions had made an endeavour to extract some information from his attendant ; but Gabriel, if comprehending his drift, had out-manceuvred him, for not a single word did he drop which could in the slightest way tend to the development of the mystery, for such there seemed to be, which hung over the house.

The excess of caution partly defeated its object, for it led the stranger to suspect that something lurked beneath it, which was not very creditable to the parties concerned ;

and this idea sharpened his eyes and ears and rendered him attentive to the most trivial circumstance.

It being now time to look after the soldiers under his command, and to see that they were properly established for the night. F——quitted his apartments and went down stairs, guided by a lamp which was suspended in the passage below. As he pursued his way, a door, partly concealed by a projection in the wall, opened suddenly, and the light within shewed a young woman, apparently a servant of the superior class, who looked with an eager, appealing face at the officer and made a sign; but in the next moment a step being heard, the door was instantly closed, and the appearance of Gabriel at the bottom of the stairs, seemed to explain the cause of the abrupt termination of the interview. F—— now passed a door of what appeared to be the kitchen, which stood open, but the apartment was tenantless, and the soldiers appeared to have the court-yard, adjoining, entirely to them-

selves. Another extraordinary circumstance, since as Gabriel did not bear the appearance of a servant of all work, there must be others in the family, who had evidently been removed in order to prevent any communication with the strangers.

Taking a serjeant with him, F—— left the house by the back entrance, and walked round to the front door for the purpose of reconnoitring a little. As he looked up at the large, dark edifice, unrelieved by a single gleam of light from any of the windows, the hall door opened, and out came the clerical-looking personage who had before appeared in the garden; the light of a large lamp suspended from the portal, enabled the parties to recognize each other, and the young officer almost intuitively touched his cap, from deference to the individual who to all appearance, for the time being, was his host. The other, affecting not to notice the movement, did not return the salute, and both passed upon their way. F——, having once or twice

turned back to speak to his serjeant, perceived that he was dogged by the man in black, who invariably remained loitering about, while he and the serjeant visited the soldiers of the detachment, who were quartered in small parties in different parts of the town. A disagreeable sensation came over the young officer's mind; so, without appearing to notice the intention of this spy, he determined to defeat it, and perceiving, in one of the houses which he entered, a second outlet leading to another street, he took his departure by that way.

He had not proceeded many paces before he met another of the few acquaintances he may be said to have made in the town of Montreal. This was an old Indian beggar woman, a squalid Squaw, who, during his detention in the afternoon of that day, at the door of the house upon which he had been billeted, had kept cringing and fawning, until melted by her forlorn appearance, and the saturated state of her scanty garments, he had thrown her

a small piece of silver coin—for F—— had not been long enough in Canada to become hardened against the appeal of its wretched mendicants.

The woman accosted him in a French-Canadian "*patois*," but not as on the former occasion with supplications for charity.

"*R'envoyez votre serjent*," she exclaimed ; "*il faut que je vous parle !*"

F——, scarcely knowing why, desired the serjeant to go the rest of the rounds alone, and meet him in the market-place in a quarter of an hour. "May God bless you," said the old woman in her broken French. "I ask a thousand pardons of you, *mon capitaine*, but on no account let *Gabriel* keep the key of the door ; be sure to visit the soldiers in the course of the night, and provide yourself with two or three pick-locks, they will be of great service to you—*remember this !*"

"PICK-LOCKS !" exclaimed F—— ; "how am I to get such things ? the people will take me for a house-breaker and a thief."

“That is true,” said the old woman ;  
“*you* must not buy them ; but trust me  
with the money and I will bring them to  
you ;—do not hesitate, for there’s more in  
it than you are aware of.”

Struck with the earnest manner of the  
woman, F—— drew a dollar from his pocket,  
and put it into her hand. She instantly  
disappeared down a narrow alley ; and  
wondering at his own credulity the young  
man remained standing on the spot where  
she had left him, expecting never to see her  
or his money again :—but in this he was  
mistaken :—the old Squaw returned in a  
few minutes, and put two picklocks in his  
hand. She then, with the honesty which  
is the characteristic of the poorest Indian,  
and which they so frequently display, ten-  
dered him the change.

“Keep it yourself, my good woman,” he  
exclaimed in some surprise at so striking a  
proof of the highest moral feeling in a per-  
son of her abject condition.

“May the good God bless you ! You will

hear of me again : I am Lika, the old Indian woman, who—”

Here the outpourings of her gratitude were suddenly cut short, for she again disappeared. F—— was made aware of the cause of her expeditious exit by the approach of the person who had dogged him before, who was now walking up the opposite side of the street or lane, and had been seen by the beggar-woman before she could possibly have been perceived by him, as the officer stood between them, and so closely to her, as to screen her effectually from view. He now walked carelessly to the market-place, purchased a few cigars by way of doing something, and then, being rejoined by the serjeant, returned to his quarters.

F—— forbore from any confidential communication with this man, because he rightly judged that he had been kept in profound ignorance of the affair, of the household, and that by exciting his curiosity, he should only render Gabriel, who would doubtless become acquainted with

any enquiries which might be made, doubly cautious. Assuming, therefore, a careless air, after he had seen that the soldiers were all safe, the prudent young Officer demanded that the keys of the house and of the court-yard door should be given up to him, as he perceived that Gabriel was about to take them under his own care.

“It will be necessary for me,” he said, “to go my rounds in the night. I have hitherto kept the soldiers from committing excesses, during the march from Quebec, by this means, and I cannot suffer any hindrance to the performance of my duty.” Gabriel obeyed, but with a very bad grace. He said that he should be up to open the door when it was wanted.

“I am unwilling,” answered F——, “to put the family to more inconvenience than is strictly necessary, but the interest of the service requires that I should have free egress and regress to the soldiers ; and as there seems a desire on your part to place obstacles in the way, I shall direct a corporal to take

up his post in the kitchen. He can sleep as well there as in the berth provided for him, and it will prevent the necessity of harassing the men by mounting a guard and planting sentinels at the doors."

A corporal was accordingly, much to Gabriel's annoyance, placed in the kitchen. He was a man upon whom F—— could depend, and commanding him to look to his arms, and to sleep with one eye open, he returned to his own chamber, and seating himself by the fire, waited impatiently for the time when he might sally forth again.

From the first moment he entered it, the young man had been struck with the extreme quietude prevailing throughout the house. Whether on account of the thickness of the walls, or the caution of the inhabitants, not a single sound broke the dead silence. At length he heard something, which seemed at first like the brushing of the wing of a bird against the window: it occurred again, and now a slight tap could be distinguished. The window being a case-

ment, opened easily, and without noise ; and dangling from a rope he found a small packet, which he instantly unfastened. It contained a letter in pure and elegant French, but evidently written in haste, and which I have ventured to translate. He tore it open, and read as follows :—

“ You are a soldier and a gentleman, and consequently bound to rescue the distressed. I have no time for explanation ; let it suffice that I am in a most cruel and painful position, and shall become the victim of a heartless project unless I can effect my escape this night. *Send up the picklocks,* together with a complete suit of your clothes : they may be too large, but I will make them fit. Remove the large press which stands against the door, and be ready to receive, and conduct me from this place—lose not a moment, for there is a person watching in the garden, whose attention can only be drawn off for a few minutes..

F—— could not make out from this letter whether the writer were male or female ; he

inclined to believe it must be the latter ; but without waiting to consider, he proceeded to fulfil the desire of his unknown correspondent. It happened very fortunately that he had taken charge of the uniform belonging to a brother Officer, who was rather diminutive, and which had been entrusted to him by a tailor in Quebec, to convey to the Upper Province ; and having a second cloak (for he was somewhat of a dandy, and kept one for bad weather), he made a bundle of the whole, taking especial care to inclose *the picklocks*. The weight soon rendered the party above aware that the rope might be drawn up, and it accordingly disappeared, F—— taking care so effectually to shadow the light from the stove and the candles, that no one, even at a short distance outside, could perceive what he was about. He next set to work to remove the press, which he contrived to effect without noise ; and nothing more remaining to be done, he fixed his eyes upon the door, expecting with some emotion the arrival of a

visiter. The clock of the Cathedral had tolled the hour of one, and F—— with his watch in his hand counted the fleeting minutes.

At length the door opened, and a person, dressed in the uniform which he had furnished, entered. It was evidently a female, though the skin had been stained to a dark tint, and she held her handkerchief to her face as she addressed him. Yet F——'s experienced eye could not be deceived, although, without the cause which he had for doubt, the disguise was so perfect that no one would have entertained the slightest suspicion.

A few hurried words alone passed. "You must get me out as quickly as you can!" she exclaimed: "Gabriel will be upon the watch; but the night is so dark, and I know the place so well, that, once clear of the passage below, I am sure that I shall escape undetected; and it is of the greatest consequence that no one should know how I got away or where I am going." F——,

directing his fair friend to keep close behind, led the way; he opened the door cautiously, and bethinking himself of another precaution, encased his feet in silk handkerchiefs, then quietly stealing down stairs, he contrived to reach the lamp unheard, and by a sudden swing to put it out. He then challenged the corporal in a loud voice inquiring rather angrily why the lamp had been suffered to go out. His companion darted forward before a light could be brought, and Gabriel only made his appearance in time to see F—— leave the house, for in spite of his watchfulness, having dozed a little, he was not aware that the lamp had only that moment been extinguished. F—— found his incognita on the outside of the court-yard: they walked on at first in silence, but at length the lady spoke.

“ I must seek the ‘ *Calèche*,’ or ‘ *Malteposte*,’ which carries the mail to Quebec: it will leave the town in a few minutes, and as I shall quit it without the walls of that

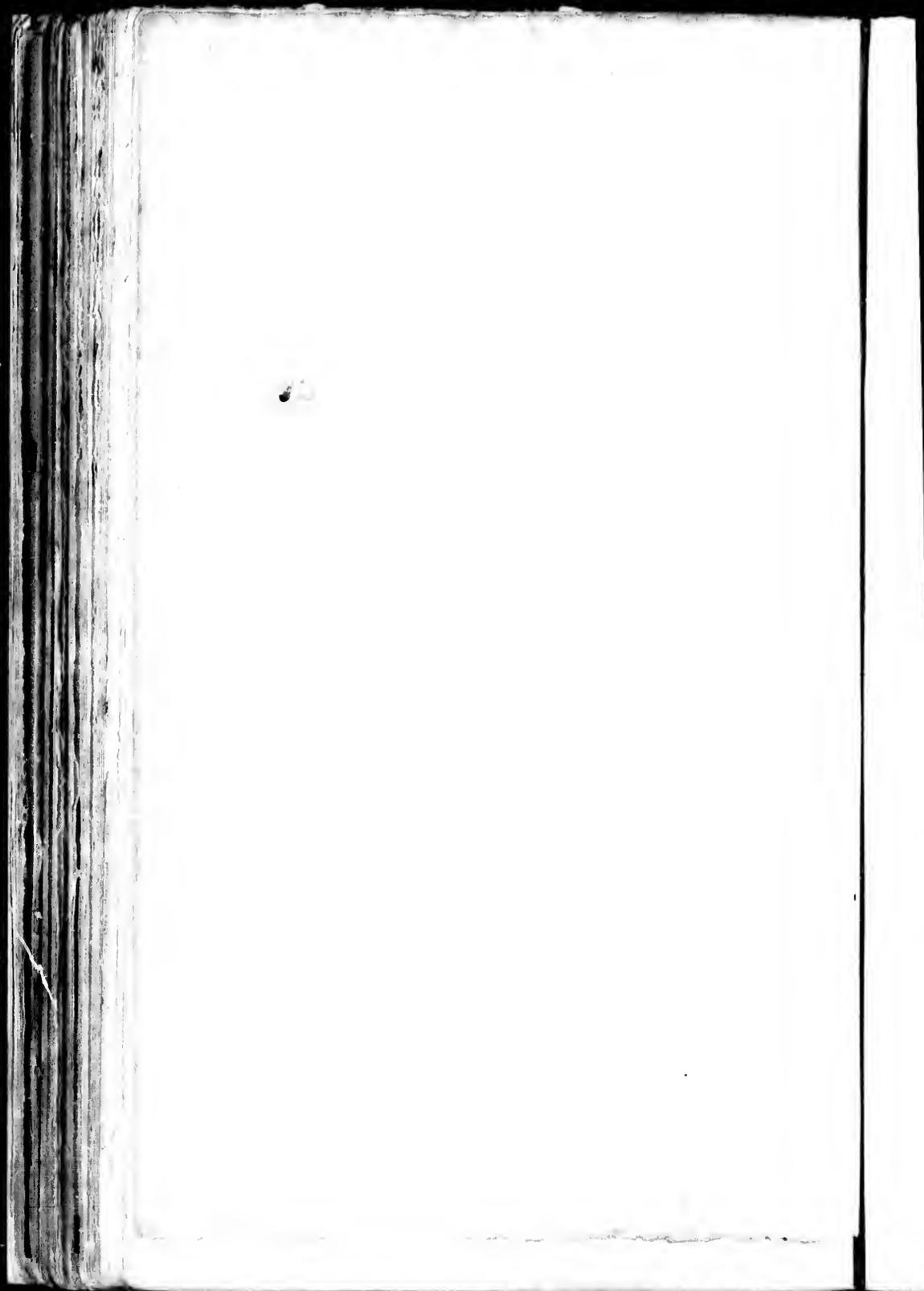
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THE ESCAPE.

*R. J. Hamerton*



garrison I cannot be traced, for we shall arrive at too early an hour in the morning for any one to recognize me. Oblige me, therefore, by giving me your card, that I may know to whom I am so much indebted ; my escape seems quite miraculous ; for I could not be certain that old Lika, the Indian woman (whom I once nursed when she was ill, and who has never forgotten it), understood about the pick-locks ; for without them nothing could have been done. And now let me entreat your silence, should you be questioned about this affair ; Gabriel will find my maid locked up in the room as he left her last night, and I have endeavoured to make it appear that I got away by means of another window in my apartment—a plan which I have sometimes thought feasible ; but at any rate it will be impossible for the aid you have so kindly afforded, to be brought home to you, if you will persist in affecting to know nothing of the matter.”

F—— promised ; and at that moment

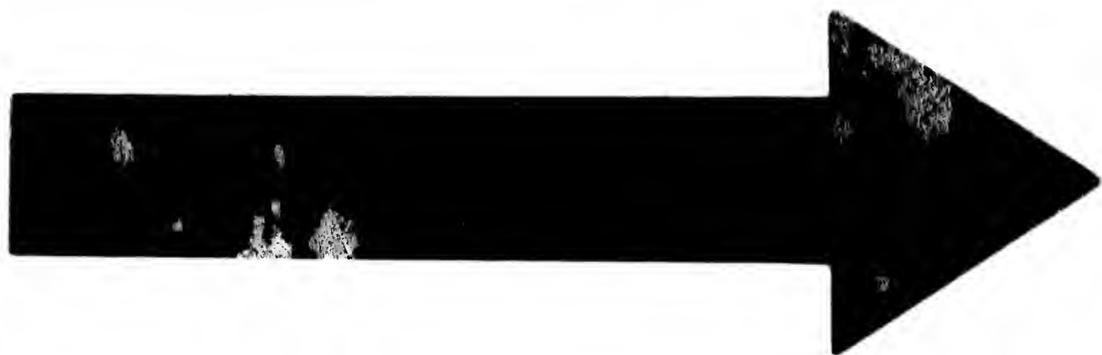
the "*Malle-poste*," drove up, and being entirely empty soon received the stranger into the inside. In two minutes, after a hurried shake of the hand, the lady was proceeding on her way.

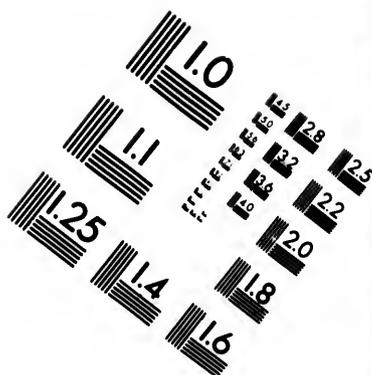
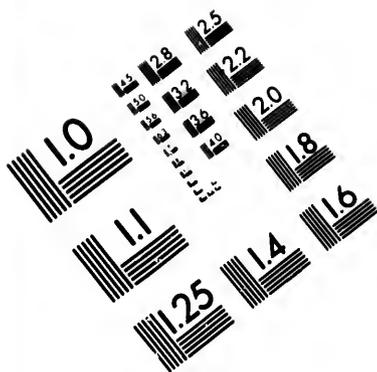
F—— then returned to his quarters, almost fancying that the whole adventure must have been a dream. Having dismissed the corporal to his berth, he sought his chamber, replaced the press, and then endeavoured to obtain a few hours' repose. The sound of the distant "*reveillé*" awoke him at day-break, and in a few minutes afterwards Gabriel entered with coffee and hot water. Apparently, the orderly conduct of the soldiers, who were preparing to march, and the quiet manner in which F—— had submitted to the rather cavalier treatment which he had received, had made an impression on this person's mind, and rendered him anxious by increasing civility to atone for the past. He, however, continued to keep a sharp eye upon the party, and saw

them march off with the most undisguised satisfaction.

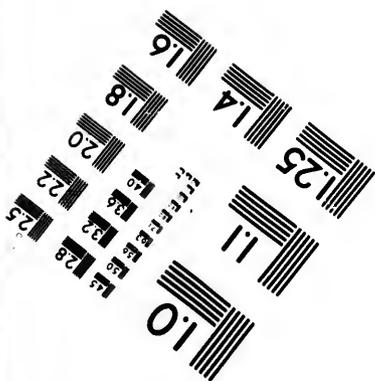
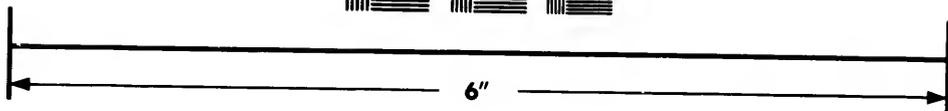
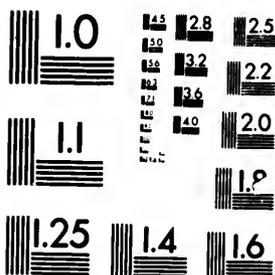
F—— smiled in his sleeve as he caught a view of his countenance, as he stood with his hands in his pockets leaning against the door-post, and watching the receding group until they fairly turned the corner.

They were soon clear of the town, and while marching towards La Chine, where the detachment were to embark in canoes for the Upper Province, F—— endeavoured to recal the features of the person to his mind, whom he had so effectually served on the preceding night. Young she certainly was, and, notwithstanding the manner in which she had attempted to disguise her face, handsome; but beyond a pair of fine dark eyes, and a row of brilliantly white teeth, he could not form any distinct notion. Every moment he expected that either Gabriel or the Priest would appear in pursuit; but apparently the hopelessness of recovering the Fugitive, should she have sought protection from a detachment of





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soldiers, prevented the attempt. At any rate the party pursued their march unmolested. F—— had to invent some excuse on his arrival at Kingston, concerning his brother-officer's uniform, and to write to Quebec for a fresh supply.

Several weeks passed without the promised letter from the fair Fugitive, but at length a small packet reached Kingston, in Upper Canada, addressed to Lieutenant F——, it contained some very graceful and warm acknowledgments of the service rendered, *but no explanation and no signature*; concluding with an entreaty, that the person to whom the donor felt so strongly indebted would keep for her sake an accompanying trinket.

This proved to be a gold bracelet of very curious and antique workmanship, fastened by a clasp still more remarkable, set round with diamonds.

Nothing could exceed F——'s disappointment. He had hoped and expected to have received a much more confidential communi-

cation, but was now left as completely in the dark as ever.

The few enquiries he had been enabled to make concerning the family in Montreal, had not been successful; his regimental duties had prevented him from returning to the town, and being unacquainted with the name of the person in whose house he had been billeted, it was not very easy to acquire any sort of information concerning him.

About two years afterwards the — Regiment was ordered down to Quebec, and at the very ball to which I have alluded as having been given at the conclusion of the winter of 1816-17, by the Governor-General, F—— saw a young lady who wore a bracelet exactly corresponding with the one which had long been considered his most valued treasure.

Immediately accosting her, she received him with a smile of the sweetest welcome, and, already prepared to fall in love, before half the evening was over the young man

felt that he had encountered his fate. It need scarcely be added that he was in a short time put in possession of those circumstances which had so much excited his curiosity.

“It is fortunate,” said Adèle Duchesnois to her lover, “that I am so sincerely disposed to like you, since no other man could be my husband; for in the very painful situation in which I have been placed, it is you alone who can vouch for the propriety of my conduct while taking a step certainly sufficient to compromise my reputation. You know that I am an heiress—my uncle, who was my guardian, unfortunately thought that the property bequeathed to me by my grandmother ought to have been the inheritance of his son.

There were two methods of securing this coveted wealth to the family, either by a marriage with my cousin, or by my taking the veil, by which event a compromise might be made with the Church. I was, however, averse to both these alternatives; the more

so, in consequence of my having become acquainted with a circumstance relating to my cousin's exploits, in which he appeared to me to have placed his life in jeopardy, and which, at any rate determined me never to unite my fate with that of a man capable of committing the most dreadful crimes. An act of indiscretion on my part betrayed my knowledge of this dreadful secret, and it then seemed to my Uncle's family to be absolutely necessary that my silence should be ensured. Finding me still refractory, they kept me a close prisoner, on the pretence that I had imbibed heretical opinions, and I had too much reason to believe that my death would have been compassed in the event of the failure of other measures for the fulfilment of their object.

Gabriel had the honor of the family too much to heart not to enter zealously into any plan which seemed essential to its preservation, and under the influence of a hardened bigotry he saw little or no objec-

tion to any measure which might be employed concerning the disposal of my life. His daughter, however, who was my attendant, proved more compassionate, and though closely watched, contrived to make old Lika, the Indian beggar-woman, comprehend something of what was going on.

It was my earnest desire to avoid any unnecessary "*eclat*" in my elopement, as my reputation could not fail to suffer by such a step, and unless I could have concealed the place of my retreat until I became of age, I should have been exposed to perpetual persecution.

I have written to my Uncle to say that as I have now nothing to fear from *him*, so he has nothing to fear from *me*.

To you I feel that I owe a full explanation of all these circumstances, and of the strong necessity which impelled me to throw myself upon the protection of a stranger.

It is almost needless to add that the

singular story of Adèle Duchesnois was not heard by our hero without emotion, and that many days did not elapse before she became the wife of the intrepid F——.

## CHAPTER VII.

Departure of the 103rd and arrival of the 68th Regiment.—The Author's regret at parting with his old friend the Major.—A farewell visit to Jacques Cartier.—The Major's liberality to the Widow.—The sorrow of the villagers at losing their kind and hospitable visitor.—A Yankee's ingenuity exercised on a Commissioner.—Anecdote of Lord Mansfield and Judge Buller.—Arrival of the Duke of Richmond.—Garrison Races and private Theatricals.—Tandem-Club established.—Departure of the Duke of Richmond for the Upper Provinces.

From the month of May to the end of July the inhabitants of Quebec, Civil and Military, were in a nervous state of expectation and excitement, for we were daily looking for the

arrival of our newly-appointed distinguished Commander-in-Chief. Towards the latter end of the former month, the 68th Regiment of Light Infantry arrived to relieve the old 103rd, who were ordered home to be disbanded. In spite of the *agrémens* attendant upon a military life, it is not without its drawbacks ; neither is it unalloyed by painful regrets and mournful incidents : amongst the greatest of these is the sudden and unexpected parting with old friends and associates. The tie of intimacy is abruptly severed, and companions, whose tastes and habits have endeared them to each other, are suddenly removed from one corner of the globe to the other, never in all probability to meet again. With some unthinking few, whose hearts are steeled against our better nature, this may be a matter of no moment, regarding such separations as an every-day occurrence ; but I am weak enough to confess to a kindlier feeling, for I never yet could take leave even of an agreeable acquaintance of long standing without a feeling akin to regret. I need

scarcely say with what sorrow and pain I looked forward to the departure of my kind and excellent friend Major Browne, who had taken me by the hand from the moment of my arrival in Canada, and had permitted me to join him in all his expeditions, with the rod and gun.

Not a day passed without our being in each other's society, and I was honored by his friendship and regard to the last moment when I shook him by the hand on the deck of the transport which conveyed him to England. Poor Jemmy Browne! he was the Prince of good fellows and the Emperor of sportsmen: a kinder heart never beat in the breast of man. We never saw each other more, for he died while I was quartered in the West Indies some years afterwards.

I may be pardoned for stating that we took a farewell trip to Jacques Cartier together, where my kind-hearted old friend enjoyed his favorite diversion for the last time. As I watched the venerable piscator casting his line on the water, I could not re-

frain from indulging in melancholy reflections, for it was beyond human expectation that he would ever revisit this spot, where so many of his happiest days had been spent — indeed I felt convinced that he would never more wet a line in that beautiful stream. The old Major himself appeared depressed, and kept gazing at the scene of his frequent triumphs rather than watching his fly as it skimmed over the surface of the rippling water. To divert his attention from this mournful subject, I assumed a gaiety I but little felt, and chattered all sorts of nonsense to him.

As the evening of the last day we spent at this lovely spot was drawing to a close, the Major, while taking his rod to pieces, said, "Well, Tolfrey, this is the last time I'll ever see the Hospital Pool. Many's the fish I've taken out of it, my boy, and many's the pleasant hour I've passed with you on the banks of this lovely *strame*. When I'm far away in the ould country you'll be thinking sometimes of Jimmy Browne, I hope ;

and when you've hooked a big salmon on this very spot, you'll be minding his instructions how to land him *aisey*. It's often I'll be thinking of ye, and our fun at the Bridge, for I'll never enjoy fishing again as I have done here : there's nothing like it even in Ireland. But, never mind ; don't let's be talking here of vain regrets ; but we'll get back to the Bridge, and enjoy our punch after dinner." As we returned slowly and sorrowfully to the turnpike-house, the Major frequently stopped to look upon each turn of the River as it came in view, and by the time we reached our snugery he was sadly out of sorts. The dinner and the toddy, however, worked somewhat of a change, and by the time the second tumbler of hot compound was discussed he was nearly himself again.

The villagers had received intimation from the Widow of the Major's intended departure, and as it was known we were to start for the Garrison by daylight in the morning, the toll-house was thronged before

eight o'clock that evening by the Jacques Cartier lads and lasses, and as many of the old people who could hobble down the hill to us.

"By the powers!" exclaimed the generous old soldier, "they must have a dhrup at parting!" whereupon the Widow was instructed to prepare the materials for a reeking bowl of punch, which being duly concocted and brewed under the Major's critical supervision, each of the visitors was handed a cup of the fragrant beverage, in which they most cordially drank to the liberal donor's health and happiness.

"*A la santé du brave Major Brun!*" resounded through the kitchen; "*nous sommes bien fachés que notre ami va partir!*"

"*Vive Jacques Cartier!*" chimed in the gallant veteran, and he quaffed a goblet of whisky-toddy in honor of its inhabitants.

This little prelude having been performed, one of the Canadian damsels advanced to my old friend, and, bobbing a rustic cour-

tesy, with an irresistible smile requested him to play one of their favorite country-dances. To such an appeal there was no denial ; and the Widow, aware of the Major's ready compliance, immediately handed him his Cremona. The military Paganini set to work in good earnest, and scraped away till nearly midnight, much to the delight of the vigorous dancers. What with Irish jigs and Canadian rum punch the performers had a merry night of it, and I know not the number of kisses our musician received from the buxom damsels, or the repeated shakes of the hand from the young farmers, as they bade their benefactor farewell at the conclusion of the *impromptu* ball.

The parting with the Widow in the morning was a more serious affair—not that I mean to insinuate that any undue *liaison* existed between the chubby hostess and her piscatorial visiter, but merely to shew how the Major's urbanity, kindness, and endearing qualities had worked upon the good landlady's feelings. I never saw such unat-

pected sorrow depicted in any countenance as in that of the proprietress of the toll-house when my companion shook her by the hand: the tears were in her eyes, and she looked the picture of misery and despair; and as she stood at the door, with her two fair children (I use the term *fair*, in this instance, as my innate discretion forbids me even to hint at their having been *browns*). her countenance said most unequivocally,—  
“There goes the best friend I ever had.”

As I officiated as the dragsman on this occasion, I drove off as speedily as possible, being unwilling to add to the distress of the melting widow. I subsequently learnt that the good old Major had left behind him substantial proofs of his regard in the shape of a little canvas bag well filled with dollars.

Within a week after our return to the Garrison, the 103rd Regiment embarked for England, and with it went one of the best fellows I ever knew.

To atone for the loss we had sustained in the departure of our old comrades, we had the good fortune to find in their places a most gentlemanlike set of Officers belonging to the 68th, all of whom were of the right stamp, and amongst them a few first-rate sportsmen.

Of late years almost every regiment in the service can produce its quota of good shots, good riders, and good fishermen ; and in this instance, in addition to fishing and shooting, we had some crack performers in pig-skin ; for more than one of the Officers of the corps had established a reputation in England as riders to hounds, and had distinguished themselves in Leicestershire and other hunting counties, and could go across country as Englishmen alone can go.

Amongst so many amateurs of horse-flesh, it was no matter of marvel that more than one amateur jockey should be found ; and as they were not long in discovering some kindred spirits in the Garrison, we soon knocked up a few private Matches for the

purpose of testing the qualifications of the new arrivals.

We were not ignorant of the Duke of Richmond's predilection for the amusement of horse-racing, and as we looked for His Grace's patronage of our newly-formed Club, our turf affairs remained *in statu quo*, as we preferred waiting to complete the contemplated rules and regulations until we might be presided over by so illustrious a sportsman as our future Governor. In the interim, however, we were not idle, the gentlemen riders amusing themselves by running private Matches and training their steeds for the August Meeting.

Some few of us sent into "The States" for a superior nag or two, and long before the Duke arrived, several "strings" (as the Yankees have it) of horses found their way into the Garrison.

One of these American itinerant horse-peddlers contrived to play off an ingenious though hackney'd trick on an unsuspecting Commissary, and some of us were unfeeling

enough to rejoice at a Commissary having been "done."

Amongst the lot of "Virginy clippers" brought down to Quebec for sale was a most wonderfully-marked skew-bald gelding: never was seen such a beautiful animal, which would have put to the blush all the mottled quadrupeds in the studs of an Astley or Ducrow—a more *ad captandum* "crittur" the eyes of man never looked upon.

The Yankee dealer did me the honor of bringing this *rarus equus* down to my quarters, and extolled in hyperbolic terms the extraordinary qualifications of his parti-colored Bucephalus; but I was proof against the temptation, for I have an innate aversion to these gingerbread-looking brutes, which I have invariably found to be washy and sluggish. Not so the Commissary; who, thinking to cut a figure in the Garrison, fell into the snare, and paid a high price for the indulgence of his taste.

It proved in the sequel that the Yankee purveyor of equine beauties was an artist in

water-colors as well as a dealer in horse-flesh, for the unfortunate Commissary, shortly after taking possession of his new purchase, was overtaken by a heavy shower of rain on the Plains of Abraham, and before he reached his stable-door in the town his horse turned all the colors of the rainbow : the brown and the white were so curiously intermingled that this extraordinary animal looked as if it had just emerged from a chocolate bath.

Never did equestrian look so chap-fallen as this duped dispenser of military rations ! His case was hopeless, for the crafty American had decamped, taking with him about five times the number of dollars the worn-out "screw" was worth.

Some soap and water and a vigorous application of the scrubbing brush reduced the masqueraded animal to its natural appearance, and he stood forth after his ablutions in his true color, which was white. He had some good points about him as regarded shape and make, but all the work had been taken out of him in Kentucky or Virginia,

or wherever he came from, for he turned out not worth "a dump."

This little episode of the Commissary reminds me of an anecdote I have heard related of the celebrated Lord Mansfield, whom it is well known had a rooted antipathy to horse-dealers, which was excited by the following circumstance :—When he became Lord Chief Justice, he was desirous that his equipage should make a conspicuous figure, and with that view he endeavoured to procure a set of handsome horses, which were to be quite black, without any admixture of white.

After much trouble in making the necessary inquiry, a handsome set of horses was found ; His Lordship approved of them, paid a very high price for them, and set them to work.

In a short time, a star made its appearance in a pure white upon the front of one horse, a blaze in the face of another, a white fetlock upon a third, and some of the forbidden white appeared upon some part of all

those horses that were expected by His Lordship not to have had a single hair but what was black. Lord Mansfield, in a great rage, sent for the horse-dealer, reproved and threatened him with punishment for the fraud. The man repelled the charge with firmness, and asserted that if His Lordship examined his bill and receipt he would find that they were given for the horses that he had sold by their true description. This was done ; when the Learned Judge discovered, that, assisted by bad writing and worse orthography, the dealer had given him a receipt for the sum of ——— for ——— horses *colored black* ! This was conclusive ; but many a horse-dealer suffered for this imposition ; for during the whole time that Lord Mansfield sat upon the Bench, whenever a horse-cause was brought before him, if it were possible there could be two interpretations put upon the case, His Lordship always charged that to the Jury which was most unfavorable to the Jockey.

Talking of Judges, it may not be out of

place here to record a biting retort given by a Devonshire horse-dealer to the well-known Judge Buller, who was notorious for the sweeping severity of his sentences on prisoners : indeed so lavish was he of human life that he acquired for himself the *sobriquet* of " the hanging Judge."

It came to pass that being on the Western Circuit the worthy Judge wanted a pair of carriage-horses, and he sent to the Exeter " Anderson," and took a pair of West-country bays on trial. During the term of probation one of them unfortunately died, and the Judge sent for the dealer to communicate the disaster, as well as to learn the extent of the pecuniary loss. Upon the job-master making his appearance, the Judge said,

" Well, Mr. ——, this is an unfortunate business ; what is to be done ?"

The dealer, stroking down his forelock, and with a professional bow, replied,

" It is indeed misfortunate, my Lord ; but I were sure them hanimals 'ould never live

long, as soon as I know'd your Lordship had 'em *on trial!*"

This quaint and telling reply by no means tended to soften the slaughtering Judge's asperity, for chronicles tell that the very next day the first culprit on the list proved the truth of the Devonshire dealer's remark.

But a truce to digression : proceed we with our tale. During the long interval that elapsed between the Quebec Spring and the Duke of Richmond's arrival, we contrived to pass our time pleasantly enough, save and except occasional disappointments which were experienced as any but the right ship rounded the point : for the old fable of the wolf and the lamb was all but frequently realised, reports reaching us from the stations down the river that a frigate was in sight with His Grace and suite on board, and we were frequently under arms ready to receive the distinguished arrivals, and as frequently returned to our quarters the victims of false rumors. What with

fishing, shooting, and racing, we diverted attention from this absorbing topic, and contrived to amuse ourselves until the all-important day at length came round.

It was in the second week of August 1818, that the Government schooner, which had been sent down the river for the purpose of looking out as well as to convey to the Garrison the first intimation of the approach of our Noble Governor, announced that the frigate which had conveyed His Grace from the Mother Country had actually entered the St. Lawrence. About three o'clock in the afternoon His Majesty's ship *Iphigenia* was seen rounding Point Levi, and she anchored in a few minutes in the Basin under the heights. The day was a remarkably fine one, and the scene at the moment was one of extreme interest. The frigate was brought up in beautiful style, and I never saw sails furled and yards squared in less time.

As the Duke and his Staff left the ship in her barges, the yards were manned, the

cheers of the crew being heard between the peals of caannon from the main deck of the frigate. The batteries returned the compliment, and for a moment we were enveloped in smoke and stunned by the roar of artillery. The Duke and his suite were received by the Commandant and Staff of the Garrison, Sir John Sherbrooke not being well enough to do the honors to His Grace in person. A long and imposing procession attended the Duke from the Lower Town to the Chateau, where a guard of honor and the bands of the regiments received their new Governor with the customary honors. As the bands played the National Anthem, the cheering from the assembled crowds was sincere and heartfelt, and must have been extremely gratifying to the illustrious individual who called them forth.

As soon as the Duke had been introduced to Sir John Sherbrooke in the reception room, those Officers of the Staff who had escorted His Grace from the landing-place were presented in turn, and were invited

to a magnificent dinner at six o'clock, to meet the Duke and his family. I had the honor of being one of the guests, and had the pleasure of accompanying two of His Grace's sons, Lords William and Frederick Lennox, to the theatre, which had recently been opened by a company on speculation from the United States. The manager and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Baker, were both talented persons, but the rest of the *Corps Dramatique* were the veriest sticks that ever stalked the boards. I was not sorry to find that my newly-formed acquaintances, the young Noblemen whom I had the honor to escort to our Garrison theatre, where Amateurs of the sock and buskin, and I gave them to understand during the evening that we were no strangers to the "smell of the lamp," and occasionally trespassed on the patience of our friends by the exercise of our humble Thespian abilities in the cause of charity.

The office of Cicerone having accidentally been conferred upon me, I was happy in the

opportunity of shewing the "Lions" of Quebec, and on the following morning Captain Jebb of the Engineers and myself accompanied Lord William and Lord Frederick to the Plains of Abraham to shew their Lordships our race course. After a spurt round the Plains, we rode to Colonel Harvey's, our Adjutant-General, whose property, Marchmont House, adjoined Mr. Percival's beautiful seat overhanging Wolf's Cove.

Having shewn our noble visitors the beautiful environs of the City, we returned to the Garrison, and Captain Jebb and myself had the honor of dining with Lord William and his brother at the Union Hotel in the Castle Square, both their Lordships having engaged apartments at that celebrated house in consequence of there not being sufficient accommodation in the Chateau for the families and suites of the two Governors General. In the evening we paid another visit to the theatre, and as we had, as a matter of course, an *entrée* to the green-room, I took the opportunity of summoning my fellow

Amateurs for the purpose of introducing them to the young Noblemen, who had intimated a desire to belong to our Theatrical Club. Both Lord William and Lord Frederick appeared to enter into the spirit of our undertaking *con amore*, and we soon had ample proof of their talent for comedy, and most efficient allies they proved themselves to our Thespian band.

As we had no time at the moment to devote to rehearsals in consequence of our races coming off in the ensuing week, we postponed calling a meeting of the *gentlemen play actors*, as the little boys called us, until our Garrison handicaps, sweepstakes, and private matches had been decided on the Plains of Abraham. The Duke of Richmond had heard of our doings on the turf, and His Grace was kind enough to say that he should come to the course, and condescendingly added that he hoped to become a member of our proposed Club. To evince the encouragement we might look forward to, the Officers on the Duke's personal Staff

purchased all the available nags in the market, and Lord William Lennox, by way of contributing to the sport, bought a weedy animal of one of the Yankee dealers, and made a match with myself to run his horse in a private match against a mare of Colonel Wilson's of the Artillery, which I had in training. Here was a good beginning, and gave promise of our Garrison Racing Club being permanently established. Nor were we disappointed; for the Duke became our Patron, and to his Grace's encouragement and support is to be attributed the flourishing state of the turf in Canada to this day.

Within three weeks of the arrival of the Duke our Meeting took place, and during the two days upon which the races were held our sport was excellent. If there was less of speed than the distinguished party who occupied the Grand Stand—for be it known we had a Grand Stand on our race-course—had been accustomed to witness at Newmarket, Epsom, and Ascot, the cocktails

afforded sufficient interest and amusement to atone for their lack of pace ; for they were equally matched, judiciously handicapped, and for the most part well ridden.

After the Ladies' Purse and Garrison Stakes had been run for, the first private Match came off. This was between Lieut. Hornsby's white gelding Snowball, ridden by myself, and Lieut. Ferneaux's iron-grey gelding Peter, piloted by his Owner ; catch-weights. I had the satisfaction of winning both heats—the last not without a severe struggle.

The next Match was between Lord William Lennox's black gelding Howick and Colonel Wilson's chesnut mare Queen Mab, the former ridden by His Lordship (who, by way of parenthesis, is one of the best Gentlemen race-riders in England), and the latter by myself ; heats, once round the course ; a mile and a quarter ; 9st. 7lb. each. In this Match I was not *quite* so fortunate ; for, as an Irishman would say, although I won the race, I lost it through my own folly, or rather under the influence of excitement. The

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HOW TO LOSE A RACE.

R. J. Hamer.

story tells against myself, but I give it as it occurred, and I will be sworn my old Canadian friend Lord William Lennox has not forgotten the circumstance. In my own justification, I must premise that the few races and Matches we had got up amongst ourselves the preceding year were all at catch-weights, and the ceremony of weighing at the conclusion of each heat was, as a matter of course, dispensed with ; and the very Match which had come off immediately before the one in question had been run under the same circumstances. In this instance I quite forgot the 9st. 7lb., and after I had passed the Judge's Chair, in the hurry and exultation of the moment, I *dismounted*, instead of riding back to the scales, and by this inconsiderate act turned the tables against myself, and had the satisfaction of being laughed at into the bargain. The Match was made over again for the next day ; but the Colonel's mare either ran worse, or Lord William's horse better, for I lost it, not by dismounting, the Reader may be assured, but by superior speed

and superior jockeyship. To describe the running on these two eventful days would be but a thrice-told tale : I have merely recorded them as being the foundation of the celebrity which the Quebec races have since acquired, and which is to be attributed to the interest His Grace took in them at this period ; in fact, the Duke of Richmond was the founder of this thriving Club.

Our first race-meeting over, we bethought ourselves of private Theatricals, and a meeting of the Amateurs was convened at the Union Hotel for the purpose of inviting the Duke's sons and His Graces's Staff to become Members of our Garrison Theatrical Club, as well as to fix upon a play to be performed as speedily as possible. The whole of the Duke's personal suite did us the honor of joining our Thespian band, and consented to take parts in the forthcoming Comedy and Farce. Tobin's celebrated and popular play of "The Honey Moon," and the afterpiece of "Raising the Wind," were the selec-

tions : the cast, as far as I can remember the leading characters, I will give presently. The staff and suite of the Duke of Richmond were composed of the following Officers, who had accompanied His Grace from England :—

Lieut. Col. Ready, h.-p., Private Secretary ; Major Bowles, Coldstream Guards, Military Secretary : Major M'Leod, h.-p., 42nd ; Capt. Fitzroy, R.H.G. Blue, and Captain Lord William Lennox, of the same regiment, Aides-de-camp. Lord Frederick Lennox had not at the time a commission in the army. His Lordship, however, was a most efficient ally in *our* corps, which he was good enough to join prior to entering on his military duties the year following at Halifax.

Colonel Fitzgerald, now a Major-General, and commanding the troops at Bombay, undertook the onerous duties of Manager. An arrangement was entered into with Mr. Baker, the temporary lessee ; his fascinating and talented little wife engaged for the

leading female characters ; and, in addition to the pretty *Prima Donna*, we secured the services of a couple of the *soubrettes*, so that our company was a pretty strong one. The unfortunate strollers who had enlisted under Mr. Baker's banner were paid their salaries, and, their engagements being cancelled, were provided with the means of returning to the States.

After our first rehearsal, we found our theatrical team work so well together that an early day was fixed upon for the performance. "The Honey Moon" was cast as follows :—

The Duke Aranza . . .	Captain Fitzroy.
Count Montalban . . .	Lord William Lennox.
Rolando . . . . .	Major M'Leod.
Jacques (the Mock Duke) .	Mr. Tolfrey.
Lampedo (the Apothecary)	Mr. R. Dunn.
Steward, Peasants, &c.	
Juliana . . . . .	Mrs. Baker,
Zamora . . . . .	Mrs. or Miss Somebody
Volante . . . . .	Mrs. or Miss Somebody
Hostess . . . . .	Major Bowles.

The gallery had been converted into boxes, and the centre of it fitted up as comfortably and handsomely as circumstances would admit of for the reception of the Duke and His Grace's daughters, Lady Mary, Lady Charlotte, and Lady Louisa Lennox. The price of admission to all parts of the Theatre was a dollar, and before the curtain rose the house was crammed to the ceiling. Our play was applauded to the echo, for it went off capitally : it was in truth well acted, and every one seemed delighted. The farce of "Raising the Wind" was equally successful, and Lord William Lennox kept the house in a roar by his admirable impersonation of *Jeremy Diddler*. I can with perfect truth and without flattery assert that I never saw the character better played ; it was equal to the celebrated Mr. Jones's assumption, which is no faint praise. I had the honor of donning the petticoats on this occasion, having played the part of the old Maid, the

languishing *Miss Laurelia Durable*: Lord William will doubtless remember the fun we had.

In the course of the next fortnight we got up another play by the Duke's command. Sheridan's comedy "The Rivals" was pitched upon, "to which" was "added," in play-bill parlance, the farce of "High Life below Stairs." The following was the cast of the play:—

Sir Anthony Absolute	. Captain G. Browne, h.-p., 43rd.
Captain Absolute	. . . Captain Fitzroy, R.H.G.
Falkland	. . . . . Lord William Lennox.
Fag	. . . . . Lord Frederick Lennox.
Sir Lucius O'Trigger	. Mr. Baker.
David	. . . . . Lieut. Mendham, 68th Regt.
Mrs. Malaprop	. . . Mr. Tolfrey.
Julia	. . . . . Mrs. Baker.
Lydia Languish	. . . Mrs. or Miss Somebody.
Maid	. . . . . Mrs. Miss or Somebody.

I do not think it was possible for any given number of Amateurs to have performed this difficult comedy more efficiently than did the junto I have named : each entered into the spirit of the part, and the exhibition altogether was worthy the boards of the Metropolitan Theatres. Our audience appeared to be highly gratified, and the applause they so lavishly bestowed put us in good spirits for the amusing farce of "High Life below Stairs," which followed. Lord William Lennox played the part of *Freeman*, and Lord Frederick and myself *The Duke* and *Sir Harry* (the two footmen). Mrs. Baker performed the character of *Lady Bab* admirably, and one of our *soubrettes* did great justice to *Kitty*. The minuet scene between *Lady Bab* and *Sir Harry* afforded much amusement. At the close of the performance we were highly complimented as well as thanked for the treat, which our indulgent audience were kind enough to say we had afforded them. The whole of the Amateurs were invited by His Grace to sup

at the Chateau, where we were sumptuously and hospitably entertained by our noble host.

Many were the plays we performed during the winter under the Duke's distinguished patronage, and it will be seen that our private Theatricals were renewed and conducted with greater spirit than ever. The Duke and his family were exceedingly fond of Amateur performances, and as the receipts of the house were appropriated to the same charitable purpose as in former years, a double motive presented itself to our benevolent, kind-hearted Commander-in-Chief for encouraging our exertions. His Grace never omitted attending every representation, and we invariably supped at the Chateau after the performance. Our winter, in short, was as gay as possible, and the affability and kindness of our distinguished Governor made all those who were honored by his notice supremely happy as well as flattered.

Little did we think at the time how soon he was to be taken from us. Should it so

happen that these pages meet the eye of any one of my former *compagnons-d'armes* who chanced to be in Quebec at the period I am writing of, he cannot fail to remember how popular as well as pleasant the late lamented Duke of Richmond rendered the seat of his government. His Grace promoted every species of sport and amusement, and joined the officers around him in all manly games with an unaffected urbanity and good nature that endeared the Duke to all. The old riding-school at the Chateau was converted by our military engineer, Captain Jebb (who by the way was our scene-painter, and a second Grieve in point of talent), into a racket-court, and those officers who were fond of the game had the *entrée*, and played in matches with His Grace. It is well known that the Duke was one of the finest tennis-players in England, and His Grace was no way inferior as a performer with the racket ; indeed I never saw any public player, Lamb and Pitman not excepted, deliver a back-

handed stroke in neater style or with greater precision.

As soon as the snow was fairly on the ground, a meeting was called at the Union Hotel for the purpose of regularly organizing a Tandem Club. The proposal was carried *nem. con.*, and ere the conclave broke up our number of "Jehus" amounted to one and twenty. Rules and Regulations were framed and agreed to, a President, Vice-President, and Secretary appointed, and two days in the week named for meeting in the Castle Square prior to starting in due order round the City, and then into the country after the fashion of our Four-in-hand Club in London. The whole of the Duke's Staff joined us, and one of His Grace's carriages, which had been fitted on runners to turn out with four horses, was added to the number. Captain Fitzroy, one of His Grace's *aides-de-camp*, was one of the neatest and best gentlemen-dragsmen I ever saw: his seat and hand were perfect, and he could use

his crop with stinging severity when occasion required. I never even saw a better professional performer. But we had some first-rate Whips amongst our old stagers, and of these perhaps I ought to particularise Colonel Cockburn, our Quartermaster-General, a brother of the Gallant Admiral, Sir George, I had the pleasure of being on terms of intimacy with the Colonel, and we clubbed our teams together; and I *rayther* think our turn out of "The Mail" was not the worst appointed or the worst driven amongst the vehicles which drew up every Tuesday and Friday in front of the Chateau.

On our days of meeting, we regularly laid siege to the larder of one of the principal families in the town, giving them all "a turn" in rotation, the Duke setting the example at his hospitable board with hot soups, cold game, turkeys, and pies, to say nothing of jorums of "*purl*" brewed under

His Grace's directions, and with which comforting beverage we were always armed prior to driving up the river, or over hedges and ditches to the surrounding villages. Colonel Taylor, Colonel Harvey, Mr. Percival, Dr. Wright, Colonel Ready, Colonel Cockburn, and many others of our kind friends, suffered as well as our Patron the Duke in the way of giving the Tandem Club substantial luncheons. The soups and the turkeys vanished like a summer's cloud, and gallons of purl were quaffed by way of "antifogmatic" on each day that we paraded through the garrison for the amusement of its inhabitants.

Balls and parties were more numerous than ever; the hospitality at the Chateau was conducted on a scale of princely liberality, and the magnificent gold plate and racing cups of the Noble Duke astonished the Canadians not a little whenever any large State parties were given, and to which

the natives on these occasions were invited.

The racket-court kept us in capital exercise during the winter months, and as soon as the snow disappeared and Spring came upon us, the course was put in order, and our nags went into training. In the first week of June the garrison races were held, and our meeting was a very full one. Several officers came down from the Upper Province, and one or two from the 70th Regiment at Kingston, who were top-sawyers in the pig-skin. The Americans had heard of our doings the year before, and the celebrity of the Duke's name caused them to send down some very superior horses as soon as the roads were passable across the frontier.

They found, as anticipated, a ready sale for their animals, some of which turned out capital runners. The Duke took great interest in our Turf proceedings, his judgment directing us in all matters

which called for his watchful eye and experience.

This meeting was held earlier than had been originally intended, in consequence of His Grace having determined upon visiting the Upper Province and inspecting all the military outposts under his command ; and within a week after the races had concluded, he left Quebec in the Government steam-boat for William Henry, or Sorel, on his way to Montreal, Kingston, York, Niagara, and Drummond's Island. His Grace was accompanied by Major Bowles, Captain Fitzroy, Colonel Cockburn, and his sons, the latter and Captain Fitzroy proceeding only as far as Montreal.

A large dinner party was given by the Duke on the evening of his departure on this tour, and many of the guests who were present on the occasion never saw him again.

I was of the number ; and took leave of His Grace—little dreaming it was for the

last time—on board the steam-boat which conveyed him from Quebec at one o'clock in the morning. The melancholy circumstances attendant on this disastrous event will be fully detailed in the next Chapter.

## CHAPTER XVII.

The Duke of Richmond arrives at Sorel, and is bitten by a rabid Fox—Proceeds to Montreal, where the wound is dressed, and thence to the Upper Provinces.—The Duke stops at Kingston on his return, and visits a new Township named after him.—Incipient illness of His Grace, and prophetic speech.—Alarming symptoms exhibit themselves, and the officers of his suite hasten the Duke's departure.—Unequivocal proofs of Hydrophobia, and sufferings of the Duke.—His Grace's melancholy death, and the consternation and grief of the inhabitants of Montreal attendant on this awful calamity.

LITTLE did those honored guests who accompanied the Duke of Richmond from the Chateau down to the steam-boat wharf, entertain the idea that they had looked upon this kind-hearted Nobleman for the

last time! We took leave of His Grace on board the boat, and those members of the Duke's family who were to remain at headquarters, re-landed with His Grace's friends who had escorted their distinguished host down to the water's side. We remained on the wharf until the steam-boat had cleared the Basin, and then returned to our respective domiciles; and not one of our party, I will be sworn, laid his head upon his pillow that night without offering up a silent prayer for the safe return of the benevolent Chief, whose departure had been so recently witnessed.

The Duke of Richmond was accompanied on his trip to the Upper Province by Major Bowles, His Grace's Military Secretary, Lieutenant-Colonel Cockburn, our Deputy-Quartermaster-General, Lieutenant-Colonel Ready, and Captain Fitzroy, the two latter officers proceeding only as far as Montreal. The first military post visited by the Duke was William Henry, of which I have made

mention in a former chapter as having for its Commandant the renowned Captain Thomas of culinary celebrity. William Henry, or Sorel, as the Canadians call it, is the first of our fortified stations on the south bank of the St. Lawrence, and is distant from the capital of Lower Canada about a hundred and twenty miles. Here it was that the Duke of Richmond landed on the morning after his departure. It happened that a gunner and driver of the Royal Artillery, who acted as *bâtmán* to one of the staff-officers, had embarked a pet fox on board the boat, and it also happened that a bull-terrier (a pup of old Nettle) belonging to Captain Fitzroy, was shipped in the same vessel. Either through negligence or wantonness the dog was permitted to worry the fox, and by the time the passengers were landed at William Henry the animal was in a highly-excited and dangerous state. Its victim, as the sequel too surely proved, was unconscious of what had

occurred ; for, on crossing the court-yard leading to the stables of the Commandant's quarter, to mount his horse prior to inspecting the detachment in this pigmy garrison, the fox attracted the Duke's attention, and the horse not being ready, His Grace amused himself by playing with the then rabid brute.

As the Duke was patting its head, the animal bit him slightly, and, as His Grace thought, playfully ; whereupon he shook the fox by the ear, saying,

" You'll bite will you, you d—d rascal ?"

The animal then seized the Duke by the fleshy part of the hand within the lower joint of the thumb, making the teeth meet. The wound was a severe one, and it bled profusely.

The Duke, however, merely tied his handkerchief round his hand, and mounted his horse, little imagining that death in its most horrible form was infused into his veins. The brief inspection of the diminutive post of Sorel and its handful of men being over,

the Duke proceeded on to Montreal, where his lacerated hand was dressed by a Regimental Surgeon the same evening. No further notice was taken of the circumstance at the time, although it was subsequently ascertained on enquiry when the nature of the Duke's appalling malady developed itself, that the fox was destroyed while in an awfully rabid state.

From Montreal this doomed Nobleman proceeded up the country on his tour of inspection, accompanied by a limited suite consisting only of Colonel Cockburn, Major Bowles, and attendants.

By the time His Grace had arrived at Kingston, the wound had completely healed, and we had the satisfaction of learning, during the progress of this extensive and lengthened tour, that the object of our solicitude was as well as His Grace's friends could wish him to be. From Kingston the Duke proceeded to York (now Toronto), Niagara, and as far as Drummond's Island on Lake Huron, the most distant of our

military outposts, coming back by the same route to Kingston, where His Grace remained for a week or ten days prior to returning to the seat of Government.

A period of five weeks had elapsed since the Duke had been bitten by the fox, and up to the time that His Grace took his departure from Kingston, where he rested for a few days after his fatiguing journey, he was perfectly well and in the highest possible spirits.

On the first day of the Duke of Richmond's arrival at Kingston, His Grace was invited to dine at the Mess of the 70th Regiment, and after dinner, while taking his wine, he said to the Officers, with his accustomed urbanity and good feeling, "You have done me the kindness of inviting me here on this occasion as your guest, but during my stay in this garrison which I hope may be extended beyond a week, I hope you will permit me to join you every day as an honorary member of your comfortable Mess, for I hate ceremony."

This honour was not declined, as the Reader may imagine, and during the brief stay of the Duke he associated himself with the Officers of the garrison in all their amusements during the mornings, playing at rackets, cricket, or riding out with them. It had been arranged that, on the Duke's way down to Montreal, a new settlement or township named "Richmondville" should be visited, and the land marked out under His Grace's supervision. For this purpose, as no carriage-road led to the "location," as the Natives term it, it was necessary to proceed the greater part of the way on foot. The distance was rather over thirty miles, and a very short portion of the journey could be performed on horseback. Horses were led nevertheless for the accommodation of the Duke and some of his suite.

Marquees and tents had been sent to the spot some two or three days previously, together with a goodly supply of provisions both liquid and solid under the charge of the messman and the most experienced *Chef*

the garrison-town of Kingston could produce. The Commanding and Field Officers of the 70th Regiment, and the Heads of Departments were invited to accompany the Duke and dine with His Grace under canvas in honour of the christening of this new township.

A large and merry party left Kingston on this occasion ; and, strange to say, although a few short hours wrought so startling a change, the Duke of Richmond appeared unusually well. He walked nearly the whole of the way without any apparent fatigue, and after performing the operations of the toilet, sate down to dinner in remarkably good spirits.

The party was a large one, and the Duke appeared to enjoy the scene ; the glass and the jest went round, and, until the last two or three bottles of claret were uncorked, mirth and good fellowship reigned in the capacious marquee erected in the backwoods of a Canadian forest.

Shortly before the party broke up for the

night, an expression as singular as prophetic, escaped from the lips of the hospitable Chief presiding at the festive board. By two of the party the extraordinary observation I have hinted at was not unnoticed, and gave rise to the most frightful anticipations, for they were aware of the nature of the accident the Duke had met with—these were Colonel Cockburn and Major Bowles. The words uttered by His Grace were these—and under the circumstances a more wonderful and foreboding speech never fell from the lips of a human being.

As the Duke was sipping his claret, he observed to Colonel Cockburn, " I don't know how it is, Cockburn, but I cannot relish my wine to-night as usual, and I feel *that if I were a dog I should be shot for a mad one !*"

What must have been the feeling that could have dictated such an extraordinary speech ! Was it the result of disease operating on the nervous system, and affecting the mind in connexion with the accident

itself? This is scarcely conceivable, for, up to the moment of the utterance of this singular expression, the Duke had never alluded in any way whatever to the circumstance of having been bitten. The insidious poison lurking in the veins may have given rise to sensations which called forth the observation; but under any circumstances it must be quoted as a remarkable instance of prediction, if not of prescience. To the majority of the party present the words were unheeded, or perhaps looked upon as a quaint and passing observation. Not so, however, with Colonel Cockburn and Major Bowles, who viewed the matter in a more serious light; for as soon as the meeting broke up, and the Duke had retired to his tent, they held a consultation and communicated their thoughts as well as apprehensions to each other.

On the following morning the Duke awoke feverish and unwell, and scarcely partook of breakfast.

The whole of the guests who had accom-

panied His Grace from Kingston returned to the garrison in the forenoon, and the distinguished invalid remained either in or on his bed the whole of the day. Towards evening the Duke was worse, and could not be prevailed upon to partake of any food.

A swift-footed Canadian was despatched to the Rapids, bearing with him a letter from Major Bowles to Colonel Ready at Montreal to announce the sudden and alarming illness of the Duke. His Grace's family were already arrived in that city, as preparations had been made on a princely scale by the inhabitants to welcome their Illustrious Governor on his return from the Upper Province. It had been the intention of the worthy and hospitable citizens of Montreal to give the Duke a splendid dinner on the day of his arrival and a ball in the evening, while races were to have been held on the following day, for which purpose every horse that could accomplish anything bordering on a gallop had been brought up to Montreal from Quebec. I had a very choice set of

nags under my charge, and Lord William Lennox and myself were to have distinguished ourselves on the newly-formed course without the walls of this beautiful town. Alas ! these joyful anticipations were doomed never to be realised ! Return we, therefore, to the scene where the tragical drama was about to be brought to a close.

In the evening the Duke rallied a little, and ordered his valet to prepare him some red-wine negus and a little toasted-bread. On the servant handing the beverage to his master, the Duke put the glass to his lips, but instantly replaced it on the salver, observing, "it is very nice, Baptiste, but *I cannot drink.*" Major Bowles and Colonel Cockburn sat up by His Grace's bed-side the whole night ; and by day-light a second messenger was sent off to Montreal conveying the distressing intelligence that the Duke was getting worse, and that every exertion would be made to bring the sufferer down by water for the purpose of obtaining medical advice as speedily as possible.

This was the last bulletin received by Colonel Ready, and which arrived in the evening before the day on which we had expected to welcome our beloved and revered Commander-in-Chief.

At the earnest solicitation of Colonel Cockburn and Major Bowles, the Duke got up to breakfast, resolving to make an effort to proceed to Montreal without delay. If any doubt had previously existed as to the nature of the malady under which His Grace was labouring, it must have been dissipated ere the morning's meal was begun, for Baptiste, the valet, informed Colonel Cockburn and Major Bowles that the Duke shrunk involuntarily from the water in his foot-bath, basin, &c., and could hardly be prevailed upon to allow the faithful domestic to moisten His Grace's face and hands with a wet towel. On hearing this, these Officers determined upon sending to the Rapids for a canoe to be brought to the nearest spot on the River for the purpose of embarking the Duke as soon after breakfast as possible.

Colonel Cockburn and Major Bowles pressed the Duke to partake of some nourishment ; but the tea and coffee were untouched, and an impatient gesture of the hand betrayed the sufferings of the object of their solicitude at the sight of liquids. The meal was hurried over with all practicable despatch, and the Duke consented to accompany these Gentlemen down to the River and embark in the canoe ; and it had been decided upon that Major Bowles was to attend the Duke, while Colonel Cockburn rode from the place of embarkation to the Rapids, there to make arrangement for the Duke's being conveyed down the Ottoway to Lachine, about nine miles from Montreal. Leaning on the arms of his companions, the Duke walked to the River's side, but the moment His Grace saw the water a spasmodic seizure told the agony he was enduring. He was turning away from the obnoxious element, when His Grace was entreated to muster resolution and enter the canoe. With a desperate effort he did so, exclaiming, as he rushed into the frail

bark, "Charles Lennox never was afraid of anything."

Major Bowles as quickly followed, the Canadian boatman shoved off, and the canoe with its Illustrious freight was soon floating down the current. Its course, however, was but of short duration ; for a few seconds had scarcely elapsed ere the Duke, in a paroxysm of agony, seized one of the Canadian boatmen by the throat, commanding him with frantic earnestness to row to land.

The mandate was of too imperative a nature to admit of a refusal or even delay : it was obeyed on the instant, and the canoe had scarcely grated on the strand before the Duke had leaped upon the bank, and was making for the woods. Colonel Cockburn, who had mounted his horse for the purpose of apprising the *Bateliers* at the Station at the head of the Rapids. of the Duke's approach, had not proceeded half a mile on the road when he caught a glimpse of His Grace through the pine-trees running at the top of his speed in an opposite direction

from the river. To turn his horse and gallop after the Duke was the work of a moment ; and having succeeded in his object, the next point was to place the unhappy nobleman under shelter. One of the boatmen who had followed the Duke into the woods having reached the spot where Colonel Cockburn had overtaken His Grace, undertook to conduct the party to a farmhouse about a quarter of a mile lower down the stream.

To this humble dwelling the Duke was taken, but when laid upon a sofa in the only habitable apartment of this building, His Grace's agitation increased to a violent degree, and, while laboring under frightful spasmodic affection, entreated to be removed *further from the river*, as he could hear the rippling caused by the current. In compliance with this request, the Duke was supported by Major Bowles and Colonel Cockburn to a barn about a hundred yards in the rear of the dwelling-house, and a rude

bed of clean straw having been piled together in one corner, His Grace was laid upon it. It became evident to those around the sufferer that the dreaded crisis was approaching ; indeed the Duke himself was aware that his last hour was at hand. His Grace was perfectly calm and collected, and resigned to his fate ; so much so, that a very short time before he breathed his last, <sup>†</sup> Duke wrote a letter to Lady Mary Lennox, his eldest daughter, the contents of which related to family matters of a strictly private nature. From the moment this task had been accomplished, the Duke grew gradually worse and appeared to be sinking. Towards evening His Grace was seized with shivering fits, and the extremities became cold ; but his senses never forsook him : he recognised every one around him, and prayed to be released from his sufferings. About eight o'clock this revered and lamented nobleman breathed his last, with the resignation of a Christian, and the for-

titude which is inseparable from the just and the good.

Thus died the Duke of Richmond, in the wilds of Canada, away from his family, and of the most appalling malady by which mortals can be assailed. He was surrounded, it is true, by attached friends, to whom his private virtues had endeared him : but the circumstances under which the Duke was taken away added, if it were possible, to the sorrow and heartfelt grief that this awful visitation of Providence gave rise to in the breasts of all. A rude shell having been constructed during the night, the mortal remains of the lamented Duke were deposited in it the following morning soon after day-break, and the mournful *cortège* proceeded at a funeral pace to the Rapids, whence the attendants, military and civil, embarked on board the *bateaux* for Lachine, where they arrived a little before seven in the evening.

Let us now return to the town of Montreal,

where the Duke's family and friends were waiting in a state of painful suspense and anxiety for the welcome tidings of His Grace's amended health, or the appearance of the Noble Invalid himself. As no further account had reached us since the second missive I have mentioned, we naturally concluded that the indisposition was not of so serious a nature as to excite alarm, and the non-arrival of any further messenger led to the expectation and hope that we should welcome the Duke long before the hour appointed for the dinner in honor of His Grace's arrival. A ball, as I have before stated, was to have taken place in the evening: triumphal arches had been erected from the entrance to the city from Lachine Road up to the *façade* of the Mansion-House-Hotel, where the Duke's family were assembled: the streets were thronged with the idle and the gay; boughs, evergreens, and flowers met the eye on every side: in short, this day was set apart as a holiday and one of rejoicing. The city was to have been illuminated from one end to

the other ; artists in fireworks, were engaged in honor of the occasion ; in fact, every joyous and respectful demonstration was thought of to give *éclat* to this deservedly popular Chief's return to the Lower Province. These affectionate testimonies of loyalty and attachment towards the Illustrious Ruler were soon to be lost sight of in the intensity of agonizing grief which wrung the hearts of the whole population of the Canadas. As the afternoon wore on, the Duke of Richmond's family and Staff were looking most anxiously for the *avant-courier* to announce the landing of the Governor-General at Lachine. None, however, arrived. Three o'clock passed without tidings of any kind, as did the hours of four, five and six.

As the clock of the Cathedral chimed the seventh hour, Colonel Ready, His Grace's Private Secretary, evinced symptoms of considerable uneasiness, and as Lords William and Frederick Lennox, Sir Charles Marshall (the Solicitor-General), and myself were assembled under the portico of the Hotel, he

called me on one side, and remarked that the Duke's prolonged absence had given rise to no little apprehension in his mind, and requested me to order one of my hacks to be saddled in readiness, adding, that if His Grace did not arrive within half an hour, he wished me to ride towards La Chine for the purpose of gaining some intelligence. This short interval having expired, in compliance with Colonel Ready's request I went round to the stables, mounted my horse, and galloped off towards La Chine. I had not proceeded above half the distance, rather less than five miles, when I met a *calèche* with an Officer in uniform in it. This was Colonel Cockburn.

As soon as I had stopped the driver, the first question on my part was, "How is the Duke?" and "Where is he?"

'Ere the words were uttered I had remarked the sad and mournful expression in the countenance of my friend Colonel Cockburn. A melancholy shake of the head told but too plainly that the worst might be anticipated ;

but I was not prepared for the shock I experienced, when, in answer to my inquiry, Colonel Cockburn pointed to the shell which contained the remains of the Duke of Richmond at his feet. To describe my feelings at the moment would be a task beyond the powers of my feeble pen.

In the course of my chequered life I have experienced some severe trials, and have had my nerves tried rather severely ; but I can with truth affirm, that no event, however appalling, ever affected me so seriously as the dreadful reality which came like a thunderbolt upon me. I was positively paralysed for the moment, and horror-struck into the bargain.

As soon as I had recovered my bewildered senses, I found Colonel Cockburn by the side of my horse, and taking me by the hand he begged of me to summon all my fortitude and presence of mind, and to ride back into Montreal, there to communicate the heart-rending intelligence to Colonel Ready as privately as possible, in order that

he might, by degrees, break the afflicting news to the poor Duke's daughters and family. Colonel Cockburn desired me to say that he should remain without the walls in the suburbs until the family were made acquainted with the bereavement which had befallen them, and arrangements could be made for the reception of the body. This painful task I undertook to perform; but how I reached the gates of the town I know not. I rallied sufficiently, however, to conquer my feelings for the time; and I had the presence of mind to make for the stables by a back entrance, unobserved, without riding to the front of the Hotel where the Duke's sons and personal Staff were waiting anxiously for my return. I sent one of the grooms to Colonel Ready, requesting him to come to me in the stable-yard, cautioning the man to take him on one side, without communicating the nature of the message to any one else. The errand was performed as I desired, and the fatal disaster was made known to Colonel

Ready. The painful and distressing office of disclosing to the inmates of the Hotel the irreparable loss one and all had sustained devolved upon him ; and in less than one hour Lady Mary Lennox and her sisters, as well as the Duke's sons, were apprised of the calamity which had taken place. Colonel Ready and Captain Fitzroy then left the Hotel to meet Colonel Cockburn, and the Duke's remains were brought to the Hotel under the escort of these Officers. The appalling news soon spread through the town, and never was consternation greater than that exhibited by the inhabitants of this gaily-dressed city. Every symbol of rejoicing was instantly removed, and a death-like stillness and gloom prevailed within its walls : the transition from mirth to mourning was solemnly sudden. I need scarcely add that the occupiers of the Hotel, comprising the Duke's family, friends, guests, and personal Staff, were overwhelmed with grief—a few short hours had worked a

startling change, more like a frightful dream than a painful reality.

It was determined upon to convey the Duke of Richmond's remains down to Quebec ; but some difficulty as well as delay occurred in carrying this plan into execution, as it was deemed necessary to have a leaden coffin constructed. This was eventually accomplished, and an outer one of mahogany made at Montreal. These sad ceremonies having been completed, the Duke's body was embarked on board one of the steam-boats under the charge of the officers of His Grace's personal Staff, accompanied by Lords William and Frederick Lennox.

Ladies, Mary, Charlotte, and Louisa Lennox came down on the following morning in another steam-boat, attended by Captain Fitzroy and Major Bowles.

Information of the melancholy event had been forwarded to the Heads of Departments and Civil Authorities at Quebec, and

the day previously to the body being conveyed to the Capital of the Lower Province, instructions were sent to the Commandant of the Garrison to turn out the troops, and have them stationed on the wharf to escort the procession with military honors from the landing-place to the Chateau in the Upper Town. Precisely at ten o'clock the steam-boat with its inanimate freight rounded the headland at the western extremity of the Basin, and the ponderous coffin having been landed, the melancholy procession marched to the Government House, headed by the bands of the regiments playing the "Dead March in Saul."

The body lay in state for three days in the Banqueting Hall—the scene of many a convivial and intellectual feast, presided over by the adored Being whose lifeless corpse lay surrounded by sable hangings and gorgeous wax-lights. It was a sorrowful and heart-rending sight, and those who passed through the chamber of death betrayed by

audible sobs, how deeply they felt the irreparable loss they had sustained.

On the fourth day after the arrival of the Duke's remains, they were carried to their resting-place and buried beneath the Communion-Table of the Cathedral of Quebec. That the ceremony was an imposing and an impressive one I need scarcely say : I never witnessed such sincere and unaffected grief : there was not a dry eye from one end of the sacred edifice to another. But the departed Being who called forth such genuine sorrow was not cast in an ordinary mould.

To know the Duke of Richmond was to love and revere him. A kinder or a more benevolent man never breathed. Amiable, affable, and considerate to all, he endeared himself to every class ; and those chosen few, who were honored by His Grace's notice and regard, had good cause to lament his untimely end.

To this day I hold in affectionate

remembrance the flattering and distinguished kindness evinced towards me by my revered patron and friend ; and I do in all sincerity believe that by no one was his loss more deeply felt than myself. The tribute I here offer to departed worth is as just as heart-felt : indeed, no eulogy or panegyric from my feeble pen could convey one tithe of the love, esteem, and veneration entertained for the lamented Duke of Richmond.

Sir Charles Monk, the Chief Justice of Montreal, and the Senior Member of the Council in Lower Canada, assumed the Government of the Province for a short time. The Commander-in-Chief at Halifax, the Capital of Nova Scotia, as soon as the deplorable event was made known in that Colony, took upon himself, pending the nomination of a new Governor-General from home, to appoint Sir Peregrine Maitland, a son-in-law of the late Duke, and who commanded in the Upper Province, to the temporary Government of Quebec. Our winter, as may be imagined, was a dull

and cheerless one—the gloom extended over every class of society, and those of the leading families who had shared the intimacy of the Duke and his family could not forget the void created by the recent visitation of Providence.

The Duke's family and Staff returned to England in the "fall," and their departure was a subject of universal regret.

They carried with them the esteem and regard of all ; for their urbanity, condescension, affability, and unostentatious bearing had won the hearts of high and low.

As the spring advanced, the despatches from the Mother Country confirmed the previous rumor that the Earl of Dalhousie, the then Governor at Halifax, was to succeed the Duke of Richmond in the command of the Canadas. If any successor could have reconciled us to the severe loss we had experienced, it was the nomination of this popular Peer ; and the reception His Lordship met with on assuming his new Government must have convinced him that his en-

deavours to conciliate and win the good opinion of those under his command in the Sister Province had not been unattended with success. I was but a short time under His Lordship's command, as within a few weeks of his arrival I was ordered to Guernsey, having been appointed to the Staff of that Insular paradise.

A race-meeting was held in the month of July at our new Governor's request, and for the last time in Canada I exhibited in the pig-skin, having ridden Mr. Burnett's Democrat against the Honorable Captain Maule's Old Soldier, piloted by Captain Dickson. This, in theatrical parlance, was my last performance on the turf: I won my race, and a few dollars into the bargain. My own nags I had disposed of prior to the meeting, as, having been ordered home, they were more eagerly sought after before the races than if I had kept them until the time of my departure. They had acquired some little celebrity during their previous racing

career, and did not disgrace themselves in the hands of their new masters.

For the present my Canadian Adventures must be drawn to a close. It was my intention at the commencement of these volumes to have carried the Reader with me to the Upper Province, where, during a Tour I made in 1817, I had some tolerable sport by flood and field—which, being interpreted, means on the lakes and in the woods. I may, however, be permitted to state, that the Fly-fisher and the Troller will find ample opportunity for indulging in their favorite amusements: the muskanungee abound in Lake Erie, and every tributary stream will afford its quota of salmon and trout. Snipes are abundant in the Upper Province, the marshes around Kingston, Toronto, Niagara, (both above and below the Falls), even up as far as Drummond's Island, in the neighbourhood of which duodecimo fortress there will be found capital deer-shooting and lots of wild turkeys.

Should any of my Readers in the course of human events, either professionally or by way of a trip, visit our North-American possessions (and I know of one who is about to undertake the pilgrimage), let me, in the spirit of good fellowship, advise them and him to seek and cultivate the friendship of the Huron Indians. The Red-skins are favorably disposed towards us, are sociable and hospitable in the extreme: and the English Sportsman who will place implicit confidence in this warlike tribe will never be betrayed: but if any symptom of suspicion or distrust exhibit itself on the part of the invader of their territory, he will be treated with a chilling and repulsive ceremony, and he may look for sport in vain; whilst the visiter who will join their family circle, mix with them, smoke with them, and conform to their primitive habits and customs, will be treated as one of their Chiefs, and every possible attention and kindness will be shewn him: his very wants will be anticipated; and as for fishing and

shooting he will be in his glory. A little "bacca," a good knife, a few beads, some gunpowder, and above all a rifle, would insure the everlasting gratitude of the whole tribe.

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## APPENDIX.

BEFORE I conclude my adventures in Lower Canada, I will, by way of Appendix, furnish a list of salmon and trout flies best adapted to the North American rivers. The few that I have distinguished by asterisks are especially suited to the Jacques Cartier water, and will be found infallible. They were Major Browne's particular pets, and I can answer for their having done great execution.

Some of the patterns are unknown

to the generality of London fly-makers, for, as the Reader is by this time aware that my benevolent Instructor in the Gentle Art was a native of the Emerald Isle, I might have found some difficulty in procuring the exact patterns, had not chance thrown in my way an Hibernian Artist of the first water, who was recommended to me by my friend Major Blakeney, to whom I stand indebted for the introduction to Mr. William Blacker of No. 54, Dean Street, Soho.

This emperor of fly-makers, in addition to a sound and thorough theoretical knowledge of his craft, is a practical man to boot, and of no mean pretensions. He has fished every river in Ireland, Scotland, England, and Wales; and on my describing the particular flies, as tied by my old friend the Major, Mr. Blacker told me he knew them well, and had frequently used them on the Bann, and found them very killing. I have in a former chapter alluded to the excellence of Mr. Bowness's manufacture, and I am still

of opinion, that of all the *English* workmen in the metropolis, he is the best. His establishment at No. 12, Bell Yard, has for years been renowned for its rods and tackle of every description, and his having succeeded Old Chevalier, the very best workman London ever saw, is a proof that his predecessor duly estimated his talent. I hold it to be the bounden duty of every Sportsman to make known the abilities of those tradesmen, whose ingenuity and skill place at his disposal the means of commanding success either as a shooter or a fisherman, and upon this principle I have made honorable mention of Mr. Westley Richards and Mr. Bowness.

In particularizing these meritorious individuals it has been far from my wish to detract from the merits of their competitors in the trade, amongst whom doubtless some first-rate workmen are to be found—but as I ever found the very best materials and workmanship at Uncle Bishop's in Bond Street and "*Chez Papa Bowness*," in Bell

Yard, it is but an act of justice to make known their several qualifications.

I have said that Bowness is the best *English* workman in the metropolis—but we have now an Irishman come amongst us who bids fair to carry all before him.

During an apprenticeship of five and thirty years to the art and mystery of trout and salmon fishing, I can conscientiously assert that I have never seen any flies equal to those tied by Mr. Blacker—for finish, delicacy, and neatness of make, they are in truth unrivalled—and for fidelity to nature are not to be surpassed, if equalled. His salmon flies are splendid specimens of the art, and as for the trout flies, they are in every sense of the word "*gems*;" they will bear inspection through a microscope—and I can answer for the goodness of his workmanship, for I had a few dozens made after my own pattern expressly for the Axe, which he sent me down into Devonshire, and they stood the wear and tear astonishingly—although tied on midge hooks—for

the Axe trout will not look at a fly bigger than a gnat.

Some of my economical friends and bargain hunters, who expect to buy a first-rate article at the price charged by advertising quacks, growl a little at the price charged by Mr. Blacker—but my answer to them has ever been, the dearest articles—provided they are the best—are the cheapest in the end—for I could not wish my bitterest enemy a heavier affliction, than for him to see a heavy fish march off with his fly after a gentle tustle, in consequence of the gut being defective, or the fly carelessly tied. This is one of the heart-rending miseries we Piscators are subjected to, if proper precaution be not used—and the best precaution is, to purchase every description of tackle at the most respectable establishments.

Who of us would not under such trying circumstances rather give a sovereign than lose a salmon, or a large trout ?

All the contents of Coutts's Banking House will not coax a run-a-way fish on to the hook again—regret and reflection come too late at the river's side—the fatal consequences should have been guarded against at the tackle-maker's shop—when half the sovereign so vainly offered in the moment of mortification and despair would have saved the vexation caused by an injudicious exercise of parsimony and mistaken economy.

That poetical Hebrew, Mr. Moses, of the Minorities, will sell you a garment for two pounds, while Mr. Stultz, of Clifford Street, will charge six guineas—but which is the best? The only reply to such a question is—that the wearer would soon have the riddle solved for him. Cheap articles of whatever denomination are always the dearest in the long run; but as for cheap fishing-tackle it is dear at any price—and a cheap advertising shop for rods, flies and lines I would advise the Reader to avoid as he would Alexandria, when the plague is raging there.

I need scarcely observe that some judgment is required in the selection of fishing-tackle—and this remark applies more particularly to the choice of a trout-rod—and as some few of my inexperienced readers may stand in need of a little advice on this point, I will take the liberty of affording them the benefit of some years experience by laying down a few rules, for their guidance in the purchase of this important article in an angler's outfit.

The besetting sin of the manufacturers of trout-rods is, that they construct them without a due regard to the power of play that every practiced fly-fisher looks for, and ought to find, in a well-finished rod, turned out of hand by a first-rate workman; instead of which the casual purchaser will be shewn, in nine cases out of ten—and I should not be far wrong if I said ninety-nine out of every hundred—a weak, flimsy, although a showy article, very captivating and pretty to look at, but worthless in the eyes of a

real practical fisherman, who, bearing in mind that a rod is required for work as well as to be looked at, will turn a deaf ear to the recommendations of the shopman, and judge for himself.

How often have I listened—I will not say patiently—to such observations as the following—

“Here’s a beautiful rod, sir! What a lovely *bend* it has!—there’s play, sir! Look at the spring of it! *so* light! and *so* pliable!”

Such encomiums as these I need not add are invariably lost upon me, although I always humor these disinterested tackle-providers at the top of their *bent*. Their volubility exhausted, I then take the liberty of pointing out the *faults* which are almost and invariably to be detected in the generality of trout and salmon rods, and as I never scruple to state the ground of objection to the makers themselves, they ought not to feel surpris’d at my showing up in print the fallacious and erroneous principle they

are so fond of indulging and persisting in. The novice, who, with a few pounds in his pocket is rash enough to enter, unaccompanied by an experienced mentor, any one of the numerous fishing-tackle shops in the Lanes and Alleys of London, allows his eye, instead of his brains, to govern him in the purchase of a new rod —It cannot be denied that as far as the getting up, the finish, and the workmanship of the article go there is nothing to be desired : by way of a parallel case, should the purchaser not have lived long enough to be aware of the fact, I will tell him that at many of the repositories for the sale of horses in the Metropolis he will often find a showy-looking, well-made nag, seen to great advantage in his stall, and while being paraded up and down in front of the Auctioneer's desk, or before the dealer. and under the eye of the assembled bidders, but whose action when *put to work on the road* is faulty in the extreme, and to the disappointment of his new owner he turns out worthless if not a rank screw.—Now,

this rule applies to trout and salmon-rods as well as to horses, and take my word for it, if a week's trial as well as a warranty were granted by dealers in rods after the fashion of the dealers in horses it would be all the better for the fishermen and worse for the fish.

Before I proceed to point where the spring of a really serviceable rod should commence, I must, with due submission, observe that all rods, as made for the London market, have too many joints, a superfluous quantity of brass, and an unnecessary number of ferrules. It hardly demands a moment's, reflection to be convinced that every joint and its concomitant ferrule must tend to destroy the true play and proper elasticity of the wood of which the rod is composed. To my inexpressible horror I have seen some monstrosities numbering *six* joints, with more brass about them even than the makers, who unblushingly recommend such tawdry gew-gaws. None but a cockney or an ignoramus would look at such trumpery. The

greatest admissible number of joints to a good working rod is four—one too many in my humble opinion ; for I prefer *three*. On the latter principle, however, sounder and better wood is required, and a very superior workman must be employed to get it up as it ought to be turned out.

I cannot illustrate my argument more clearly than by requesting any one of my readers to select a well-grown hazel twig ; let him test its strength and pliability in its natural state, and then I will ask him to cut it into four pieces and unite them by means of brass or copper ferrules, and he will then find how different in its spring and play will be the jointed sample. The same reasoning holds good with all woods.

The system I endeavour to advocate is the more perceptible in salmon than trout rods ; for, in the former, although greater nicety and finish can be dispensed with, each proportion and equable play must be religiously adhered to.

The very best salmon rod I ever owned was the one given to me by my old friend Major Browne, it was in two joints only, and these I spliced myself at the rivers' side, and to the utter exclusion of brass and ferrules do I attribute its extraordinary excellence and perfection.

It may be argued that a rod measuring some four-and-twenty feet in length in two pieces must be an unwieldy tool to carry—granted ; but the salmon-fisher is usually accompanied by some domestic or village amateur, who, for a trifling "*douceur*" will carry any weight of tackle during a long day's work ; at least I have never been at a loss for a rustic assistant in my rambles through Scotland, Ireland, and Wales.

In selecting a trout-rod the *hand* must guide the purchaser. If it be a practiced one the play and power will be easily discovered, if otherwise, let me warn the Tyro never to look at a weak, pliable, yielding, flopping article.

The Play or spring should never display itself lower down than the top of the second joint, (the first from the butt) or the heel of the third. For the most part the butt, or lower joints of the trout-rods usually met with are too clumsy and heavy ; the consequence is that the tapering commences too suddenly, and the spring develops itself exactly where it should not.

Many of my brother fly-fishers have, doubtless, while travelling down to their favourite streams, occupied the box-seat of one of our well-appointed light coaches, and they may have observed the dragsman hit the near-side leader under the bars, or astonish a fly on the ear or neck of the little thorough-bred on the off-side. Had the crop of coachee's whip been of *willow* could he have hit a diminutive object with neatness and precision ? Unquestionably not, and had not *his* fishing-rod—for we will so call it for the moment—been geometrically tapered from the handle to its point he would not

have possessed the power of wielding it at will. This argument applies in all its bearings to the maxim I would enforce. I would suggest to every maker of single-handed trout rods the advantage to be derived by themselves as well as their customers, if they would adhere more strictly to the rules of just proportion, and the more frequent use and scientific application of the Calliper Compasses. If the butts of trout-rods were smaller in the grasp we could handle them with much greater ease, and consequently more precision and effect.

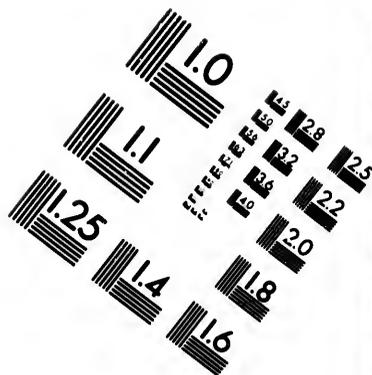
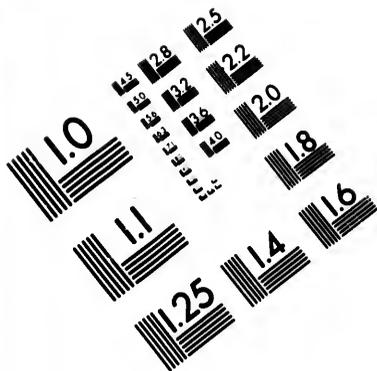
Poetically speaking, a single-handed rod should be "small by degrees and beautifully less"; we do not want a huge piece of ash or hiccory in our hands the size of a hand-spike, but something that, when we lay hold of it, tells us at once that we can command it and make it yield without labor to the play of the wrist and the action of the arm. The proprietors of the several London fishing-tackle establishments, it is but fair to state, are to a certain extent at the mercy of their workmen, for a grain of wood

scraped off in the *wrong place* will cause irredeemable mischief.

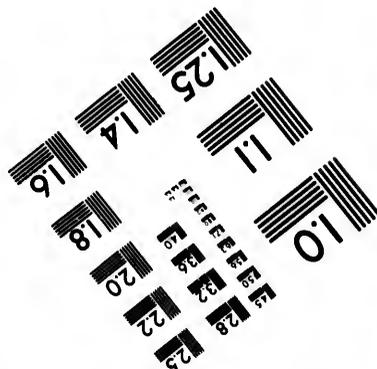
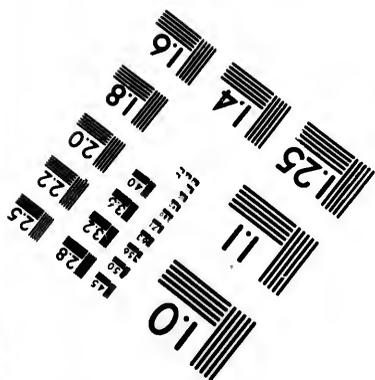
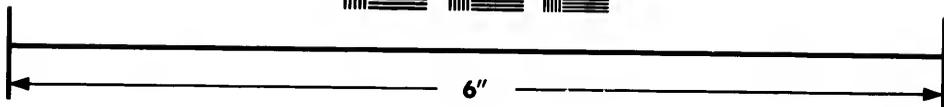
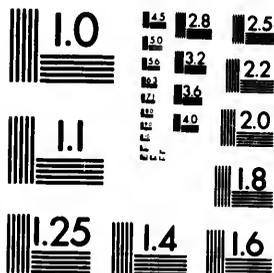
The material of a trout-rod should be reduced by homæopathic degrees so great is the nicety required on the part of the artist to enable him to arrive at perfection in his calling—for the utmost delicacy, precision, and accuracy are indispensable in the truly difficult task of trout-rod making. I have said that three joints are the maximum for a perfect single-handed rod. Mr. Blacker, of Dean Street, has lately made one for me after my own pattern, and I think I can take upon myself to pronounce it the very best I ever had in my hand. I believe Mr. Blacker has made one or two more upon the same principle, and the reader, should he wish to satisfy himself as to the superiority of the rods with three joints, has only to call at No. 54, Dean Street, Soho, where he will find a rich store of piscatorial treasures.

Much difference of opinion has existed—and the subject is to this day one of controversy—as to the best wood for the butt





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



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of a trout-rod some being advocates for hiccory—others for ash, red deal, white deal, &c.

As far as my humble judgment leads me to come to a conclusion on this *knotty* point, I should say that much must depend upon the weight as well as make of the rod required, and the person who is to wield it. A hiccory butt is admissible in a light, single-handed trout-rod, because this wood, although when reduced to the requisite size for upper joints will be found pliable, yet tough, is not so yielding in a more bulky form as ash or deal.

I therefore give the preference, for a *small* rod to the hiccory butt, which, notwithstanding its being reduced sufficiently to render it handy in the grasp, will be found of the requisite stiffness to establish a just and equable play with the two succeeding points, which must be of the same material.

A single-handed rod of larger proportions to suit a stout, tall, and athletic indi-

vidual, may with propriety be made of ash—the second and third of hiccory, and the fourth, or top, of cane, as a matter of course.

Some judgment and discrimination are requisite in the tradesman, to *fit* his customers with a rod adapted to height, muscle and limb; for instance, an article that glorious Paul Bedford could twiddle between his finger and thumb with perfect ease to himself, would be an unwieldy, if not a useless, tool in the hands of his fellow “star,” that duodecimo specimen of genuine humor and theatrical excellence little Oxberry. I would therefore have the angler as well fitted with a rod as a coat—for his comfort depends as much upon the one as the other.

For a *two*-handed trout, or small salmon-rod, I have no objection to a butt of sound red-deal; the next joint must then be of hiccory, the third of lance-wood and the top of cane. A rod of this description, however, *must* be put together by a profici-

ent in the art, and a first-rate workman to boot, for he must not only have a thorough knowledge of just proportions, but be familiar with the nature and properties of the several woods he will have to bring in juxtaposition, as the greatest possible nicety and exactness are necessary to persuade these natives of opposite climes to agree and work well together. The best workmen are invariably employed by the most respectable and oldest established dealers in fishing tackle ; and for this reason I advise all brothers of the angle, young, old, and middle-aged—of high or low degree, to provide themselves with their equipment at an establishment of good repute.

The following imperishable names are worthy of notice—Bowness, senr., the successor to old Chevalier, of Bell Yard, Temple Bar, (the best rod-maker "*par parenthèse*" the world ever saw), Bowness, junr., his son of No. 33, in the same busy thoroughfare ; Mr. Holmes and Mr. Little, both of Fetter Lane ; Mr. Eaton, of Crooked

Lane, (a first rate and scientific workman,) and last, though not least, in my estimation, Mr. Blacker, of Dean Street, Soho.

At any of these establishments, the curious in tackle of whatsoever description, as well as the casual purchaser, will be sure of finding sound workmanship, and the very best materials. In giving this selection from the worshipful body of tackle-makers, it is far from my intention to make any invidious distinction; neither do I wish to praise one tradesman at the expense of another; at the same time I trust I am not exceeding the bounds of discretion or propriety in assuming to myself the right of pointing out where the best articles are to be procured.

I can have but one object in view, and that is to benefit the vendor and the manufacturer, the angler who has acquired some knowledge of the gentle art, and the young beginner who has none. I feel too grateful to the whole fraternity, for having enabled

me, by reason of their skill and handicraft, to follow for five and thirty summers my favorite amusement, to cause any one of them one moment's annoyance; and I but echo the sentiments of every true Piscator when I say that we jolly anglers hold in veneration and esteem, the whole race of rod and tackle-makers; for to their ingenuity, science, labor and industry, we mainly owe our success in the noble art—for it is a noble as well as a gentle art, and one that I glory in most transcendently. I hope to be permitted on this occasion to express a wish that the leading fishing tackle-makers in the metropolis would not live in such little poking places, for I am convinced that they would find it answer in every way to establish themselves in more open and extensive premises, and they may take my word for it, that an "*Atelier*" would prove of inconceivable advantage to them; they would then be enabled to have their rods constructed beneath their own roof, and to superintend their workmen.

Why was it, may I ask, that old Joe Manton in his palmiest days produced stronger shooting and better guns than any other of the London makers? simply because, in addition to employing the very best and cleverest workmen money could command, he had them *under his own eye*; his workshops were spacious, and he personally superintended every branch of his business; consequently he felt assured that all was executed in the first style of excellence. I offer this hint to the London rod-makers for their good—and from a motive to render them an essential service, and I trust they will receive it in the same spirit of kindness. It is meant for their individual advantage as well as a public benefit.

From rod-makers let us turn once more to rods. I have pointed out how a double-handed trout, or small salmon-rod can be made to great advantage. I have seen and used large and heavy salmon rods constructed on the same principle, and invaria-

bly found them to answer exceedingly well : but the salmon rod "*par excellence*" is the one fashioned after Major Browne's plan, to which I have already alluded. If we brothers of the angle could only find rods, ready to our hands, in their natural state, our lot would be happier even than it is ; for it is an incontrovertible fact that the fewer ferules we use the better ; all that can be said of these metal sockets is, that they are a necessary evil. The salmon rod, therefore, that I affection the most is in two pieces only, and these two pieces should be prepared for splicing in the centre.

The rod given me in Canada by my old friend, the Major, I used for many years—the lower half was of ash, and the upper of hiccory with a whalebone tip. So just and true was this unsightly article, (for it was upwards of four and twenty feet in length), that I could, I am certain, have thrown my fly into a rat-hole with it—for I never failed to pitch my foot-line within

an inch or two of any given object. I gave it, some years ago, on going abroad, to an old and valued friend, a clergyman, long since gathered to his forefathers. He was as good a fisherman as I ever knew, and like all good fishermen, a most worthy fellow. If he did not take the rod to the other world with him, somebody has become possessed of one of the best bits of stuff man ever handled.

Some anglers of the old school have the butts of their rods bored. With all due deference to their judgment I must condemn the system as a bad one. There are many disadvantages attending the practice ; amongst the greatest of these will be found not only a hazardous weakness at the grasp, and about the region of the first or principal socket, but a faulty lightness where a certain degree of weight is indispensable.

Another objection is, the mutilation, if not destruction of the spare top-pieces. The object for which all butts were originally bored, was, as a matter of course, to

carry the spare top-joints with greater facility; but experience has proved that the action of throwing the line causes them to slide backwards and forwards; and the minute, twisted, wire-ring at the extremity of the fragile top-joint, which is universally slight and delicate in its fabric, becomes, in course of time, flattened and bruised, the cane frequently split, and the top injured, if not ruined.

A light bamboo cane, which serves as a handle to the landing net, should be the only receptacle for spare tops; for believe me, strange and anomalous as the assertion may seem, the solid butts beat the bored ones—*hollow*.

I fear I may have digressed at too great a length on the subject of rods—but as our success at the river's side, in every part of the world, must chiefly depend upon the excellence of our tackle, I hope to be pardoned for having occupied so much of the Reader's attention with the subject. In the

event of any of my brother Piscators migrating to Canada, either on duty, business, or a trip of amusement I would advise them to take a good stock of tackle of every description with them. A salmon rod, a two handed, and a single-handed trout rod will be found indispensable, plenty of sound good gut of every degree of strength, for salmon and trout foot-lines, for the trash sold in Quebec is both dear and next to useless. Reels and lines must not be forgotten, and if a salmon rod, such as I have described in two pieces can be shipped on board the vessel without inconvenience I should recommend it in preference to one of four joints with its glittering ferrules. For the information of the Canadian fly-fisher. I will now subjoin a list of salmon and trout-flies which will be found very killing in the Jacques Cartier, and indeed on every river in the two Provinces.

I should recommend a few of the salmon flies to be tied without the gold and silver

twist and tinsel, the patterns for which I have given to Mr. Blacker, of 54, Dean Street, Soho.

### SALMON FLIES FOR THE CANADIAN RIVER.

\*No. 1. Body, yellow tag, next to purple, cinnamon brown mohair, or pigs-down at the shoulder, reddish-brown hackle for legs; wing, hen pheasant's tail, two strips of Mallard wing, for tail; either ribbed or not with gold or silver twist. Hook 8 or 9, Limerick.

\*No. 2. Body, brown pig's hair full; slightly ribbed with gold twist. Wing, from the wing of a hen pheasant. Tail two strips of mallard wing. B. B.

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+ All the flies distinguished by asterisks were the Major's favorites—and excellent killers. F. T.

No. 3. Body, tipped with yellow, then dark blue pig's down up to the head ; black hackle wound from the tail up, and silver twist. Wing, teal-feather. Hook 8 or 9.

\*No. 4. Body, dark claret pig's down, dark red hackle for legs, golden pheasant topping for tail. Head, black, ribbed or not with gold. Wing brown mallard Hook 8 or 9.

Co. 5. Body, yellow tag, then reddish-brown pig's down, purple at the shoulder, silver twist. Head black. Wing, spotted feather from peacock's wing. Hook 8 or 9.

\*No. 6. Body, fiery brown pig's down, well picked out and full, dark red-brown hackle wound full round the shoulder, two strips of mallard wing for tail, and brown turkey for wing, a very little gold twist. Hook 9, Limerick.

No. 7. Body light cinnamon brown of pigs' down, a little flat gold tinsel, black hackle for legs, head black, wings, feather of a kite's tail. Hook, 8 or 7, Limerick.

No. 8. Bears' fur or brown pigs' wool, wound full, grouse hackle for legs, golden pheasant topping for tail ; wings from the brown mallard. Hook, 8 or 9.

No. 9. Body, black mohair or pigs' down, ribbed with silver twist, golden pheasant topping for tail, wings dark Turkey. Size of hook may be varied.

No. 10. Body dark purple, hackle the same, a little bit of jay's wing at the shoulder, ribbed with silver twist, wings mixed with mallard, teal, hen pheasant tail and neck feathers of the golden pheasant. Hook, 7 or 8.

\* No. 11. Body a bright reddish brown, the colour of human hair, vulgarly called *carrots*, of pigs' down, wing from the tail feather of a hen preasant, two strips of mallard wing for tail, (this is a killing fly on the Jacques Cartier river on a dark day.) Head black. Hook, 7, 8, or 9.

No. 12. Body orange coloured pigs' down, a little gold tinsel, three fibres of brown

mallard for tail, a claret coloured hackle for legs, and wings from the brown mallard. (This is also a good killer.)

\* No. 13. Body half claret colour or purple from the shoulder, and half cinnamon brown, tip bright yellow pig's down, tail two strips of mallard, wing from wing of a hen pheasant. Hook, 8, Limerick. (This was the Major's pet.)

No. 14. Body peacock herl with gold twist, two red-brown cock's hackles wound from the tail, and rolled very thick at the shoulder.\*

No. 15. Golden coloured tip of pigs' down, then brown pigs' down, then purple-and-black, hackle ribbed with gold twist, wings from the light mottled feather of a turkey's tail, and a few fibres of brown mallard for tail. Hook, 7, 8, or 9.

No. 16. Body a dark orange of pigs' down

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\* This large palmer fly I prefer made as described by Mr. Ronalds in his very clever work on fly-making—viz., on two hooks to give length to the body, and make it resemble as it ought to do—a caterpillar.

at the tip, then black pigs' down to the shoulders, ribbed with silver twist, wings dark brown turkeys' wing, tail two fibres of brown mallard. Hook, 8 or 9.

No. 17. Body, orange or gold coloured silk, ribbed with gold tinsel, brown red hackle tag of peacock heel, wings brown mallard and a little peacock heel for head, tail three or four strips of mallard. Hook, 1. 1.

No. 18. Body puce colored pigs' down wound over with a dun colored hackle, wings brown turkeys' tail, and three or four strips of mallard for tail. Hook, 8 or 9, Limerick.

With these flies great execution is to be done in the Jacques Carter and all the Canadian rivers.

The very gaudy flies such as we use in this country and are to be met with in Ireland, Scotland and Wales will be found but of very little use on the other side of the Atlantic, and should any of my readers about to proceed to Canada be induced to

have the eighteen samples I have given, made up, I would advise them to have a few of each plainly dressed without any tinsel. I have generally found them take better without this addition, and it may be set down as a general rule for the Jacques Cartier river at least, that the less gaudy the fly the greater will be the chance of success. A plain dark brown or cinnamon colored body with or without a dark red hackle, a hen pheasant wing, for the wing and three or four strips of the mallard for tail will kill when other flies have failed. This fly, and the plain one of three colours, yellow, purple and brown with the same wing and tail, have never known to fail. The same observation, will apply to trout flies. Dark "Palmer's," the "Brown Bear," "Whirling Brown," "Duns" of all kinds. "Hawthorns," "Grey Drakes," green tails, will all kill, and may the fly-fisher who visits the Canadian rivers find as good sport as I have met with in both the provinces—better no man need desire.

If my little book should find favor in the eyes of my brother sportsmen, and an indulgent public should afford me sufficient encouragement to undertake the attempt, I hope, shortly, to publish an account of the sport to be met with in the Upper Province.

For the present I have confined my narrative to Lower Canada, where the settler and half-pay-officer will be in their glory. The latter has an advantage over the former, inasmuch as a large extent of land is provided him by the liberality of Government.

In the event of a Militia force being organized and called out for the protection of the country, he is on the spot to drill his fellow agriculturists for the defence of their common property; and in the absence of any warlike demonstrations, the half-pay-officer will be in the enjoyment of every worldly comfort.

The sum realized by the sale of the Military man's commission would more than cover the expence of clearing the land apportioned to him. This done he has

every necessary of life within his reach. The produce of his acres furnishes him with more than sufficient for his subsistence, and in addition to the amusement as well as profit to be derived from the cultivation of his own soil, he has game and fish in abundance immediately around him.

Salmon and trout are to be found in every river and stream, while woodcocks, snipes, partridges, (such as they are), ducks, teal, widgeon, and wild-fowl of every description are to be met with in profusion.

To the shooter and fly-fisher therefore the Canadas hold out temptations all but irresistible, and odds! port wine and lemon juice! let me hint to my fellow *Gourmets* that the "Canvas-back" and "Black Duck" of the Upper Province are "*rare aves*" amongst feathered "tit bits," and the greatest as well as most esteemed of the luxuries to be met with in either of the provinces. Quin himself would have swam the Atlantic to have tasted these justly celebrated delicacies.

So many of our retired officers have betaken themselves to the back-woods that by this time they must have established a demi-military colony.

Society therefore cannot be wanting in the Canadian Forest, and I do in all sincerity affirm that a happier life for an enthusiastic sportsman cannot be hoped for or enjoyed than the Canadas afford, and I shall not be a little proud if after the perusal of these volumes any one of my readers should leave his native country and usurp the title of this little work by becoming a "Sportsman in Canada."

THE END.

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