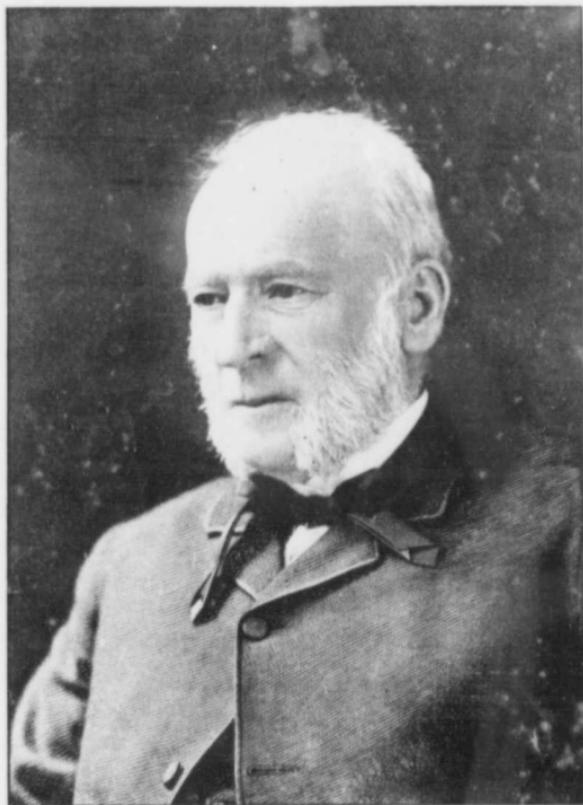


DA



SIR JAMES M. LeMOINE

VII SERIES, 1906

MAPLE LEAVES

HISTORY—BIOGRAPHY—LEGEND—
LITERATURE—MEMOIRS, Etc.

BY

SIR JAMES McPHERSON LeMOINE,

D.C.L.

Past President Royal Society of Canada, Past President Literary and
Historical Society of Quebec, Member of Société d'Histoire Di-
plomatique de Paris, Institution Ethnographique, France,
Massachusetts Historical Society, Audubon Society
of New York, American Philosophical
Society of Philadelphia, etc.

"An honest tale speeds best,
being plainly told."



QUEBEC

FRANK CARREL, PUBLISHER

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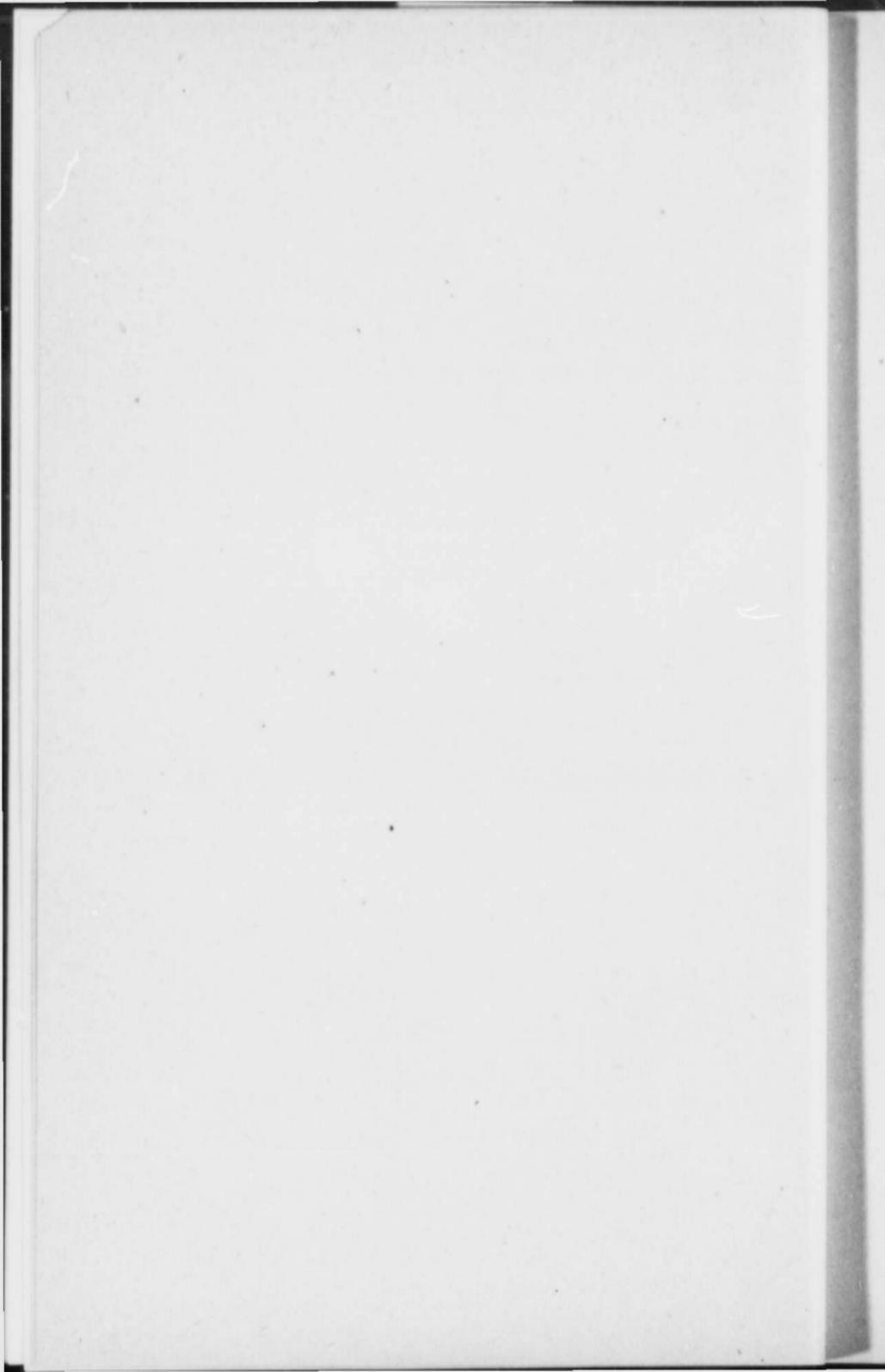
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A SIR JAMES M. LEMOINE

(A l'occasion du titre à lui décerné par Sa Majesté la Reine Victoria)

Vous avez de l'oubli sauvé bien des légendes,
Vieux Travailleur, chargé de glorieux butin ;
Vous avez pour nos peux dressé bien des guirlandes,
A l'histoire arraché plus d'un secret lointain.

Vous avez célébré notre nature immense ;
Et, tout en dessinant ses splendeurs à grands traits,
Vous nous peignez les mœurs et notez la romance
Des doux chanteurs ailés qui peuplent nos forêts.

Vous n'avez eu pour tous qu'une parole amie ;
Jamais on ne vous vit jalouser les vainqueurs,
Gloire à qui vous couronne . . . A notre Académie,
Ce prix était déjà décerné dans les cœurs.

Montréal, avril 1897.

LOUIS FRECHETTE.

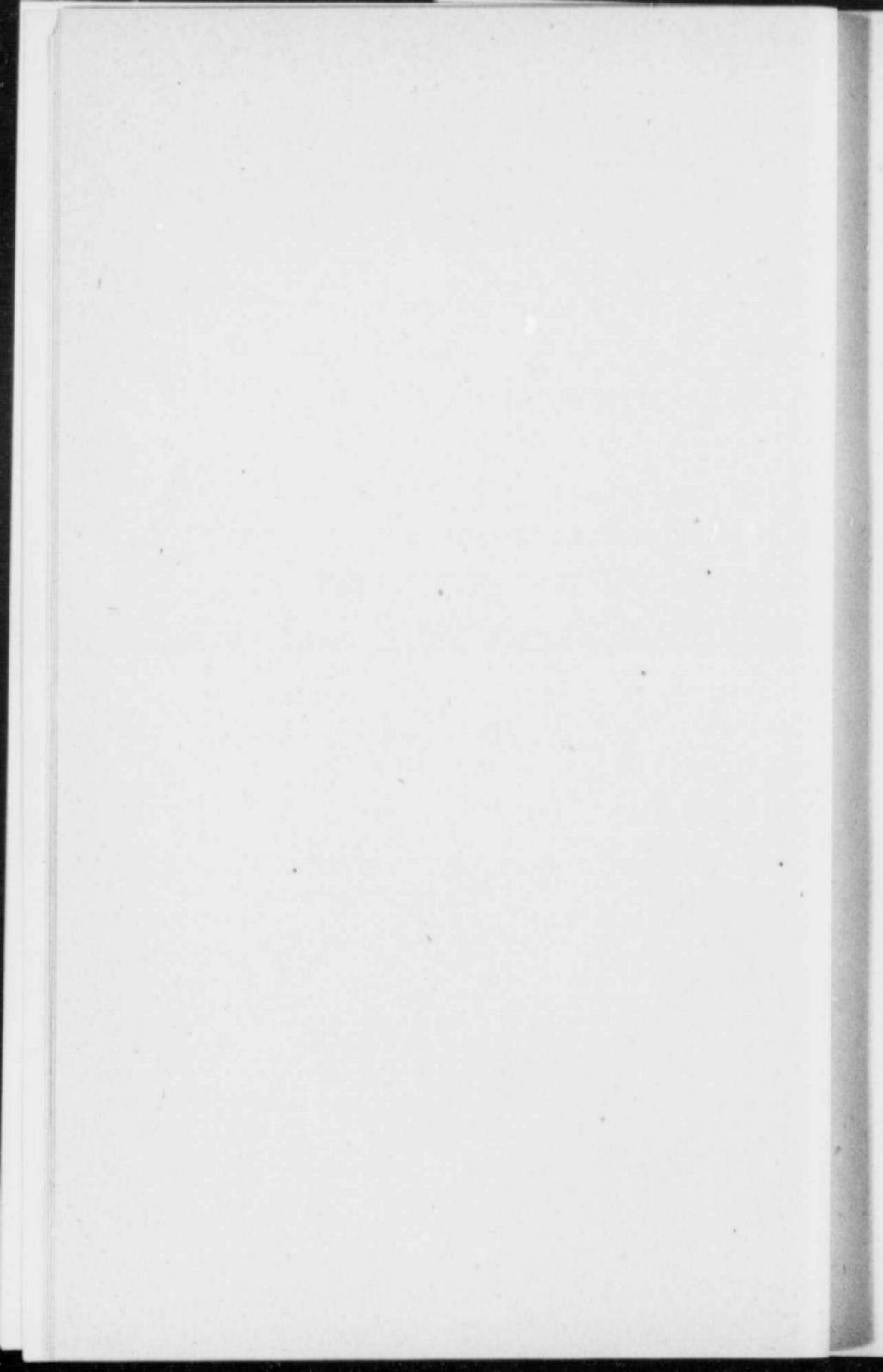


TO MY FELLOW-CITIZENS
THIS BOOK IS CORDIALLY DEDICATED
THE LAST I SHALL WRITE
CLOSING A LABOR OF LOVE,
BEGUN FIFTY YEARS AGO.
ADIEU, FRIENDS ! INDULGENT READERS, ADIEU !

*"Hoc libro habes
Ne sperne
Quod Restat Mei."*

SPENCER GRANGE
DOMINION DAY, 1906

J. M. LEMOINE.



PREFATORY NOTE

The present work closes a series of volumes of Memoirs, Essays, Papers, some of which were read before the Royal Society of Canada, at its annual meetings, in Ottawa; while others were contributed to Encyclopedias, Reviews, Magazines, etc.

A Multiplicity of subjects were embraced: Canadian history—Biography—Traditions—Scenery—Sport—Birds—Fishes, etc.

These varied productions were collected in book-form at irregular periods; the first series, in 1863, followed by successive ones in 1864-1865-1873-1889-1894 under the title of MAPLE LEAVES.

The story of French Canada, told in these volumes in a light vein, supplemented by other

works: QUEBEC PAST AND PRESENT, PICTURESQUE QUEBEC, ANNALS OF THE PORT OF QUEBEC, LEGENDS OF THE ST. LAWRENCE, etc., have, I trust, conveyed some instruction, and also afforded entertainment.

The full scope of these works appears on reference to the Appendix.

I have pleasure, in closing, to especially thank my kind friend, George M. Fairchild, Jr., for his help, enabling me, despite serious illness, to put this volume through the press.

SPENCER GRANGE,
Dominion Day, 1906.

THE AUTHOR.

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PART I



CANADIAN HISTORY



THE ARCHIVES OF CANADA

The Presidential Address read at the Annual General Meeting
in Ottawa, May 1895, of the Royal Society of Canada.

(The Manuscript Sources of Canadian History
as Revealed by our Archives)

"Colligite Fragmenta ne pereant."

If family papers are cherished, claim respect in the home circle as memoirs of an unforget-ten past, how much more ought to be prized, carefully garnered and preserved, the records of a whole people; that is, its public archives.

Their contents inspire an interest confined not to one family alone; they embrace society at large—the aggregate of thousands of fam-ilies.

A nation's history lies in its archives; there can it be sought; there rests the enduring evi-dence of its existence—the authentic certificate of its origin—its title deeds—the story of its achievements, good or bad.

These records, mayhap dusty, unprepossessing, of access arduous, call forth feelings of interest whenever we meet with them; they are part and parcel, fragments of one's country, dispersed far from home sometimes, *les lambeaux de la patrie dispersée*, as a French writer styles them.

One experiences a legitimate pride, when on wading through these old parchments or ponderous folios, one lights on brave, patriotic or warlike deeds, accounts of wise, great or good men though seen in the obscure distance, showing that one's people is of honourable, ancient lineage, not an irresponsible mushroom community without a past, heedless of a future.

Often these crabbed, uninviting documents are scanned, appealed to, in preference to the highly wrought, tinted version of the modern historian wedded to new-fangled theories, peculiar schools of thought, bent on perverting, omitting or colouring facts, so as to make them dovetail into systems of belief, ancient or modern.

Canada, like other countries, has her archives, private and public; though the patriotic duty of collecting them, at home and abroad, has of late years only seriously commended itself to public attention.

Where were our archives in the past? Where are they at present? I hear some one ask.

Until measures were taken, in 1872, to collect them, portions more or less considerable existed in London, Paris, Rouen, Madrid, Venice, Amsterdam, St. Petersburg, Washington Boston, Quebec, Three Rivers, Montreal, Ottawa, Kingston, Toronto.

Quebec, the citadel of French power in the new world nearly three centuries ago, as such was supplied by the French king with a complete set of public officials, from a magnificent viceroy to a humble water bailiff, without omitting a hangman.

She necessarily became the depository of the innumerable official documents, despatches, commissions, maps, plans and correspondence, affecting the relations of the mother-country with her pet colony.

It was necessary to provide for the civil and military administration of the new dependency in every branch of the public service.

The litigious character of her Norman and Breton peasantry very soon called forth a large outfit of judicial officials, whilst her peculiar position as the key, the bulwark of French dominion in North America, required defensive works and the appointment of a military staff adequate to its defence.

For more than two hundred years, an object of jealousy to the surrounding Indian tribes, as well as a menace to the sturdy, progressive, but unwarlike British colonies beyond the

border, her's became a martial record of respectable proportions. The history of her five sieges alone fills many volumes.

The art of the printer being nearly unknown at Quebec under the early regime, her chronicles had to be noted down in manuscript form for preservation or for transmission to France.

It would be too lengthy, a tedious operation in fact, to attempt furnishing a full list of the old French records of the Province of Quebec.

With your permission I will confine myself to reviewing the most notable ones. Conspicuously stand forth those recently published by the Provincial Government,¹ at Quebec, by the

(1) Documents relatifs à la Nouvelle France, 1492-1789, 7 volumes quarto.

Jugements du Conseil Supérieur, 1663-1685, 2 volumes quarto.

Montcalm et Lévis, Guerre du Canada, 1756-1760, 2 volumes quarto.

Journal du Chevalier de Lévis, 1756-1760, 1 volume quarto. 343 p.

Lettres du Chevalier de Lévis, 1756-1760, 1 volume quarto. 473 p.

Lettres de la Cour de Versailles, 1756-1760, 1 volume quarto.

Les Pièces Militaires, 1 volume quarto.

Lettres de Bourlamaque à Lévis, 1756-1760, 1 volume quarto.

Lettres de Montcalm à Bourlamaque, 1756, 1 volume quarto.

Lettres de Montcalm à Lévis, 1756, 1 volume quarto. 240 p.

Journal de Montcalm, 1756, volume quarto, 626 p.

By Société Historique de Montréal, 9 series.

1e. Livraison, 1859, Esclavage au Canada. 64 p.

2e. Livraison, 1859, Famille Lauzon. 58 p.

3e. Livraison, Ordonnance de Maisonneuve. 33 p.

4e. Livraison, 1868, Histoire de Montréal. 272 p.

5e. Livraison, 1870, Régime Militaire. 328 p.

Literary and Historical Society of Quebec,² by
the Société Historique de Montréal.

- 6e. Livraison, 1875, Dollier et Galiinée, voyage. 84 p.
7e. Livraison, 1890, Peter Kalm, traduit par Marchand. 168 p.
8e. Livraison, 1880, Peter Kalm, 2 vol., traduit par Marchand. 256 p.
9e. Livraison 1880, Les Véritables Motifs des Messieurs et Dames. 94 p.

(2) Historical documents published by the Quebec Literary and Historical Society, since its foundation up to 1887. First series:

1. Mémoires sur le Canada depuis 1749 jusqu'à 1760, en trois parties; avec cartes et plans lithographiés. VII. et 211 p. in-8, Québec, 1838. Ré-imprimés en 1873.

Ce mémoire a pour deuxième titre: "Mémoires du S— de C—, contenant l'histoire du Canada durant la guerre et sous le gouvernement anglais." Il fut communiqué à la Société Littéraire et Historique par M. le colonel Christie. L'introduction donne à entendre que l'auteur du manuscrit pourrait être M. de Vauclain, officier de marine en 1759.

2. Collection de mémoires et de relations sur l'histoire ancienne du Canada, d'après des manuscrits récemment obtenus des archives et bureaux publics, en France. (8 mémoires reliés en 1 vol. (papier), in-8, Québec 1840).

1. Mémoire sur l'état présent du Canada attribué à M. Talon. 7 p.
2. Mémoire sur le Canada (1736), attribué à M. Hocquart. 14 p.
3. Considérations sur l'état présent du Canada (1758). 29 p.
4. Histoire du Canada par M. l'abbé de Belmont. 36 p.
5. Relation du Siège de Québec en 1759 par une religieuse de l'Hôpital Générale de Québec. 24 p.
6. Jugement impartial sur les opérations militaires de la campagne en Canada en 1759. 8 p.
7. Réflexions sommaires sur le commerce qui s'est fait en Canada, 8 p.
8. Histoire de l'eau-de-vie en Canada. 29 p.
3. Voyages de découvertes au Canada entre les années 1534 et 1542, par Jacques-Cartier, le Sieur de Roberval, Jean Alphonse de Xaintonge, etc. Suivis de la description de Québec et de ses environs en 1608, et de divers extraits relativement au lieu de l'hivernement de Jacques-Cartier en

For years these precious documents had rested unproductive, as it were, closed to the public eye, in the vaults of the Quebec parliament House and in the subteranean apartments of the court house. Montreal, too, had its old records stored in the moist vaults of its court house.

We have to note, and we do so with pleasure,

1535-36 (avec gravures *fac-similé*.) Ré-imprimé sur d'anciennes relations. 130 p. in-8, papier, Québec, 1843.

4. Mémoire du Sieur de Ramsay, commandant à Québec, au sujet de la reddition de cette îlle le 18 septembre 1759, d'après un manuscrit aux archives du bureau de la Marine, à Paris. 84 et 38 p. in-8, Québec, 1861. (Dû à M. Geo. B. Faribault.) papier.

Historical documents, 2nd series. 8-vo., paper

Extract from a manuscript journal relating to the Siege of Quebec in 1759, kept by Colonel Malcolm Fraser. 37 p. in-8.

The Campaign of Louisbourg 1750-58. attributed to Chevalier Johnstone. 28 p., 8 vo., Québec, 167.

A Dialogue in Hades a parallel of military errors, of which the French and English armies were guilty, during the campaign of 1759 in Canada. 55 p., 8 vo., Québec, 1866. Attributed to Chevalier Johnstone.

The campaign of 1760 in Canada. 24 p., 8-vo. A narrative attributed to Chevalier Johnstone.

The invasion of Canada in 1775. Letter attributed to Major Henry Caldwell.—1776. 19 p., 8-vo., published at Québec, 1855.

A journal of the expedition up the River St. Lawrence, republished from the New York *Mercury* of 31st December 1759. 19 p., 8-vo.

Historical documents, 3rd series. Published under the auspices of the Literary and Historical Society. 1 vol., cloth 8-vo., Québec and Montreal, 1871. Contents:

Histoire de Montréal, 1640-1672. 128 p., 8-vo. Ouvrage attribué à M. F. Dollier de Casson, S.S.

Journal des opérations de l'armée Américaine, lors de l'invasion du Canada en 1775-76, par M. J. B. Badcaux. 43 p., in-8, Montréal, 1871.

Recueil de ce qui s'est passé en Canada au sujet de la

- * the beneficent action of a previous governor, Lord Dorchester, who ordered these documents to be examined and reported on.

After the signature of the final treaty ceding Canada to England in 1763, it was deemed necessary to have an inventory made of all the old French archives. This measure interested both of the belligerent parties; the victors had agreed by capitulation, as well as by treaty, to respect the laws of the vanquished.

-
- guerre, tant des anglais que des iroquois, depuis l'année 1682. 82 p., in-8, Québec, 1871.
 - Voyage d'Iberville. Journal du Voyage fait par deux frégates du roi, la Badine et le Marin, 1698. 48 p., in-8, Montréal, 1871.
 - Journal of the Siege of Quebec, 1759-60, by General Jas. Murray. 45 p., in-8., Québec, 1871.
 - Historical documents, 4th series. 1 vol., 8-vo paper, 1875.
 - A journal of the expedition up the River St. Lawrence, 1759. 21 p.
 - General orders in Wolfe's army during the expedition up the River St. Lawrence, 1759. 56 p. (Original in the hands of Sir J. M. LeMoine.)
 - Journal du siege de Québec en 1759, par Jean Claude Paré. 31 p.
 - Journal of the seige and blockade of Quebec by the American rebels, in autumn 1775 and winter 1776, attributed to Hugá Finlay, Postmaster-General. 25 p.
 - Historical Documents, 5th series. 1 vol., 8-vo., 152 p., Québec, 1877. Containing documents relating to the war of 1812.
 - Historical Documents, 6th series. 1 vol., 8-vo.
 - Tabular statement of arrivals from sea at Quebec, during the navigation season of 1793, showing dates of sailing and arrival, nature of cargo, names of ships, masters, owners, &c., extracted from the registers of the Quebec Exchange, and contributed for publication in the archives of the Literary and Historical Society, by MacPherson LeMoine, Seigneur of Crane Island, Montmagny, province of Quebec.

It became urgent for the French Canadians to make known what the laws, decisions and sentences had been. Moreover, the decisions rendered by the military tribunals, which had governed the country from 1759 to 1763, were likely to have innovated in certain judicial matters. Irregularities doubtless had occurred, and the new constitution granted by the Quebec Act, in 1774, as well as the other causes, had created uncertainty on some legal points; this made it of paramount importance for all to know how they stood.

Such the origin of the commission or committee named by His Excellency, Lord Dorchester, on the 27th December, 1786, composed of Judge Adam Mabane and Messrs. Dunn and de Léry at Quebec, and of the members of the council at Montreal, with instructions to report to the governor without delay, the actual state and condition of the old registers and records of the province of Quebec; where they were stored, etc. On the 19th June, 1788, the committee was further directed to report as to the contents of every volume, the period it covered, the number of its pages, its contents and markings, its present condition, its authenticity, the public office to which it belonged, where it was deposited, and on every other point which might affect matters previous to the conquest.

The report, seven hundred copies of which

were printed in 1791, in English and in French, at the office of Neilson's old *Quebec Gazette*, is at present a rare and valued document.

This inventory showed that several important records therein mentioned were missing. If not irretrievably lost, their absence from the shelves of the public office, which at one time had owned them, was established.

I can recall visiting in my youth the damp subterranean vaults of the old parliament house at Quebec (since destroyed by fire) and being struck by the prodigious mass of documents, bound and unbound folios, parchments and registers stored there. Some, however, were destined to escape the corroding tooth of time and decay, and one of the most zealous presidents of the Literary and Historical Society at Quebec, the late George B. Faribault had succeeded in inducing the society to have them transcribed. Others were removed to the dark cells of the Quebec court house, whilst many perished in the great fires that ravaged the city. The major part, however, one is happy to say, were safely stored, after Confederation, in the fireproof rooms of the provincial registrar in the new legislative building at Quebec.

Several friends of progress, since that period, the first prime-minister of the province Hon. P. J. O. Chauveau, Hon. Gédéon Ouimet, later on the Hons. Jean Blanchet and C. E. A. Gagnon, provincial secretaries, urged on by

the historical societies and by ardent students of Canadian history, Francis Parkman, George Baby, Abbés Verreau, Bois, Tanguay, Casgrain and others, succeeded in inducing the legislature to vote funds to print several voluminous series of these documents in 1883 and in following years, nor ought one omit recording the hearty co-operation of the late Dr. T. B. Aikins, of Nova Scotia.

A powerful impulse had been given to the collection of public archives in this province, by the creation at Ottawa in 1872, of the archives office, an annex to the department of agriculture, in which our colleague, Mr. Douglas Brymner, has won golden opinions. The indefatigable savant died in 1903 and was succeeded by Dr. Arthur G. Doughty. This learned gentleman as dominion archivist bids fair to be a successful continuator of the good work.

Any one conversant with the neglected state of our archives in the past, will readily admit that the era of collecting and preservation was not commenced one day too soon, though matters in this respect were not so bad in Canada as they were, until lately, in England.

Mr. Brymner, after mentioning the early legislation in England to inquire into the state of public records, and to devise means to preserve them, in the reign of Edward III. (1473), in Queen Elizabeth's time (1559-1603), under James VI. (1617), George III. (1760-1820), William IV., in 1837, notes a striking contrast

between the dreadful state of neglect of the English archives and those of Scotland. The records of the Queen's Remembrancer, says he, it was discovered were stuffed into 600 sacks in a most filthy state, and to disinter a document known to exist somewhere in these heaps, was a work of a most disgusting nature. The report of the committee of the House of Commons of 1836, gives the evidence of Mr. Henry Cole as to the state of the King's mews containing these records. He says: "In these sheds 4,136 cubic feet of national records were deposited in the most neglected condition. Besides the accumulated dust of centuries, all when those operations commenced, were found to be very damp. Some were in a state of inseparable adhesion to the stone walls.

"There were numerous fragments which had only just escaped entire consumption by vermin and many were in the last stage of putrefaction. Decay and damp had rendered a large quantity so fragile as hardly to admit of being touched; others, particularly those in the form of rolls, were so coagulated together that they could not be unrolled. Six or seven perfect skeletons of rats were found imbedded, and bones of these vermin were generally distributed throughout the mass; and besides furnishing a charnel house for the dead, during the first removal of those national records, a dog was employed in hunting the

live rats which were thus disturbed from their nests.”¹

The only exception to the “shocking state” of the documents is in the case of Scotland, of the record office of which the committee spoke in these terms: “Collected together, in one central, ample, commodious and safe building in Edinburgh, placed under the custody of most competent and responsible keepers, they appear to be kept in a state of perfect arrangement and ample information supplied by full calendars and indexes.”

The systematic arrangement of records, the facility of access thereto, the ample information supplied by full calendars and indexes.” outlined in old Embro, one is happy to find, has guided the canny hand of her industrious son, Douglas Brymner, in the formation of our own public record office at Ottawa.

It has been previously stated that the Historical Society of Montreal, and her older sister, the Literary and Historical Society of Quebec, had repeatedly urged on successive administrations the propriety of collecting, preserving and publishing documents of an important historical character. Both associations deserve a good word, but the share of the Quebec institution in this progressive work, ever since its foundation, on the 6th January,

(1) Report of Dominion archivist, 1881. p. 6.

1824, by the Earl of Dalhousie, then governor-general of Canada, is so marked as to warrant special notice. In a circular given to the public the purposes of the society were thus declared: "To discover and rescue from the "unsparing hand of time, the records which "yet remain of the earliest history of Canada. "To preserve, whilst in its power, such documents as may be found amid the dust of yet "unexplored depositories, and which may "prove important to general history and to "the particular history of the province."

A glance at its Transactions and publications will show that it has not been recreant to its trust.

The origin of the archives office at Ottawa dates back, as previously stated, to the year 1872; it was the outcome of the petition presented to parliament in 1871, setting forth that authors and literary inquirers were placed in a very disadvantageous position in Canada, in comparison with persons of the same class in Great Britain, France and the United States, in consequence of being practically debarred from facilities of access to the public records, documents and officials papers in manuscript, illustrative of the history and progress of society in Canada, and praying that steps be taken to have the archives of Canada collected. Parliament then voted a sum for the purpose of making preliminary inquiry into the subject.

Further sums have been voted from year to year.

Mr. Douglas Brymner was charged to inquire into the state of the archives in the several provinces of the Dominion.

His voluminous report to the head of his department sums up the whole case so ably, that I cannot do better than quote a portion of it.

“I visited,” says he, “Toronto, Montreal and Quebec (the two latter cities more than once), Halifax, St. John and Fredericton . . .

. . . I consider it desirable to call attention to the manner in which the records and official documents are kept. In Montreal, the vaults under the old government court house . . . and unfit for the purpose to which they are applied. The air is damp and foul, so that it is dangerous to the health to remain in them beyond a very limited time . . . Many of these are of much historical value; some of them could not be replaced.”

“The complaint as to the dampness of the vaults in Montreal, applies also to those under the court house at Quebec.”

It may be well to state that these complaints have since been effectually removed. He continues:

“In Halifax the documents in the province building are stored in a room which is not fire-proof; otherwise they are well kept and in good order. . . .”

“In 1857, on motion of the Hon. Joseph

Howe, an examination of the ancient records and documents illustrative of the history and progress of society in Nova Scotia, was ordered to be made. In 1864, upwards of 200 volumes of manuscripts had been selected, arranged, catalogued and bound, and in 1865, the legislative assembly referred the matter to a committee."

It would take me far beyond the bounds to which space limits me, were I to attempt a full history of the Dominion archives since their origin. Those curious of entering deeper into the subject have ample verge and material to consult in the fifteen reports submitted on this matter to the legislature since 1872 by Mr. Brymner, by the learned Abbé Verreau in 1874, and by Mr. Joseph Marmette (Alas, no more!)

1873.—The report for this year includes an account of the Dominion archivist's visit to London, and of the records and despatches stored in the British Museum, the British public record, the Tower of London, the war office, the office of the secretary of state, on war, fisheries, commerce, emigration, etc.

With respect to the documents stored at Montreal, he adds: "There is a collection of statutes, in French and in English, which I would respectfully recommend should be distributed to public libraries, and literary institutions. They are chiefly the old 'Acts and Ordinances' and 'Edits et Ordonnances,' reference to which is frequently desired."

The legislative assembly of Halifax referred the subject of archives to a committee, who recommended the publication of a volume of public documents, to be selected by the commissioner of public records, Dr. T. B. Aikins. That gentleman had the volume published in 1869, containing:

1. Documents relating to the Acadian French inhabitants, and their removal from Nova Scotia in 1755.
2. On the encroachments of the French authorities of Canada on the territories of Nova Scotia.
3. On the siege of Fort Beauséjour in 1755, and the war on the continent terminated by the cession of Canada.
4. Papers connected with the settlement of Halifax in 1749 and the first British colonization of the province.
5. The official correspondence preparatory to the establishment of a representative form of government in 1758.

The records in possession of the military authorities at Halifax are voluminous. The earliest date is 1779, and they are continued to the present day. "General Sir Hastings Doyle," says Mr. Brymner, "gave instructions that I should have access to the papers, and Major Robertson, military secretary, saw that every facility was afforded to me to have them examined." On permission being subsequently asked from the imperial government to have this valuable collection of documents removed to Ottawa, it was granted.

Mr. Brymner's visit to St. John, N.B., in quest of old documents was not so successful.

His mission to Quebec, to wit, to examine the documents of the Quebec seminary, proved satisfactory. Mr. Brymner closes his report for 1872, with an expression of thanks to Rev. Messire Tanguay, in charge of the records, and also to the Rev. Abbé Laverdière, librarian of Laval University, for the facilities afforded the archivist in his laborious quest.

1874.—The report of the Rev. Mr. Verreau, deputed to London and Paris in 1874, throws much valuable light on documents relating to Canadian history stored in European cities. This gentleman dived into the records of the British museum, examined the Seignier collection, Harleian manuscript, the voluminous Haldimand collection, manuscripts of George III., English state archives, the Quebec correspondence comprised in twelve volumes, containing a mass of curious and unpublished details, some bearing on Montcalm's last letters, and on the chequered career of the notorious ex-Jesuit, Pierre Roubaud, in Canada and in England; the valuable collection of fifty-six volumes, entitled "Dorchester Papers." They had been presented by Mr. M. Morgan Castelow, secretary to Mr. John Seymour, who bequeathed them to the Royal Institution in 1804.

Abbé Verreau then crossed over to France, visiting the extensive archives of Lille. At

Brussels, he found at the "Archives du Royaume," a volume entitled "Missions d'Amérique," containing several autograph letters, one on Canada; searching successfully for material, at the "Bibliothèque Royale," etc., there also he picked up precious information relative to a larger number of French officers, who had emigrated from Canada at the time of the conquest.

At Liège and at Metz, the archæologist found in the public libraries a few works relating to Canada.

The "Bibliothèque Nationale" in Paris, which is consulted by the learned men of every country, offered the Canadian delegate a rich mine for research, as well as the "Archives Nationales" and the *Département de la marine*. Here occur the most important and most numerous documents bearing on the territories comprised under the name of Nouvelle-France. p. 193.

At the department of foreign affairs, under the heading "Americana," in volumes i., ii., iii., iv., are found public documents of paramount interest on Canada and Acadia as early as 1629.

There also occur, marked "England," "Rome," "St. Petersburg," manuscript volumes deeply interesting to the student of Canadian history.

1881.—Among the topics alluded to by the archivist in his report for this year, may be noted various documents on Newfoundland; on the protection of its fisheries from the inroads of the French, 1696-97; on the trade of the colony, 1705-6; on the number of vessels trading, with particulars of the annoyances and hindrances the French caused to trade. A list of the chief harbours is also given, and we find a mention of "Whiteburne's discourse on Canada," also of a vocabulary of the language of the Newfoundland Indians; a general description of the province of Nova Scotia, and a report on the state of its defences by Lieut.-Col. Moore in 1783; plans of different forts; the journal of Sir Hovenden Walker's unsuccessful attempt on Quebec in 1711.

1882.—One of the subjects to which Mr. Brymner draws attention that year, is the urgency of enlarged space for the archives rooms, in order to classify and arrange separately, for the eight provinces constituting the Dominion of Canada, the rapidly accumulating papers referring to each.

"If," says he, "lists of records of the different provinces in the possession of their respective governments were procured, they would be of the greatest use in proceeding with the work of this branch, and would assist very materially in furnishing information to historical investigators, who not unfrequently make inquiries as to the existence and plans of

deposit of papers which they desire to consult.”

We are next reminded by him of the wise policy of having one general collection of historical documents at the seat of the federal government, and one special at each province in its provincial capital.

“The possession of records in duplicate is a guarantee, to a large extent, of their preservation from destruction by fire; experience has shown the risk from this cause.”

An ample calendar follows, of letters and papers from the siege operations at Quebec in 1759; plans of forts, customs house laws and proceedings, commerce.

1883.—Two interesting reports on archives were submitted to parliament this year; one from Mr. Brymner and one from Mr. Marmette. This gentleman duly accredited by Lord Granville through the English ambassador, Lord Lyons, to the French government, congratulates himself on the facilities afforded him to examine the archives branch of the ministry of foreign affairs and the “Bibliothèque Mazarine.” The papers, plans, maps and documents stored in these various offices, cover the whole French period, 1603-1759, and throw light on many obscure points in our history.

Mr. Brymner, after relating the preliminary steps in 1871 in our parliament, which led to

the organization of our archives office, says that the first important contribution to it was made by the war office, which, after some negotiations conducted by him when in London in 1873, consented to transfer the Canadian military correspondence, going back nearly one hundred years, which was packed up in Halifax ready for transmission to London. These papers numbered upwards of 200,000 documents of various sizes, shapes and contents.

They are now in Ottawa, bound in 1,087 volumes. It was, of course, necessary for him to go through a deal of red-tapeism before obtaining leave to have access to, and to transcribe several important state papers, as he was restricted to extend his search to documents printed prior to 1842. The report, calendar and index, are replete with useful information.

I shall, however, make room for a few extracts from a striking letter addressed to Mr. Taylor, London, by T. Frederick Elliott, a nephew of Lord Minto, secretary of the Gosford commission, sent out to report on Canadian grievances in 1835, bearing date, Quebec, 24th October, 1835. This letter is mentioned thus in the Greville memoirs, vol. iii., p. 125: "I have just seen an excellent letter from Frederick Elliott to Taylor, with a description of parties and politics in Lower Canada, which

has been shown to the ministers, who think it the ablest *exposé* on those heads that has been transmitted to them." Lord Howick tells us he hopes this clever letter would be shown to Lord Glenelg, to Lord Melbourne and to the king. Mr. Elliott disposes of the opinion prevalent in some quarters to this day; that the insurrection in Lower Canada in 1837 was a mere question of race, French *versus* English; whereas, far from being a mere rising confined to the French element, it had had for its most strenuous leaders and organizers, men of quite another race than the French; such as Drs. Wolfred Nelson, Robert Nelson; Scott, Tracy, T. S. Brown, O'Callaghan, Girard, Hindelang, Samuel Newcome, ¹ B. Mott. The intolerable abuses of the period, the oppressive colonial misrule of the oligarchy, so unsparingly criticised by Lord Durham, such are the primary causes of discontent.

MR. ELLIOTT'S LETTER.

"Quebec, 24th Oct., 1835.

"MY DEAR TAYLOR,—People have been accustomed in England to hear of only two parties in Canada, the English and the French, but there are in fact three parties, the official,

(1) Samuel Newcome and Bery Mott formed part of the fifty-eight prisoners transported in 1839 to New South Wales, and who returned after spending five years and four months in exile.

the English and the French, besides some important French classes altogether distinct from the party which goes by that name.

“The official, or as the French term it, Bureaucratic party, is composed of a few old men holding the highest offices. They seem to be fond of privilege, jealous of interference, and ready to hold office at any inquiry into the popular allegations. Most of them are dull, and those who are the reverse are said to be interested. It is of very little consequence what they are. Whatever influence they may have formerly exercised through the instrumentality of weak governors, they are now destitute of any of the real elements of power, having neither connections at home (England) nor weight in the province. If there be a body in the world, which may, without fear, be handled according to its merits, that is the high official party of Canada. In the province itself it is very difficult to say by which great divisions of the people it is detested the most. Very different from this feeble corps is the real ‘English party.’ It is composed of almost all the merchants, with an admixture of considerable landholders, and of some of the younger and more intelligent civil officers. It possesses much wealth and still more credit, and in addition to these it has all the mutual confidence, and that precision and unity of purpose, which, to do our countrymen justice, they know better than any other people how to confer on political associations. This imposing body, moreover, has great advantage at the present moment in the moderation of tone which it can assume in contrast to the violence

of its adversaries, thus gaining the good-will if not the overt support, of the numerous portion of society which prefers security and a tranquil life to everything else. Yet I do not like the English party. It is fully as ambitious of dominion as the French party, and in my opinion, prepared to seek it by more unscrupulous means. Whenever either of the two at the present moment speaks of separation, I look upon it as a mere bombast of artifice to bend the course of government, but, depend upon it that if ever these heats in Lower Canada should go so far as to hazard the connection with the mother-country, the English will be the foremost to cut the tie. They, of the two parties, are by far the best disposed to sympathize with republican institutions.

“They are the most rancorous, for they remember the power they have lost, and hate their rivals as a sort of usurpers.”

How singularly this letter written sixty years ago reads, especially when one recalls the memorable utterance of the late Sir E. P. Taché, A.D.C. to the queen. “The last gun fired on Canadian soil in favour of England will be by a French Canadian.” Other bits of information, as new as the last, and curious as subjects for reflection, occur in Mr. Elliott’s second letter to Mr. Taylor, dated “Quebec, 12th November, 1835.”

After alluding to the opening of the session and to the doubt whether, in voting the arrears of the last two years, the assembly would include repayment of the sum of £31,000, ad-

vanced to the civil servants out of the military chest, Mr. Elliott adds: "If Mr. Spring Rice himself had been there he could not have wished to hear more home truths than I delivered on the subject to two or three French members with whom I dined *en petit comité*, among whom was the editor of *Le Canadien* newspaper.

"It is astonishing how this country has been mismanaged. When I came to know the men whom the military rulers here have been accustomed to regard as little better than traitors, and little wiser than children, I am surprised to find:

"1. On what friendly basis their views generally are founded, and,

"2. How much superior are their perceptions in political science to those of the men by whom they have been so arrogantly despised."

How strange Mr. Elliott's strictures seem to us in the present day, and how could a full and impartial record of the past be indited without referring to these dry-as-dust documents of another age?

Mr. Elliott's letters are followed with one addressed by the Hon. A. N. Morin to Sir Francis Hincks, dated at Quebec, 8th May, 1841, replete with politic, and patriotic utterance, in which he comments on an expression of Lord Durham on the political events of the period. This clever and proud statesman is alleged to

have said, through the mouth of one of his *attachés*, "That they (the oligarchy) had done enough to drive the people wild into the woods." (p. 172 of Archivist's report for 1883.)

1884.—It may be interesting to note the names, rank and land grants of the distinguished French *émigrés* in the township of Markam and in other localities round Toronto. These French loyalists, several titled men among them, after escaping the guillotine in France, had applied to the British government for land in Canada. Their names appear in the military correspondence as follows:

Count de Puisaye obtains	850 acres.
" de Chalus, maréchal de camp, colonel	550 "
M. d'Allègre, major general of the district de Vannes, colonel	450 "
M. de Marseuil, major-general of division, lieu- tenant-colonel	300 "
Viscount de Chalus, adjutant-general, colonel...	350 "
M. Quetton de St. George, major of division, lieutenant-colonel	400 "
M. de Tracy, aide-de-camp, capitaine	350 " ..
M. Renault, capitaine, without commission	150 " ..
M. Séjéant, lieutenant	150 "
Fouchard, Furose, Langevin, Bugle, Marchand, non-commissioned officers and soldiers	500 "

Mr. Renault was besides recommended for a grant of 1,200 acres and Mr. Séjéant for a grant of 500 acres.

So far as can be ascertained one family only, that of M. Quetton de St. George, is now represented in western Canada.

The report for this year mentions among the acquisitions to the archives, the volumes pre-

sented by the right honourable the master of the rolls in England, the papers of Dr. John Rolph, bearing on the rebellion in Upper Canada in 1837-8; also the letters of Mr. Robert Baldwin, Sir Francis Hincks, David Gibson, William Lyon Mackenzie, likewise original documents and copies received from Detroit, Cornwall, Windsor, Sandwich, respecting the early occupation of those districts. We are also informed that copies are being made in Rome of documents, till then inaccessible, Archbishop Taschereau having, by the good offices of the historian of Montcalm and Levis, Abbé H. R. Casgrain, undertaken to have them transcribed from the archives of the Gesu and the Propaganda in Rome—a veritable windfall for historical investigators. A curious letter is also given from Charles I. to Sir Isaac Wake, ambassador to France, respecting the rendition of Quebec and Acadia, dated 12th June, 1631.

1885.—Through the researches of Messrs. Brymner and Marmette in London and Paris, important additions were made to our archives this year—documents relating to events preceding, or immediately succeeding the establishment of civil government. We note the first murmurs of discontent in the New England colonies; the conduct of the Canadians, both the old and the new subjects, during the war of the revolution; the difficulties which beset

Carleton in his government; the bitter hostility of Lord Germaine to the "Saviour of Canada"; the conduct of the war, including Burgoyne's operations; the re-establishment of peace; Colonel Moore's (R.E.) report in 1784; the boundary discussion between Nova Scotia and the easternmost of the United States; Colonel Gother Mann's observations thereon; the notorious career and perfidious machinations of Pierre Antoine Roubaud in Canada, and in England; the alleged fabrication by the latter of Montcalm prophetic letter of 24th August, 1759; Francis Parkman's opinion of this clever rascal; Du Calvet's connection with Roubaud. (p. xiii., 1885.) Another valuable source of information is described in the *Actes de Foye et Hommage*, the fealty rolls, 1867-68-74, setting forth the origin of the old *Seigniories*. &c.

1886.—The report, calendar and appendix of the archivist and his assistant, Mr. Marmette, for 1886, embraces 850 pages. It opens with the proposal of Samuel Waldo for the reduction of Louisbourg in 1758, followed by his plan for settling Nova Scotia.

Mr. Marmette, from Paris, mentions the continuation of his labours, in transcribing documents relating to the history of Canada and Acadia in the "Archives Coloniales," as well as those which the late Mr. George B. Faribault had not had time to copy when he visited Paris in 1851, some 68 volumes, leaving yet for future

examination 400 volumes and *cartons*, exclusive of the "Correspondance Générale." All this goes to prove that the office of our archivist, at home or abroad, was not a sinecure.

The journal of Le Gardeur de St. Pierre, made accessible for the first time to the English reader, sheds light upon the expedition made by him and Marin for the discovery of a western sea.

In 1755, he, with a party of Indians, formed part of Dieskau's expedition to Lake George, where he was killed whilst Dieskau was trying to draw the British forces into an ambushade.

New details follow on the campaign of 1759-60, in General Haldimand's correspondence, and that of his secretaries, 1762-91: the rivalry between the Hudson Bay Company, chartered in London in 1670, and our Northwest Company founded in 1783-84, by Montreal merchants, modified in 1798 and partly re-constructed under the name of the X Y Company by partners who had broken from the Northwest Company. The rivalry culminated, in 1816, at Assiniboia by the murder of the governor, Mr. Semple, under the cannons of the fort.

The correspondence of the period shows that in 1797-98, the Northwest Company had built a canal on the Canadian side of Sault Sainte Marie, one of the finest canals constructed on this continent.

The early canals, erroneously described as French works, were opened under English rule, as results from Bougainville's "Mémoires sur l'état de la Nouvelle-France," 1757. No canal then existed at the Cascades. Colonel Gother Mann, R.E., in his report on the state of the canals, dated 24th October, 1800, says they were first built between 1779 and 1783, and recommends their enlargement.

"Much of the interest in the history of these canals lies in the fact that they were the germ of the vast canal system now in existence."

The names of Lord Selkirk, Sir John Johnson, Baby, Franchère Mabane, Ennys, Frobisher, occur repeatedly in this extensive collection of letters.

1887.—Much needed light has been thrown by the copying of the voluminous correspondence of General Haldimand, a distinguished soldier of Swiss extraction, and an able administrator, charged with watching over the destinies of Canada in peculiarly troublous times.

There are few of our governors whose official acts have been more misrepresented, and motives unjustly ignored or challenged by our historians.

Haldimand was born at Yverdun in Switzerland. In 1756, he was commandant at Philadelphia, and served with distinction during the seven years' war.

On the capitulation of Montreal in 1760, he was appointed to the command of the town, which he retained until he was sent to Three Rivers, in June, 1762, where he acted as *locum tenens* for Ralph Burton. The latter had been sent to take part in the reduction of Havana, whilst James Murray was governor of Quebec, Gage of Montreal, Lord Amherst being governor-general.

In 1767, we find Haldimand in charge of east and west Florida. In 1773, he was in military command of east and west Florida. In 1773, he was military commander at New York. Stationed in Boston in 1775, he leaves that year for London, from whence he is sent as inspector-general of the forces in the West Indies. On the 30th June, 1778, he landed at Quebec, succeeding Guy Carleton as governor-general of Canada, where both had served in 1759. His administration lasted until 1784, marked all through by firmness, administrative ability, during a most trying period.

On his return to England in 1784, he was assailed by Pierre Du Calvet, a Huguenot and a trader of Montreal, and sued for false imprisonment, though the British government stepped in and held him harmless against the machinations of his merciless persecutor.

Du Calvet was nothing but a traitor in disguise, of whose guilt, Haldimand, when governor at Quebec, had ample proof. He had

escaped with a few years of imprisonment in the Récollet convent at Quebec and on board of the war vessel "Canceaux." Some think his proper place ought to have been on a gibbet, as a warning to disloyalty.

1888.—The correspondence and papers acquired by our archives office this year were of no ordinary importance; in fact, indispensable to whoever wishes to write or study the history of the dependency. The last volumes, with Col. Bouquet's collection of thirty volumes, were deposited in Ottawa; both cover interesting periods of Canadian history. "There are no other copies of these collections on this continent, adds Dr. Brymner, and their existence here has led to a very considerable amount of correspondence. The correspondence is steadily increasing, and the demand for the annual reports, not only from learned societies, libraries and individuals on this continent, but from various other points of the world, show the interest that is taken in the work in progress. An examination of the list of works presented will show that these come not only from Canada, but from many states in the American union, &c." A glance at the table of contents will suffice to justify the statements of the archivist on this point. I subjoin the leading ones.

The Walker Outrage at Montreal, 1764.

- Memorial by the Prisoners, with accompanying documents.
- Report of Chief Justice Hay.
- List of the Grand Jury.
- General Murray's Recall.
- Petition of the Quebec Traders.
- Petition of the London Merchants.
- The *Seigneurs* of Quebec to the King.
- The French *Noblesse* in Canada after 1760.
- Sir Guy Carleton to Lord Shelburne.
- Memorial of Chevalier de Léry.
- A General State of the French *Noblesse*, actually resident in the Province of Quebec or in the French service, and were resident in November, 1767.
- Canadian officers in actual service in France, whose parents have remained in Canada.
- Pierre Du Calvet. Reply by Father de Berry to the calumnies of Pierre Du Calvet against the *Récollets* of Quebec.
- The Northwest Trade.
- Report from Charles Grant to General Haldimand on the Fur Trade.
- Petition from the Northwest Traders.
- Benjamin Frobisher to Dr. Mabane.
- Order to Captain Robertson to report on Lake Superior for a Post.
- Captain Robertson's Journal.
- General Haldimand to Lieutenant-Governor Hay.
- The French Royalists in Upper Canada.

Sketch of an establishment to be founded in Canada for the settlement of the French emigrants.

Duke of Portland to President Russell.

List of French Royalists gone from London with Count Joseph de Puisaye for Canada.

Haldimand Collection, covering a vast number of colonial matters; statistics of the trade of Quebec, 1768-83; correspondence with Major Nicholas Cox, lieutenant-governor of Gaspé, 1774-86; letters of Chief Justice Livius, 1777-84.

Papers relating to Pierre Du Calvet, 1776-86.

Papers relating to Pierre Roubaud, 1771-87.

Papers relating to the case of Joseph Despin, 1778.

Papers relating to the cartel sloop "Sally," 1778-81.

The documents deposited in the archives office contain among other damning evidence of the traitorous designs of the disaffected citizens during the invasion of 1775, a list of persons from England, Scotland, Ireland, America, France, acting on behalf of the invaders, and who "fled upon the latter leaving,"—John and Asklan Bondfield, John Welles, Thomas Walker, Edmond Antill, Major Moses Hazen (who had served under Wolfe) Pelissier, John Blake, Price, Heywood and others.

Pierre Du Calvet, the agitator had held a commission as ensign, under Moses Hazen as

appears by his receipt for pay, discovered among Lt.-Col. Antill's papers, at Holland House, Quebec. Congress compensated him for his losses, in 1786, paying him half of his claim, when he boasted that he was the only creditor Congress had paid. This unconvicted traitor escaped the halter or drumhead court martial.

1889.— The archivist's report for this year sets forth among other documents and memoirs copied or acquired for the Ottawa Public Record Office, various papers on the Northwest-ern Explorations; the journal of the famous explorer La Verendrye, 1738-39; Cap. Holland's plan to explore from Quebec; religious, educational and other statistics; summary of the Census of Canada, 1784; list of parishes, &c., of the diocese of Quebec; census of clergy; return of Indians; the Vermont negotiations; statement by Mr. Jarvis; Col. Bouquet to General Amherst; General Amherst to Col. Bouquet; Bouquet's proclamation with regard to Indian lands; letter-book of Col. Bouquet, 1757-58; correspondence with General Amherst 1759-63; correspondence with General Washington; inventory of the effects of the late Brigadier-General Bouquet, 1765; statement of militia; ecclesiastical state of Canada; Levi Allen to Governor Simcoe; the Bouquet papers; the reservation of Indian lands.

“Col. Bouquet was a native of Switzerland, and served in the Dutch and Sardinian armies. He and Haldimand were in 1754, selected to raise men for the ‘Royal Americans,’ a corps intended for the British service in America, the officers of which were to be either American or foreign Protestants; this corps was afterwards known as the 60th Rifles. Bouquet was actively employed in America during the last years of the war between France and Britain, and held a leading command in the contest with the Indians, including the period of the Pontiac war. He died in Pensacola, western Florida, some time previous to the 4th September, 1765.”

Bouquet was a thorough soldier, well trained, and possessed of considerable ability.

1890.—A rich mine of information to students of history is revealed by the publication of the archivist's report this year. The position of General James Murray, the first governor of Quebec, appears to be anything but enviable, placed as he is between carrying out the paternal instructions of the king towards his new subjects, the French Canadians, and the hostile feeling existing towards them, by the rude and ignorant class of settlers he describes, calling themselves the king's old subjects. The administration of justice; the constitutional act of 1791; Northwest explorations; relations with the United States after the peace of 1783: such are the leading subjects in this report.

The claim set up by Lord Amherst to the Jesuits estates is discussed, as well as Col. Morse's report of 1783, who expressed the opinion that by the union of the maritime provinces with Canada, "a great country might be raised up, with a general government, having its seat in the island of Cape Breton." Some of the reasons for disfavour urged by the neighbouring colonies against the Quebec act of 1774, sound strange in the present day. New England was in arms against old England for legislation recognizing the Roman Catholic religion, "a religion, they said, which had flooded with blood, and had spread hypocrisy, persecution, murder and revolt into all parts of the world."

The American Philosophical Society of Philadelphia styled it "a bill for establishing popery, and arbitrary power in Quebec."

Such declarations the colonies found it difficult to explain, when in 1775, they tried to secure the French Canadians as their allies against Great Britain.

The correspondence between Lt.-Col. By, R.E., General Gother Mann, R.E., and Sir Carmichael Smith, throws a flood of light on the works undertaken on the Rideau Canal.

1891.—The calendar and appendix of the archivist this year disclose a voluminous correspondence, and stringent regulations of Gov-

ernor Prescott, and Governor Simcoe concerning the grants of waste lands of the Crown.

Among applicants for large tracts in Upper Canada, appears the name of the double-traitor Benedict Arnold; he urges great personal losses incurred, and services rendered to the British cause.

He first modestly claims 20,000 acres in Upper Canada, upwards of thirty-one square miles, and in July 1797, he applies to the king, by petition, for 50,000 for himself, his wife and seven children.

On the 17th May, 1794, the Council records a grant of 14,000 acres to Wm. Berzey, of York, Upper Canada, to settle there 2,000 settlers brought in by him.

The marriage laws of Upper Canada seem to have been in an unsettled state. Richard Cartwright, junior, reports on them.

We are next treated to a curious correspondence referring to the French Republican designs on Canada. War existed between England and France, in 1793; later on French armies were striking terror, and reaping bloody laurels all over continental Europe.

French emissaries, it seems, were sent to the United States, to enter into correspondence with the French element in Lower Canada. The evidence produced at the trial of Alexander McLean, supposed to be in league with this movement is given, and allusions made to his tragic end, on the gallows, at Quebec in 1797.

1892.—Hon. Mr. Angers, Minister of Agriculture, submits this year the archivist's report to the legislature, "to wit, transcripts of the state papers for Lower Canada to 1825, a continuation of the administration of General Brock, and in addition those of Sir Peregrine Maitland as acting governors, Lord Dalhousie as governor-in-chief, Burton as president of the council and the resumption of office by Lord Dalhousie in September, 1825."

The papers during that period deal with matters of great interest; the proposed union in 1822 of the two provinces, with the arguments for and against the proposal, which, it is well known did not take effect till twenty years later; the report on grievances, the questions between Upper and Lower Canada respecting the re-union, and other subjects held at the time to be of vital importance.

"For Upper Canada transcript have been received to 1829, covering the period of Sir Peregrine Maitland's administration, and the beginning of Sir John Colborne's.

"To judge by the current histories of Upper Canada, the knowledge of the domestic politics of that province at the beginning of this century appears to be very limited, only a few vague generalities being given.

"It has, therefore, been thought desirable to publish at some length the correspondence during the administration of President Grant.

and part of that of Lieutenant-Governor Gore. The leader of the opposition to the government appears to have been Mr. Justice Thorpe, who is referred to on no laudatory terms on the histories of the province. The sentiments expressed by this "hot political partisan," his fiery attack on General Hunter and the comments of Chief Justice Allcock on his fiery colleague, afford quite a study in the present day.

In Lower Canada, Sir Robert Shore Milnes seems anxious to increase the crown revenues, from properties belonging to it, and advocates the extinction of the feudal tenure of lands.

There appears to have been a considerable amount of friction between Chief Justice Osgoode and the Lieutenant-Governor, the latter being supported by all the executive councillors.

A conversation between Monsgr. Plessis and Attorney-General Sewell, in which Queen Mary gets some hard hits is published in this report.

1893.—The report for 1893, opens with a letter, dated 16th November, 1807, on Indian affairs, received by Sir John Johnson, from Herman Witrius Ryland, civil secretary to Sir James Henry Craig.

As this clever functionary's correspondence occupies considerable space in our colonial archives, a short sketch of his career may not be out of place.

Herman Witrius Ryland had landed in Quebec in 1795, as secretary to Lord Dor-

chester. His scholarly training, brilliant parts, general information, and attachment to British institutions, as well as his social position, gave him the ear of every governor, (except Sir George Prevost) for close on twenty years.

It was during the stormy period of the war between England and the United States, that the Hon. Mr. Ryland, with the advice of the able Chief Justice Sewell, was in reality entrusted with the helm of state.

As the historian Robert Christie observes, Ryland was considered the "Fountain Head of Power." Probably never was he more powerful than under the administration of Sir James H. Craig. His Excellency despatched him to England, charged with a public mission three fold in its scope, the ostensible object of which was, 1st, To get the Imperial Government to amend or suspend the constitution. 2nd, To render the government independent of the people by appropriating towards it the revenues accruing from the estates of the Sulpicians of Montreal, and of the order of the Jesuits. 3rd, To seize the patronage exercised by the Roman Catholic bishop of Quebec, the *curés* or church livings in his diocese, contending that no Roman Catholic bishop really existed in Canada, (but merely a superintendent of *curés*) none having been recognized by the Crown.

It has been stated that he had a fair chance of succeeding on two points, had not the great Chancellor Lord Eldon intervened to thwart the scheme.

The correspondence exchanged between Mr. Ryland and His Excellency Sir James H. Craig, to be found in the sixth volume of Christie's "Parliamentary History of Canada," exhibits Mr. Ryland at his best. Withdrawn from public life, he expired at his country seat at Beauport, near Quebec, on the 29th July, 1838.

Sir James H. Craig, though he had served with credit in Canada during the invasion of 1775, was scarcely the administrator to be entrusted with the rule of the colony in such troublous times. His idea of governing seems to have savoured more of the military discipline of the camp; he failed to win the support of the discontented majority, making himself disliked by parliament, though seemingly inspired by the best intentions.

Among other matters referred to in his voluminous correspondence with the home government, one subject was constantly uppermost in his mind, as early as 1807—a rupture close at hand between the United States and England, though it only actually occurred five years later, in 1812, after his departure for England. The obnoxious right of search at sea was the ostensible pretext, possibly not the real cause of the outbreak.

A split had taken place in the American congress; two hostile parties had sprung up, the federalists representing the New England states. They were opposed to war and agitated for neutrality in the event of hostilities, with the secret intention of seeking the protection of England. The other party, the democrats, apparently spoiling for a fight, thought the time propitious, when England, battling against coalesced Europe, led by the greatest captain of modern times, had her hands full at home.

The secret correspondence on this matter will repay perusal. One John Henry, of Montreal, seems to have made himself very officious, visiting Boston, and the state of Vermont, collecting and conveying to Sir James H. Craig secret information about popular feeling in these centres during the period of disquietude, and alarm in Canada consequent on the extraordinary triumphs of French arms in Europe.

One incident alluded to in his correspondence increased very much the dislike the French Canadians felt for the governor—the seizure, on his orders, by a military force, in 1808, of the printing press of *Le Canadien* newspaper, and its forced sale at auction (Sir James became himself the highest bidder), the arrest and incarceration of three distinguished members of parliament, Messrs. Taschereau, Bé-

dard and Blanchet, one M. Borgia, an advocate, and Mr. Planté, all connected with *Le Canadien* as owners, printers or contributors.

But there were other topics less exciting than rumours of an impending war, to engage the attention of Sir James.

Government had determined, among other projects, to encourage the growth of flax and hemp by subsidies. In connection with this industry, Louis Foy, storekeeper-general for the Quebec district, Mr. Green, for Montreal, and Mr. Campbell, for Three Rivers, had been appointed to control it. The experiment, however, met with indifferent success.

Amongst the documents collected occur several letters as to the best means to secure the good-will of the Indians near Detroit, Caughnawaga, the Two Mountains, etc., in the event of the war; despatches concerning remittances to the Nova Scotia treasury, and to Quebec touching fortifications in the latter place; increased barrack accommodation for soldiers; land grants to court favorites; pensions to the widows of distinguished colonists; the appointment of Chief Justice Sewell as successor of Chief Justice Allcock, deceased; the raising of the Glengarry fencibles, and other provincial corps; the selection of new members for the legislative council; preparations for naval operations on the western lakes; the help that might be expected from the

militia in case of war; the necessity for new regulations for this arm of the service; demands for ordnance stores; land grants to U.E. loyalists.

The Lower Canada documents occasionally exhibit a mass of subjects submitted for adjudication to the highest officers of the crown in England, now dealt with by parish councils, such as roads, bridges, markets, police, apprentices, constables, etc.

Lieutenant-Governor Gore's correspondence, 1807-10, with Lord Castlereagh discloses many minor incidents hitherto unknown anent the early times in Upper Canada: land grants, Indian stores, public appointments.

One lights again on "Observations on the Culture of Hemp, and Propagation of the Warren Rabbit, etc., by a member of the Upper Canada Agricultural and Commercial Society;" a request for a pension by the widow of Capt. Joseph Brant, principal chief of the Mohawks, who died 27th November, 1807; the deserter Underhill shot; inquiry into the circumstances of the case; Col. Claus, an Upper Canada worthy.

On the 8th October, 1811, that great and good soldier General Isaac Brock, after serving six years in Quebec with his regiment, the 49th, appears on the scene in Upper Canada as acting governor. Boulton's release from a French prison; £5,000 appropriated to main-

tain the militia in readiness for the impending struggle with the United States. "Perfect reliance," says Brock, "can be placed on the loyalty of the original inhabitants and their descendants." And was he not right?

General Brock also proposes "that at the present juncture (1812) the prince regent should be moved to give permission to place the family of every soldier, regular or militia, also every mariner on the lakes, who may be killed in the coming contest with the United States, upon the U. E. list, and to extend this advantage to every mariner and militiaman who may be maimed or disabled upon actual service."

We next are made acquainted with the proclamation of General Brock in answer to that of General Hull. Hostilities follow, and history completes the glorious record of victories won on Canadian soil, ending in the retreat of the invading foe.

But I must not trespass on your forbearance any longer, and shall bring my remarks to a close; and if, laying aside the detached survey we have been making of the manuscript sources of our history, we should like to crowd in one canvas the brilliant outlines embracing the fruitful era of discovery, adventures, warfare, religious enthusiasm, which one of our most gifted viceroys, the late Earl of Elgin, styled "the heroic age of Canada," what would you find? A succession of martial feats; examples

of individual bravery; instances of extraordinary physical endurance at the call of duty; deadly ambuscades surrounding the pioneers of a Canadian wilderness; savage encounters by sea and by land of a most startling nature, when measured by the standards of to-day.

At one time, 'tis the intrepid, conscious sacrifice of zealous preachers of the gospel—in order to lift upwards into a higher life, and cleanse debased humanity: men of prayer and pure mind, looking on death as the only earthly crown worthy of living for.

At another time, 'tis delicate, self-sacrificing maidens, some of courtly nurture, bidding an everlasting adieu to the charmed circle of Parisian gaities, braving the tempests and perils of the deep, to cast their lot amidst the rude aborigines hutted round their new forest homes on the shores of our great lakes and rivers.

To-day, Indian savagery in its most hideous form is triumphant amid the corn and wheat fields of Lachine: the great massacre in August, 1689.

To-morrow, lion-hearted old Governor Frontenac, with fire and sword, will bring the barbarians to sue for peace on their knees, or warn with his big guns, from the gates of Quebec, the New England marauders.

Pierre Le Moyne d'Iberville, the Cid of New France, will bear the triumphant flag of his country to the icy shores of Hudson's Bay.

La Verendrye, de Sales and Marquette will explore the Rocky Mountains and Mississipi, the father of the waters.

Dollard des Ormeaux, the Canadian Leonidas, will, after deep aforethought, by solemn covenant, pledge his life and the life of his sixteen brave followers, to thrust back the wave of Indian ferocity surging round Montreal.

No poet to sing; no annalist to chronicle the manly deed; all the actors, save a Huron brave, perished—he it was who revealed the fact.

Is not our history also lighted up with the sweet, thoughtful faces of heroic women—noble examplars to their sex—beacons from on high, illumining the rugged paths of struggling humanity: Madam de Champlain, the Lady Latour, Madeleine de Verchères, Laura Secord; nor is the race extinct.

I have striven to reveal to you Canadian history in its rude beginnings. You have also had occasion to note its austere and patriotic teachings.

Has your heart not also thrilled at its wild, seductive graces, when touched by the wand of that enchanter, Francis Parkman, our late lamented colleague?

With the wealth of material already garnered in our archives, and daily added to, may we not count on it, at no distant future, as a stately fabric? Shall we compare it to an antique Grecian temple, with graceful portico

and many ornate columns, on which posterity will inscribe among other respected names, those of Baron Masères, Wm. Smith, Robert Christie, Bibaud, Garneau, Ferland, Faillon, Turcotte, Sulte, Casgrain, Bourinot, Withrow, Hannay, Miles, Murdock, Watson, Dent, Brymner, Kingsford, Begg, Dionne, Scadding, Ganong?

J. M. LEMOINE.

BANQUET AT RIDEAU HALL

On the last day of the annual meeting, Their Excellencies entertained the members, the delegates of the Royal Society, and many distinguished Ottawa citizens to a sumptuous lunch, in the stately banquet hall at Government House.

After the usual loyal healths had been drunk, His Excellency Lord Aberdeen, dwelt in glowing terms on the aims of the Society and the good work it had already performed and could continue to perform, closing with a gracious tribute to its President, J. M. LeMoine, to which the President replied as follows:

Your Excellencies, Ladies and Gentlemen,

“A pleasant, but a trying function has just devolved upon me as the spokesman of the Royal Society of Canada. For the kind wishes and encouraging words just fallen from the

lips of Your Excellency to our association, and for your too favorable remarks on myself, I return the cordial thanks of the Society and my own.

Each year, at the auspicious period of spring, with recurring heat, and the return of the swallows, there takes place a pleasant incident; pardon, I might safely say, an event which gladdens the hearts of our workers. The poet reaches out his hand for his lyre; the student of history dives again and again among his dusty, old manuscripts; the scientist ponders over a new problem of art or science; the *litterateur* carefully reads over the essay or memoir, prepared during long, dreary winter evenings, to make sure that his right hand has not lost any of its literary cunning. Festive nature, in fact, that sweet inspiring time, which according to the poets—and I think the poets are right—causes the pulse, of youths and maidens to throb quicker, nature seems to have awakened our intellectual bees. They forthwith wing their flight to the Dominion Capital of Canada; each anxious to bear an offering to the Federation of science and letters in session there during a whole week; for has not the notice of the Annual May Convention of the Royal Society gone forth? Here, under the folds of the glorious old flag which more than once has stood a friend to Canada, in full view of a neighbouring people perhaps less favored than ourselves in point of extent of territory, however much they have otherwise prospered; with laws differing from our own and a form of government which we think inferior to ours, it is the aim of our society to

co-operate in the perpetuation of the free institution implanted in this great, this rising dependency, this greater Britain, which guarantees liberty and equality to every man, to every creed.

We thank you, my Lord, for your bounteous and princely hospitality. We thank you, our Honorary President, for the deep interest you take in our proceedings. Again we thank you and most cordially, for your delicate, unremitting—shall I say paternal—solicitude for our welfare during our presence in Ottawa. For similar acts of kindness and sweet courtesies to our Society, we thank your noble, earnest, courageous Countess, your trusted help-mate, whom our members seem, one and all, to have in their hearts added to the list of true friends of the Royal Society.

Long and happy days to Your Excellencies in this dear Canada of ours, and when you shall have returned to your ancestral halls beyond the sea, long life and prosperity to you and yours." (Prolonged applause.)

(Montreal Gazette, 24th May, 1895.)

THE ASSAULT
OF BRIGADIER GENERAL MONTGOMERY

*and Colonel Benedict Arnold on Quebec in
1775. A Red letter Day in the
Annals of Canada.*

(From the transactions of the Royal Society of Canada,
read May 25th, 1899)

Every country has in its history particular dates which, after a lapse of years, become, so to speak, crystallized in the minds of the people. One may mark a victory; another may commemorate a defeat; a third, record a public calamity. Champlain's old fortress is no exception to the rule.

It is, therefore, of paramount importance that the annalist, in the accomplishment of his sacred trust, should give a true record of past events, sparing neither time nor research in unravelling the tangled web of the occasionally obscure, dry-as-dust documents on which a date may rest.

The day when Quebec's brave defenders

saved the province to the British crown, in 1775, is without doubt, by its far-reaching results, one of those unforgettable epochs in its history.

It was accordingly a surprise to me, on perusing Dr. Kingsford's elaborate work on Canada, to find that so far I had wrongly read history; that, in fact, the gallant surviving militia-officers, who annually for more than twenty seasons commemorated within our walls by a public banquet (of which such flourishing accounts occurred in Neilson's "Quebec Gazette") the repulse of Montgomery and Arnold at Près-de-Ville and the Sault-au-Matlot, had seemingly forgotten the exact day on which they had fought and won; that the glorious date I had taken especial pride in recording in many of my works was wrong; that the innumerable despatches, letters, memoirs and diaries left by eye-witnesses, or by reliable writers were also wrong as to the time of the fight; that, in fact, the ever-memorable assault had taken place, not on the morning of the 31st of December, 1775, as was generally believed, but on that of the 1st of January, 1776.

The doctor's statement, which had startled many other students of Canadian history besides myself, caused me to look up the historical sources on which my opinion was based.

In order to elucidate the subject fully I decided to consult other writers on Canadian

annals, such as Rev. Abbé H. Verreault, of Montreal, and Dr. N. E. Dionne, of Quebec, both fellows of our society. I also resolved to have searches made in the archives and libraries of the United States.

As a preliminary, it occurred to me to look up the Roman Catholic parish register of Quebec considered so justly a reliable and accurate record of marriages, births and deaths since the foundation of the colony.

I therein read of the burial of a French Canadian, by name Louis Vallerand, on the 1st January, 1776; the said Vallerand was killed at the engagement at Quebec the day previous, viz., the 31st December, 1775.

“Le premier janvier 1776, par nous, vicaire de Québec, soussigné, a été inhumé dans le cimetière de la Sainte-Famille le corps de Louis Vallerand, tué dans l'attaque livrée le trente et un décembre, âgé de vingt-cinq ans environs. Ont été présents Pierre-André Spé-
nard, François Sasseville et plusieurs autres.

“(Signé) LEFEBVRE, *Ptre.*”

This entry alone, as Dr. Dionne observes, suffices to overturn Dr. Kingsford's theory

In order to abridge the array of authorities which can be put forth on the task before me I shall, with Dr. Dionne's permission, confine myself to quote the leading authorities contained in his able dissertation, in addition to my own.

The doctor, after alluding to the accounts of the banquets commemorating the repulse of Montgomery and Arnold, to be found in the columns of the old "Quebec Gazette," 1776, 1779, etc., says: "The 'Quebec Herald' of the 14th January, 1790, mentions the annual banquet as follows: 'Thursday last, being the 31st December, the Veterans held their annual dinner.'" He quotes an extract of a letter written six days after the engagement by General Wooster to Colonel Warner, both distinguished officers of the Continental army.

"With the greatest distress of mind," writes the general, "I now sit down to inform you of the event of an unfortunate attack made upon Quebec between the hours of four and six of the morning of the 31st December last."

Then comes a passage taken from the journal of an English officer present at the siege, and inserted in W. Smith's History of Canada," as follows: "31st December, Mr. Montgomery, with 900 of the best men, attacked Près-de-Ville, and Arnold, with 700 chosen fellows, attacked at Sault-au-Matelot."

We have next the statement of an eye-witness, one who saw all that took place before, pending and after the assault of December 1775, viz., an extract of a pastoral letter from no less a personage than the Roman Catholic bishop of Quebec, Monseigneur Briand. It is dated 29th December, 1776. This dignitary

takes occasion to recall the memorable engagement, as a subject for congratulation, to his flock. "What," says his lordship, "are our feelings on the happy and glorious event of the 31st December, 1775."

Bishop Briand, a resident of Quebec, surely could not have been mistaken as to the date in alluding to such a recent occurrence!

Dr. Dionne also puts forth an important document, the text of the inscription on Richard Montgomery's tombstone at St. Paul's Church New York, showing "31st December, 1775," as the date of his death. This inscription was prepared by Benjamin Franklin. Is it likely that such an eminent man as Dr. Franklin should have inserted this date thoughtlessly, and without consulting well-informed persons on this subject?

Among United States travellers who have published books on the campaign of 1775 Dr. Dionne mentions the following: Sansom,¹ Silliman,² and a well-known American writer on the battles of 1775-81, Henry B. Carrington, who says: "It was not until the night of the thirtieth, when but one day of legal service remained for a large portion of the troops, that the preparations were complete;"³ that is,

(1) "Sketches of Lower Canada, Historical and Descriptive, with the Author's Recollections, 1817," p. 631.

(2) "Remarks made on a Short Tour between Hartford and Quebec in the Autumn of 1819-1820," p. 284.

(3) "Battles of the American Revolution, 1775-81," p. 134.

that the preparations for the assault were completed only during the night of the thirtieth, when one day alone of legal service remained for the greater portion of the troops.

It was, then, indispensable not to wait for the 1st January to make the assault, as the term of service of a large portion of the soldiers expired with the end of the year. (Bancroft's "History of the United States," vol. vii. p. 121.)

Ill-clad, ill-fed, Montgomery's followers were little inclined for a winter campaign. Fraught with exposure and suffering. Many longed to return to their homes.

Perault,¹ Bibaud,² Smith,³ Hawkins,⁴ and Garneau,⁵ who wrote at the beginning of the century, and who could easily collect the traditions of the past, are unanimous in fixing to the 31st December, 1775, the attack on Quebec.

"Then" adds Dr. Dionne, "all the recent writers on this thrilling period agree in recording the assault on Quebec as taking place on the 31st December, 1775—Charles Rogers,⁶

(1) "Abrégé d'Histoire du Canada, 2ème partie," p. 117

(2) Histoire du Canada et des Canadiens sous la Domination Anglaise," p. 67.

(3) "History of Canada," ii, 161.

(4) "Picture of Quebec," p. 427.

(5) "Histoire du Canada, 1ère édition, 1848," t. iii, p. 436.

(6) "The rise of Canada from Barbarism to Wealth and Civilization," p. 62.

who wrote in 1856, Rev. W. H. Withrow,¹ James M. LeMoine,² L. P. Turcotte,³ and Faucher de St. Maurice.”

In reply to a communication I addressed to a literary friend across the border, Mr. Edward Denham, of New Bedford, Massachusetts, drawing his attention to Dr. Kingsford's error, I received a voluminous memoir, disclosing considerable research through the United States libraries and archives.

With his permission, I herewith subjoin the leading authorities set forth:

“Colonel Donald Campbell to General Wooster, dated Holland House (near Quebec), Saturday December 31, 1775:

‘DEAR SIR,—It is with the greatest distress of mind that I have the task of communicating to you the event of an important attempt that was made to storm the town of Quebec between the hours of two and seven this morning, by four different attacks. * * * *

‘Thus you have had the four attacks that were concerted between our dear deceased General Montgomery and Colonel Arnold which was for many respects hurried from the circumstances of the enlistment of the troops under Colonel Arnold, whose service expires this day.’

(1) A Popular History of the Dominion of Canada, 1885,” p. 270.

(2) I. Album de Touriste,” p. 33. 70, et sui.

(3) Invasion du Canada, et Siège de Québec, 1775-76,” p. 47.

“Here we have December 31, but the day is called Saturday, which should have been Sunday. Here we also have the information that the attack was hurried, because the term for which the troops enlisted had nearly expired, which I have also seen elsewhere.

“The Journal of Captain Simeon Thayer, from September 11, 1775, to August 12, 1776, published in the ‘Collections of the Rhode Island Historical Society,’ vol. vi, Providence, 1867, pp, 2 to 5, says:

‘December 30.—The enemy kept up a smart fire all day on St. Roques, but done little or no damage. This evening received orders that the General determined to storm the city this night, ordering our men to get their arms in readiness. It was very dark and snowed. The plan was as follows., * * *

“The ‘Historical Magazine, second series,’ vol. vi, October, 1869, p. 249, contains an extract of a letter from Adam Barnfair, master of the ‘Fell’ transport ship, to his owner in Whitby, dated Quebec, May 15, 1776:

‘We have got the troubles of this winter over, and have kept the town of Quebec in spite of our enemies. * * * Before this comes to hand you will hear of our town been attacked on the 31st December, when I had the honour to command at that part where the grand attack was made, and had the fortune of killing the General and the Aid-de-Camp by the first guns I fired, which was a great means of saving the garrison.’ * * *

“This letter is taken from the ‘Middlesex Journal,’ London, June 22, 1776, and is in the ‘Historical Magazine,’ as mentioned above.

“On the day before the attack Major John MacPherson wrote a letter to his father, stating that the order was given to storm the city that night. His brother held a commission in the British army, and he refers to him in the letter. He also directed that his letter should be sent to his parents if he did not survive the assault, and as he did not, it was forwarded by General Philip Schuyler. The letter is dated and reads:

‘HEADQUARTERS BEFORE QUEBEC,

December 30, 1775.

‘MY DEAR FATHER,—If you receive this, it will be the last this hand will ever write you. Orders are given for a general storm of Quebec this night, and heaven only knows what may be my fate. * * * Should Providence, in its wisdom, call me from rendering the little assistance I might to my country, I could wish my brother did not continue in the service of her enemies.’

“This letter copied from the ‘Philadelphia Press,’ October 30, 1860, will be found in full in the ‘Historical Magazine,’ second series, vol. viii, July, 1870, p. 53.

“In the two preceding extracts we have a letter from Bainfair (Barnesfair), who participated in the fight on the British side, and a letter from MacPherson, who was killed. The former distinctly gives December 31st as the date of the battle. The latter, writing on the 30th, says orders are given ‘to storm Quebec this evening.’ That points to the 31st as the day of the battle as plainly as possible.

“Turning to those who kept diaries or journals, I take up that which I find in the ‘Publications of the New York Historical Society’ for the year 1880. It is entitled, ‘Journal of the Most Remarkable Occurrences in Quebec from the 24th of November, 1775, to the 7th of May, 1776. By One of the Garrison.’ The author of the journal I do not know, but will quote part of one day and part of another.

‘December 30.— * * * In the night a deserter came in from the rebels. He reports that the army under Mr. Montgomery amounts to between two and three thousand men, including Canadians; that they have been newly clothed, and are most plentifully supplied by the country people, who are paid in hard money. * * * The whole army was assembled at headquarters, by the General’s order, lately. It was given out that they were to attack the town that night. * * *

‘December 31.—About four o’clock this morning Captain Malcolm Fraser of Colonel Maclean’s Regiment, in going his rounds, perceived signals not far from St. John’s Gate; and finding the weather such as the enemy wished for, by the last deserter’s report, he alarmed the guards and pickets, who stood to their arms. All the sentries between Cape Diamond and Palace Gate saw many and repeated flashes like lightning. On the Heights of Abraham lights like lanthorns were placed on poles at regular distances.’

‘The above gives December 31st, tells that the deserter gave them information that the city was to be attacked, and the kind of weather Montgomery desired he had.

“I next turn to the ‘Journal of Return J. Meigs from September 9, 1775, to January 1, 1776,’ as it is given in the ‘Collections of the Massachusetts Historical Society,’ second series, vol. ii, pp. 227-247, and find:

‘December 31.—The troops assembled at two o’clock this morning. Those that were to make the attack by way of Cape Diamond assembled at the General’s quarters upon the Heights of Abraham, and were headed by General Montgomery.’

“Next we turn to the ‘Journal of Joseph Ware, of Needham, Mass., published in the ‘New England Historical and Genealogical Register,’ April, 1852, p. 132.

‘Sunday, December 30 and 31.—It began to thicken up towards night and snowed very much. We are ordered to be in readiness, and at two o’clock at night we were mustered and got all fit for scaling the walls, and marched near to the city, some with ladders, some with axes and some with saws; General Montgomery, with his forces, on the one quarter, and Colonel Arnold on the other hand.’

‘Now here the diarist speaks of the night of December 30-31, and tells us that he was called out at two o’clock, which was the morning of the 31st, and later mentions what happens. At five began the attack, and later the retreat.

“William H. Witmore, in the ‘American Genealogist.’ Albany, 1878, p. 74, says this journal of Ware’s is claimed in the ‘Book of the Looker’ to have been written by Ebenezer Tolman, who was in the expedition. Whitmore also refers to an earlier edition of his

'American Genealogist,' 1868, pages 84-85, for further information about this Tolman's claims. I have not the book, so I cannot look up the facts. However, whoever wrote the book, December 31st is the date named for the fight.

'The 'Journal of Captain John Dearborn,' edited by Chamberlain, and published in the 'Proceedings of the Massachusetts Historical Society' for April 1886, p.p. 275-305, says:

'December 31.—This morning at four o'clock I was informed by one of my men that there was orders from the General for making the attack upon Quebec this morning. I was surprised that I had not been informed or notified sooner; but afterwards found it was owing to the neglect of the Sergeant-Major, who excused himself by saying he could not get across the river. * * * The General gave orders last evening for the troops to assemble at two o'clock this morning to make the attack in the following manner.' * * *

"General Wooster to Colonel Warren, in a letter dated Montreal, January 6, 1776:

'With the greatest distress of mind, I now sit down to write of the event of an unfortunate attack made on Quebec between the hours of five and six on the morning of the 31st of December,' etc.

"The above is taken from Force's 'American Archives,' 4th series, vol. iv, p. 588. It is also in 'Documents Relating to the Colonial History of New York,' edited by O'Gallaghan, vol. viii, 664.

“General John Sullivan says, in a letter to the Assembly of New Hampshire, dated Winter Hill, January 18, 1776:

‘It is with the most sensible pain I sit down to write you the melancholy tidings of our army being defeated at Quebec on the 31st of December, with the loss of one hundred and fifty.’

“Taken from Peter Force’s ‘American Archives,’ 4th series, vol. iv, p. 768.

“General Schuyler, in a letter to the President of Congress, dated Albany, January 13, 1776, six o’clock:

‘Within this half hour Mr. Antill arrived with the unfortunate account in the inclosed. My amiable and gallant friend General Montgomery is no more; he fell in an unsuccessful attack on Quebec on the 30th ultimo.’

“Peter Force, ‘American Archives,’ iv, p. 666.

“From the ‘Journal of Colonel Rodolphus Ritzema, of the First New York Regiment, August 8th, 1775, to July 30th, 1778’ (from the original in the ‘Collection of the New York Historical Society,’ published in the ‘Magazine of American History,’ vol. i, February, 1877, p.p. 98-107.) The author is at Montreal at the time he writes:

‘January 3, 1776.—Mr. Antill arrived here by express from Quebec, with intelligence that General Montgomery, on the 31st ultimo, between the hours of six and seven in the morning (after a previous disposition of his small army), made two attacks upon the lower town, under a feint, and upon the upper.’ * * *

“In the series of Force’s ‘Archives,’ vol. ix, p. 707, in a letter which appeared in the ‘New York Gazette’; the author of the letter I do not know, as it is signed with pseudonym ‘A Soldier,’ who wrote from Montreal:

‘As the public have no doubt received many contradictory accounts relative to the unfortunate attempt against Quebec, on the 31st of December last. * * * I have sent you for publication the following sketch.’

‘James Melvin, an actor in the assault on Quebec, and taken prisoner at Sault-au-Matlot, on 31st December, 1775, writes (‘Melvin’s Journal,’ p. 11):

‘31st December, Sunday.—About four in the morning we mustered in order to storm the town.

‘1st January, 1776.—Prisoner in Quebec.’

“‘The account of the Repulse our Troops met with in their attempt at Quebec, the 31st of December, 1775.’ This report is dated January 24th, and says:

‘The letters from Canada bring an account of an unsuccessful attempt made to gain possession of Quebec by storm on the 31st December last, between the hours of two and seven in the morning.’

‘In a letter which Governor Tryon wrote to the Earl of Dartmouth, dated ‘Ship Dutchess of Gordon, off New York, 8th February, 1776’:

‘I am happy to have an opportunity to communicate to your Lordship the victory obtained by General Carleton over the rebel forces before Quebec on the 31st of December last, in which action the commander was slain.’

“ ‘Documents Relating to the Colonial History of New York,’ edited by O’Callaghan, vol. viii, p. 672.

“The reply to this is given by Lord Germain in a letter to Governor Tryon, dated Whitehall, 28th March, 1776:

‘The severe check the rebels met with on the 31st December before the walls of Quebec, of which fortunate event we received the first intelligence from you, has, I trust, secured to his Majesty the possession of that fortress,’ etc.

“From ‘Documents Relating to the Colonial History of New York,’ edited by O’Callaghan, vol. viii, p. 672.

“ ‘The Annual Register’ for 1776, vol. xix, chap. i, p. 13, says:

‘ * * * However that was, early in the morning, on the last day of the year 1775, and under cover of a violent snow-storm, he proceeded to his arduous attempt.’

‘I have already referred to William Smith’s oration, in which is the date December 31, 1775, and which was published at least twice, separately. I have never seen either of the original editions, but it is given in full in Peter Force, iv, pp. 1675-1684. The monument erected in New York, at the rear of St. Paul’s Chapel, gives the date of his death as December 31, 1775. The inscription upon it is given in Loring’s Field-Book,’ vol. i, p. 201, and blunders in regard to his age, which it says is ‘37.’ As he was born December 3, 1736, he had just completed his 39th year.”

Such are some of the authorities in support of the generally accepted date of the attack on Quebec in December, 1775, by the troops of Congress—the date put forth by the eminent historian, George Bancroft, in his "History of the United States of America," vol. vii, p. 131.

Let us see the documents on which Dr. W. Kingsford rests his theory in volume vi, page 33, of his "History of Canada." Quoting Finlay's "Journal," the doctor wrote:

"31st December.—Wind N.E., very stormy and dark. As Captain Malcolm Fraser, of the Emigrants, who that night commanded the main guard," etc.

"Caldwell writes: 'They (the Congress troops) remained until the 31st December. About five o'clock in the morning we were alarmed at our picket by Captain Fraser, who was captain of the main guard,' etc.

"Mr. James Thompson, who, as engineer, carried on the work of increasing the fortifications, and lived to be 98, dying on the 30th August, 1830, describes two assaults on the night of the 31st of December, 1775, or rather the morning of the 1st January, as the time when Arnold approached Palace Gate" (p. 113.)

"Badeaux (Verrault, p. 182) gives the same date. 'Enfin, ne trouvant aucun moyen pour entrer dans la ville, il forma l'escalade le premier jour de l'année 1776, à quatre heures du matin.'

"The error," Dr. Kingsford adds, "apparently has arisen from Sanguinet having

described the event as taking place '*le trente et un de décembre 1775, à cinq heures du matin.*' Sanguinet was, however, at the time at Montreal, and whatever the expression may mean, he cannot be accepted as an authority for what took place during the siege."

Let us now sift the foregoing evidence adduced by Dr. Kingsford.

Finlay's testimony seems to us anything but conclusive as favouring Dr. Kingsford's assumption, especially when read in conjunction with the statement of Colonel Caldwell, which immediately follows it, and which mentions five o'clock in the morning of the 31st December as the hour when Captain Fraser gave the alarm.

Old Sergeant James Thompson, stonemason and "overseer of the works," as foreman, not as engineer, and who lived to be 98, dying on the 30th August, 1830, who left a diary which he dictated to his son, James Thompson, Jr., on the 31st July, 1828, two years before his death, can scarcely be accepted as a sufficient authority; the memory of nonagenarians attaining 96 years being liable to become faulty. This supposition becomes a certainty on referring to another passage in his diary, dictated also on the 31st July, 1828, wherein it is said that "on the 31st December, before daylight, General Montgomery made an attempt at assault by Près-de-Ville and Sault-au-Matlot,"

etc., "where he and two of his officers, and a sergeant were shot dead by a single discharge," etc.

Guy Carleton, commander-in-chief, in a letter to General Howe, Quebec, 12th January, 1776, relates the attack as being made on the 31st December, 1775.

The evidence of Henry, a volunteer in the troops of Congress, taken prisoner on the 31st December, 1775, quoted by Kingsford, is open to suspicion, as his presumed diary or memoir, instead of being in his hand-writing, was dictated to his daughter thirty-seven years later, viz., in 1812, as appears by the following: "The campaign against Quebec was dictated to his daughter Ann Mary, the mother of the writer, with the aid of casual notes and memoranda, from his (Henry's) bed of sickness—his latest years. The manuscript received no revision at his hands, for he was called away shortly after the pages were written. His widow gave it to the press in 1812, and it was printed without even a correction of verbal or typographical errors." ("Account of Arnold's Campaign against Quebec," published by Maunsell, Albany, 1817.)

Sanguinet, a member of the Montreal Bar, who left what has ever been held a copious and reliable journal of the siege operations of 1775, and who places the assault on the morning of

the 31st December, visited Quebec in May, 1776, when the particulars of the attack were fresh in everyone's mind. According to Dr. Kingsford he cannot be accepted as an authority for what took place during the siege, on account of his absence!

The doctor, however, accepts the version of the journal attributed to Badeaux, a Three Rivers notary, though Badeaux no more than Sanguinet was present at Quebec on the day of the engagement. The doctor, however, in Badeaux's case forgot, or did not choose to add, that on the margin of Badeaux's manuscript, in Badeaux's own writing, occurs the correction "31 décembre, 1775," and that the learned Jacques Viger, the antiquary, who owned Badeaux's manuscript journal, inscribed under the correction the words "Et c'est vrai. (J.V.)," his initials.

Another work highly prized for its historic value, Hawkins' "Picture of Quebec," published in 1834, with the joint collaboration of the scholarly Dr. John Charlton Fisher, of the learned Andrew Stuart, Q.C., and the late Judge Adam Tom, fixes the date of Montgomery and Arnold's assault on Quebec on the 31st December, 1775.

In 1834 these eminent men had special facilities to inform themselves of the date, as they had numbered among their contemporaries eye-witnesses of the battle, such as Sergeant J. Thompson and others.

Taking into consideration the array of authorities available to the annalist of that period, it seems to me a matter of regret that such an industrious writer as Dr. Kingsford could not find the time to extend the field of his researches, and should have taken on himself, on the slender evidence he adduces, to alter the date of the assault on Quebec in 1775, as given by Bancroft and other reliable historians.

NOTE.—Since the above was written, historical works of undoubted merit otherwise have been published with Dr. Kingsford's erroneous date as to Montgomery and Arnold's assault on Quebec in 1775. There can be no doubt that the enemy, mustering at their respective headquarters very late on the night of the 30th December, were marching on the slumbering city at early dawn, and before on the 31st of December, 1775.

THE HON. HENRY CALDWELL, L.C.,

AT QUEBEC, 1759-1810.

(Read May 19, 1903.)

Capt. Hy. Caldwell serving under Wolfe, at Quebec.....	1759
Commander of British Militia, at siege blockade	1775
Called to Legislative Council	1782
President Provincial Agricultural Society	1789
Receiver-General for Canada	1794-1810

In June 1759, there landed in Canada from Admiral Saunders' fleet, a youthful British officer, destined to fill, at Quebec, a long active and very distinguished career: Capt. Henry Caldwell of Colville's regiment, whose promotion dated from January, 1759.

At the memorable fight of 13th September, 1759, on Abraham's Heights, the youthful captain, aged 24, acted as Assistant-Quarter-Master-General to General Wolfe. His bravery brought him a step in rank; he became Major Caldwell, under which title were won his brightest laurels. A portion of the British forces, after the battle of the Plains, were recalled; the 78th Highlanders were disbanded in Canada; the Major cast his lot for Canada and settled at Quebec. Major Caldwell, by his



GENERAL MURRAY.

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active business habits, seems to have preserved the esteem of General James Murray, who remained in Quebec, as its first English Governor, until 1766.

A few years will elapse, and we will find the Major the trusted agent, and subsequently the lessee of the General's extensive Canadian estates. Major Caldwell continued to fill military duties in the army of occupation until 1773, when Lord Barrington, Secretary of War allowed him to sell out.

In virtue of a notarial deed of lease, bearing date 7th April, 1774, he was named agent and lessee of the great Seigniory of Lauzon, and of numerous other properties acquired by General Murray. The General like many other distinguished British officers had been bitten by the earth hunger, so prevalent in the first years of British rule. Many distinguished Frenchmen the owners of large seigniories in Canada, resolved to return to France in 1760, such as those of Longueuil, the Seigniories of Lauzon, Terrebonne, Foucault, la Prairie, la Chenaye, Belœil, etc.

Governor Murray was not by any means the only British officer craving for land; Sir Thomas Mills, Cramahé, Major Samuel Holland, Major Caldwell, Capts. Fraser, Nairne, Laughlin Smith, the Hales and others, invested large sums in real estate, near Quebec, in the early days of the colony, after the conquest.

The clever Seignior of Lauzon had from the first been deeply impressed with the great possibilities which Canada, despite a severe climate, offered for agricultural, manufacturing and industrial pursuits.

Voltaire's sneer, at the "15,000 acres of snow," if it ever came to the ears of the Major, evidently had no terror for him. Let us proceed.

A crisis in Canadian affairs was imminent in 1775; the colony had to fight for its very existence. Major Caldwell was just the man to come to the front and buckle on his sword; his zeal, devotion, undoubted courage as Commander of the British Militia of Quebec during the fierce assault and blockade by Montgomery and Arnold, are matters of history.

Caldwell had, in no small measure helped Guy Carleton in saving Canada to Britain. Recognition and reward were in store for him; he received and merited both.

General Carleton selected Major Caldwell to be the bearer of the despatches, announcing the defeat of the invaders in 1775-6.

Caldwell warmly recommended by Guy Carleton and Col. Allan McLean, landed in England amidst public rejoicings, on the 15th June, 1776.

Imperial Rome had a laurel crown for the trusty messenger bringing the news of a Roman victory. England, more practical, rewarded

Major Caldwell, the bearer of the glorious tidings, with a gift in hard cash of £500 sterling,—the War Office made him a Lieutenant-Colonel, whilst the King, later on, named him a Legislative-Councillor, at Quebec.

It is evident Caldwell's visit to London was far from being barren of results, so far as he was concerned. His merit, intelligence, handsome person and happy address, secured to him some powerful friends, amongst others Willam Pitt, the son of the great Lord Chatham. The influence thus acquired, helped some ambitious plans he had previously entertained.

He applied to the Lords of Commerce, for a grant of the Quebec and Levi ferry. They wrote on the 8th April, 1777, to Governor Carleton, as to the propriety of granting a privilege, seemingly of considerable magnitude. The ferry service in summer was effected by canoes and "bateaux" which landed passengers and freight in the cul-de-sac (the Champlain market now occupies the site.) In winter, access from Levi to the city, was had over the ice-bridge when it formed, and in canoes, when it did not.

Caldwell failed to succeed in this project; it was thought too important a monopoly to be given to one man, over such a large extent of the harbour. Caldwell, a brave, intelligent and ambitious man, elated with past honours conferred, aspired to a high post. He applied

for the position of Lt.-Governor, to be vacant by the return of Cramahé to England. General Haldimand, Governor of the Colony, on being consulted replied to Lord Germaine, that though he acknowledged the fitness of Caldwell, still he preferred to see Col. Hamilton appointed to the position previously held by Cramahé, which was done.

Col. Henry Caldwell, during his tenure of office as Legislative-Councillor, met with some contradictions and occasionally official reproof; one instance in point: a complaint had been made to the Colonel in 1782, about a captain of militia residing at St. Nicholas. General Haldimand, in a letter on the subject to Caldwell, took the militia-captain's part. Caldwell complained, and justly too, of favoritism having been shown to colonists, such as de Rouville and an other; his juniors in rank, being made full colonels over his head.

Later on, Col. Caldwell, smarting under the sense of injustice that his military service was forgotten, resigned his commission as Lt., Colonel—but his permanent appointment as Receiver-General, in 1794—allayed his irritation, one is led to believe.

Caldwell the friend of progress, had introduced the latest machinery in his large grist-mills—and various improvements on the numerous farms he had acquired in the country,—in the system of tilling and fertilizing the soil,

and improving the breed of cattle and farm stock generally.

In the year 1789, he became president of the first Society of Agriculture organized in Canada. On the 6th April of that year, the rank, fashion, nobility and clergy of all denominations, as well as commoners, crowded the halls of the Chateau St. Louis, at the beck of Lord Dorchester to enter their names as subscribers to the Quebec Agricultural Society. The Governor-General, Lord Dorchester was named patron; Hon. Henry Caldwell, president, and the Hon. Hugh Finlay, Deputy Postmaster-General, secretary.

SUBSCRIBERS.

The Roman Catholic Bishop of Quebec.	Sir Thomas Mills.
Rev. Philip Toosey, Military Chief Justice Wm. Smith. Chaplain.	J. Arthur Coffin.
T. Monk, Attorney-General.	G. Taschereau.
John Blackwood.	Perreault, l'Ainé.
Matthew Lymburner.	L. de Salaberry.
A. de Gaspé.	Capt. St. Ours.
Obediah Aylwin.	Rev. A. Hubert, curé de Québec
Major R. Matthews.	J. T. Cugnet.
Capt. Rotson.	Messire Pautet, curé de la Rivière Ouelle.
Capt. Fraser.	Hon. Edward Harrison.
Kenelm Chandler.	" John Collins.
Peter Stewart.	" Adam Mabane.
Hon. Hugh Finlay.	" J. C. de Lery.
" Thos. Dunn.	" G. W. Pownall.
Bishop Bailly, coadjutor.	" Henry Caldwell.
Jenkins Williams.	" Wm. Grant.
Juchereau Duchesnay.	" François Baby.
Dr. Mervin Nooth.	" Samuel Holland.
Isaac Ogden, Judge of Admiralty.	" George Davidson.
	" Chs. de Lanaudière.
	" Lecompte Duprès.

Hon. Mr. Caldwell, on being elected president, addressed the meeting in eloquent terms, both in English and in French; twelve members were chosen as directors. The president dwelt forcibly on the modes of improving agriculture—the sowing of hemp to compete with foreign importation—amelioration of farm stock—planting of fruit trees—experiments in seed wheat—offering prizes and entering the lists himself as competitor; such were the doings of the enterprising “Lauzoa Farmer,” backed by His Excellency, Lord Dorchester.

One of the most important offices which had to be created in the colony after the conquest, was that of Receiver-General of the public dues, and of accounting for the same.

The first incumbent was Thomas Murray. In those days the Receiver-General was not compelled to reside in the province. Absenteeism of high officials was in vogue. Sir Thomas Mills, recently landed from England, succeeded Thomas Murray, on 10th July, 1765.

After a short residence here, he returned to London, leaving as his deputy a Mr. William Grant. The salary was insignificant, \$800—later on, increased to \$1,600; a remuneration totally inadequate to the responsibilities and duties attached to this high office; the titular having to keep up with the expenditure attending the high official circles of society, in which

he was expected to move. It was, however, said that the large sums of money passing through the hands of the incumbent—the absence of provincial control over his acts—possibly some additional fees of office, would afford the officer facilities to make the most of his position, by way of compensation for low salary. William Grant soon gave cause for complaint; he refused to account for “receipt and expenditure” to the Governor of the colony, alleging that he was accountable to the Imperial authorities only. General Haldimand appointed Col. Henry Caldwell, to take *pro-tempore* Grant’s place in 1784, until the home authorities should be consulted,—ordering Thos. Ainslie, collector of customs, at Quebec; Geo. Pownall, clerk of the court, and other public servants, to pay over to Caldwell only, the public moneys received by virtue of their respective office. The Colonel’s permanent appointment was gazetted in 1794.

On the 28th February, 1801, Col. Caldwell purchased from General James Murray, by the agency of Lt.-Col. Robert Matthews in London, not only the lordly domain of Lauzon (which included the old parishes of Point Levy, St. Charles, St. Henri, part of St. Gervais, St. Nicolas), but also the seigniories of Rivière du Loup, Madawaska, Foucault, on Lake Champlain, Sans Bruit estate with Belmont manor,

near Quebec, together with the fief of St. Foy, and a house in St. John Street, Quebec.

Price of sale, £10,180 sterling, payable in instalments.

When taken in connection with other real estate purchased, Col. Caldwell then ranked with the greatest land owners in the province. His speculations in land were not always satisfactory. In 1788, he had applied, but in vain, to Lord Grenville to be compensated by the Crown for the loss of 20,000 acres of land which the verification of the boundary between Canada and the United States had lopped off, the 35,000 acres which hitherto had composed his seigniory of Foucault (Caldwell manor) on Lake Champlain; he petitioned, in conjunction with others, for Crown Lands from the British Government and was informed that each petitioner ought to make a separate request; thus were rewarded his military services!

* * * * *

The Hon. Henry Caldwell in the enjoyment of the perquisites of his exalted post of Receiver-General was drawn deeper and deeper into land speculations and industrial schemes. The seigniory of Lauzon soon could boast of a splendid grist mill and saw-mills at St. Nicolas, Levi, Etchemin. Roads were opened—bridges built—colonization promoted.

Belmont Manor, near Quebec—his elegant

home—the seat of generous hospitality, burnt in 1798, had been improved and rebuilt. Here continued to reside, courted and esteemed, the hero of the two sieges, 1759 and 1775. Col. Caldwell, according to tradition, seems to have also been favoured with a handsome person. I well remember being told by the late Hon. William Sheppard, of Woodfield, near Quebec, that *le beau militaire* was supposed to have been the hero in Mrs. Frances Brook's novel, "*The History of Emily Montague*," and was meant for Col. Rivers, the friend of the divine Emily. This was the first English novel written in Canada, in 1767.

A great sorrow invaded, in 1804, the sweet retreat of Belmont Manor; the death, on the 19th February, at the age of 67 years, of the loved *châtelaine*, Anne Caldwell. This much esteemed lady was sister to the Lord Bishop of Ossory, and of Baron Hamilton; she left an only son, John Caldwell. The learned Rev. Alexander Sparkes, who had landed at Quebec, in 1780, had been selected as the preceptor to the only son of Col. Caldwell; he found a bright and apt scholar in young John, who after going through a course in the classics and in foreign languages, studied for, and was admitted in 1789, a member of the Quebec Bar; he also received a commission in the Canadian militia.

Young John soon became his father's factotum in the management of the seigniory of Lauzon, and other family estates in Canada. His sympathetic and kind treatment of his father's tenantry, as well as his liberal views won him their confidence. In 1804, and again, in 1809, he was deputed to parliament as member for the extensive county of Dorchester, which then comprised Lauzon, Ste. Marie and other large centres in the Beauce district.

In 1812 John Caldwell, who was to become Sir John Caldwell by the death of an Irish baronet, succeeded to his father's office as Receiver-General, accepting the onerous charge and its responsibilities, Col. the Hon. Henry Caldwell, expired at Belmont Manor, on the 28th May, 1810, aged 75 years. His remains were buried in the vaults of the Anglican Cathedral.

Mr. Jos Edmond Roy, the historiographer of the Seigniory of Lauzon, published the obituary will of the Receiver-General, its tenth Seigneur.

Among other provisions in this lengthy document there are several legacies; to his wife Mrs. Caldwell; to his brother, Major-General Caldwell, serving in Portugal an annuity of £200; to the children of his younger brother Charles, a naval officer, who died in 1775; there are also legacies to Edward Bowen, attorney-General, later on, chief-justice, who died at

Quebec, in 1865; to Miss Margaret Coffin, Mrs. Alice Simpson, Miss Anabella Simpson, Miss Sarah Taylor, Miss Christian Nairn, Dr. James Davidson, William Hamilton, without forgetting the poor, whom he was in the habit of assisting each week in winter; to each the generous old man left 40 shillings.

The warrior who, on so many occasions, had braved shot and shell, seems to have had a holy horror of being buried alive, judging from the text of his will, which I shall give, in Mr. Roy's French version: "C'est de plus ma volonté, si ma mort arrive en été, que mon corps demeure dans mon lit jusqu'à ce que l'on ne puisse plus longtemps supporter l'odeur. Si la mort a lieu en hiver, je désire que mon corps demeure pareillement dans mon lit cinq à six jours et que l'on fasse du feu dans la chambre, à moins que l'odeur ne puisse plus être supportée. C'est ma volonté que mon corps soit alors confié à la terre dans la voûte que j'ai fait construire dans le cimetière, à Québec."

Belmont lines the St. Foy heights in a most picturesque situation. The view from the east and northwest windows is magnificently grand; probably one might count more than a dozen church spires glittering in the distance—in every happy village, which dots the base of the blue mountains to the north. In 1854, this splendid property was purchased by J. W. Dunscomb, collector of customs, Quebec; he

resided there and, about 1864, he sold the mansion and garden to the Roman Catholic church authorities of Quebec, reserving 400 acres. The old house, a few months later, was purchased by Mr. Wakeham.

The first time our eyes scanned the silent and deserted banqueting halls of Belmont, with their lofty ceilings, and recalling the traditional accounts of the hospitable gentlemen, whose joviality had once lit up the scene, visions of social Ireland of Barrington's day floated uppermost in our mind. We could fancy we saw the gay roysterers of times bygone; first, a *fête champêtre* of lively French officers from Quebec, making merry over their Bordeaux or Burgundy, and celebrating the news of their recent victories over the English at Fontenoy, Lauffeld or Carillon to the jocund sound of *Vive la France! Vive le Maréchal Saxe! à la Claire Fontaine!* etc., then, Governor Murray surrounded by his veterans, Guy Carleton, Col. Caldwell, Majors Hale and Holland, and some of the new subjects, such as brave Chs. de Lanaudière,¹ complimenting one another all round over the feats of the respective armies at the two memorable battles of the Plains, and

(1) Chs. Tarieu de Lanaudière, Knight of St. Louis, commanded a portion of the Canadian militia at Carillon, was A.D.C. to Sir Guy Carleton—served in 1775—accompanied the General to England, where George III. rewarded him; he was made Legislative Councillor and Deputy Postmaster-General for Canada.

all joining loyally in repeating the favourite toast in Wolfe's army *British colours on every French fort, port and garrison in America.*¹

Later on, at the dawn of the late century, a gathering of those Canadian barons, so well delineated by J. Lambert in his *Travels in Canada in 1808*, one week surrounding the board of this jolly Receiver-General of Canada at Belmont Manor; the next, at Charlesbourg, making the romantic echoes of Chateau-Bigot ring again with old English cheer and loyal toasts to "George the King"! or else installing a "Baron" at the Union Hotel, *Place d'Armes*,—and flinging down to the landlord, as Lambert says "250 guineas for the entertainment." Ah! where are now the choice spirits of that comparatively modern day, the rank and fashion, who used to go and sip claret or ice cream with Sir James Craig at Pownell Place (Spencer Wood)! Where gone the Muirs, Paynters, Munroes, Mathew Bells, de Lanau-dières, Lymburners, Smiths, Finlays, Caldwells, Percevals, Jonathan Sewells, Uniackes! Alas! like the glories of Belmont, departed—living in the chambers of memory only.

This estate, which until lately, consisted of two hundred and fifty acres, was conceded, in

(1) The sanguinary battle of Fontenoy, was fought on the 11th May, 1745. The battle of Lauffeld took place on the 2nd of July, 1747. The French victory at Carillon, in which the militia of Canada bore a conspicuous part, was won near Lake George, 8th July, 1758.

1649, by the Jesuit Fathers to M. Godfroy; it extended from the line of the *Grande Allée* to the Bijou wood. In 1670, it passed over to the famous Intendant Talon. Shortly after the conquest it was occupied by Chief Justice Gregory. In 1765, it was sold for £500 by David Ames of Montreal to General James Murray.

We find that one of the first operations of General Montgomery, in 1775, was to take forcible possession of "General Murray's house on St. Foy road;" later on, the property came into possession of Col. Caldwell.

In the memory of Quebecers, Belmont manor must remain more particularly connected with the Caldwell family—three generations of which occupied its spacious halls, and where the Colonel expired, in 1810.

Belmont manor is situated on the St. Foy road, on its north side, at the end of a long avenue of majestic trees, distant three miles from Quebec. The original mansion which was burnt down in 1798, was rebuilt by the Colonel, in 1800, on plans furnished by an engineer officer of the name of Brabazon. Col. Caldwell's gracious hospitality drew round his board some of the best known men in Quebec of the time, such as the gallant General Brock, John Coltman, William Coltman, the Hales, Foy, Haldimand, Dr. Beeby, of Pownell Place, J. Lester, John Blackwood.

In 1810, Col. Caldwell's son John, accepted the succession, with its liabilities, then unknown—occupied, in summer, a handsome residence in the Seigniory of Lauzon, and was appointed Receiver-General to succeed his father in 1812.

In 1817, Belmont was sold to the Hon. J. Irvine, M.P.P. In 1833, the property reverted to Sir Henry Caldwell, son of (Sir) John Caldwell—Sir John continued to live at the magnificent summer residence he had built near the Etchemin river at Levi,—too lavish in his expenditure and unlucky in many of his innumerable milling operations, with heavy liabilities unprovided for. Sir John, on his dismissal from office in 1822 owed the Crown \$100,000; this amount was subsequently repaid in full out of the revenues of the seigniory of Lauzoa and other estates taken possession of by the Government. He died at Bangor, U.S., in 1845.

WORKS CONSULTED

The Titles and Plans of Belmont Estate were submitted to me by J. W. Dunscomb, Collector of Customs, Quebec, proprietor in 1865.

“Maple Leaves” for 1865; “Picturesque Quebec,” 1882.

Neilson's old Quebec Gazette, 1764-1810.

Histoire de la Seigneurie de Lauzon, par

Jos. Edmond Roy, M.S.R.C. As agent for this vast seigniory, he is in possession of its Titles and Papers.

I seize this opportunity, to acknowledge my great indebtedness to Mr. Roy's elaborate work for dates and details.

PART II



OLD AND MODERN QUEBEC

THE HISTORIAN PARKMAN AT QUEBEC

In view of the many¹ flattering tributes to Francis Parkman, the illustrious historian of "England and France in North America," bringing out in strong relief particulars of his social and literary career in his native land, it may not be out of place to jot down a brief informal record of his presence and daily haunts in our own historic city—rendered if possible, still more attractive by the witchery of his magic pen. For several decades, Quebec assuredly held a warm place in his sympathetic heart; 'twas for him a sunny, health-restoring, holiday spot, he would say. His visit at mid-

(1) Boston *Sunday Herald*, November, 1893.

" *Evening Transcript*, " "

" *Daily Advertiser*, " "

Tributes of the Massachusetts Historical Society, 21st
November, 1893.

Memoir of Francis Parkman, from publications of the
Colonial Society of Massachusetts, 1893.

Julius H. Ward, in the *Forum* for December, 1893.

" " " in *McClure's Magazine*, for January,

1894.

Justin Winsor and John Fiske in *Atlantic Monthly* for
May, 1894.

summer he used annually to repeat, apparently with increasing zest and pleasure; whilst his advent was welcomed by hosts of friends with the same feeling as the return of the first swallow was looked for; many doors, many friendly Canadian houses were opened to him. I am now, alas! I fear, the oldest Quebec friend of the eminent annalist.

An unbroken friendship of thirty years standing with this noble-minded man, his frequent presence under my roof, sometimes alone—at times accompanied by the members of his family—congeniality of tastes, my own admittance in his Boston sanctum in Chesnut Street, or in the charming rustic retreat he founded for himself, in 1854, at Jamaica Pond, have afforded me more than usual opportunities of knowing and appreciating the gifted historian, either at his desk or in his hours of leisure.

It was in the perusal of those eloquent testimonials from the Boston Reviews and United States press generally, as well as whilst listening to the glowing record of his worth now embodied in the *Transactions* of our Royal Society of which Mr. Parkman was an honorary member, that the idea occurred to me of adding my mite to the coming biography of the regretted historian to which I was invited to contribute material.

To Francis Parkman is deservedly awarded a high rank in that galaxy of gifted men who

have written American history—Palfrey, Prescott, Bancroft, Winsor. What vivid pictures, what a crowd of incidents, are disclosed in his pregnant pages. "What," says John Fiske, "was an uncouth and howling wilderness in the world of literature he has taken for his own domain, and peopled it forever with living figures, dainty and winsome, or grim and terrible, or sprightly and gay. Never shall be forgotten the beautiful earnestness, the devout serenity, the blithe courage of Champlain; never can we forget the saintly Marie de l'Incarnation, the delicate and long-suffering Lalemant, the lion-like Brebœuf, the chivalrous Maisonneuve, the grim and wily Pontiac, or that man against whom fate sickened of contending, the mighty and masterfull LaSalle. These with many a comrade and foe, have now their place in literature as permanent and sure as Tancred or St. Boniface, as the Cid or Robert Bruce. As the want of Scott to reveal unsuspected depths of human interest in border castle and Highland glenn, so it seems that North America was about awaiting the magician's touch that should invest its rivers and hillsides with memories of great days gone by. Parkman's sweep has been a wide one, and many are the spots that his wand has touched, from the eddies of the Saguenay to the Texas coast, and from Acadia to the western slopes of the Rocky Mountains."¹

(1) *Atlantic Monthly*, May, 1894.

Of the Massachusetts historian, the learned Dr. Justin Winsor justly says, "He who shall tell that story of noble endeavor must carry him into the archives of Canada and France, and portray him peering with another's eye. He must depict him in his wanderings over the length and breadth of a continent wherever a French adventurer had set foot. He must trace him to many a spot hallowed by the sacrifice of a Jesuit. He must plod with him the portage where the burdened trader had hearkened for the lurking savage. He must stroll with him about the ground of ambush which had rung with the death-knell, and must survey the field or defile where the lilies of France had glimmered in the smoke of battle.

"What noble lesson of perseverance—of industry—of indomitable courage under prolonged and acute physical sufferings, are afforded by his protracted sojourn here below!"

Of his literary career, Julius H. Ward thus discourses in the *Forum* for December, 1893.

"If the story of Francis Parkman's life should be written as he lived it, as the mind rose above and controlled the body, it will make one of the most thrilling narratives of heroic effort that has ever been given to the world. His achievement was great, but it was produced under difficulties which showed the man to be greater than his work. The strength of his purpose is to be measured by the difficulties

which beset him. For a great portion of the fifty years he could not use his eyes continuously for more than five minutes. He had the industry and the habits of application of a literary man, and his life was spent in the handling of historical materials, but he was compelled to follow the life of a recluse. Much as he enjoyed society, he could not bear the strain of it. He must choose between his pleasure and his work. No other literary man of the period has labored under greater difficulties. 'The Oregon Trail' was dictated to his companion among the savages, and all his other volumes were dictated to a member of his family who prepared them for the press. When I asked to be allowed to see his manuscripts, he replied 'I have none.' He could not bear the strain of writing, and it was only with the utmost care and seclusion from excitement that he could work at all. For half a century he lived a life of 'repressed activity,' (these are his own words) having his mind wholly unimpaired, but unable to use it beyond a certain limit on the penalty of having it taken away from him."

And again, in *McClure's Magazine* for January, 1894:—

"He could command for work not more than one-twentieth of the time which other men have, and for ten years, from 1853 to 1863, he could not work at all. From his return from the West in 1846, to the day of his death, November 8th, 1893, he never knew a day when he was an entirely well man. He spent some months at a water-cure in Northampton, without benefit. The physician urged him to prepare

to die, but Parkman replied that he should not die, even if he did not get well. At a later date he went to Paris to consult Dr. Brown-Sequard, who for three months tested him for insanity, but finally told him that his head was perfectly sound, and that he could do nothing for him. The doctors all told him that he must not work, and he once said to me that if he had followed their instruction he could never have written his books. The situation was desperate. For a great part of the time he could not read continuously for more than five minutes without straining his eyes, and it was impossible for him to write or read for long periods.

“About the time he entered upon his sophomore year, Parkman began to feel promptings toward a literary career, and his thoughts early fixed upon a history of ‘The Seven Years’ War,’ a subject which had not then been touched by any writer, and which may have been suggested by the fact that George Bancroft had already begun the ‘History of the United States,’ having published his first volumes. It was an unknown period in American history, and one not only congenial to his tastes, but within the limits of his gifts. The notable thing was, that a youth of eighteen, to whom the world of letters was just opening, should have reached out to this field and that even in college he should have directed his studies in the channels best fitted to prepare him for it. The novels of Cooper and Scott were always in his hands, and he was more familiar with them than with the classical authors it was his duty to read. At Harvard, if not a profound

scholar, he was President of the Hasty Pudding Club, and had the intimate companionship of men of tastes similar to his own. President Quincy was then the strong man of the faculty, but the institution lacked instructors who gave it character. It was a good place for a young man to work out his own ideas, and Parkman began here the study of English and the reading of Burke, who was his master in English style. What he did was to learn how to write."

How oft have I strolled with him over the quaint, legend-haunted forest-paths of Champlain—now our public streets—recalling the past, or ascending with the historian the grim battlements of the mural-crowned city, to measure and minutely study the *locale* and garner accurate data for his lasting record. One cloudy September day in particular, I can recall. The historian, his able questioner and biographer, Abbé H. R. Casgrain, the late Professor Hubert Larue, of Laval University, and myself. We had met at the social board of Spencer Wood, at the request of the Lieutenant-Governor, H. Luc Letellier de Saint Just, a warm admirer of Parkman. It was, indeed, a feast of reason to sit with such companions. I remember the interesting turn the conversation took, respecting the landing of Wolfe's army, on the 13th September, 1759, on the strand directly below the Chateau, and climbing up the dizzy heights, by means of the bushes, being the outlet of the *ruisseau Saint Denis*,

which runs through the Spencer Wood grounds. Abbé Casgrain, the future author of "Montcalm and Levis," opened out with racy anecdotes, illustrating the life-like escapes on that memorable day. He was well supported by the genial and cultured Laval University professor. Parkman interested us all by his theories on the errors committed by both generals at that eventful engagement, which changed the destinies of North America.

This social meeting took place in 1878. I shall never forget it. Parkman then informed us of his long-cherished design to write the incidents of the memorable fight, and invited us to accompany him next morning to survey the ground, which the Abbé and myself were happy in being able to do. Proud we felt in strolling side by side with the eminent annalist down the lofty Marchmont hill to the shore of the St. Lawrence: as it were, helping the enthusiastic author in his glorious task of portraying Wolfe and Montcalm on that momentous occasion. How Mr. Parkman did revel in our grand old forests, amidst our gorgeous mountain and lake scenery!

I recall his pleasant smile of surprise on recognizing an old friend, one bright summer day during his last visit to Quebec, on the green banks of the rushing Batiscan, one of the best trout streams of the Lake St. John District. He had been camping since June, for some

weeks, at this wild spot. Mayhap I recalled forest memories of his early explorations,—with Quincy D. Shaw;—the days of the “Oregon Trail.” His *compagnon de pêche*, was a congenial spirit, Charles Farnham, the graphic delineator in *Harper’s* of Canadian life. Mr. Parkman pressed me to take a seat in his diminutive Rice Lake canoe, and return to camp with him some miles below the railway bridge, where I was: however, not being an expert swimmer, I had to decline the honor of being paddled through the furious eddies of the Batiscan by the most eminent historian of Massachusetts in a canoe evidently intended for one man only!

How many of the members of our Royal Society have partaken of his hospitality, either at 58 Chestnut Street, or on the sunny bank of Jamaica Pond: the Abbé Casgrain, Dr. Larue, M. Marmette, our archeologist, Napoleon Legendre, Faucher de St. Maurice, myself and others?

And of his love of flowers,—have I not before me on my table a cherished token “The Book of Roses,” with his valued autograph on the title page? The author, his old friend, Dr. Oliver W. Holmes, paints him thus:

“Halting with feeble step, or bending o’er
The sweet breathed roses which he loved so well.”

and whom the *Boston Daily Advertiser* of the 9th of November, 1893, describes, so sympathetically, the day after his death:—

“Frequently at this time might have been seen upon Boston Common a figure slightly unsteady, walking with the aid of a cane, his eyes shaded from the light, his face white, but full of serene courage. This was Francis Parkman. It was at this time that he bought the tract of land on the shore of Jamaica Pond, and built his picturesque dwelling.

“Here he gave himself up to the study of horticulture. Not merely for pleasure and the recovery of his health did he do this. He made himself master of every detail, and soon became an expert, and was known as one of the leading horticulturists of the State. He was at one time president of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society, and also, for a short time, professor of horticulture in the Bussey Institution, a part of Harvard University.

“For twelve years he devoted himself to the hybridization of lilies, and originated a new variety of this flower, which has been called ‘*Lilium Parkmanii*.’ He also paid much attention to the cultivation of roses, and it was in this way that his ‘Book of Roses, appeared in 1866.”

A further sweet memento of the genial man survives in my garden, a lovely white rose tree—rich in fragrance and bloom—the only surviving plant of twenty-one, sent on by him from Boston to Mrs. Le Moine.

Mr. Parkman’s knee trouble followed him abroad; his holiday time among his old friends was not free from it.

One day that he and I were sauntering along

St. Louis Street, he apologized for stopping and I noticed how he repeatedly leaned and rested his enfeebled limb on the wall opposite. This induced me to ask him the origin of the infirmity. He replied that in his outing to the Rocky Mountains in 1846, when he lived among a tribe of Dacotah Indians, to study their inward life and habits, he had to follow these fierce hunters one whole day on horseback, drenched by rain to the skin, and without changing his outer garments, but had he weakened, and given in to exhausted nature, he would have, he said, lost their countenance and good will. The incident is graphically related by Julius H. Ward in his magazine article.

Mr. Parkman counted, at Quebec, a crowd of admirers. His most intimate friends of the past were the Hon. Henry Black, Judge of the Court of Vice-Admiralty; the Hon. George Okill Stuart, his successor in this high office. Judge Black died in 1873, and Judge Geo. O. Stuart expired at Quebec in 1884. More than once his sumptuous mansion in St. Ursule Street sheltered the "historian of England and France in North America." He had other familiars at Quebec and at Montreal ever ready to lend a helping hand in his historical researches: the Abbés Verreau, Bois, Casgrain. Professor H. La Rue, to whose sympathetic assistance the preface of several of his works bears testimony.

Alas! Francis Parkman is no more, and in
the words of New England's singer, Oliver
Wendell Holmes,

"He rests from toil; the portals of the tomb
Close on the last of those unwearying hands
That wove their pictured web in History's loom,
Rich with the memories of three distant lands.

* * * * *

He told the red man's story; far and wide
He searched the unwritten records of his race;
He sat a listener at the sachem's side,
He tracked the hunter through his wild-wood chase.

High o'er his head the soaring eagle screamed;
The wolf's long howl rang nightly; through the vale
Tramped the lone bear; the panther's eye-balls gleamed;
The bison's gallop thundered on the gale.

Soon o'er the horizon rose the cloud of strife.
Two proud, strong nations battling for the prize;
Which swarming host should mould a nation's life,
Which royal banner flout the western skies.

Long raged the conflict; on the crimson sod
Native and alien joined their hosts in vain;
The lilies withered where the lion trod,
Till peace lay panting on the ravaged plain.

A nobler task was theirs who strove to win
The blood-stained heathen to the Christian fold,
To free from Satan's clutch the slaves of sin;
Their labors, too, with loving grace he told.

Halting with feeble steps, or bending o'er
The sweet-breathed roses which he loved so well,
While through long years his burdening cross he bore,
From those firm lips no coward accents fell.

A brave, bright memory! his the stainless shield
No shame defaces and no envy mars!
When our far future's record is unsealed,
His name will shine among its morning stars."

(From *Canadian Magazine*.)

OLD AND MODERN QUEBEC

*Its Streets—Edifices—Monuments—Chronicles
—Antiquities, &c.*

On more occasions than one, it has been our pleasant office to escort literary friends round our streets—our ramparts—our battle-fields, occasionally, illustrious visitors; our accepted function, sometimes an arduous one, consisted in ministering to the craving for historical lore which invariably besets outsiders, once drawn within the magic circle of the associations evoked by the Gibraltar of British America.

It has occurred to us that a mode, as effectual as it seems pleasant, of imparting information would be a survey, minute and methodical, of the *locale*, so oft travelled over, jotting down what each street offered worthy of note; in fine, to treat our valued friends to an antiquarian ramble round the "Old Curiosity Shop."

What a field for investigation? Has not each thoroughfare its distinctive feature—its saintly, heathenish, courtly, national, heroic, or bur-



OLD QUEBEC



lesque name, its peculiar origin? traceable sometimes to a shadowy—a remote past, sometimes to the utilitarian present. What curious vistas are unfolded in the birth of its edifices—public and private—alive with the memories of their clerical, belicose, agricultural or mercantile founders? How much mysterious glamour is necessarily shed over them by the relentless march of time—by the vicissitudes inherent to human affairs? The edifices, did we say? Their origin—their progress, their decay, mayhap their demolition by the modern iconoclast—have they no teachings? How many phases in the art of the builder and engineer, from the high-peaked Norman cottage to the ponderous drowsy Mansard roof—from Champlain's picket fort to the modern citadel of Quebec?

The streets and by-ways of famous old-world cities have found chroniclers—in some instances, of rare ability: Timbs, Howitt, Augustus Sala, Longfellow, &c., why should not those of our own land obtain a passing notice?

Show us on American soil, a single city intersected by such quaint, tortuous, legend-loving streets as old Quebec? Name a town, retaining more unmisakable vestiges of its rude beginnings—of its pristine, narrow, Indian-haunted, forest paths?

In fact, does not history meet you at every turn? Every nook, every house, every square, may even the stones and rocks, have a story to

tell—a record to unfold—a tale to whisper of savage or civilized warfare—a memento to thrill the patriot—a legend of romance or of death—war, famine, fires, earthquakes, land and snow slides, riot, &c.?

Is it not to be apprehended that in time, the inmates of such a city, might become saturated with the overpowering atmosphere of this romantic past—fall a prey to an overweening love of old memories—become indifferent, deadlike—to the feelings and requirements of the present? This does not naturally follow? We are, nevertheless, inclined to believe that outward objects may act powerfully on one's inner nature; that the haunts and homes of men, are not entirely foreign to the thoughts, pursuits, impulses, good or bad, of their inmates.

Active—cultured—bustling—progressive citizens, we would fain connect with streets and localities partaking of that character, just as we associate cheerful abodes with dark, perennial shadows.

CHAP. I.

The Upper Town, in 1608, with its grand oaks, its walnut trees, its majestic elms, when it formed part of the primeval forest, must have



QUEBEC FROM LEVIS



been a locality abounding in game. If Champlain, his brother-in-law, Boullé, as well as his other friends of the Lower Town,¹ had been less eager in hunting other inhabitants of the forest infinitely more dreaded (*the Iroquois*,) instead of simply making mention of the foxes which prowled about the residency, (*l'Abitation*) they would have noted down some of the hunting raids which were probably made on the wooded declivities of Cape Diamond and in the thickets of the *Coteau Sainte-Geneviève*, more especially when scurvy or the dearth of provisions rendered indispensable, the use of fresh meats. We should have heard of grouse, woodcock, hares, beavers, foxes, *carriboux*, bears, &c., at that period, as the probable denizens of the mounts and vallies of ancient *Stadacona*.

In 1617, the chase had doubtless to give way to tillage of the soil, when the first resident of the Upper Town, the apothecary Louis Hébert, established there his hearth and home. In that year, "he presently," says Abbé Ferland, "commenced to grub up and clear the ground. "on the site on which the Roman Catholic "cathedral and the Seminary adjoining now "stand, and that portion of the Upper Town

(1) Up to 1620 and later, Champlain's residence was in the Lower Town and stood nearly on the site of the Church *Noire-Dame des Victoires*.

“which extends from *Ste. Famille Street*, up
“to the *Hotel-Dieu*. He constructed a house
“and a mill near that part of *St. Joseph street*,
“where it received *St. François* and *St. Xavier*
“streets. These edifices appear to have been
“the first which were erected in the locality,
“now occupied by the *Upper Town*.” At that
period there could have existed none other than
narrow paths irregular avenues following the
sinuosities of the forest. In course of time
these narrow paths became levelled and widened.
Champlain and *Sir David Kerk* bothered
themselves very little with improving high-
ways. Overseers of roads and *Grand-Voyers*
were not then dreamed of in *La Nouvelle-*
France: those blessings, macadamized roads,
date from 1841.

One of the first projects of *Governor de*
Montmagny, after having fortified the place,
was to prepare a plan for a city, to lay out,
widen and straighten the streets, assuredly not
without need. Had he further extended this
useful reform, our *Municipal Council* to-day,
would have been spared a great amount of vex-
ation and the public in general, much an-
noyance. On the 17th November 1623, a road-
way, or ascent leading to the *Upper Town*, had
been effected less dangerous than that which
had previously existed, “as late as 1682, as ap-
pears by an authentic record (*procès-verbal*)
of the conflagration, this hill was but fourteen

feet wide. It was built of branches, covered with earth; rendered unserviceable by the fire, the inhabitants had it widened six feet, as they had to travel three miles, after the conflagration, to enter the Upper Town by another hill.” —(T. B. Bedard.)

In the summer season, our forefathers journeyed by water, generally, in birch-bark canoes. In winter, they had recourse to snow shoes.

To what year can we fix the advent of wheeled vehicles? We have been unable to discover.

The first horse consigned to the Governor of the colony, arrived from France, in 1648. Did His Excellency use him as a saddle horse only? or, on the occasion of a New Year's day, when he went to pay his respects to the Jesuits Fathers, and to the good ladies of the Ursulines to present with the compliments of the season, the usual New Year's gifts: was he driven in a *Cariole* and in a *Calèche*, in the summer season? Here again, is a nut to crack for commentators.

Although there were horned cattle at Quebec, in 1623, oxen for the purpose of ploughing the land, were first used on the 27th April, 1628.

On the 16th of July, 1665,² a French ship brought twelve horses. These were doubtless

(1) Those gifts consisted of wine (Spanish), meat pies (*tourtières*), capons, books of devotion, etc.—(See *Jesuits' Journal*.)

(2) *Histoire de la Colonie Française en Canada*. Vol. III., p. 384.

the mounts of the brilliant staff of the great Marquis de Tracy, Viceroy. These dashing military followers of Colonel de Salières, this *jeunesse dorée* of the Marquis de Tracy, mounted on these twelve French chargers, which the aborigines named "the moose-deer (*originaux*) of Europe," doubtless cut a great figure at Quebec. Did there exist *Tandems*, driving clubs in 1665? *Quien sabe?* A garrison life in 1665-7, and amusements must have been much what it was one century later, when the "divine" Emily Montague¹ was corresponding with her dear "Colonel Rivers," from her Sillery abode, in 1767; she then, amongst the vehicles in use, mentions *Calèches*.

They were not all saints such as Paul Dupuy,² these military swells of Colonel de Salières! Major Lafradière, for instance, might have vied with the most outrageous rake which the *Guards* of Queen Victoria may have numbered in the Colony, two centuries later.

If there were, at Quebec, twelve horses for the use of gentlemen, they were doubtless not suffered to remain idle in their stable; the rugged paths of the Upper Town were levelled and widened; the public highway ceased being reserved for pedestrians only.

(1) History of Emily Montague, 4 Vols., 1767—London.

(2) Histoire de l'Hôtel-Dieu de Québec, (Mère Juchereau, 511.)

In reality, the streets of Quebec grew rapidly into importance in 1665. Improvements effected during the administration of the Chevalier de Montmagny, had been much appreciated. The Chevalier had his *Saint Louis*, *Sainte Anne*, *Richelieu*, *D'Aiguillon*, *St. John streets*, to do honor to his Master, Louis XIII, his Queen, the beautiful Anne of Austria; the Cardinal of Richelieu; his niece, la Duchesse D'Aiguillon; the good priest, St. Sauveur.

In the last of the present century, St. Louis street was inhabited by many eminent persons. Chief Justice Sewell resided in the stately old mansion, once occupied as the Lieutenant-Governor's office;† this eminent jurist died in 1839. "One bright, frosty evening of January, 1832," says Mr. Chauveau, "at the close of a numerously attended public meeting held at the Ottawa Hotel, to protest against the arrest of Messrs. Tracy, Editor of the *Vindicator*, and Duvernay, Editor of the *Minerve*, the good citizens of Quebec, usually so pacific, rushed, in a noisy procession, led by a dozen students wearing tricolor ribbons in their button-holes, and sang the *Marseillaise* and the *Parisienne*, 'under the windows of the Chief Justice, whose ear was little accustomed to such a concert.'" The ermined sage, 'tis said, was so startled, that he made sure a revolution was breaking out.

(1) The quarters of the cavalry staff.

“Among the fiery, youthful leaders, the loudest in their patriotic outburst, there was one, who would then have been much surprised had any one predicted that after being President of the Legislative Council—Prime Minister of the Canadas—Knighted by H. R. H. the Prince of Wales in person, he would one day, as Lieutenant-Governor, enter in state this same former residence of Chief Justice Sewell, whilst the cannon of Britain would roar a welcome—the flag of England stream over his head and a British regiment present arms to him.” Such, however, has been the fate of Sir Narcissus Fortunatus Belleau.

The mansion of Mr. de Lotbinière, in St. Louis street, was the residence of the *chère amie* of M. Bigot, (the *Intendant*), Madame Pean; the late Judge Elmsley resided there about the year 1813; Government subsequently purchased it to serve as an Officers' Barracks. Nearly opposite the old Court House, (burned in 1872), stands the “Kent House,” in which His Royal Highness, the late Duke of Kent resided in summer, 1791-3.¹ No. 42 St. Louis street, is the house which belonged to the cooper, François Gobert; it now has become historical. In it were deposited the remains of General Montgomery, on the 31st Dec. 1775.

(1) “To Let.—That elegant house, No. 6 Port Louis St., lately occupied by H.R.H. Prince Edward and at present by the Lord Bishop of Quebec. For particulars, apply to Miss Mabane, or to Munro & Bell, Quebec.—4th March, 1794. (Quebec Gazette—1794.)

In the street sacred to Louis XIII, St. Louis street, Messrs, Brown¹ & Gilmore, established in 1764,² their printing office for the *Quebec Gazette*, "two doors higher up than the Secretary's Office," wherever this latter may have stood. The *Gazette* office was subsequently removed to Parloir Street, and eventually settled down for many a long year, at the corner of Mountain Hill, half way up, facing *Break Neck* steps—the House was, with many others removed in 1850, to widen Mountain Street. According to a tradition in the *Gazette* of 2nd May, 1848, the prospectus of this journal had, it would appear, been printed, in Benjamin Franklin's printing office.

The Abbé Vignal resided at the corner of this and Parloir street, previous to joining the *Sulpiciens*; in 1661, he was roasted alive and partly eaten by the Indians at *Prairie de la Magdeleine*, near Montreal. In 1880, the judicial and Parliamentary heads, and the Bar had monopolized it. In it, we find Sir N. F. Bel-
leau,³ Chief Justice Duval,³ the judges Tasche-
reau,³ Tessier,³ Bossé,³ Caron, Routhier; Hon.

(1) William Brown uncle to the Neilsons was a Scotchman from Philadelphia, who had been induced to print a journal in Quebec from the representations and information he had collected from William Lang, a Quebec Merchant Tailor, whom he had met in Scotland.

(2) Twenty-four years in advance of the *London Times*, founded in 1788.

(3) On revising this list in 1906, few can now respond to the roll-call, alas! alas!

L. H. Langevin, P. Penetier, M.P.; Messrs. Bossé, Baby, Alleyne, Languedoc, Tessier, Chouinard, Hamel, Gauthier, Bradley, Dunbar, *cum multis aliis*, many of whose clients are as early birds as those in the days of Horace.

"Sub cantu Galli."

"On ascending," says Abbé Faillon, "from the Lower to the Upper Town by a tortuous road, contrived betwixt the rocks, and on the right hand side, we reach the Cemetery.¹ This road, which terminated at the Parish Church, divided itself into two,—on one side it led to the Jesuits (Jesuits' College) and to the Hospital (Hôtel Dieu,)—and on the other, to the Indian Fort² and to the Castle of St. Louis. The Castle and King's Fort, guarded by soldiers night and day, under the orders of the Governor, was of an irregular shape, flanked by bastions, fortified by pieces of artillery and contained in its interior several *suites* of apartments separated one from the other. At the distance of about forty toises (240 feet,) from the Castle was seen, on the south side, a

(1) Opposite to Mr. A. B. Routier, Jeweller, on Mountain Hill.

(2) The Indian Fort (*Fort des Hurons*) was built to protect the unfortunate Hurons who, after the butchery of 1648-49, had sought refuge at Quebec. It is conspicuous on an old plan of Quebec of 1664, republished by Abbé Faillon. It stood on the northern slope of Dufferin Terrace, on the site to the east of the present Post-Office.

small garden fenced-in, for the use of the Governor, and in front, towards the west, was the *Place d'Armes*, (now the *Ring*,) in the form of a trapezium.

Professor Kalm's description of the public edifices, in 1749, is worthy of note.

“The Palace (Château Saint Louis) is situated on the west or steepest side of the mountain, just above the lower city. It is not properly a palace, but a large building of stone, two stories high, extending north and south. On the west side of it is a court-yard, surrounded partly with a wall, and partly with houses. On the east side, or towards the river, is a gallery as long as the whole building, and about two fathoms broad, paved with smooth flags, and included on the outside by iron rails, from whence the city and the river exhibit a charming prospect. This gallery serves as a very agreeable walk after dinner, and those who come to speak with the governor-general wait here till he is at leisure. The palace is the lodging of the governor-general of Canada, and a number of soldiers mount the guard before it, both at the gate and at the court-yard; and when the governor, or the bishop, comes in or goes out, they must all appear in arms and beat the drum. The governor-General has his own chapel where he hears prayers; however, he often goes to Mass at the church of the *Récollets*, which is very near the palace.”

The Fort St. Lewis, built by Champlain, in 1624, was much improved and enlarged by the wing still existing, erected in 1784 by Governor

Haldimand. The old *Château* was destroyed by fire on 23rd January, 1834. On its lofty site and far beyond, is perched our incomparable, world-renowned *Boulevard*: the Dufferin Terrace.

“The Jesuits’ Church is built in the form of a cross, and has a round steeple. This is the only church that has a clock.....”

This little church, of which the corner stone was laid by the Governor-General, the Marquis de Tracy, on the 31st May, 1666, existed until 1807. The oldest inhabitants can yet recall, from memory, the spot where it stood, even if we had not the excellent drawing made of it with a dozen of other Quebec views—by an officer in Wolfe’s fleet, Captain Richard Short. It stood on the site recently occupied by the shambles, in the Upper Town, facing the Clarendon Hotel. Captain Short’s pencil bears again testimony to the exactitude, even in minutes things, of Kalm’s descriptions: his Quebec horses, harnessed one before the other to carts. You see in front of the church, in Captain Short’s sketch, three good sized horses drawing a heavily laden two wheeled cart, harnessed one before the other. The church was also used until 1807 as a place of worship for Protestants. Be careful not to confound the Jesuits’ Church with the small chapel in the interior of their college (the old Jesuit Barracks) contiguous thereto. This latter chapel

had been commenced on the 11th July, 1650. The Seminary Chapel, and Ursulines Church, after the destruction by shot and shell, in 1759, of the large R. C. Cathedral, were used for a time as parish churches. From beneath the chief altar of the Jesuits' Church was removed, on the 14th May, 1807, the small leaden box containing the heart of the founder of the Ursulines' Convent, Madame de la Peltrie, previously deposited there in accordance with the terms of her Last Will.

You can see, that the pick-axe and mattock of the "*bande noire*" who robbed our city walls of their stones, and demolished the Jesuits' College and city gates, were busily employed long before 1871.

There are few, we will venture to say, who, in their daily walk up or down Fabrique Street do not miss the hoary and familiar land mark, the Jesuits' College.¹ When its removal was recently decreed, for a long time it resisted the united assaults of hammer and pick-axe, and yielded, finally, to the terrific power of dynamite alone.

The Jesuits' College, older than Harvard College, at Boston, takes one back to the dawn of Canadian history. Though a considerable sum had been granted to foster Jesuit establishments at Quebec, by a young French noble-

(1) The City Hall was built on the site.

man, René de Rohault, son of the Marquis de Gamache, as early as 1626, it was on the 18th March, 1637, only, that the ground to build on, "twelve arpents of land, in the vicinity of Fort St. Louis;" were granted to the Jesuit Fathers. In the early times, we find this famous seat of learning playing a prominent part in all public pageants; its annual examinations and distribution of prizes called together the *élite* of Quebec society. The leading pupils had, in poetry and in verse, congratulated Governor d'Argenson on his arrival in 1658. On the second July, 1666, a public examination on logic brought out with great advantage two most promising youths, the famous Louis Jolliet, who later on joined Father Marquette in his discovery of the Mississippi, and a Three Rivers youth, Pierre de Francheville, who intended to enter Holy Orders. The learned Intendant Talon was an examiner; he was remarked for the erudition his latin questions displayed. Memory reverts to the time when the illustrious Bossuet was undergoing his latin examinations at Navarre, with the great Condé as his examiner; France's first sacred orator confronted by her most illustrious general.

"How many thrilling memories were recalled by this grim old structure? Under its venerable roof, oft' had met, the pioneer missionaries of New France, the band of martyrs, the geographers, discoverers, *savants* and his-

torians of this learned order: Dolbeau, de Quen, Druillettes, Daniel, de la Brosse, de Crepioul, de Carheil, Brebœuf, Lallemand, Jogues, de Noue, Raimbeault, Albanel, Chaumonot, Dablon, Ménard, LeJeune, Masse, Vimont, Ragueneau, Charlevoix,¹ and crowds of others.”

Here, they assembled to receive their orders, to compare notes, mayhap, to discuss the news of the death or of the success of some of their indefatigable explorers of the great West; how the “good word” had been fearlessly carried to the distant shores of lake Huron, to the *bayous* and perfumed groves of Florida, or to the trackless and frozen regions of Hudson’s Bay.

Later on, when France had suppressed the order of the Jesuits, and when her lily banner had disappeared from our midst, the college and its grounds were appropriated to other uses—alas! less congenial.

The roll of the English drum and the sharp “word of command” of a British adjutant or of his drill sergeant, for a century or more, resounded in the halls, in which latin orisons were formerly sung; and in the classic grounds, and grassy court,² canopied by those stately oaks and elms, which our sires yet remember—to which the good Fathers retreated in sweet

(1) Faucher de Saint Maurice.

(2) A memorable Indian Council was held in the court of the Jesuits’ College, on 31st August, 1665.

seclusion, to "say" their *Breviaries* and tell their beads, might have been heard the coarse joke of the guard room, and coarser oath of the trooper.

It had been claimed as a "magazine for the army contractor's provisions on 14th November, 1760." on the 4th June, 1765, His Excellency General James Murray had it surveyed and appropriated for quarters and barracks for the troops, all excepted some apartments; the court and garden was used as a drill and parade ground until the departure of Albion's soldiers.

How singular, how sad to think that this loved, this glorious relic of the French *régime*, entire even to the Jesuit College arms, carved in stone over its chief entrance, should have remained sacred and intact during the century of occupation by English soldiery—and that its destruction should have been decreed so soon as the British legions, by their departure, in 1871, had virtually handed it over to the French Province of Quebec?

The discovery on the 28th August, 1878, of human remains beneath the floor of this building—presumed to be those of some of the early missionaries—induced the authorities to institute a careful search during its demolition. These bones and others exhumed on the 31st August, and on the 1st and 9th September, 1878, were pronounced by two members of the

faculty, Drs. Hubert Larue and Chs. E. Lemieux, both Professors of the Laval University, (who signed a certificate to that effect) to be the remains of three ¹ persons of the male sex and of three ² persons of the female sex. Some silver and copper coins were also found, which with these mouldering remains of humanity, were deposited under lock and key in a wooden box; and in September, 1878, the whole was placed in a small but substantial stone struc-

(1) Mr. Faucher de Saint Maurice having been, in 1878 charged by the Premier, Hon. Mr. Joly, to watch the excavations and note the discoveries, in a luminous report, sums up the whole case. From this document, among other things, we glean that the remains of the three persons of male sex are those of:

1. Père François du Péron who died at Fort St. Louys, (Chambly) 10th November, 1665, and was conveyed to Quebec for burial.

2. Père Jean de Quen, the discoverer of Lake St. John, who died at Quebec, on 8th October, 1659, from the effects of a fever contracted in attending on some of the passengers brought here that summer by the French ship *Saint André*.

3. Frère Jean Liegeois scalped 20th May, 1655, by the Agniers at Sillery—(the historian Ferland assigns as the probable spot, the land on which the late Lieutenant-Governor Caron built his Mansion "Clermont," now occupied by Thomas Beckett, Esquire.) The remains of this missionary when excavated, were headless—which exactly agrees with the entry in the *Jesuit's Journal*, May, 1655, which states that Jean Liegeois was scalped—his head cut off and left at Sillery, while his mutilated body, discovered the next day by the Algonquins, the Allies of the French, was brought to Sillery, (probably to the Jesuits' residence, the same solid old structure close to the foundations of the Jesuits' chapel and monument at the foot of the Sillery Hill, which many here have seen), from whence it was conveyed to the Lower Town in a boat and escorted to the Jesuits' College, with the ceremonies of the R. C. Church.

(2) Three Nuns of the Hôtel-Dieu Convent, according to authorities quoted by Mr. Faucher, were buried in the

ture, in the court of the Jesuit Barracks, known as the "Regimental Magazine," pending their delivery for permanent disposal to Rev. Père Sachez, Superior of the Jesuit Order in Quebec.

In May, 1879, on opening this magazine, it was found that the venerable bones, box and all had disappeared, the staple of the padlock on the door having been forced. By whom and for what purpose, the robbery?

Let us walk on, and view with the Professor's eyes the adjoining public edifice, which stood here in 1749, the Récollet Convent "a spacious building," says Kalm, "two story high, with a large orchard and kitchen garden."

vault (*caveau*) of the Jesuits' Chapel. The Sisterhood had been allowed the use of a wing of the Jesuits' College, where they removed after the conflagration of the 7th June, 1755, which destroyed their hospital.

4. *Mère* Marie Marthe Desroches de Saint François-Xavier, a young woman of 28 years, who succumbed to small pox on the 16th August, 1755.

5. *Mère* de l'Enfant-Jésus, who expired on the 12th May, 1756.

6. *Mère* de Sainte-Monique who died in July, 1756, the victim of her devotion in ministering to the decimated crew of the ship *Léopard* sunk in the port by order of Government to arrest the spread of the pestilential disease which had raged on the passage out. Mr. Faucher closes his able report with a suggestion that a monument ought to be raised to commemorate the labors and devotion of the Jesuits, on the denuded area on which stood their venerable College.

Relation de ce qui s'est passé lors des Fouilles faites par ordre du Gouvernement dans une partie des fondations du COLLÈGE DES JÉSUITES de Québec, précédée de certaines observations par FAUCHER DE SAINT MAURICE. Québec. C. Darcaveau—1879.

Its Church or Chapel was, on 6th September, 1796, destroyed by fire; two eye-witnesses of the conflagration, Philippe Aubert De-Gaspé and Deputy-Commissary-General James Thompson, the first in his *Memoires*, the second in his unpublished *Diary*, have vividly portrayed the accident. The Church faced the Ring and the old Château; it formed part of the Récollet Convent, "a vast quadrangular building, with a court and well stocked orchard" on Garden street; it was occasionally used as a state prison. The Huguenot and agitator, Pierre Du Calvet, spent some dreary days in its cells in 1781-84; and during the summer of 1776, a young volunteer under Benedict Arnold, John Joseph Henry, (who lived to become a distinguished Pennsylvania Judge) was immured in this monastery, after his arrest by the British, at the unsuccessful attack in the Lower Town, in Sault-au-Matlot street, on 31st December, 1775, as he graphically relates in his *Memoirs*. It was a monastery of the order of Saint Francis. The Provincial, in 1793, a well known, witty, jovial and eccentric personage, Father Félix DeBerrey, had more than once dined and wine His Royal Highness, Prince Edward, the grand father of our Gracious Sovereign, when stationed in our garrison in 1791-4, with his regiment the 7th Fusileers.

The Récollet Church was also a sacred and

last resting place for the illustrious dead. Of the six French Governors who expired at Quebec, four slept within its silent vaults, until the translation, in 1796, of their ashes to the vaults of the Basilica, viz: 1 Frontenac, 2 de Callières, 3 Vaudreuil, 4 de la Jonquière. Governor de Mesy had been burried on the Hotel-Dieu Chapel, and the first Governor de Champlain, 'tis generally believed, was interred near the Château St. Louis, in a "sépulchre particulier," near the spot now surmounted by his bust, beneath the soil, on which, in 1871, was erected the new Post Office.

On the south-west side of the Château, could

The following inscription was on the coffin plate:

(1) Count Frontenac.—"Cy gyt le Haut et Puissant Seigneur, Louis de Buade, Comte de Frontenac, Gouverneur-Général de la Nouvelle France. Mort à Québec, le 28 novembre 1698."—(*Hist. of Canada, Smith, Vol. 1. P. 133.*)

(2) Gov. deCallières.—"Cy gyst Haut et Puissant Seigneur, Hector deCallières, Chevalier de Saint-Louis, Gouverneur et Lieutenant-Général de la Nouvelle-France, décédé le 26 mai 1703."—(*Ibid., P. 148.*)

(3) Gov. de Vaudreuil.—"Cy. gist Haut at Puissant Seigneur, Messire Philippe Rigaud, Marquis de Vaudreuil, Grande Croix de l'Ordre Militaire de Saint-Louis, Gouverneur et Lieutenant-Général de toute la Nouvelle France, décédé le dixième octobre 1725."—(*Ibid., P. 190.*)

(4) M. de la Jonquière.—"Cy repose le corps de Messire Jacques-Pierre de Taffanell, Marquis de la Jonquière, Baron de Castelnau, Seigneur de Hardarsmagnas et autres lieux Commandeur de l'Ordre Royal et Militaire de Saint-Louis, Chef d'Escadre des Armées Navales, Gouverneur et Lieutenant-Général pour le Roy en toute le Nouvelle-France, terres et passes de la Louisiane. Décédé à Québec, le 17 mai 1752, à six heures-et-demie du soir, âgé de 67 ans."—(*Ibid., P. 222.*)

be seen a building devoted to the administration of Justice, La Senechaussée,¹ (Sénéchal's Jurisdiction,) and which bore the name of "The Palace." It was doubtless there that, in 1664 the Supreme Council held its sessions. In 1665 it was assigned to the Marquis de Tracy, for a residence whilst in the colony. From the *Place D'Armes*, the higher road (*Grande Allée*) took its departure and led to Cap Rouge. On the right and left of this road, were several small lots of land given to certain persons for the purpose of being built upon. The Indian Fort was that entrenchment of which we have spoken, which served as a last hiding place to the sad remains of the once powerful Huron nation, forming in all eighty-four souls, in the year 1665. It continued to be occupied by them up to the peace with the Iroquois. After the arrival of the troops, they took their departure in order to devote themselves to the cultivation of the lands.

Besides the buildings of the Reverend Jesuit Fathers, those of the Ursulines (nuns,) and those of the Hospital (Hôtel-Dieu,) in the Upper Town, could be seen a house situated behind the Altar part of the Parish Church, where dwelt Monseigneur de Laval. It was, probably, what he called his Seminary, and

(1) It appears to have stood at the east end of St. Louis Street—where the residence and office of Jas. Dunbar, Esq., K.C., now stands.

where he housed some young men to be educated, destined afterwards for the priesthood.

It was at the Seminary, the worthy Prelate resided with his priests, to the number of eight which, at that period, comprised all the secular clergy of Quebec. There, also, was the Church of Notre-Dame in the form of a Latin cross.¹

Couillard Street calls up one of the most important personages of the era of Champlain, Guillaume Couillard, the ancestor of Madame Alexandre deLéry *née* Couillard. It would fill a volume to retrace the historical incidents which attach themselves to "La Grande Place du Fort" (now called the *Ring*.) We have pointed out a goodly number in the first pages (10-16,) of the "Album du Touriste." To what we have already said we shall add the following details:

It would appear that on the site upon which the Union Hall was built,² (1805,) once occu-

(1) Faillon, Vol. III, p. 372

(2) The laying of the corner stone of this lofty building whose proportions must have seemed colossal to our fathers, was done with grand masonic honors on the 14th August, 1805, by the Hon. Thos. Dunn, President of the Province of Lower Canada, and administrator of the Government, assisted by William Holmes, Esq., M.D., Deputy Grand Master of Ancient and Accepted Free Masons. Several coins of that reign were deposited under the stone. Amongst the members of the craft, we find the names of Joseph Bouchette, Claude Dénéchaud, Joseph Plante, Angus Shaw, Thomas Place, David Munro; the architect's name is Edward Cannon, grand-father of Messrs. Ed. J. Lawrence and James Cannon, our esteemed fellow citizens; Rev. Dr. Spark delivered a splendid oration, to be found in the *Quebec Mercury*, of 17th August, 1805.

pied by the offices of the *Journal de Quebec*,¹ *nc.*, resided the Governor D'Aillebout, about the year 1650. He had reserved to himself, on the 10th January, 1649, the strip of ground comprised between Fort and Treasury streets on the one side, and the streets Buade and Ste. Anne on the other side. At the corner of Treasury and Buade streets, on the west, Jean

Hujusce Fori Municipalis, Anglicè UNION HALL, ex Senatus provincialis consulto erecti,
THOMAS DUNN Vir Honorabilis Prævinciae Præfectus Politicæ Administrator,
Adstantibus et Curatoribus Selectis,
Hon. *John Young* Præse, Hon. *John Antoine Panet* Comitæ Provincialis Rogatore,
Jonathan Sewell, Armigero Cognitore Regio,
John Painter et *John Blackwood*, Armigeris, Pacis Curatoribus;
Joseph Bouchette Armigero Mensorum Principali,
John Caldwell, *Claude Dénéchaud*, *John Coltman*, *John Taylor*, *Joseph Plante*, *Angus Shaw*, *Thomas Place* et *David Munro*, de Quebec Armigeris,
Nec non et multis Latomorum hujus Urbis, quorum *William Holmes* Armiger M.D. fuit summus Magister Deputatus, adjuvantibus, hunc primum Lapidem posuit, dei XIV. Mensis Sextilis, Anno Salutis MDCCCV.
Nummi quoque Regis Regnantis

GEORGII III.

Suppositi sunt,
Videlicet.

Nummus Aureus Anglicè *Guinea*, aureum etiam Dimidium ejus et Triens; Nummus argenteus solidos quinque Anglicos valans, solidus dimidium solidi, et quarta pars; nummus Æranus denarios duos Anglicos alens; denarius obolus; et quadrans.

EDWARD CANNON,

Architectus.

(1) At present Mr. Morgan's Emporium of Commerce.

Côté possessed a piece of ground (*emplacement*) which he presented as a dowery in 1649, to his daughter Simonne who married Pierre Soumandre.

The grounds of the Archbishop's Palace formed part of the field possessed by Couillard, whose house stood in the now existing garden of the Seminary, opposite the gate which faces the principal alley, the foundations of which were discovered and brought to light by the Abbé Laverdière, in 1866.

On the conspicuous site where stands the unpretending brick structure known as our present House of Parliament, (which succeeded the handsome cut stone edifice burnt, in 1854,) one might, in 1660, have seen the dwelling of a man of note, Ruelle d'Auteuil. D'Auteuil became subsequently Attorney-General and had lively times with that sturdy old ruler, Count de Frontenac. Ruelle d'Auteuil had sold the lot for \$600 (3,000 livres de 20 sols) to Major Provost, who resold it with the two story stone house thereon erected, for \$3,000, to Bishop St. Vallier. The latter having bequeathed it to his ecclesiastical successor, Bishop Plessis ceded it to the Imperial Government for an annual ground rent of £1,000—this rent is continued to the Archbishop by the Provincial Government of Quebec; no one now cares to enquire why Bishop Plessis made such an excellent bargain, though a cause is assigned.

Palace Street was thus denominated from its leading direct from the Upper Town to the Intendant's Palace—latterly the King's wood-yard.¹ In earlier days it went by the name of *Rue des Pauvres*, (Street of the Poor,) from its intersecting the domain of the *Hôtel Dieu*, whose revenues were devoted to the maintenance of the poor, sheltered behind its massive old walls. Close by, on Saint John street, Bishop St. Valier had founded *le Bureau des Pauvres*, where the beggars of Quebec (a thriving class to this day) received alms, in order to deter them from begging in the country round the city. The success which crowned this humble retreat of the mendicant led the philanthropic bishop to found the General Hospital at St. Roch.

At the western corner of Palace and St. John streets, has stood since 1771, a well known land mark: a wooden statue of General Wolfe, sculptured by the Brothers Cholette, at the request of George Hipps, a loyal butcher. The perigrinations of this historic relic, in 1838, from Quebec to Halifax—from Halifax to Bermuda, hence to Portsmouth, and finally to its old niche at Wolfe's corner St. John Street, whilst they afforded much sport to the

(1) On a portion of it, a cattle market has been built—under French rule, it formed a beautiful park for the magnificent Intendants.

middies of H. M. Ship *Inconstant*, who visited our port that summer and carried away the General, were the subject of several newspaper paragraphs in prose and in verse.

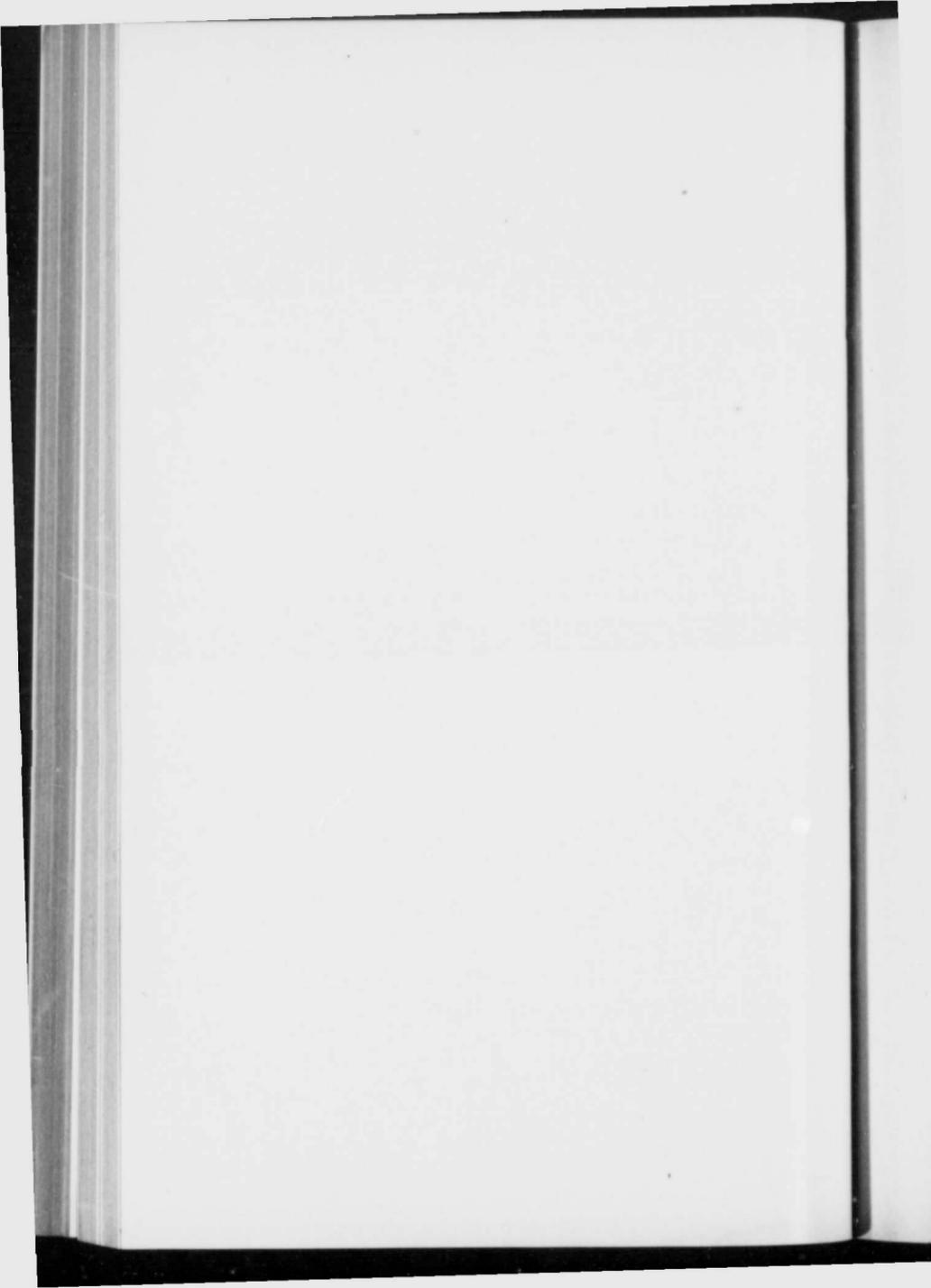
Finally, the safe return of the "General" with a bran new coat of paint and varnish in a deal box, consigned to His Worship, the Mayor (Thomas Pope) of Quebec, sent by unknown hands, was made an occasion for rejoicing to every friend of the British hero, whom Quebec contained and they were not few.

Some of the actors of this practical joke, staunch upholders of Britannia's sovereignty of the sea, now pace their quarter deck, t'is said, proud and stern admirals! (1880.)

The street and hill leading down from the parochial Church, (whose title was *Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary*), to the outlet, where Hope Gate was built in 1786, was called Ste. Famille street—from its vicinity to the Cathedral. On the east side, half way up the hill still exists the old homestead of the deLéry—in 1854, occupied by Sir E. P. Taché, since, sold to the Quebec Seminary. On the opposite side a little higher up, also survives the old house of M. Jean Langevin, father of the Bishop of Rimouski, Sir H. L. Langevin and others. Here in the closing days of French Dominion lived the first Acadian, who brought to Quebec the news of the dispersion of his compatriots, so



SIR ETIENNE P. TASCHE



eloquently sung by Longfellow: Dr. Lajus, of French extraction, who settled at Quebec, and married a sister of Bishop Hubert; on the northern angle of this old tenement you now read "*Ste. Famille* street."

That dear old street,—St. George street, formerly,—now called after the first inhabitant of the Upper Town, in 1617, *Louis Hébert*, by the erection of the lofty Medical College and Laval University, for us has been shorn of its name—its sunshine—its glory, since the home¹ of our youth, at the east end, has passed in foreign hands. It is now *Hébert* street.

Laval, Attorney-General D'Auteuil, Louis de Buade, *Ste. Hélène*,² seem to come back to life in the ancient streets of the same name, whilst Frontenac, Iberville, Fiedmont, are brought to one's recollection, in the modern thoroughfares. The old Scotch pilot, Abraham Martin, (who, according to the Jesuits' Journal, was a bit of a scamp, though he does not appear to have been tried for his peccadilloes,) owned a domain of thirty-two acres of land in

(1) The old homestead successively owned by Messrs. Timothy H. Dunn and Joseph Shehyn, M.P.P., was erected for Capt. Benjamin LeMoine, Canad. Voltigeurs, the writer's father, in 1812.

(2) LeMoine de Ste. Hélène. It is also asserted this street (Ste. Hélène,) was named after the Reverend Mother Ste. Hélène, Superioress of the Hôtel-Dieu-(Dlle Regnard du Plessis).

St. John's suburbs, which were bounded, towards the north, by the hill which now bears his name (*La Côte d'Abraham.*)

Mythology has exacted a tribute on a strip of ground in the St. Louis suburbs. The chief priest of the pagan Olympus boasts of his lane, 'Jupiter street' called after a celebrated inn, Jupiter's Inn, on account of a full sized statue of the master of Olympus which stood formerly over the main entrance. In the beginning of the century, a mineral spring of wondrous efficacy attracted to this neighborhood, those of our *fashionables* whose liver was out of order; alas! like that of some other famous springs, its efficacy is a thing of the past!

Modern astronomy is represented in Arago street.¹

Parloir street leads to the *parloir*² of the Ursulines. Here resided the late Judge de Bonne, at the dawn of the present century; the Ursulines have named, after their patron

(1) We read in the Municipal Registrar, "Alfred street extends from Colombe street to Arago street, in the Fief Notre-Dame des Anges. This street as well as those which run parallel with it, Alexandre, Nelson, Turgeon, Jérôme and St. Ours, and the transecting streets, Arago and Colombe, were laid out in 1845, thirty feet in width (St. Ours street, only having forty feet in width,) by the Inspector of Roads, M. Joseph Hamel, pursuant to the instructions, and with the consent of the Religious Ladies (nuns) of the General Hospital."

(2) The *Parloir* is the name of the room in which the young ladies speak to their relatives and friends visiting them.

Saint, Ste. Ursule, the first street to the west, which intersects at right angles, St. Louis and Ste. Anne streets. Ste. Ursule and Ste. Anne streets and environs, seem to have been specially appropriated by the disciples of Hippocrates in 1880. Physicians and Surgeons there assuredly did congregate, viz: Dr. Jas. Sewell, his son, Dr. Colin Sewell, Drs. Landry, Lemieux, Boswell, Belleau, Russell, Russell, jr., Gale, Ross, Baillargeon, Roy, Fortier, LaRue, Parke, Rowand, Henchey, Vallée, Marsden, Jackson, distinguished physicians all.

In 1906, the following Medical Practitioners hail from this historic quarter of old Quebec:

In Garden street, Surgeon M. J. Ahern, and Dr. W. H. Delaney.

In St. Louis street: Doctors F. M. Wells, A. Marois, I. D. Pagé, W. Beupré, J. D. Brousseau, C. Sewell, G. H. Parke, H. R. Ross, Jas. Stevenson.

In Ste. Ursule street: Drs. J. C. Guimont, R. O. Blair, Chas. Delagrave, August Hamel, N. A. Dussault, Ls. N. Lemieux, Goldsworthy, Ernest G. Gale, Simeon Grondin, Chs. Verge, S. Gaudreault. Notwithstanding that it is the abode of so many eminent members of the Faculty, the locality is healthy; nay, conducive to longevity.

The streets Craig, Carleton, Haldimand, Dalhousie, Hope, Richmonod, Prevost, Aylmer, perpetuate the memory of eight English Gov-

ernors. Many of the luxurious dwellings on the Cape date back to 1840, or so; this aristocratic neighborhood, after the conquest and until 1830, was occupied by carters, old French market gardeners and descendants of French artisans, &c,—such were the early tenants of *Des Carrières, Mont Carmel, Ste. Geneviève, St. Denis, Des Grisons* streets.—*Mais nous avons changé tout cela.*

A few years since, the Town Council, on motion of Councillor Ernest Gagnon, whose name as identified with our popular songs,¹ disturbed the nomenclature of that part of D'Aiguillon Street, *extra muros*, by substituting the name of "Charlevoix." To that section of St. Joseph street, *intra muros*, was conferred the name of our respected historian, F. X. Garneau. To St. François street, the name of the abbé Ferland, was awarded; the historian, Rob. Christie, has also his street; this met with general approval.

Our thoroughfares, our promenades, even in those dreary months, when the northern blast howls over the Canadian landscape, have blithsome gleams of sunshine. "Never shall we forget one bright, frosty January afternoon, about four o'clock, in the year 1872, when solitary, though not sad, standing on

(1) *Chansons populaires du Canada, &c.*, par Ernest Gagnon, 1865.

Durham Terrace, was unveiled to us “a most magnificent picture, a scene of glorified nature painted by the hand of the Creator. The setting sun had charged the skies with all its gorgeous heraldry of purple and crimson and gold, and the tints were diffused and reflected through fleecy clouds, becoming softer and richer through expansion. The mountain tops, wood-crowned, where the light and shadow appeared to be stuggling for mastery, stood out in relief from the white plain, and stretching away in indistinct, dreamy distances finally seemed to blend with the painted skies. The ice-covered bay was lit up with glowing shades, in contrast with the deep blue of the clear water beyond; from which the island rose, and into which the point jutted with grand picturesqueness; the light played through the frost glistening, but still sombre pines, and spreading out over deserted fields. Levis and the South Shore received not so much of the illumination, and the grimness of the citadel served as a contrast and a relief to the eye bewildered with the unaccustomed grandeur. But as the sun sank deeper behind the eternal hills, shadows began to fall, and the bright colors toned down to the grey of dusk; stars shone out, the gray was chased away, and the azure, diamond dotted skies told not of the glory of sunset which had so shortly before suffused them.”—(*Morning Chronicle*.)

We have just seen described the incomparable panorama which a winter sunset disclosed from the lofty promenade, to which the Earl of Dufferin¹ has bequeathed his name. Let us accompany one of our genial summer butterflies, fluttering through the mazes of old Stadacona escorting a bride; let us listen to H. W. D. Howells in the WEDDING JOURNEY. "Nothing, I think, more enforces the illusion of Southern Europe in Quebec than the Sunday-night promenading on the Durham (now Dufferin) Terrace. This is the ample span on the brow of the cliff to the left of the citadel, the noblest and most commanding position in the whole city, which was formerly occupied by the old Castle of St. Louis, where dwelt the brave Count Frontenac and his splendid successors of the French *régime*. The castle went the way of Quebec by fire some forty years ago, (23rd January, 1834), and Lord Durham levelled the site and made it a public promenade. A stately arcade of solid masonry supports it on the brink of the rock, and an iron parapet incloses it; there are a few seats to lounge upon, and some idle old guns for the children to clamber over and play with. A soft twilight had followed the day, and there

(1) One of the boons conferred through the gifted nobleman on Quebec, and we take pleasure in proclaiming it, is the superb, world-renowned Terrace, now bearing his name, "Dufferin Terrace."

was just enough obscurity to hide from a willing eye the Northern and New World facts of the scene, and to leaving into more romantic relief the citadel dark against the mellow evening, and the people gossiping from window to window across the narrow streets of the Lower Town. The Terrace itself was densely thronged, and there was a constant coming and going of the promenaders, and each formally paced back and forth upon the planking for a certain time, and then went quietly home giving place to new arrivals. They were nearly all French, and they were not generally, it seemed, of the first fashion, but rather of middle condition in life; the English being represented only by a few young fellows, and now and then a red faced old gentleman with an Indian scarf trailing from his hat. There were some fair American costumes and faces in the crowd, but it was essentially Quebecian. The young girls walked in pairs, or with their lovers, had the true touch of provincial unstylishness, the young men the ineffectual excess of the second-rate Latin dandy, the elder the rude inelegance of a *bourgeoisie* in them; but a few better-figured *avocats* or *notaires* (their profession was as unmistakable as if they had carried their well-polished doorplates upon their breasts), walked and gravely talked with each other. The non-American character of the scene was not less vividly marked in the fact, that each person dressed according to his

own taste and frankly indulged private shapes and colours. One of the promenaders was in white, even to his canvas shoes; another, with yet bolder individuality, appeared in perfect purple. It had a strange, almost portentous effect when these two startling figures met as friends and joined with each other in the promenade with united arms; but the evening was nearly beginning to darken round them, and presently the purple comrade was merely a sombre shadow beside the glimmering white.

The valleys and the heights now vanished; but the river defined itself by the varicolored light of the ships and steamers that lay, dark motionless hulks upon its broad breast; the lights of Point Levis swarmed upon the other shore; the Lower Town, two hundred feet below them, stretched an alluring mystery of clustering roofs and lamplit windows, and dark and shining streets around the mighty rock, mural-crowned. Suddenly a spectacle peculiarly Northern and characteristic of Quebec revealed itself; a long arch brightened over the northern horizon; the tremulous flames of the aurora, pallid violet or faintly tinged with crimson, shot upward from it, and played with a vivid apparition and evanescence to the zenith. While the stranger looked, a gun boomed from the citadel, and the wild sweet notes of the bugle sprang out upon the silence."

CHAP. II.

Prince Edward street, St. Roch, and "Donnacona" street, near the Ursulines, bring back the memory of two important personages of the past, Edward Augustus, Duke of Kent—an English Prince, and Donnacona, a swarthy chief of primitive Canada.

The vanquisher of Montcalm, General Wolfe, is honored not only by a statue, at the corner of Palace and St. John's streets,¹ but again by the street which bears his name, Wolfe street. In like manner, his illustrious rival Montcalm, claims an entire section of the city "Montcalm Ward." Can it be that the susceptible young Captain of the "Albermale," Horatio Nelson, carried on his flirtation with the captivating Miss Mary Simpson, in 1782, in the street which now rejoices in his name? Several streets in the St. Louis, St. John, and St. Roch suburbs, bear the names of eminent citizens who have at different periods, made a free gift of the sites or, who, by their public spirit, have left behind them a cherished memory among the people: Messrs. Berthelot, D'Artigny, Grey Stewart, T. C. Lee, Buteau, Hudon, Smith, de Salaberry, Scott, Tourangeau, Pozer, Panet, Bell, Robitaille, Ryland, St. Ours.

(1) St. John street is thirty-six feet in width, *intra muros*, and forty-six in width, *extra muros*, in consequence of a gift of ten feet of ground by the proprietors, after the great fire of 1845.

The width of the greater number of the streets of the city vary from thirty to forty feet; the broadest is Crown street. Well do the proprietors deserve our congratulations for the beautiful shade trees which they have caused to be there planted.

Quebec comprises about ten small *Fiefs* or *Domaines*. The *Fief* Sault-au-Matelot (the sailor's leap) belongs to the Seminary. The Ursulines, the Church (*Fabrique*), the Heirs LaRue, the Hôtel-Dieu, the *Récollet* Friars, each had its *Fief*. The Church possesses a *domaine* besides that of Cape Diamond. The *Fief* "*de la Miséricorde*," (Merrey), belongs to the Hôtel-Dieu. The Heirs LaRue possess the *Fief de Bécancour*, and that of *De Villeraie*; there is also the *Fief Sasseville*. The *Fief of the Récollets*" now belongs to the Crown.

St. Roch owes a debt of gratitude to Monseigneur de Saint-Valier, whose name is identified with the street which he so often perambulated in his visits to the General Hospital, where he terminated his useful career. His Lordship seems to have entertained a particular attachment for the locality where he had founded this hospital, where he resided, in order to rent his Mountain Hill Palace to Intendant Talon, and thus save the expense of a Chaplain. The General Hospital was the third asylum for the infirm, which the Bishop had founded. Subsequently, came the Intendant

de Meulles who, towards 1684, endowed the eastern portion of the quarter with an edifice (the Intendant's Palace) remarkable for its magnificence and its ornate gardens.

Where Talon (a former Intendant) had left a brewery in a state of ruin and about seventeen acres of land unoccupied, Louis XIV., by the advice of his Intendant de Meules, lavished vast sums of money in the erection of a sumptuous palace in which French justice was administered and in which, at a later period, under Bigot, it was *purchasable*. Our illustrious ancestors, for that matter, were not the kind of men to weep over such trifles, imbued as they were from infancy with the feudal system and all its irksome duties, without forgetting the forced labour (*corvées*) and those admirable "Royal Secret-warrants," (*lettres de cachet*). What did the institutions of a free people, the text of *Magna Charta* signify to them?

On this spot stood the notorious warehouse, where Bigot, Cadet and their confederates retailed, at enormous profits, the provisions and supplies which King Louis XV. doled out in 1758, to the starving inhabitants of Quebec. The people christened the house "*La Friponne*." (*The Knavery ! !*) Near the site of Talon's old brewery (which had been converted into a prison in 1684, by *Frontenac*, and which

held fast until his trial the *Abbé de Fénélon*,¹ now stands the "Anchor Brewery." (Boswell's.)

Doubtless to the eyes of the 'Free and Independent Electors' of La Vacherie in 1759, the Intendant's Palace seemed a species of "Eighth Wonder." The Eighth Wonder lost much of its *éclat*, however, by the inauguration of English rule, in 1759, but a total eclipse came over this imposing and majestic luminary, when Guy Carleton's guns from the ramparts of Quebec, began, in 1775 to thunder on its cupola and roof, which offered a shelter to Arnold's soldiery: the rabble of "shoe-makers, hatters, blacksmiths and inn-keepers," (says Colonel Henry Caldwell), bent on providing Canada with the blessings of republicanism. We have just mentioned "*La Vacherie*," this consisted of the extensive and moist pastures at the foot of *Coteau Sainte-Geneviève*, towards the General Hospital where the city cows were grazed; on this site and gracing the handsome streets "Crown," "Craig" and "Des-fossés," can now be seen elegant dry-goods

(1) The *Abbé de Fénélon* was the half brother of the illustrious Archbishop of *Cambrai*, the author of "*Telemachus*." He was tried by *Frontenac* and the Supreme Council for having, at the preceding Easter, preached a violent sermon against the *corvées* (enforced labour) to build up *Fort Frontenac*, &c. He refused to acknowledge the competency of the tribunal to try him, appeared before it with his hat on, &c. *Frontenac* had him committed for contempt. Altogether, it was a curious squabble, the decision of which was ultimately left to the French King.

stores vying with the largest in the Upper Town. Had St. Peter street, in 1775, been provided with a regular way of communication with St. Roch; had St. Paul street then existed, the sun of progress would have shone there nearly a century earlier.

“For a considerable time past, several plans of amelioration of the city of Quebec,” says the Abbé Ferland, “were proposed to the ministry by *M. de Meulles*. The absolute necessity of obtaining a desirable locality for the residence of the *Intendant*, and for the holding of the sessions of the Council, the *Château St. Louis* being hardly sufficient to afford suitable quarters for the Governor and the persons who formed his household. *M. de Meulles* proposed purchasing, a large stone building which *M. Talon* had caused to be erected for the purpose of a brewery and which, for several years, had remained unoccupied. Placed in a very commodious position on the bank of the river St. Charles, and not many steps from the Upper Town, this edifice with suitable repairs and additions, might furnish not alone a desirable residence for the *Intendant*, but also, halls and offices for the Supreme Council, and the Courts of Justice, as likewise, vaults for the archives, and a prison for the criminals.” Adjacent to the old Brewery, *M. Talon* owned an extent of land of about seventeen superficial acres of which no use was made in *M. de Meulles*’ plan; a certain portion of this land could be reserved for the gardens and dependencies of the *Intendant*’s Palace, whilst the remainder might be portioned off into

building lots (*emplacements*) and thus convert it into a second lower town and which might some day, be extended to the foot of the Cape. He believed that if this plan were adopted the new buildings of Quebec would extend in that direction and not on the heights almost exclusively occupied by the Religious Communities.”¹

CHAP. III.

We perceive, according to Mr. Panet's Journal, that Saint Roch existed in 1759! that the women and children, residents of that quarter, were not wholly indifferent to the fate of their distressed country, “the same day, (31st July, 1759,)” says Panet, “we heard a great uproar in the St. Roch quarter, the women and children were shouting, ‘Long live the King!’”² “I ascended the height (on the *Coteau Ste. Geneviève*) and there beheld the first frigate all in a blaze, very shortly afterwards, a black smoke issuing from the second which blew up and afterwards took on fire.” On the 4th August, several bomb-shells of 80, fell on Saint Roch. We read, that on the 31st August, two soldiers were hanged at three o'clock in the afternoon for having stolen a cask of brandy from the house of one Charland, in Saint Roch quarter. In those times the General (or *the*

(1) *Cours d'Histoire du Canada*, Vol. 2, p. 140.

(2) Louis XV.

Recorder,) did not do things by halves. Who was this Charland of 1759? Could he be the same who, sixteen years afterwards, fought so stoutly together with Dambourgès at the Sault-au-Matelot engagement? Since the inauguration of the English domination, Saint Roch became peopled in a most rapid manner; we now see there a net-work of streets embracing in extent several leagues.

The most ancient highway of the quarter (St. Roch,) is probably St. Valier street. "Desfossés" street most likely derives its name from the ditches (*fossés*) which served to drain the green pastures of *La Vacherie*. The old Bridge street dates from the end of the last century (1789). "Dorchester" street recalls the esteemed and popular administrator Lord Dorchester, who, under the name of Guy Carleton, led on to victory the militia of Quebec in 1775.

"Craig" street received its name from Sir James Craig, a gouty, testy, but trusted old soldier, who administered the Government in 1807; it was enlarged and widened ten feet, after the great fire of 1845. The site of St. Paul's Market was acquired from the Royal Ordinance, on 31st July, 1831.

"Dorchester" Bridge was constructed in 1322, and took the place of the former bridge (Vieux Pont) on the street to the west, built by Asa Porter in 1789, and called after Lord

Dorchester, the "Saviour of Quebec." Saint Joseph street, St. Roch, which, at one period, had a width of only twenty-five feet, was widened to the extent of forty, through the liberality of certain persons. From this circumstance, the corporation was induced to continue it beyond the city limits up to the road which leads to Lorette, thereby rendering it the most useful and one of the handsomest streets of Saint Roch.

At what period did the most spacious highway of the ward, ("Crown" street, sixty feet in width), receive its baptismal name? Most assuredly, it was previous to 1837, the democratic era of Papineau. "King" street, no doubt, recalls the reign of George III. So also does "Queen" street, recall his Consort.

Towards the year 1815, the late Honorable John Richardson, of Montreal, conferred his name on the street which intersects the grounds which the Crown had then conceded to him, for the heir of the late William Grant, late Receiver General who, likewise, bequeathed his name to a street adjacent. A Mr. Henderson¹ about the commencement of the present century, possessed grounds in the vicinity of the present Gas works, hence we have "Henderson" street. The Gas Company's

(1) This gentleman (Mr. William Henderson), was for many years Secretary of the Quebec Fire Assurance Company.

Wharf is built on the site of the old jetty of which we have seen mention made, about 1720. This long pier was composed of large boulders heaped one upon the other, and served the purpose of sheltering the landing place at the *Palais* harbour, from the northeast winds. In 1815, Colonel Bouchette, says it was a promenade pretty well frequented. In the present day, the prolongation of the wharf has left no trace of it; the Station of the Canadian Pacific Railway covers a portion of this area.

“Church” street (la rue de l’Eglise), doubtless owes its name to the erection of the beautiful Saint Roch Church, towards 1812, the site of which was given by the late Honorable John Mure, who died in Scotland in 1823.

Saint Roch, like the Upper Town, comprises several *Fiefs*, proceeding from the *Fief* of the Seminary, and reaching as far as the Gas wharf; the beaches with the right of fishing, belonged originally to the *Hôtel-Dieu* by a concession dated the 21st March, 1648, but they have been conceded to others. The Crown possesses an important reserve towards the west of this grant; then comes the grant made, in 1814 or 1815, to the heirs William Grant now occupied by several ship-yards. Jacques Cartier, who, in 1535-6, wintered in the vicinity of Saint Roch, left his name to an entire municipal division of this rich suburb as well as to a spacious market hall. (The Jacques Cartier Market Hall.)

CHAP. IV.

Let us descend that ancient and tortuous Lower Town Hill which has re-echoed the tread of so many regiments, in which so many Governors, French and English have, on divers occasions, heard themselves enthusiastically cheered by admiring crowds, the hill which viceroys of France and of England, from the ostentatious Marquis de Tracy to the proud Earl of Durham, ascended on their way to the *Chateau Saint Louis*, surrounded by their brilliant staff, and saluted by cannon and with warlike flourish of trumpets!

In earlier times, the military and religious display was blended with an aroma of literature, and elaborate Indian oratory, combining prose and poetry.

Francis Parkman will tell us of what took place on the arrival, on the 28th July, 1658, of the Viscount D'Argenson, the Governor of the Colony:—"When Argenson arrived to assume the government, a curious greeting had awaited him. The Jesuits asked him to dine; vespers followed the repast; and then they conducted him into a hall where the boys of their school—disguised, one as the Genius of New France, one as the Genius of the Forest, and others as Indians of various friendly tribes—made him speeches by turn, in prose and in verse. First, Pierre du Quet, who played the Genius of New

France, presented his Indian retinue to the Governor, in a complimentary harangue. Then four other boys, personating French colonists, made him four flattering addresses, in French verse. Charles Denis, dressed as a Huron, followed, bewailing the ruin of his people, and appealing to Argenson for aid. Jean François Bourdon, in the character of an Algonquin, next advanced on the platform, boasted his courage, and declared that he was ashamed to cry like the Huron. The Genius of the Forest now appeared, with a retinue of wild Indians from the interior, who being unable to speak French, addressed the Governor in their native tongues, which the Genius proceeded to interpret. Two other boys in the character of prisoners just escaped from the Iroquois, then came forward imploring aid in piteous accents; and in conclusion the whole troop of Indians from far and near laid their bows and arrows at the feet of Argenson, and hailed him as their chief.

Besides these mock Indians, a crowd of genuine savages had gathered at Quebec to greet the new "Ononchio." On the next day—at his own cost, as he writes to a friend—he gave them a feast, consisting of seven large kettlesful of Indian corn, peas, prunes, sturgeon, eels and fat, which they devoured, he says, after having first sung me a song, after their fashion."

Probably one of the most gorgeous displays on record, was that attending the arrival of the great Marquis of Tracy, in 1665. He came with a brilliant staff, a crowd of young nobles; and accompanied by two hundred soldiers, to be followed by a thousand more of the dashing regiment of Carignan-Salières. "He sailed up the St. Lawrence, and on the thirtieth of June, 1665, anchored in the basin of Quebec. The broad, white standard, blazoned with the arms of France, proclaimed the representative of royalty; and Point Levi and Cape Diamond, and the distant Cape Tourmente roared back the sound of the saluting cannon. All Quebec was on the ramparts or at the landing place, and all eyes were strained at the two vessels as they slowly emptied their crowded decks into the boats alongside. The boats at length drew near, and the lieutenant-general and his suite landed on the quay with a pomp such as Quebec had never seen before.

Tracy was a veteran of sixty-two, and tall, "one of the largest men I ever saw," writes Mother Mary; but he was sallow with disease, for fever had seized him, and it had fared ill with him on the long voyage. The Chevalier de Chaumont walked at his side, and young nobles surrounded him, gorgeous in lace and ribbons, and majestic in leonine wigs. Twenty-four guards in the King's livery led the way,

followed by four pages and six valets¹; and thus, while the Frenchmen shouted and the Indians stared, the august procession threaded the streets of the Lower Town, and climbed the steep pathway that scaled the cliffs above. Breathing hard, they reached the top, passed on the left the dilapidated walls of the fort and the shed of mingled wood and masonry which then bore the name of the Castle of St. Louis; passed on the right the old house of Couillard and the site of Laval's new seminary, and soon reached the square betwixt the Jesuit college and the Cathedral.

The bells were ringing in a phrensy of welcome. Laval in pontificals, surrounded by priests and Jesuits, stood waiting to receive the deputy of the King, and as he greeted Tracy and offered him the holy water, he looked with anxious curiosity to see what manner of man he was. The signs were auspicious. The deportment of the lieutenant-general left nothing to desire. A *prie-dieu* had been placed for him. He declined it. They offered him a cushion, but he would not have it, and fevered as he was, he knelt on the bare pavement with a devotion that edified every beholder. *Te Deum* was sung and a day of rejoicing followed."²

(1) His constant attendance when he went abroad," says Mère Juchereau.

(2) *The Old Régime in Canada*. p. 177-9.

In our day, we can recall but one pageant at all equal: the roar of cannon, &c., attending the advent of the great Earl of Durham, but there were noticeable fewer "priests," fewer "Jesuits," and less "kneeling" in the procession.

Line-of-battle ships—stately frigates, twelve in number: the *Malabar—Hastings—Cornwallis—Inconstant—Hercules—Pique—Charrybdis—Pearl—Vestal—Medea—Dee—* and *Andromache* escorted to our shores, the able, proud humane,¹ but unlucky Vice-Roy and High Commissioner, with his clever advisers—the Turtons, Bullers, Wakefields, Hansomes, Derbyshires, Dunkins, *cum multis aliis*.

Here we stand on the principal artery of the commerce of the ancient city, Saint Peter street, having a width of only twenty-four feet. St. Peter street is probably more ancient than its sister *Sault-au-Matelot* street.

On the site on which the "Quebec Bank"²

(1) I use the term advisedly, for had he followed out the Colborne policy and gibetted the "Bermuda exiles," he would have had one sin less to atone for, at the hands of Lord Brougham and other merciless enemies in England.

(2) Thanks to the late Mr. J. B. Martel, then Secretary of the Harbour Commission, Quebec, we may designate in a few words the site which the Quebec Bank now possesses. This extent of ground (at that period a beach lot), was conceded to the Seminary by the *Marquis de Denonville* in 1687, and confirmed by the King, the 1st March, 1688. The 25th August, *Messire Christophe De Lalanc, Directeur du Séminaire des Missions Etrangères à Paris*, made a concession of it to Mons. Nicholas René Levasseur, *Ingénieur*,

was erected in 1863, there stood the offices, the vaults, and wharf of the well-known merchant, John Lymburner. There were three Lymburners: John, lost at sea in the fall of 1775, Matthew, and Adam the most able of the three; they were, no doubt, related to each other. The loyalty of Adam, towards the British Crown, 1775, was more than suspected; his oratorical powers, however, and his knowledge of constitutional law, made him a fit delegate to England in pleading the cause of the colony before the metropolitan authorities. His speech on the occasion is reported in the *Canadian Review*, published at Montreal, in 1826.

Colonel Hy. Caldwell states that, in 1775, Governor Guy Carleton had ordered a cannon to be pointed from the wharf on which stood Lymburner's house, with the intention to open fire upon the Bostonais, should they attempt a surprise on the *Sault-au-Matelot* quarter Massive and strongly built stone vaults (of French

formerly chief contractor of the ships of "His Most Christian Majesty." On the 24th June, 1760, a deed of sale of this same property, to Joseph Brassard Descheneaux, consisting of a two story house and a wharf (*avec les peintures au-dessus de la porte.*) On the 8th September, 1764, a deed of sale to Alexander McKenzie, purchase money, \$5,800. On the 10th April, 1768, Joseph Descheneaux assigned his mortgage to Mr. John Lymburner. On the 11th August, 1781, a deed of concession of the beach in the rear, to low water mark, by the Seminary to Adam Lymburner. The 5th November, 1796, a deed of sale by the attorney of Adam Lymburner. Subsequently, Angus Shaw became the proprietor in consideration of \$4,1000. On the 17th October, 1825, a judicial sale, to the late Henry Atkinson, Esq.

origin,) are still extant beneath the house adjoining, to the south of this last, belonging to the heirs Atkinson.

On the site of the offices of Mr. McGie, stood in 1759, the warehouse of M. Perrault; from a great number of letters and invoice-bills found in the garret, and which a friend¹ has placed at our disposal, it would seem that M. Perrault had extensive commercial relations both in Canada and in France.

St. Peter street has become the general headquarters of important commerce, banks, brokerage, life insurance and fire assurance offices. The financial institutions, are there, proudly enthroned: the Bank of Montreal, Bank of Quebec, the Union Bank, the *Banque Nationale*, the Molson Bank, the Bank of British North America, the Merchant's Bank, the Hochelaga Bank.

In this street resided, in 1774, the Captain Bouchette who in the following year, in his little craft "Le Gaspé," brought us back our brave Governor, Guy Carleton; M. Bouchard, merchant; M. Panet, N.P., (the father of His Lordship, Bishop B. C. Panet), as also M. Boucher, harbor master of Quebec, "(who was appointed to that post by the Governor Sir R. S. Milnes, on the recommendation of the

(1) Hon. D. A. Ross.

Duke of Kent).” Boucher had piloted the vessel, (having on board the 7th Regiment, the Duke’s,) from Quebec to Halifax.

The office in which the *Quebec Morning Chronicle* has been published since 1847, belonged in 1759 to M. Jean Taché, “President of the Mercantile Body,” “an honest and sensible man” as appears by *Mémoires sur le Canada*, (1749-60). One of our first poets, he composed a poem “On the Sea.” He is the composed a poem “On the Sea.” He is the novelist, Jos. Marmette, and others. He possessed, moreover, at that period, extensive buildings on the Napoleon wharf, which were destroyed by fire in 1845, and a house in the country, on the St. Foye road, afterwards called “Holland House,” after Major Samuel Holland.

The *Chronicle* building, during nearly half a century, was a coffee house, much frequented by sea-faring men, known as the “Old Neptune” Inn. The effigy of the Sea-god, armed with his formidable Trident, placed over the main entrance, seemed to threaten the passers by. We can remember, as yesterday, his colossal proportions. “Old Neptune”¹ has disappeared about thirty years back.²

(1) See *Histoire de la Gazette de Québec*—Gérin, p. 24.

(2) Since the removal of the *Quebec Chronicle* to Buade street, the building modernized, has resumed its name and line of business. It is still known as the Old Neptune Inn.

Parallel with St. Peter street, runs *Notre-Dame* street, which leads us to the little Church of the Lower Town, named *Notre-Dame de la Victoire*, in remembrance of the victory achieved in 1690, on the then besieger, Sir Wm. Phipps. This Church was, at a later period called "*Notre-Dame des Victoires*," in commemoration of the dispersion by a storm of Admiral Walker's squadron, in 1711. The corner of these streets (St. Peter and Sous-le-Fort streets) is probably the site of the walks and garden plots where Champlain cultivated roses and carnations about the year 1615.

Fronting the Church of "*Notre Dame des Victoires*" and on the site now occupied as Blanchard's Hotel, the ladies of the *Ursulines*, in 1639, found a refuge in an humble residence, a sort of shop or store, owned at that period by the *Sieur Juchereau des Chatelets*, at the foot of the path (*sentier*), leading up to the mountain (foot of Mountain street), and where the then Governor, M. de Montmagny, as is related, sent them their first Quebec meal.

The locality possessed other traditions of agreeable memory; the good, the youthful, the beautiful *Madame de Champlain*, about the year 1620, here catechised and instructed, under the shadow of the trees, the young Huron Indians in the principles of Christianity. History relates their surprise and joy on seeing their features reflected in the small mirror

which their benefactress wore suspended at her side, according to the then prevailing custom.

In 1682, a conflagration broke out in the Lower Town which, besides the numerous vaults and stores, reduced into ashes a considerable portion of the buildings. At a later period "*Notre-Dame de la Victoire*" (Church) was built on part of the ruins. Let us open the second volume of the "*Cours d'Histoire du Canada*," by the *Abbé Ferland*, and let us read "Other ruins existed (in 1684) in the commercial centre of the Lower Town; these ruins consisted of blackened and delapidated walls. Champlain's old warehouse which, from the hands of the Company ("*Compagnie de la Nouvelle France*"), had passed in those of the King (Louis XIV), had remained in the same state as when left after the great fire which some years previously, had devastated the Lower Town."

In 1664, Monseigneur de Laval obtained the site or *emplacement* from M. de la Barre for the purpose of erecting a supplementary chapel for the use of the inhabitants in the Lower Town. This gift, however, was ratified only later, in favor of M. de St. Valier, in the month of September, 1685. Messieurs de Denonville and de Meulles caused a clear and plain title or patent of this locality to be issued for the purpose of erecting a church which, in the course of time, was built by the worthy

Bishop and named "*Notre-Dame de la Victoire*." The landing for small craft, in the vicinity of the old market (now the Finlay Market), was called "*La Place du Débarquement*."

It is in this vicinity, (a little to the west,) under the silent shade of a wood near the garden which Champlain had laid out, that the historical interview, in 1608, which saved the colony, took place. The secret was of the greatest importance;—it is not to be wondered at if Champlain's trusty pilot, Captain Testu, deemed it proper to conduct the founder of Quebec, and privily draw him aside, into the neighbouring wood and make known to him the villainous plot which one of the accomplices, Antoine Natel, locksmith, had first disclosed to him under the greatest secrecy. The chief of the conspiracy was one Jean du Val, who had come to the country with Champlain.

In the early days of the colony, the diminutive market space, facing the front of *Notre-Dame* church, Lower Town, as well as the Upper Town Market, was used for the infliction of corporal punishment or the pillory, on culprits.

(1) William Finlay, an eminent merchant of Quebec, and one of its chief benefactors, made several bequests which the City authorities invested in the purchase of this market. Mr. Finlay died at the Island of Maderia, whether he had gone for his health, about the year 1831.

On the area facing the Lower Town church on Notre-Dame street, the Plan of the City, drawn by the Engineer Jean Bourdon, in 1661, shows a bust of Louis XIV, long since removed; this market, which dates from the earliest time of the colony, as well as the vacant area (formerly the Upper Town market, facing the Basilica,) was used as a place for corporal punishment, and for the exhibition in the pillory of public malefactors. The *Quebec Gazette* of 19th June, 1766, mentions the whipping, on the Upper Town and Lower Town markets, of Catherine Bertrand and Janette Blaize, by the hand of the executioner, for having "borrowed" (a pretty way of describing petty larceny) a silver spoon from a gentleman of the town, without leave or without intention of returning it."

For male reprobates, such as Jean May and Louis Bruseau, whose punishment for petty larceny is noted in the *Gazette* of 11th August, 1766, the whipping was supplemented with a walk—tied at the cart's tail—from the Court House. May had to whip Bruseau and Bruseau had to whip May the day following, at ten in the morning.

Let us revert to Captain Testu's doings.

The plot was to strangle Champlain, pillage the warehouse and afterwards betake themselves to the Spanish and *Basques* vessels,

lying at Tadousac. As, at that period, no Court of Appeals existed in "*la Nouvelle France*"—far less was a "Supreme Court" thought of—the trial of the chief of the conspiracy was soon despatched, says Champlain, and the Sieur Jean du Val was "*presto* well and duly hanged "and strangled at Quebec "aforesaid, and his head affixed to the top of a "pike-staff planted on the highest eminence "of the Fort." The ghastly head of this traitor, on the end of a pike-staff, near *Notre-Dame* street must certainly have had a dismal effect at twilight.

But the brave Captain Testu, saviour of Champlain and of Quebec,—what became of him?—Champlain has done him the honor of naming him; here the matter ended. Neither monument, nor poem, nor page of history in his honor; nothing was done in the way of commemorating his devotion. As in the instance of the illustrious man, whose life he had saved, his grave is unknown. According to the Abbé Tanguay, none of his posterity exist at this day.

During the siege of 1759, we notice in *Panet's Journal*, "that the Lower Town was a complete mass of smoking ruins; on the 8th August, it was a burning heap (*brasier*). Wolfe and Saunder's bomshells had found their way even to the under-ground vaults. This epoch became disastrous to many Quebecers." The

English threw bombs (*pots à feu*) on the Lower Town, of which, says Mr. Panet, "one fell on my house, one on the houses in the Market-place, and the last in Champlain street. The fire burst out simultaneously, in three different directions; it was in vain to attempt to cut off or extinguish the fire at my residence; a gale was blowing from the north-east and the Lower Town was soon nothing less than a blazing mass. Beginning at my house, that of M. Desery, that of M. Maillou, *Sault-au-Matelois* street, the whole of the Lower Town and all the quarter *Cul-de-Sac* up to the property of *Sieur Voyer*, which was spared, in short up to the house of the said Voyer, the whole was devastated by the fire. Seven vaults¹ had been rent to pieces or burned: that of M. Perrault the younger, that of M. Taché, of M. Benjamin de la Mordic, of Jehaune, of Maranda. You may judge of the consternation which reigned; 167 houses had been burnt."

One hundred and sixty-seven burnt houses would create many gaps. We know the locality on which stood the warehouse of M. Perrault, junior, also that of Mr. Taché (the old

(1) The most spacious of these substantial vaults of French construction, are those which belonged to the Estate Poston on the north side of Notre-Dame street, nearly opposite the church Notre-Dame des Victoires. It is claimed that these vaults were so constructed as not only to be fire-proof but water-proof likewise at the seasons of high water, in spring and autumn.

Chronicle Bureau) but who can point out to us where stood the houses of Desery, Maillou, Voyer, de Voisy, and the vaults of Messieurs Turpin, de la Mordic, Jehaune, Maranda?

It is on record that Champlain, after his return to Quebec in 1633, "had taken care to refit a battery which he had planted on a level with the river near the warehouse, the guns of which commanded the passage between Quebec and the opposite shore." ¹ Now, in by houses; stood at some distance from the Lower Town, almost surrounded on all sides by houses, stood at some distance from the edge of the river and caused some inconvenience to the public; the then Governor, *Le-fevre de la Barre*² having sought out a much more advantageous locality towards the Point of Rocks (*pointe des Roches*) west of the *Cul-de-Sac*, and on the margin of the said river at high-water mark, which would more efficiently command and sweep the harbour, and which would cause far less inconvenience to the houses in the said Lower Town," considered it fit to remove the said battery, and the Reverend Jesuit Fathers having proposed to contribute towards the expenses which would be incurred in so doing, he made them a grant

(1) "*Cours d'Histoire du Canada*," Ferland, .Vol. 1, p. 280.

(2) *Concession de La Barre aux Jésuites*, 16 Sept. 1683.

“of a portion of the lot of ground (*emplacement*) situated in front of the site on which is now planted the said cannon, battery, **** between the street or high road for wheeled vehicles coming from the harbour ¹ and the so called Saint Peter street.”

Here then we have the origin of the Napoleon wharf and a very distinct mention of Saint Peter street. The building erected near this site was sold on the 22nd October, 1763, to William Grant, esquire, who, on the 19th December, 1763, also purchased the remainder of the ground down to low-water mark, from Thomas Mills, esquire, Town Major who had shortly before obtained a grant or patent of it, the 7th December, 1763, from Governor Murray, in recognition, as is stated in the preamble of the patent, of his military services. This property which, at a later period, belonged to the late William Burns, was by him conveyed, the 16th October, 1806, to the late J. M. Woolsey. The Napoleon wharf, purchased in 1842 by the late M. Julien Chouinard from the late M. Frs. X. Buteau, forms at present part of the Estate Chouinard; in reality, it is com-

(1) M. de Laval, in 1661, described the city as follows:

“Quebecum vulgo in superiorem dividitur et inferiorem urbem. In inferiore sunt portus, vadosa navium ora, mercatorum apotecæ ubi et merces servantur, commercium, quolibet peragitur publicum et magnus civium numerus commoratur.”

posed of two wharves joined into one; the western portion is named "The Queen's Wharf."

The highway which leads from the Cape towards this wharf is named "*Sous-le-Fort*" street, which sufficiently denotes its position; this street, the oldest, probably, dates from the year 1620, when the foundations of *Fort St. Louis* were laid; we may presume that, in 1663, the street terminated at "*la Pointe des Roches*." In the last century, "*Sous-le-Fort*" street was graced by the residence, among others, of Fleury de la Jaunière, brother of Fleury de la Gorgendière, brother-in-law of Governor de Vaudreuil.

In this street also stood the house of M. George Allsop the head of the opposition in Governor Cramahé's Council, &c. His neighbor was M. D'Amours de Plaines, Councillor of the Superior Council; further on, stood the residence of M. Cuvillier, the father of the Honorable Austin Cuvillier, in 1844, speaker of the House of Assembly.

In this street also, existed the warehouse of M. Cugnet, the lessee of the *Domaine of Labrador*.

We must not confound the Napoleon Wharf with the Queen's Wharf, the property of the late J. W. Woolsey. From the King's Wharf to the King's forges (the ruins of which were

discovered at the beginning of the century, a little further up than the King's store,) there are but a few steps.

G. Bellet, M.P., resided on the property of Mr. Julien Chouinard, at the corner of St. Peter and *Sous-le-Fort* streets. In the space between the Queen's Wharf and the jetty on the west, belonging to the Imperial authorities and called the King's Wharf, there existed a bay or landing place, much prized by our ancestors, which afforded a harbour for the coasting vessels, and small river-crafts, called the "*Cul-de-Sac.*" There also, the ships which were overtaken by an early winter, lingered until the sunny days of April released them from their icy fetters through the melting of the frozen masses born of the winter. There the ships were put into winter-quarters, and securely bedded on a foundation or bed of clay; wrecked vessels also came hither to undergo repairs, The *Cul-de-Sac* with its uses and marine traditions, had, in bygone days, its usefulness in our incomparable sea-port. In this vicinity, Vaudreuil had, in 1759, planted a battery.

The old Custom House (now the Department of Marine), was built on this site in 1833. The *Cul-de-Sac* re-calls "the first chapel which served as a Parish Church at Quebec," that which Champlain caused to be built in the Lower Town in 1615, in the *Cul-de-Sac* bay,

where the name of Champlain is identical with the street which was bounded by this Chapel. The Revd. Fathers *Récollets* there performed their clerical functions up to the period of the taking of Quebec by the brothers Kertk, from 1615 to 1629 (Laverdière.)

Nothing less than an urgent necessity to provide the public with a convenient market-place, and to the small coasting steamers, suitable wharves, could move the municipal authorities to construct the wharves now existing and there, in 1856, to erect out of the materials of the old Parliament House, the spacious Champlain Hall, so conspicuous at present. The King's Wharf and the King's stores, two hundred and fifty feet in length, with a guard house, built on the same site in 1821, possess also their marine and military traditions. The "Queen's Own" Volunteers, Capt. Rayside, were quartered there during the stirring times of 1837-8, when "Bob Symes" dreamed each night of a new conspiracy against the British Crown, and M. Aubin perpetuated, in the Ambrosia of his "*Fantasque*," the memory of this loyal magistrate.

How many saucy frigates, how many proud English Admirals, have made fast their boats at the steps of this wharf! Jacques Cartier, Champlain, Nelson, Bougainville, Cook, Vauclain, Montgomery, Boxer, Douglas, have, one

after the other, trodden over this picturesque landing place, commanded as it is by the guns of Cape Diamond. Since about a century, the street which bears the venerated name of the Founder of Quebec, "*Champlain*" street, unmindful of its ancient Gallic traditions, is almost exclusively the headquarters of our Hibernian population. An ominous looking black board,¹ affixed to one of the projecting rocks of the Cape, indicates the spot below where one of their countrymen, Bridg. Gen. Richard Montgomery, with his two *Aides-de-Camps* Cheeseman and McPherson, met their death during a violent snow storm about five o'clock in the morning, the 31st December, 1775. On this disastrous morning, the Post was guarded by Canadian Militia men, Messieurs Chabot and Picard. Captain Barnesfare, an English mariner, had pointed the cannon; Coffin and Sergeant Hugh McQuarters, applied the match. At the Eastern extremity under the stairs, now styled "Breakneck steps," according to Messrs. Casgrain and Laverdière, was discovered Champlain's Tomb, though a rival antiquary, M. S. Drapeau, says that he is not certain of this.²

(1) In 1905 a Bronze Tablet, erected by the Lit. and Hist. Society, marks the spot.

(2) In fact, the spot where the remains of the great geographer and discoverer are supposed to rest, seems to be the site on which the new Post Office in the Upper Town has lately been built. Another theory, however, is lately propounded by an Ottawa antiquary. See QUEBEC PAST AND PRESENT.

A little to the west is *Cap Blanc*, inhabited by a small knot of French Canadians and some Irish; near by, was launched in October, 1750, the *Original*, a King's ship, built at Quebec; at that period, the lily flag of France floated over the bastion of Cape Diamond: the *Original*, in being launched, broke her back and sank.

Champlain street stretches nearly to *Cap Rouge*, a distance of six miles. During the winter, the most marked incidents which take place, are: the fall of an avalanche from the brow of the Cape on the roofs of the houses beneath, occasionally carrying death in its train;—in good, former years, the laying of the keel of a large vessel in the shipyards of Messrs. Gilmour, Dinning, Baldwin, &c. This brought joy to the hearts of the poor shipcarpenters; many of whose white cottages, are grouped along the river near by, alas! deserted since the close of the shipyards.

Except during the summer months, when the crews of the ships, taking in cargo alongside the booms, sing, fight and dance in the adjacent "shebeens," the year glided on peacefully. On grand, on gala-days, in election times, some of the sons of St. Patrick perambulated the historical street, flourishing tree-nails, or *shillaleghs*—in order to *preserve the peace !!!* of course. To sum up all, Champlain street has an aspect altogether *sui generis*.

Among the streets of Quebec, the most celebrated in our annals by reason of the incidents which attach thereto, one may name the frowsy and tortuous highway which circulates from the foot of Mountain hill, running for a distance of two hundred feet below the cape, up to the still narrower pathway which commences west of St. James' street and leads to the foot of the hill "*de la canoterie* 1;" all will understand we mean *Sault-au-Matelot* street. Is it because a sailor no doubt partially relieved from the horrors of sobriety? or are we to attribute it to the circumstances of a dog named "*Matelot*" ("Sailor") there taking a leap 2? Consult *Du Creux*. Our friend, Joseph Marmette appropriated it for the reception of his hero "*Dent de Loup*," who escaped without broken bones, after his leap.3

This still narrower pathway of which we have just spoken, rejoices in the name "*Ruelle des Chiens*" (Dog Lane): so it is called by the people; the Directories name it Dambourgès

(1) The Jesuit Fathers were in the habit of fastening the painter of their canoes at the foot of the hill, "*la canoterie*," on their return by water from their farm called "*Ferme des Anges*," hence its name.

(2) Did the dog belong to Champlain, an antiquary asks?

"Ad levum fluit amnis St. Laurenti, ad dextram S. Caroli fluviolus. Ad confluentem, Promontorium assurgit, "*Saltum Nautæ* vulgo vocant, ab canis hujus nominis qui se alias ex eo loco præcipitem debet." (Historia Canadensis. —Cruzius, p. 204.)

(3) Françoise de Bienville.

street or “ *Petite rue Sault-au-Matelot.*” It is so narrow that, at certain angles, two carts passing in opposite direction would be blocked. Just picture to yourselves that up to the period of 1816, our magnanimous ancestors had no other outlet in this direction at high water, to reach Saint Roch (for Saint Paul street was constructed subsequently to 1816, as M. de Gaspé has informed us.) Is it not incredible? As, in certain passes of the Alps, a watchman no doubt stood at either extremity of this pass, provided with a speaking trumpet, to give notice of any obstruction and thus prevent collision. This odoriferous locality, especially during the dog-days, is rather densely populated. The babes of Green Erin, with a sprinkling of young *Jean Baptiste*, here flourish like rabbits in a warren.

Adventurous tourists who have risked themselves there in the sultry days of July, have found themselves dazed at sight of the wonders of the place. Among other indigenous curiosities, they have there noticed what might be taken for any number of aerial tents improvised no doubt as protection from the scorching rays of a meridian sun. Attached to ropes stretched from one side of the public-way to the other, was the family linen, hung out to dry. When shaken by the wind over the heads of the passers-by, these articles of white under-

clothing, (*chemisettes*) flanked by sundry masculine nether-garments, presented a *tableau*, it is said, in the highest degree picturesque. As regards ourselves, desirous from our early days to search into the most recondite *arcana* of the history of our City and to portray them in all their suggestive reality, for the edification of distinguished tourists from England, France, and the United States, it has been to us a source of infinite mortification to realize that the only visit which we ever made to Dog-Lane was subsequent to the publication of the *Album du Touriste*; a circumstance which explains the omission of it from that repository of Canadian lore. Our most illustrious tour-

(1) CANADA'S ROYAL VISITORS — WHO HAVE BEEN HERE SINCE 1787.

"Canada has been honored with visits from the following Royal personages:—His Royal Highness Prince William Henry (afterwards William IV), uncle of Her Majesty Queen Victoria, landed in Quebec in 1787. H.R.H. Prince Edward, Duke of Kent, father of Queen Victoria, visited Canada in 1791, four years later than his brother. H.R.H. Albert Edward, Prince of Wales and heir apparent of the British Crown, was in this country in 1860, and laid the corner stone of the Parliament Buildings at Ottawa. H.R.H. Prince Alfred Duke of Edinburgh, second son of Queen Victoria, was here in 1861. H.R.H. Prince de Joinville, son of Louis Philippe, once King of France, was in Canada the same year as Prince Alfred. Prince Napoléon Bonaparte cousin of ex-Napoleon III, Emperor of France, also in 1861. H.R.H. Prince Arthur, third son of the Queen, in 1860. H.R.H. the Grand Duke Alexis of Russia, in 1871. H.R.H. Dom Pedro, Emperor of Brazil, in 1876 (Centennial year); and Her Royal Highness the Princess Louise and H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh (his second visit), in 1878. It will thus be seen that Queen Victoria's father, uncle and four of her children have been in Canada."

ists, the elder son of the Queen, the Prince of Wales, his brothers, Prince Alfred and Arthur, the Dukes of Newcastle, and of Manchester, of Beaufort, of Argyle, Generals Grant and Sherman, and Prince Napoleon Bonaparte, it is said took their leave of Quebec without having visited that interesting locality, "*la Ruelle des Chiens*," probably unconscious of its very existence! Nevertheless, this street possesses great historical interest. It has echoed the trumpet sounds of war, the thundering of cannon, the brisket musketry; there fell Brigadier General Arnold, wounded in the knee; carried off amid the despairing cries of his soldiers reeking in gore, under the swords of Dambourgès, of the fierce and stalwart Charland, of the brave Caldwell, followed by his friend Nairn and their chivalrous militiamen. Our friends, the annexationists of that period, were so determined to annex Quebec, that they threw themselves as if possessed by the evil one, upon the barriers (there were two of them) of *la Ruelle des Chiens*, and in *Sault-au-Matlot street*; each man (says Sanguinet) wearing a slip of paper on his cap on which was written "*Mors aut Victoria*," "Death or Victory!" One hundred years and more have elapsed since this fierce struggle, and we are not yet under Republican rule! !

A number of dead bodies lay in the vicinity, on the 31st December, 1775; they were carried

to the Seminary. Ample details of the incidents of this glorious day will be found in "QUEBEC PAST AND PRESENT." It is believed that the first barrier was placed at the foot of the stone *demi-lune* where, at present, a cannon rests on the ramparts; the second was constructed in rear of the present offices of Mr. W. D. Campbell, N.P., in *Sault-au-Matelot* street.¹

Sault-au-Matelot street has lost the military renown which it then possessed; apart from the offices of M. Ledroit, of the *Morning Chronicle*, of the Timber Cullers, it now is a stand for the carters; and a numerous tribe of coopers whose casks on certain days encumber the sidewalks.

Saint Paul street does not appear on the plan of the City of Quebec of 1660, reproduced by the Abbé Faillon. This quarter of the Lower Town so populous under the French *régime*, and where, according to Monsg. de Laval, there was in 1661, "*Magnus numerus civium*," continued, until about 1832, to represent by the hurry-scurry of affairs and the residences of the principal merchants, one of the wealthiest portions of the City. There, in 1793, the father of our late Queen, Colonel of

(1) A bronze mural tablet, erected by the Literary and Historical Society and affixed to the corner Bank building now marks the spot.

the 7th Fusiliers, then in garrison at Quebec, partook of the hospitality of M. Lymburner, one of the merchant princes of that period. Was the *chère amie*, the elegant *Baronne de St. Laurent*, of the party? We found it impossible to ascertain this from our old friend Hon. William Sheppard, of Woodfield, near Quebec, (who died in 1867), from whom we obtained this incident. Mr. Sheppard, who had frequently been a guest at the most select drawing-rooms of the ancient capital, was himself a contemporary of jovial Prince Edward.

The *Sault-au-Matelot* quarter, Saint Peter street, Saint James' street, down to the year 1832, contained the habitations of a great number of persons in easy circumstances; many of our best families had their residences there. Evidences of the luxuriousness of their dwelling-rooms are visible to this day, in the paneling of some doors and in decorated ceilings.

Drainage, according to the modern system, was, at that period, almost unknown to our good City. The Asiatic scourge, in 1832, decimated the population; 3,500 corpses, in the course of a few weeks, had gone to their last resting place. This terrible epidemic was the occasion, so to speak, of a social revolution at Quebec; the land on the St. Louis and St. Foye roads, became much enhanced in value; the wealthy quitted the Lower Town. Commercial affairs, however, still continued to be trans-

acted there, but the residences of merchants were selected in the Upper Town, or in the country parts adjacent.

The *Fief Sault-au-Matelot*, which at present belongs to the Seminary, was granted to Guillaume Hébert, on the 4th February, 1623, the title of which was ratified by the Duke de Ventadour on the last day of February, 1632. On the ground reclaimed from the river, about 1815 Messrs. Munro and Bell, eminent merchants, built wharves and some large warehouses, to which lead "Bell's-lane" (so named after the Honorable Matthew Bell,) ¹ the streets "Saint James," "Arthur," "Dalhousie" and others. Mr. Bell, at a later period, one of the lessees of the Saint Maurice Forges, resided in the tenement—St. Lawrence Chambers ²—situate at the corner of St. James and St. Peter streets, belonged to Mr. John Greaves Clapham, N. P. Hon. Matthew Bell commanded a troop of cavalry, which was much admired by those warlike gentlemen of 1812—our respected fathers. He left a numerous family, and was related by marriage to the families Forsyth, Montizambert, Bowen, &c. Dalhousie street, in the Lower Town, was called after the Earl of Dalhousie (1828), when the "Quebec Exchange" was built by a company of Merchants.³ The extreme point

(1) Opened by him in 1831.

(2) First stone placed 5th Sept., 1828.

(3) Recently purchased by the Bank of Montreal.

of the Lower Town, towards the north-east, constitutes "*La Pointe à Carcy.*" In the offing, is situated the wharf alongside of which, the stately frigate "*Aurora,*" Captain De Horsey, passed the winter of 1866-7. The wharves of the Quebec Docks now mark the spot.

The expansion of commerce at the commencement of the present century, and increase of population rendered it very desirable that means of communication should be established between the Lower Town and St. Roch, less rugged and inconvenient than the tunnel—Dog's Lane—and the sandy beach of the river St. Charles at low water. Towards 1816, the northern extremity of St. Peter street was finished; it was previously bounded by a red bridge, well remembered by very old citizens. The Apostle St. Paul was honored with a street, as was his colleague, St. Peter. Messrs. Benj. Tremaine, Budden, Morrison, Parent Allard and others, acquired portions of ground, on the north side of this (St. Paul) street, upon which they have erected wharves, offices and large warehouses. Renaud's new block now occupies a portion of the site.

The construction of the North Shore Railway, acquired since by the C. P. Railway, will have the effect, at an early date, of augmenting, in a marked degree, the value of these properties, the greater portion of which now

belong to our fellow citizen, M. J. Bte. Renaud, who has adorned this portion of the Lower Town with first class buildings.¹

On emerging from St. Louis Gate, several handsome cut stone modern dwellings are noticeable, quite a credit to the new town. The New town outside of the walls, like that of New Edinburgh, in beauty and design will very soon cast the historical old town within the walls in the shade.

(1) We borrow from the "Directory for the City and Suburbs of Quebec," for 1791, by Hugh McKay, printed at the office of the *Quebec Herald*, the following paragraph, "*Rues Écartées*" (out of the way streets.) "*La Canoterie*" (Canoe Landings) follows the street (*Sault-au-Matelot*, "commencing at the house of Cadet (where Mr. Ol. Aylwin resides) and continues up to Mr. Grant's distillery; "St. Charles street commences there and terminates below "Palace Gate; St. Nicholas street extends from Palace Gate "to the water's edge, passing in front of the residence of the "widow La Vallée; the old ship yard opposite to the boat "yard; Cape Diamond street commences at the wharf owned "by Mr. Antrobus and terminates at the outer extremity of that of Mons. Dunière underneath Cape Diamond; the "streets *Carrière*, *Mont-Carmel*, *Ste. Geneviève*, *St. Denis*, "*Des Grisons*, are all situated above St. Louis street." (Mr. Louis Dunière was M.P. in 1828.)

A CHATEAU BALL

AND A LADY'S BALL DRESS AT QUEBEC ONE
HUNDRED YEARS AGO

(Christmas Day, 1897.)

Merry Christmas and New Year's Day, dear to young and old, are again on us, ushered in by that prince of good fellows, Santa Claus. Elegant balls, lively entertainments, gay At Homes, are now the order of the day. The old year is dying an easy, nay a pleasant death and why should it be otherwise?

By way of beguiling a leisure hour, let us recall one of the fashionable dinners, balls and routs in our good city in the days of His Excellency Lieutenant-Governor Prescott, in 1798.

From the silent past, we can summon a bright, gossipy partaker of these social gatherings, a youthful, rollicking officer of Royal Engineers, Lieutenant Landman, who has left two volumes of memoirs, printed by Colburn & Co., London, in 1852, in which is recorded his arrival at Quebec on the 31st December, 1797.

Several cultured British officers, some of them stationed in the famed casemates of Cape

Diamond, have sought to relieve the *ennui* of the guard room by inditing graphic sketches of social life in Canada, or by adding interesting historic items to our annals. The best known are:—Capt. John Knox, (The Campaigns in North America, 1758-59-60,) 43rd Regiment Foot; Lieut. Fraser, 78th Highlanders, (Narrative of the Siege of Quebec, 1759); Lieut.-Col. Cockburn, R. A., (Picturesque Guide to Quebec, 1831); Major John Richardson, 78th Highlanders, Wacousta; The Canadian Brothers, 1840); Major George D. Warburton, R.A., (Hochelega; The Conquest of Canada, 1849); Lieut.-Col. R. S. Beatson, R.E., (The Plains of Abraham, 1851), and Col. Landman, R. E., (Adventures and Recollections of Col. Landman, 1852.)

Col. Landman was born at Woolwich, England, on the 11th April, 1780. His father, a noted writer on Fortification, was Professor of Fortification and Artillery to the Royal Military Academy. Being of German descent, he stood well with the Hanoverian King and his German Queen. Another powerful friend to the Landman family was the Marquis Townshend, of Canadian fame; he was god-father to young Landman.

Young Landman, evidently a clever, precocious youth, had passed his military examinations at the early age of thirteen. Two years later, in 1795, he was commissioned. After

being entrusted with the restoration of the fortifications at Pendennis Castle, and with other special duties he was ordered to Canada, stopping on his way at Halifax, where he was introduced to and dined with His Royal Highness the Duke of Kent and Madame de St. Laurent. The Duke gave him letters to New York friends and the sprightly French lady made him the bearer of messages to United States ladies. It was thus that he became acquainted with George Washington, who also was familiar with the writings of his father, the Professor. Hurrying from New York, then ravaged by the yellow fever, he made his way to Montreal, where, among other festivities, he took a marked part in, and his fair share of, a dinner of twenty members, given by the celebrated Beaver Club of North-Westerners. His description of this gargantuan banquet is quite racy. The flowing bowl had circulated very freely, too freely, possibly. After the retirement of the grey beards, Sir John Johnson, McTavish, Frobisher O'Brien, Judge Ogden, Tom Walker the junior members kept up the entertainment very briskly until four o'clock in the morning "in true Highland style, giving the war whoop and closing with a dance on the table, to the serious detriment of the plates, glasses and bottles, but a Blue Ribbon friend begs of me to spare the reader the remainder of the distressing details....

Now for the Vice-Regal ball. Lieutenant Landman tells us he was punctually on hand at Government House at half past seven, waiting patiently for the important ceremony of presentation to the Governor's lady, Mrs. Prescott, and in the imitation Royal apartment, to prevent the possibility of any one being caught sitting, every chair and seat of every description had been carefully removed. "At length the General and his lady, Mrs Prescott, attended by the Aide-de-Camp, the Deputy Adjutant-General, Deputy Quarter-Master-General, &c., and a number of other officers on the staff made their *entrée*," and being led up to the Captain-General each lady made a very low courtesy, her knees almost touching the carpet, and regained an erect posture. Immediately on rising His Excellency kissed her, and, although eighty winters at least had passed their chills through his blood, it was remarked that he performed that agreeable part of his official duties with the warmth of his most youthful days. Each individual was in like manner and with equal pomp presented to Mrs. Prescott. All the ladies and gentlemen thus newly admitted into the aristocratic sphere, moved into the ball-room as quickly as each presentation had been completed, after which a flourish of trumpets was sounded in the orchestra as two doors at the opposite extremity of the room opened announcing that the King and Queen, repre-

sented by the Governor and his lady, preceded by the master of ceremonies and followed by his numerous staff, entered by the door on his right, and the Queen attended by her daughter, Mrs. Baldwin, who had been married to one of the General's aides-de-camp, and by four or five other ladies, in some way either connected with the Governor's family or with the principal officers of the Government, entered by the door on the left." "After telling us among other things" of the King and Queen walking round the room, whilst the band struck up "God Save the King," Lieut. Landman brings us in presence of that celebrated dancer of the *Menuet de Cour*, Monsieur Deschambault and his fair partner, the elegant Miss Robe "who advanced to the King and Queen, saluted, and proceeded with the menuet" in the most dignified manner—the tall and handsome Miss Robe—once a beauty, "receiving on being conducted to her seat much applause." Want of space prevents me from furnishing several other interesting episodes of this Vice-Regal entertainment, which took place at the Chateau St. Louis, then standing close to the site of the present Chateau Frontenac—where the youth, beauty and chivalry of Quebec have just been holding high revel on the 30th instant. Let us close this pleasant sketch of Lieutenant Landman for the benefit of our lady friends with his description of the person and ball dress of

one of the gayest of the Vice-Regal guests on this memorable evening of 1st January, 1798, to whom the rollicking Lieutenant was introduced, "the renowned Mrs S—t, one of the lions of Quebec." This lady, says he, was of large proportions, about sixty years of age, dressed in the extreme of fashion, forty years gone by, her hair frizzed up a yard high above her head, increasing in width as it rose in height, the whole well covered with marechal and pink powder, with some decorations of lace and ribbons scattered about the top, and surmounted by a splendid plume of ostrich feathers. Her body was cased in a long and stiff pair of stays, displaying an elegantly carved and ornamented bust, and leaving the neck and bosom uncovered, an immense pair of hoops spread out her dress to the extent of a yard at least on each side, so as to cover the entire length of the sofa, upon which she was seated quite erect.

Her sleeves just covered her elbows, and were profusely trimmed with rich lace; from her ears depended a mass of gold and valuable stones; round her neck were four or five necklaces of coral, of amber, of pearls, of beads of various colors and some gold chains; but there was one in particular, larger than all the rest, and hanging so low as to require being supported from falling on her lap by a large clasp or hook fastened to the centre of

the lap of her dress—this caused the said chain to hang in two festoons, upon each of which were fastened four family miniatures of the largest dimensions, and round each arm, which was left quite uncovered, there were three similar portraits, together with sundry other bracelets; her fingers were plentifully supplied with rings, and she had one on each thumb.

But the watch formed not only the most conspicuous, but also the most costly of all the ornaments, being set with diamonds and fastened to her side by a large flowered hook, from which some ten or twelve short chains were suspended, each finished with a swivel holding a large seal or a key of the diameter of a half-crown, a scent-bottle, a gentleman's mourning-ring, or other trinkets of the like description.

I cannot close this already too lengthy detail of the dress of the very celebrated Mrs. S—t of royal ancestry, without adverting to the pink stockings, short dress, and white satin shoes, having heels two or three inches high, neatly covered with red morocco leather, and fastened by a handsome pair of buckles, containing many brilliant stones.”

I regret space won't allow of the lieutenant's description of Mrs. S—t's blooming daughters as a close to this glimpse of Quebec society in the olden time.

FRENCH CANADIAN QUADRILLE CLUB

AT QUEBEC, IN 1848-49

I remember attending a series of pleasant entertainments, as an active member of the above named Club, at Quebec, some fifty-eight years ago.

What had led to the foundation of this social meet was the desire of its philanthropic members to come to the relief of several disconsolate lady friends, debarred by their religious scruples from taking a share as partners in what was then styled fast dances.

An edict, which some considered draconian, had been promulgated, forbidding such dances just as the winter carnival had opened—a season sacred to society gatherings in the Ancient Capital

The graceful art of Terpschore was thus confined to what are now styled slow or square dances. "La valse à deux temps—à trois

temps," the brisk Polka, the sprightly galop, the martial Redoway, the graceful Polish Mazurka (no "Bostons" in those days), stood then, all at the index expugatorius. A cotillion or a "dance ronde," of course helped to fill in the "carte;" the "soiree" closed with a mad, romping Sir Roger de Coverly, just before Sauvageau's string band struck up the loyal traditional "God Save the Queen." Right well can I recall the social, old quadrilles. With what demure grace did we not hand our fair "danseuses" through "la chaine des dames" in the venerable "Rat quadrilles!"

The stately quadrille, however, had its use—nay, its charm. It furnished refreshing, brisk "tête à tête." Up-to-date, furbelowed old dowagers, with marriageable daughters of an uncertain age, saw in it hopeful, flirting preludes, which if judiciously cultivated, not unfrequently led to the publishing of the bans at Easter with the magic "conjungo vos" in close sequence. The carnival lasted (no euchre parties then) from November to March, when the forty days, penitential lenten term, closed all festivities.

The quadrille club was rather exclusive—few were its by-laws; only a few admitted to its charmed circle.

1. The male membership was limited to fifteen.

2. In order to keep it within bounds, members were not allowed to invite residents as guests.

3. It was agreed that cake and wine only were to be given as refreshments—no set supper allowed.

4. A fortnightly Wednesday meeting during the winter.

The leading French ladies of Quebec had, after consulting together, consented to open their salons, fortnightly, to the club from 8 p.m. to 12. These benevolent ladies were:

Madame Bedard, wife of Mr. Justice Elzear Bedard, Q.B.

Madame Duval, wife of Mr. Justice J. Duval, Q.B.

Madame Bruneau, wife of Mr. Justice J. C. Bruneau, C.C.

Madame Perrault, wife of Major J. Perrault, C.P.C.

Madame Massue, wife of Hon. Ls. Massue, M.L.C.

Madame Fiset, wife of Ls. Fiset, Prothonotary, S.C.

Madame Kelly (née Drapeau), a wealthy widow lady.

Madame Parent, wife of Amb. Parent, Not. Pub.

Madame Planté, widow of J. Planté, Not. Pub.

Madame Buteau, wife of Fs. Buteau, a retired merchant.

If entry in my diary is correct the members of the club were:—

N. Casault, at present Sir Nap. Casault, Chief Justice.

Jean Langlois, of the firm of Casault & Langlois.

Ulric J. Tessier, later on Justice of the Court of Appeals.

Philippe Huot, Not. Public—Our ever youthful “Philip” of to-day.

James LeMoine, law student, now Sir James LeMoine.

L. G. C. Fiset, law student, late Prot. S. Court.

Edouard Fiset, medical student, fresh from Paris.

Olivier Fiset, a brother, a retired West India merchant.

Chs. de Martigny, medical student.

Samuel Buteau, medical student.

Amédée Duchesnay, Provincial land surveyor.

Louis Massue, law student, a nephew of Hon. Ls. Massue.

Philippe Baby Casgrain, law student, now Proth. S.C.

Laurent Têtu, “Père Laurent,” a wealthy old bachelor.

The Quadrille Club flourished two seasons—affording during its limited existence abundance of social enjoyment, whilst the irrepressible God of Hymen caused many an obdurate bachelor to plunge into matrimony.

Alas! should the roll of membership now be called, how few could answer. Adsum!

PEDRO.

THE SOCIAL CLUBS OF QUEBEC

STADACONA, UNION AND GARRISON
THEIR HISTORY

The recent annual election of the staff of the Quebec Garrison Club, returning as President one of its oldest and kindest founders, Col. Turnbull, one hails as auspicious.

It may not be out of place to recall the origin of the club. The city of Quebec and environs are famous for the number of clubs, political, social, sporting or musical that have sprung up in modern years.

Three social clubs, the Stadacona, Quebec Garrison and Union Clubs, are the most noticeable. In 1861 a number of the leading military, professional, and commercial Quebecers, met with the object of founding a social club, to wit:

Charles E. Levey, John Burstall, Alec Bell, Charles Coker, James Bell Forsyth, W. H. Jeffery, David Price, George Irvine, William Duggan, J. F. Turnbull, James Gibb, Simeon



COL. FERD. TURNBULL



Lelièvre, H. C. Taschereau, James Dean, Col. W. Rhodes, W. Petry, P. R. Poitras, H. M. Price, Farquharson Smith, Noel H. Bowen and others.

The Stadacona Club occupied a spacious dwelling at the west corner of St. Anne street and Esplanade, belonging to the late Charles Ebenezer Levey, one of Quebec's wealthiest citizens; it was not an unqualified success, but afforded pleasant, albeit not always harmonious proceedings. For many years its steward was the eccentric, jolly old Signor Bartoletti who, his friends stated, spent his leisure hours in studying clairvoyance,—a fashionable topic of the day—in his extensive collection of works on this obtruse science. He was even invited to read a paper on its mysteries before the Literary and Historical Society. Lively indeed was his paper!

This club lasted 18 years, and its doors were closed in 1879. Not that its members were not "clubable" (to use an English term), but because Signor Bartoletti's red-vested waiters and other luxuries pressed too hard on the little commercial world of the Capital then suffering from hard times.

The next Club was the Union Club, founded some years later, on St. Louis street, at the house of the late Sheriff Alleyn, the funds being supplied by a munificent New York lady,

Mrs. Wood, to carry out the views of a very dear relative; it did not prove a success; there was no room for two clubs in the city, and the club house is now the property of Mr. John McLimont, its recent purchaser.

The Quebec Garrison Club was the third, quite a military institution at its birth. It was established 11th September, 1879. The founders were Lieut.-Col. J. B. Forsyth, Lieut.-Col. J. F. Turnbull, Lieut.-Col. Frost Gray, Lieut.-Col. Strange, Lieut.-Col. Montizambert, Lieut.-Col. Amyot, Lieut.-Col. Evanturel, Lt.-Col. Alleyn, Lieut.-Col. LeSueur, Lieut.-Col. Forest, Lieut.-Col. Duchesnay, Lieut.-Col. Lamontagne, Lieut.-Col. Baby, Lieut.-Col. Crawford Lindsay, Lieut.-Col. Hubert Neilson.

It met with marked success at its dawn, and has continued to prosper, increasing its membership to 306 active members. Various have been the improvement in its *locale*, and the pleasure-grounds in rear. Its successive board of directors suggesting and adopting changes for the better, in the arrangement of dining, reading and billiard rooms, etc. A collection of Canadian works has been suggested, minerals, forests, manufactures, deep sea and lake fisheries, summer and winter sports could thus be brought to the knowledge of distinguished travellers and tourists, the privileged guests of the Club.





QUEBEC GARRISON CLUB - Rear



QUEBEC GARRISON CLUB - Front

A splendid scheme for the ornamentation of the building has been on the tapis for many years, and it is to be hoped it will yet be carried out. The old building awakens also pleasant, historical memories. In connection with the contemplated changes, the Quebec Chronicle holds forth in a former Christmas number as follows:

THE PROJECTED QUEBEC GARRISON CLUB BUILDING.

“This handsome structure was a part of the original Dufferin improvements, and great praise is due to our Deputy Commissioner of Crown Lands, E. E. Taché, Esq., for the trouble he has taken in drafting these beautiful plans, so as to preserve the old original building entire, while at the same time, by adding the additional story, towers, entrance hall, and wing, he gives us the tout ensemble of a Norman Regal Chateau of the last century.

“The early history of the R. E. office in Quebec is interwoven not a little with our old system previous to responsible government, when the commanding officer of the Royal Engineers was a most important personage, and second only in authority to the Governor General himself, who was also a military officer and commander-in-chief. In those days, before the Crown Lands were vested in the Provincial Government, the C. R. E. sat at the land-board, in order to retain reserves for the Crown, or for military purposes, and in other

ways to advise the Governor-General in such matters; but unfortunately all the old and interesting records of that period were removed with the headquarters under Sir John Oldfield, R.E., to Montreal in 1839 and destroyed in the great fire in 1852.

At a very early date after the conquest the R. E. office was located in a wing of the Parliament House, near Prescott Gate, and also in the old Chateau St. Louis; but upon the purchase of the present building, with the land attached, at the foot of the Citadel Hill, from Archibald Ferguson, Esq., on the 5th July, 1819, removed thither, and there remained as the C. R. E. quarters until the withdrawal of the troops a few years ago, in accordance with the change of policy in England, in regard to the Colonies, requiring Col. Hamilton, R.E., the last Imperial Commandant of this garrison in 1871, to hand it over to the care of the Canadian Militia, whose pride it ever will be to preserve and perpetuate the memories of the army of worthies and statesmen who have sat and worked within its walls."—Morning Chronicle, Christmas Supplement, 1891.)

Let us hope that the energetic new board of directors will see their way to carrying out this splendid plan of ornamentation with other alterations suggested.

J. M. L.

Sillery, December, 1905.

P. S.—Since the above lines were written, the splendid scheme of enlargement and ornamentation has been carried out in full.

A CHRISTMAS MESSAGE TO THE
CANADIAN PEOPLE

THE TORONTO DAILY STAR.

TORONTO, December 12th, 1900.

DEAR SIR:—

On the threshold of the Twentieth Century, will you please send through The Star to the people of Canada a word or two as to what the last Christmas Day of the Nineteenth Century should signify to mankind and to Canadians. These sentiments from the leading men of Canada will be published on the Saturday before Christmas Day.

Yours truly,

J. E. ATKINSON.

Editor.

To SIR J. M. LEMOINE,
Quebec.

J. E. ATKINSON, Esq.
Editor *Toronto Star*,
Toronto.

DEAR SIR,—“You ask what will be the trend of events in Canada during the next century?”

No human agency, be it ever so powerful, can stay the wheel of time in its evolutions. Uprightness, patriotism, industry, enlightenment, may build up the career of an individual, as well as that of a nation. Thus equipped human beings with manly instincts may aspire to form a community of freemen. Without these gifts a people, be it ever so cultured and ambitious, is not better than an assemblage of serfs, mistaking revolution for reform. The pendulum of party supremacy, in this as in other provinces, will continue to oscillate, “to and fro” on occasions. Shall our leaders, whoever they may be, realize, in turn, the innumerable shoals and hidden rocks which the ship of State shall encounter? Let us hope so.

Above all, let us all join to hold intact and inviolate the colonial compact of 1867, the Palladium of our liberties, protected by the banner of the mightiest naval power the world ever saw, the Red Cross of England. It cost our progressive neighbors across the border a fearful sacrifice of blood and treasure to consolidate the link of their constitution, ruthlessly strained by secession in 1861—is their

dearly bought experience on the dangers of disunion and disruption to go for naught as an object lesson to us? The next century will tell.

Pitt and Wolfe, in 1759, secured to Britain, unconscious of the great boon, a vast, though impoverished territory; the wealth of its wheat fields, of its rivers, of its forests, of its mines, are now fully revealed to it. King George III, gave it—in exchange for French militarism, French paternal despotism, finally desertion—he gave it civil and religious liberty, but liberty in a crude state; and the welfare of the colony under British personal government was neither satisfactory, nor, for a time, enviable. All has since changed, though the colony, to enjoy British freedom in its entirety, has had to undergo many struggles, at times unwholesome agitation, and even armed insurrection. The bitter memories of these trials, true and timely reforms granted, have dissolved into impalpable air.

Doubtless the twentieth century has in store innumerable benefits for our nascent Dominion; causes of friction between the old and the new provinces, such as the suppression of the language of the majority in one province, will gradually disappear; fair minded persons will come to the conclusion that the time for any attempt at this unnecessary transformation would have been, when Townshend granted the French colonists of Quebec in

1759, and Amherst to those of Montreal in 1760, terms of surrender. These generous terms, to a brave but fallen foe, have the sanction of treaties and of legislative enactments; it is too late to bring up now the subject for discussion. Unity of language no more than unity of faith is essential to the well-being of States.

Other changes are no doubt in the womb of time. Let us stand shoulder to shoulder to meet them. The wild theories of independence for the Province of Quebec under a French protectorate, will die of inanition, among those hot-headed Canadian youths, when sober reflection will show its impracticability, when it is born in mind how significantly the adjoining republic spoke out, in the dire fate of Maximilian, on the interference of any new European potentate in the affairs of the North American continent. To enter here into the discussion of the intricate problems which the twentieth century may have in store would take me far beyond the bounds of this letter. There is one subject, which is not a dark problem of the future, but a live issue of the present century: the exalted position now occupied by Canada as an integral part of the great British Empire, through the gallantry of Canada's sons, on South African gory battlefields. In the van behold a noble son of the soil, a self-made Canadian, Lord

Stratheona, by his own act, by his heroic army corps, doing more for the prestige of the Empire than the wealthiest peer of the realm had yet done. This, among other subjects of congratulation, is why I view hopefully the advent of the twentieth century.

Yours truly,

J. M. LEMOINE.

CANADIAN LOYALTY

REPLY TO LETTER OF REV. PROF. GEORGE BRYCE
LL.D., HONORARY PRESIDENT OF MANITOBA
COLLEGE LITERARY SOCIETY.

Quebec, 20th Oct., 1902.

DEAR DR. BRYCE.

“Whilst rejoicing with you in that healthy sentiment of loyalty to the British Crown, so conspicuous in your native province of Ontario, the same high ideal calls forth for a few remarks, when applicable to the French province of Canada.

More than once it has been a proud boast of French Canadians to point out their alacrity under British rule to fly to arms at the beck of their King and country—in 1775; in 1812; in 1898.

I firmly believe, were a new emergency to arise French Canadians would respond to the bugle's call and be ready to shed their blood, as they recently did on South African veldts, possibly with less outward, though as hearty

an impulse of loyalty, as British Canadians have shown.

It has ever seemed unreasonable to me in dealing with the predominant element of the Quebec population, descendants from the proud and sensitive Gallic race, foreign in language, creed and traditions, from, and for centuries, though not now hostile to everything English—it has ever, I say, seemed to me unreasonable to expect from them, the same gushing enthusiasm for English aims, and English successes as may bubble from the heart of a Canadian of British parentage.

In fact, I should be inclined to view as rank hypocrisy any such pretence.

Canada heard on the ever memorable 13th Sept. 1759—on Abraham's Heights—the death knell of one century and a half of French absolutism, misrule in various shapes, unblushing peculation, forced military service, feudal exactions—what Parkman, in a fine satire, styles 'paternal despotism.'

A new era opened out. The meteor flag of old England streaming from our bastions meant equal rights—civil and religious liberty,—progress.

Yes! indeed Canadians of every race are proud as British subjects to be associated as partners in the glory of the greatest nation of modern times—the British Empire with its four hundred millions of subjects.

Such my dear Professor, is my view of Canadian loyalty: 'tis not likely to be altered by the vaporings of a few hot-heads or sore-heads."

"Yours faithfully,

J. M. LEMOINE."

FROM THE DAILY STAR.

9 Nov. 1903.

The Hon. L. P. Pelletier, of Quebec, recently delivered a notable speech at Laprairie, which perhaps reflects French-Canadian sentiment better than any utterances by a French-Canadian public man in recent years.

The following extract from that speech delivered on September 28th, we commend to the consideration of our American friends:

“As a French-Canadian,” he said. “I protest against the attempt being made to rouse French-Canadian sentiment against England. I am a French-Canadian, and I am proud of it. I am proud of the old country from which my fathers and yours came. I am proud of my French blood. I love my French-Canadian mother and my nationality. But do not let French-Canadians hearken to those who would rouse among them a sentiment of hostility to the country which has every right to our love and affection for the way we have been treated in this Canada of ours. We speak our own language, we worship at our own altars in our own temples, with the greatest freedom on earth beneath the protecting folds of the British flag. Certain people, and men with eloquent voices, too, speak sneeringly to us of ‘Our England.’

“For my part, I am ready to accept the term. Yes, she is ‘Our England,’ and we are proud of her splendid record. We are proud of the

free institutions and the just and equitable laws which she has given us. When the unworthy Government that to-day misrules our former mother country expelled the communities; when they put on the street saintly women who had consecrated their lives to God, where did these dispersed communities take refuge? Where did the men who had consecrated their lives to the education of youth and the service of God take refuge when they were not allowed liberty of conscience in the land of their birth? They found a refuge and a haven of protection beneath the broad folds of the grand old flag which protects our own rights and our liberties. (Tremendous cheers.)

“I deny to the demagogues of yesterday and the demagogues of to-morrow, whether they come as emissaries of the Liberal Government or otherwise, the right to attempt to arouse race against race and creed against creed in this happy land, where English, Irish, Scotch and French live together, worshipping each at his own altar and working all together for the upbuilding of our grand new country, under the freest institutions the world has ever seen. (Renewed cheering.)

“I tell you, gentlemen, that the men who do such work must fail. The more the different races learn of each other, the better will they agree together. I here and now tell Mr. H.— and others of his fellows who follow in his footsteps, that they will meet their own punishment in the reprobation of their own French-Canadian fellow-citizens for their attempt to light the fierce fires of race hatred for base political purposes.”

LAKE ST. CHARLES AT EVENTIDE

"The night is still, the moon looks kind,
The dew hangs jewels in the heath,"

One of the daintiest bits of scenery, north of Quebec, is that afforded by the sheet of water known to tourists and anglers as Lake St. Charles.

It consists of two lakes, about four miles in extent, and communicating with one another by a diminutive, lily-haunted passage, called the narrows, adjoining a stretch of meadow known as Campbell's Point, whilst an indenture of some acres in the rocky, wood-clad shore, furnishes the famous bay, styled Echo Bay, on account of the unfailing repercussion of sounds, when uttered in this elfish spot; whilst another shrinkage in the green fields skirting the lake, in the vicinity of the Verret rustic hostelry, rejoices in the French appellation of *anse aux Courtes Bottes*, why or wherefore is yet an unsettled mystery to the frequenters of this attractive lake-land.

Until the Quebec and Lake St. John Railway

had unlocked the portals of our northern wildernesses and brought to our doors the elysium of a hundred new lakes, Lake St. Charles and Lake Beauport had enjoyed the exclusive privilege of attracting tourists and pleasure-seekers from Quebec, on account of the splendid sport their crystal waters afforded to the disciples of old Isaac, as well as for the invigorating effect of their mountain air.

Under manifold aspects have I seen Lake St. Charles. I love it as one loves an old and familiar friend; I have crossed it on snowshoes, in mid winter, when the moon beams dreamily lingered on the virgin snow, miles of gleaming silver.

I have communed with the fairy lake when the "change of the leaf" invested its verdant banks with tints of surpassing beauty—scarlet, pink, orange, mauve, green, maroon, all borrowed from the overhanging hardwoods of maple, silver birch, beech, oak, fir, hemlock.

Let me try and recall a blissful night—in June—long, long ago, when youth's halo gilded the future; when my footstep was as light and elastic as that of the woodland cariboo, browsing under the leafy dome of yonder forest. A joyous squad of Quebec barristers were asked to dine with a respected *confrere*, the late Judge Charles Gates Holt, at his pretty Swiss chalet, which overlooks the lake, at its

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outlet. It was my privilege to form one of the party. After beguiling a social hour, under his hospitable roof, we were asked to try our skill, at sunset, with fly and rod, on the speckled beauties which haunt the cool retreats, in the waters of the upper lake. The legendary guide and forester, old Gabriel, and his assistant, were accordingly enlisted, and soon two canoes, linked together by thongs and stout poles, as a greater security against accidents, were rapidly nearing Echo Bay. The heat of the day had been great; we were told not to count on a rise until close to sunset. An hour's brisk paddling brought us opposite to William Darling Campbell's cosy cottage, which we saluted with a rousing cheer; our friend, seated on the verandah, returned the greeting by giving us on his violin, "La Claire Fontaine." On went our Argo in quest of the golden fleece. We entered Echo Bay. The fates, or rather the heat of the day, was against us; the finny tribe frisked and jumped, ahead of us, in rear, all around our craft, but could scarcely be tempted to bite. "*Sacre bleu!*" ejaculated Gabriel, in his broken English, never did me see the like; *mais*, wait a bit, *mes bons messieurs, de la ville*. Wait for me to put on a more bright *mouche*—fly, you call it." So it was done.

We were in the act of bidding adieu to Echo Bay when Gabriel, turning over the quid in his

left cheek, said: "L'Echo! L'Echo! before we leave we must have L'Echo, if we don't get the fish;" suiting the word to the action, he yelled at the pitch of his voice "Josette!" and forthwith from the dark, deep, distant mountain peaks came back to us and to the old trapper, the name of his respected old spouse. This roused us; one and all we raised a shout—in which might be heard the words, "Cartier" and "Macdonald," on the brisk night wind, were returned the honored names of the two cherished statesmen then guiding the ship of state; we woke the mountain echoes with ever so many other names.

Retracing our course, we hugged the shore nearly opposite to the Campbell cottage to see the effect of a bright fly on the fish that might be lurking in the cool waters of the numerous springs which empty in the narrows. The last gleam of sunset was burnishing the cloud capped hills to the west; the canoe was allowed to drift quietly on when lo! and behold, there was a splash, followed by a wide increasing circle in the eddy and a magnificent trout was safely landed on board. Two other sprightly fellows followed and were secured. Time was stealing on us; we paddled leasurably, listening in the stillness of the evening, to the measured cadence of the paddles rising and falling in the liquid element, when suddenly a sweet girlish

song burst on the night air, followed by the distant jingle of a cow-bell.

“Hark! hark! what Naiad have we awaked in this elfish spot!” ejaculated the youngest of our party, a romantic youthful barrister on the eve of committing matrimony.

“Hark!” and we could faintly catch the following:—

“Last May a braw wooer came down the lang glen,
And saer by his love he did deave me.
I said there was naething I hated like men,
The deuce gae we'm to believe me, believe me,
The deuce gae we'm to believe me.”

‘Twas our friend C——’s highland lassie descending the hill to the lake with her milk pail to milk the farm cows, humming a Scotch song. A rift in the hill let in at this moment a departing ray of Old Sol; again a pleasant sound came forth from the woods.

This time t’was a stave of weird bird music—loud and clear—probably the evening hymn of a feathered chorister, to the Creator, “*Sweet! Sweet! Canada! Canada.*” “Thanks, little friend, your shrill clarion speaks truly anent our dear country.”

I had just delivered this trite remark when a hermit thrush, the Orpheus of our woods in June, pealed forth from an umbrageous pine its liquid, fluted, metallic trills. Then came from a deep fir grove, in an upland, the unmistakable call of the blue jay, followed by the note of a rain-fowl; old Gabriel called it a *pivart*; to ornithologists it is well known as the golden winged woodpecker.

“Listen to that fellow; no sign yet of rain,” I said, “but look out for to-morrow!”

“Fiddlesticks!” exclaimed one of our legal friends, “I do not believe in birds as augurs and do not care for any except when served up roasted or broiled.”

“Let us have,” I persisted, “more of that divine, unsophisticated, bird orchestra. You have just heard the white-throated sparrow warbling, *Sweet, Sweet, Canada!*” followed by the harsh note of a jay, perched in yonder grove. ‘Tis loud, noisy clattering, like an electioneering speech, empty of real meaning, is it not? Listen now to probably the last stanza of the *rossignol* (the song sparrow), ere he retires for the night; for his young can by this time spare him, they being nearly full fledged. Of course you have noticed all day in the tree-tops the lisping, melancholy chant of the vireo, or red-eyed fly-catcher; he will sing unceasingly from April to September—as if under recognizance to a higher power,—in the surrounding greenery; pleasant I have ever found him.”

I was just in the act of noticing to my friends a superb silvery gull overhead, winging noiselessly his flight, mayhap to some distant crag, where awaited him his callow brood, when the impulsive romantic young barrister, previously mentioned, cut short my bird talk.

“See up there,” said he pointing to the azure vault above!; “watch the ever-changing fantastic form of that pink and amber sunlit

cloud, stealing phantom-like over the empyrean; now it has taken the appearance of a huge vase, with golden ferns and silver hydrangeas, branching out of it—luxuriant in leaf and bloom. Now it looks like a mound of pink gossamer and floss, banked up in the west, rich in tints, in exquisite tracery. I wonder whether Irish ever had brighter tints, softer contrasts in her magic belt.

“Look now across the lake and see the colourless shadow of the trees quivering on the sleeping waters, whilst the sable veil of night is struggling to descend from those lofty hills as old as the world!

“Hurrah for the Queen of the Night! here comes, looming grandly, the silent, discreet moon—the lover’s friend, peering crescent-shaped, over the dark vapours and smoke, caused by vast but distant bush fires!”

After that magnificent outburst I expected from our romantic French friend, as I remarked to him, “*un sonnet sur les yeux bleus de sa Louise*,” but waited in vain.

Thanking him, I was in the act of proposing his health in a caulk of Glenlivet, as our craft neared the shore, when we caught across the fields the merry refrain of a Canadian lad, watering his team at a neighboring moss-clad spring:

“En roulant, ma boule roulant !
En roulant, ma boule ! !”

J. M. LEMOINE.

Lake St. Charles, June, 1891.

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RIVER SIDE The Residence of George M. Fairchild, Sr., Valcartier

A JULY OUTING IN THE LAURENTIDES

VALCARTIER—ITS FOUNDERS—HON. JOHN NEILSON,
HON. ANDREW STUART, ETC:

"Time will not number the hours
We'll spend in the woods,
Where no sorrow intrudes,
With the streams, and the birds
and the flowers."

Alexander McLachlan.

Dominion Day, 1903, opened with bright, ideal weather. A drenching shower had the night previous refreshed the brown earth, laying the dust. All nature seemed smiling, bathed in radiant sunshine.

This is Dominion Day. Let us then seek green woods, rippling brooks, live trout streams, where, from a shady bank, we may drink a health to dear Canada on this auspicious national holiday.

One rural, shady resort in particular, is within easy reach, the picturesque vale rejoicing in the grand historic name of Jacques Cartier, Valcartier, sylvan Valcartier.

I felt anxious to visit it, were it for no other

reason than to get a glimpse of the romantic spot where about eighty odd years ago a much respected patriot and admired citizen, John Neilson, editor of the "Quebec Gazette" and M.P.P. for the county, occasionally during the "leafy" months, sought solitude and surcease from exciting parliamentary strife and grinding editorial duties. John Neilson was not an ordinary man.

Fortune favored me this day. An excursion was planned by an expert woodsman and lover of Canadian wilds, George M. Fairchild, jr., the genial laird of Ravencliffe, Cap Rouge. I was promised a view of the romantic vale, oft threaded by him, whose rifle had more than once awakened the echoes of the Laurentides, and whose rod had sealed the fate of myriads of trout and some salmon, in the dark pools and roaring rapids of the Jacques Cartier stream.

* * * * *

Before unrolling the annals of Valcartier, I shall venture to portray its honored founders—at least some of them.

The father of the settlement was the Hon. John Neilson, who was born at Dornald, Kircudbright, Scotland, on the 17th July, 1776.

When aged 14 he was sent to Canada to seek his fortune and placed under the care of his elder brother, Samuel Neilson, who had there in 1780, succeeded his uncle, William Brown,

in the property and editorship of the "Quebec Gazette," which had first been published once a week by him and his partner, Mr. Gilmore, in 1764. The pioneer news-sheet was enlarged and printed twice a week in 1810. In 1832 it came out daily, until absorbed by the "Quebec Chronicle" in 1874, after existing 110 years.

Mr. Neilson, in 1818, was chosen member for the County of Quebec. In 1834, after discharging his parliamentary duties with éclat and devotedness for fifteen years, he was set aside, as he refused to further the fierce parliamentary agitation, which was shortly to become unconstitutional, and terminated, in 1837, into armed rebellion, though he continued his friendly feelings towards his French-Canadian constituents.

Several important public missions were confided to him during his long parliamentary career.

In 1822, he represented Quebec, whilst the Hon. Joseph Papineau represented Montreal, as delegates to England to ask for the redress of colonial grievances. Again, in 1828, a similar honor was conferred on him, in conjunction with two leading men in Montreal, the Hon. Denis B. Viger and the Hon. Austin Cuvillier.

We find him at the head of a similar important delegation in 1834. A special mark of Mr. Neilson's services to the public took place

in 1831, when a silver vase which cost 150 guineas, was presented to him at a public dinner by his fellow-citizens, in testimony of their gratitude for his services in England in 1822 and 1828. This tribute, which we were privileged to view recently, at Dornald, Cap Rouge, his former residence, now the picturesque home of his grandson, Colonel Hubert Neilson, bears the following inscription:

“A John Neilson, Ecr., M.P.P., depute, deux fois aupres du Parlement Imperial pour defendre les droits des Canadiens ce leger tribut de reconnaissance lui est offert, en memoire des services qu'il a rendus au pays, et comme un hommage, à ses vertus civiques.”

Mr. Neilson expired at Dornald, his country-seat at Cap Rouge, 1st February, 1848.

Mr. Neilson had a trusted friend, the Hon. Andrew Stuart, S.G., also intimately associated with the foundation of Valcartier, of whom a mention here may not be out of place.

Andrew Stuart, the father of the late Sir Andrew Stuart, and grandfather of Gustavus G. Stuart, the learned Batonnier of the Bar of this Province, was born at Kingston in 1786. He was the son of the late Rev. John Stuart, D.D., Minister of Kingston, Ont. He was educated partly in Canada and partly in the United States and showed at an early age great proficiency in his studies, and a warm and generous nature.

He commenced the study of the law in 1802, at Quebec, and was admitted to the bar on the 15th November, 1807. He rose almost immediately into extensive practice; his success being secured by three of the greatest qualities a lawyer can possess,—extensive knowledge both of the principles, and of the practice of the law, convincing and overpowering eloquence, and the strictest regard to the interest of his clients. In 1810, he defended Mr. Justice Bedard, then exposed to a state prosecution. From that time to the period of his death, his assistance was sought for in every difficult and important case that occurred. Andrew Stuart was eminent as a scientist, as well as a leading luminary of the Quebec Bar.

The parliamentary election of 1834 had led to the rejection of almost all the candidates favorable to the constitution; the dark era of Lower and Upper Canada was approaching. The outbreak of 1837-8 was nearly in sight.

The upholder of the constitution knew the difference between reforms and insurrection and took his course accordingly. A public dinner was given at Quebec in honor of Mr. Stuart, and other candidates who had been rejected for their constitutional and loyal conduct. Mr. Stuart then devoted himself to his profession.

“To all institutions favoring literary purposes, Mr. Stuart was an ardent friend and

promoter, and among others, to the Literary and Historical Society of Quebec. He entertained an earnest and a kind of paternal solicitude for its advancement. Besides promoting its interest by his personal influence, he communicated to it, and read before it a great number of interesting papers and exerted himself with great zeal to forward the publication of its Transactions.

In the spring of 1838, Mr. Stuart was sent to England for the purpose of favoring the union of the provinces, and in October of the same year he was nominated Solicitor-General by His Excellency, the Earl of Durham, when he removed his residence to Montreal, but was prevented by ill-health, from taking any conspicuous part in the business before the courts.

He died on the 21st February, 1840.

Mr. H. J. Morgan, to whom I am indebted for much of the information herein set forth touching Hon. John Neilson and Hon. Andrew Stuart, M.P., furnishes the resolutions presented at a public dinner given by the leading citizens of Quebec on the 22nd April, 1840, to perpetuate the memory of this gifted and esteemed barrister. The meeting, which took place at the Quebec Exchange, was presided over by James Hastings Kerr, with William Petry as secretary. The following gentlemen addressed the meeting: iWilliam Price, Revd.

D. Wilkie, Henry LeMesurier, Wm. Bristow,
Joseph Bouchette, Surveyor-General of the
Province.

VALCARTIER

Nine miles north of Jeune Lorette, is the parish of St. Gabriel de Valcartier, east and west, containing a population of over 1200 souls, all of Scotch, English or Irish extraction. These settlements were formed about 1816 by an association of four of the leading men of Quebec of that period—the Hon. John Neilson, the Hon. Andrew Stuart, Louis Moquin, advocate, and Nicholas Vincent, chief of the Huron tribe. By purchase from the Government they secured a large tract of the Jesuit estates, then a wilderness, but by liberal offers to arriving Scotch emigrants they induced a number of families to become settlers. The promoters also brought in settlers from some of the bordering states, men who were familiar with clearing forest lands. A road was constructed from Lorette to the Jacques Cartier River and a saw and grist mill erected by the proprietors. The lands were now eagerly taken up and by a Government census of 1821 a considerable population already existed. From that date the increase has been a steady one.

As we approached what is known as the

settlement (the village proper), we passed the site of the Wolff homestead, which is only indicated now by a clump of lilacs. Here in 1824, Adjutant Alexander Joseph Wolff, late of the 60th Regiment, settled with his family. He brought with him a number of the rank and file of the 60th Regiment, who had served with him in Egypt and in the Peninsula and were desirous of ending their days near the man they had served under through many a hard-fought battle or trying campaign. Adjutant Wolff was the proud possessor of the war medal with sixteen clasps, the largest number held at that period by any officer in the British army. He fought at Roleia and Vimera, Oporto, Talavera, Fuentes d'Onora, Albuera, Ciudad Rodrigo, Badajos, Salamanca, Vittoria, Neville and Nive, Orthes, Toulouse. He was wounded in five separate battles. He also served with General Abercrombie in Egypt. He passed many years in Valcartier, managing and improving his property, discharging his duties as Lieutenant-Colonel of Militia, and as an active and upright magistrate. Col. Wolff possessed an excellent understanding and enjoyed the regard and esteem of the most distinguished men in Canada. A son of Chief Justice Sewell married his daughter Charlotte. A son, James Fitzgerald Wolff, was a leading physician in Quebec in the fifties, removing later to Ottawa,

where he died. The only other surviving son is Lieutenant-Colonel Chas. Stuart Wolff, who married a grand-daughter of the Hon. John Neilson, and yet resides in Valcartier in a well preserved old age. Charley, as he is known to his intimates, is as genial as at thirty, and universally beloved. His daughter, Alice Margaret, is the wife of G. M. Fairchild, jr., of Cap Rouge, widely known through his works on Canada. Many of the scenes and characters in his Canadian romances have been found in Valcartier, while he makes ample mention of the river Jacques Cartier in his sporting sketches.

The settlement can yet hardly be called a village. It straggles along a mile of wide road. We were much pleased with the appearance of the little Episcopal Church, which is built of stone, and old Gothic in architecture. On a commanding hillock is the Presbyterian church, a substantial structure in cut stone, surmounted by a belfry. In the churchyard under a tall granite shaft, repose the remains of the late Hon. John Neilson, amidst the scenes he loved so well. To him must be accredited the organization of the first sporting club in Canada, known as the "Club des Bois." It numbered a half dozen or more prominent citizens of Quebec, and its camp fires and Noctes Ambrosianae were on the shores of the beautiful little

Fairie Lake nearby. Tradition has it that the club was divided into two rival camps that faced each other with the camp fire between them. When political discussions waxed high, it was the duty of one member to pile more wood on the fire, and visit each member in turn with the pipe of peace and a jorum of prime rum punch. This pipe of peace, silver mounted and with suitable inscription, is a treasured relic in the Neilson family. The capacious punch bowl has, alas! disappeared from sight or knowledge.

Some little distance further on we came to the Roman Catholic Church, a fine stone structure erected in 1852, we believe largely by liberal subscriptions from the Neilson family, and others. It has a large congregation and its pastor is the Revd. Hugh McGrathy, who lives in an ornate "presbytere" nearby.

We stopped at the residence of Col. Chas. Wolff for a short chat with its owner over some points we desired to clear up relative to the Argonaut days in California and Australia. The Colonel was one of that notable round up of Quebec's well-known young men who set sail in the Rory O'More in 1849 for California to dig for gold. The Colonel is one of the few survivors¹ of that expedition, as he is of a later

(1) One of the most successful ones, Mr. T. Ledroit, died recently.

one for Australia, where he also spent several years. Bidding good-bye to the Colonel, a sweep of the road brought us within sight of the Jacques Cartier river, far famed for its beautiful scenes, large trout, and goodly salmon near its mouth. Such eminent anglers and writers as Tolfrey, Dr. Henry, Lanmam, Hallock, John Burroughs, Langevin, Kerr, Nettle, Chambers, Fairchild and others have enlarged upon the river's manifold charms. Certainly the scene we stopped to gaze upon was strikingly beautiful. Below wound the Jacques Cartier through many channels among dozens of green islands covered with great elms, and the background, mountains and more mountains for miles and miles. On a well cleared point nestled the old time great house of the late William Neilson, a son of the Hon. John Neilson, and also, for a period, the publisher of the "Quebec Gazette."

A fine steel bridge spans the river here, and on a commanding wooded terrace above the river we come to the lovely summer home of Mr. G. M. Fairchild, senior. It is in our humble opinion, one of the most picturesque homesteads about Quebec. It is appropriately named Riverside, for the river almost encircles it, and along the latter's wooded shores are well trimmed paths, rustic seats, log camps, and summer houses large enough to be lived in,

a boat house and camping grounds and picnic spots, for the owner is never so happy as when others are enjoying the fruits of his well planned property. Each year he has all the boys of the Y.M.C.A. camping here for several weeks, and no church or private picnic is allowed to go elsewhere. On his broad verandah in the heat of the day, and in his well stored library of an evening, I passed delightful hours in reminiscing of Quebec fifty years ago. John Lesperance, the Canadian novelist, in his "The Bastonnais," brings his heroine to Valcartier. He was guilty of an anachronism but otherwise his descriptions are fairly true. G. M. Fairchild, jr., in his collection of short stories "A Ridiculous Courting," includes a hero that savors of the parish, while in his "Rod and Canoe," he devotes several chapters to the Jacques Cartier.

Thus pleasantly passed for me, Dominion Day, 1903, exploring the charmed vale.

Alas! the lengthening shadows round the green Tsononthuan mountain in rear of Riverside, bid me prepare to leave, and I had reluctantly to say good-bye to its kind and hospitable inmates.

J. M. LEMOINE.

Sillery, July, 1903.

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OLD GABRIEL
Angler and Trapper

BARON DE GRANDBOIS

A SPORTING EXPERIENCE IN THE DESCHAMBAULT
WOODS

One sunny June afternoon, in the year 187—, accompanied by a valued old friend, Charles Panet, the late member for the County of Quebec, found me trout fishing on Lake St. Charles. We had secured as our guide, that prince of anglers, old Gabriel, whose camp-fire stories are pleasantly remembered to this day. Our dug-out had just entered Echo Bay, the north-eastern end of the lake. A tepid air came floating down the Laurentian gorges to the north, whilst the descending orb of day threw its golden beams over the calm, blue expanse of waters, ever and anon trembling under the breath of the summer zephyrs. Near a rush-covered point was visible a stately figure of a loon, the great Northern Diver—"un huard"—as Gabriel styled him—disporting in the diminished sun-light, his pearl-dotted, velvety

back; now and again borne on the breeze was heard his weird, plaintive notes, not unlike the distant wail of a child. On a dry, spruce twig overhanging the lake, stood preening his feathers—a watchful King Fisher, in quest of minnows, whilst a plethoric Bull Frog—(the lake is famous for these noisy batrachians) was croaking savagely, among the green reeds, west of our canoe. We were waiting patiently for a rise; but in vain. “The trout won’t jump before sundown,”—sententiously remarked Gabriel. “Why wait here so long? the clear water and day-light make the fish wary—you have time yet to go and enjoy an *omelette au lard* at Madame Verret’s.

“Gabriel,” said I, “is that a dog or a bear, trotting down that winding mountain path, over there?”

“A bear, sir. A bear for sure,” replied the patriarch of the lake settlement. “But the bear will be neither yours nor mine; we have no fire-arms with us. Bruin has come down to quench his thirst in the lake; perhaps he swam across. Are you aware of his feats in the water? Bears think nothing of swimming across the lake. I speak from what I have seen.”

“Gabriel is right,” retorted my excellent friend, Mr. Panet. “I once watched for a whole hour a bear, stationed on the sand-bar in the St. Lawrence, opposite the church of Pointe-aux-Trembles. I fired, but at too long

a range, Ursus took to the water, in the direction of Saint Antoine, on the opposite shore. Next day, in the afternoon, happening to be standing on the Champlain Market wharf, I noticed on the deck of the Saint Antoine market boat, the carcass of an enormous bear. On asking where it had been killed, "sir," said the owner, "I shot him last night on the Saint Antoine beach, strange though this may seem. It was just getting dark; the animal had swam from Pointe-aux-Trembles to Saint Antoine, probably; my bullet was not the first that had hit him. On examining his hind quarters, there were five holes made by five other bullets. More than one hunter must have given him a stray shot."

"Never," replied Gabriel, "could I get myself to believe such a story; it requires the well known veracity of such a man as Mr. Panet to make me accept it. A bear with five balls in his lower works swimming three miles and more! Never!"

"Gabriel," said I, "doubtless Mr. Panet's bear story is tough, but I am sure you can give us as thrilling an account of some of your own adventures in the woods. Let us take it easy now! We have yet three miles to paddle before seeing Madame Verret's delicious omelettes. I read an account in the press of a celebrated hunting excursion, in which you accompanied the Baron de Grandbois, a French nobleman. Did he really kill as much game as he stated? You were his guide, were you not?"

"Saints du paradis!" replied the old bush whacker. "Never was a greater fraud than

that 'ce gros monsieur.' He came, I have often thought—from Gascony,—which is supposed to produce the biggest liars in the whole country; his hairbreadth escapes and adventures were marvellous—hard to swallow. There was nothing he did not know—or had not seen, and though he affected to despise the natives of Canada, I can assure you he was not much of a sportsman—a mere school-boy could have taught him a deal about game. What shocked me more, was his arrogance. He never treated us like Christians—was an ill-lived braggart, an ignorant loon. Would you believe that his manners were such that when he helped himself to a mixture, which he styled cognac, he would actually place the cork in the bottle, without even offering his guide a glass? Such a thing, as you may be aware would get a man scouted among gentlemen. His bragging used to worry me sadly. My illustrious friend, said I to myself, I must give you a lesson or two. It may improve your manners."

"Gabriel, you old beast," said he one day to me, in a most insolent tone, "take charge of my outfit; especially, be careful of that antelope fur coat; t'was given me by the greatest sportsman in the world, my dear friend, Jules Girard. Jules and I, we had knocked over no less than six lions—two tigers and one antelope, on one occasion by moonlight, in Africa. Jules said, 'Baron, you are a regular Nimrod; take the skin of that antelope. I give it to you; you have there the material for a superb fur coat.'"

"This story of so many lions, tigers, etc..

shot by moonlight, just like us here popping over hares in the woods, bothered me; one anecdote rapidly followed the next; the Baron from his own showing was a marvellous hunter. His gasconading had made me quite nervous. You have yet something to learn, my boy, thought I to myself." One day, whilst we were beating for cock the slopes of Côte à Bonhomme, at Lorette, the Baron asked me brusquely, whether I had ever shot a carcajou (wolverine or Indian Devil?)

"Yes," I replied "after many unsuccessful attempts I managed to trap one."

"How many yards long was his tail?" said he.

"Half a yard, at most," I retorted.

"What consummate ignorance!" added the Baron.

"Are you then not aware that carcajou in America, have tails long enough to suspend themselves by over the banks of the river, at Niagara, and let themselves down to seize the carcasses of deer and bear carried over the falls?"

"And do you believe that?" said I.

"T'is one of France's most brilliant writers who makes the assertion," majestically retorted the Baron.

(Incredible as it may seem, the statement is to be found in one of the volumes of the illustrious Chateaubriand. See *Atala*, p. 93.

"That too is possible," said I, "your countrymen have made up such incredible stories about Canada; but he who wrote that, or he

who can get himself to believe it, knows nothing about Canadian game. Rest assured of that, Monsieur le Baron."

"Come with me, old man, to Deschambault," replied the Baron, "and I will let you see what an old country sportsman knows and can do."

"Two days after, we were both beating the Deschambault uplands, in quest of game. It was at the beginning of autumn; the fall of the leaf had taken place; some snow was on the ground, in sheltered spots.

"About one mile from the shore, there was a maple bush, with a hut to boil the maple sap; we selected it for our camp. My partridge dog, Don, followed us to flush the game in the woods.

"I felt weary—out of sorts—overloaded by a bundle of useless baggage, which the Baron insisted on me carrying on my back. In addition to the provisions, I bore the Baron's mackintosh, the famous antelope garment, which I must say, resembled exceedingly a fur-coat, I had some time previously, seen exposed for sale at Renfrew's fur store; an umbrella also formed part of his kit.

"Worse than all, I held strapped to my shoulders, his travelling bag, containing heavy-soled shoes, and such an outfit as no Canadian sportsmen ever owned.

"I took post beside the Baron in a rather unamiable mood. Just then a chipmunk ran past."

"Not a word, Gabriel! let me knock over this curious little animal, unknown in my country!"

“He fired, but on looking around for his game bag, he saw it had been forgotten in camp. I offered to go back for it. On my way an idea struck me. I thought I should cure the Baron of wasting powder on such insignificant game as ground squirrels, and settled at once on the following scheme:

“Whilst walking past a large fir tree, I noticed at its roots, a small ridge of unmelted soft snow; I gathered it and worked it up into the shape of a hare, in a sitting position, adding in lieu of ears two twigs covered with snow, and for eyes, two coal black embers from the camp-fire; my improvised hare was quite a success. Placing him under a fir-tree, where the Baron would have to pass on his way back to camp. I waited. Impatient at my delay His Lordship retraced his steps. Soon I heard the report of a fire-arm. Thrusting my head out of the sugar-hut, I noticed the exulting peer in the act of stooping, as if to seize the game he had shot; but recovering himself, I saw him kick furiously at the white object, and ran up to see it scattered in fragments. I tried to pacify his wounded feelings, expressed my regret at his mishap, saying the snow hare had doubtless been placed there as a decoy to entice other hares to the snares. The Baron seemed only half convinced of the correctness of my explanations.

“Soon after, when crossing a clearing, we heard a w-h-h-r of wings; a superb ruffed grouse shot past with the velocity of an arrow from a bow.

“‘A pheasant! A royal pheasant!’” ejaculated the Baron, “let us bag him?”

“Hush!” said I, “my dog will soon find him; he is perched close by. A quarter of an hour later, and the ‘royal pheasant,’ which I knew was merely a ruffled-grouse, was safely in our game bag.

“As we were hurrying past a clump of balsams, a large owl let out from a big pine a fearful hou! hou!! The Baron shuddered; but soon recovered himself.

“‘An eagle, morbleu, a golden eagle!’ pealed forth from the Baron.

“To make sure of such a capture, he let off both barrels of his fowling piece. I ran and picked up the monstrous, but useless fowl. A passenger-pigeon next flew past, which he styled ‘un ramier des Alpes;’ the Baron brought him down; as well as a luckless squirrel who stood, chattering, from a neighboring beech tree.

“All this time, the sun was going down in the west; soon it was dark; the hares began to roam. I detected a small animal scurrying along the mountain path, which I recognized at once as a porcupine. The Baron did not even allow me time to tell him what it was and exclaimed, ‘Great Jupiter, a real Canadian beaver! Bang! and the fretful creature had ceased to fret. Here indeed was a grand opportunity for my revenge! ‘This is indeed a glorious sport,’ said I, ‘but what is to be done with the beast? I can carry no more; my back fairly gives under the load.

“I know of but one way to manage matters; if it is your wish, Baron, to exhibit to your admiring friends this splendid trophy, I shall

wrap it up in your antelope coat, and sling it on your shoulders. He demurred at first, saying that in France, game was not thus carried to camp; finally, my advice prevailed and we started for the hut. I thought to myself 'My dear Baron, you will soon have reason to remember your Canadian beaver.'

"We had scarcely walked a mile when there was perceptible about the Baron's gait, an uneasy, shuffling motion. His back, he said, seemed on fire. 'It will be hotter still, presently, I thought. A short time after, whilst crossing a trout stream, over the trunk of a fallen tree, the Baron yelled out that something was scorching his skin. The pain becoming intolerable, on landing, he loosened the throngs which held the pack on his shoulders and let the whole hurriedly drop on the ground.

"It was the porcupines's quills, which, as I expected, had pierced through the fur coat into his flesh. The Baron then swore like a pagan, consigned to the devil, Canada and all its contents; then ran to the brook and soused his head and part of his shoulders in the stream; I applied some wet moss to his excoriated flesh; gradually he calmed down.

"But his expiation was not yet complete; the crowning lesson was yet to come.

"The shades of evening were descending fast as we neared the hut, on the edge of the wood, not far from a farm house; on looking ahead I noticed in the dim twilight, a small animal sulking past, with a white streak on its back, and carrying aloft a bushy tail, which

soon by the smell announced a *Mephitis Americana*, the boys call it a polish cat.

“‘Heaven!’ exclaimed the Baron. ‘I declare there goes one of those badgers I used to shoot with Jules Girard in the Pyrenees!’

“‘I instantly seized hold of Don by the throat and held him, as well as myself, out of harms way. The Baron fired, but from a distance, in a hurry to make sure of such a prize. Seeing the creature struggling, he ran up to dispatch it with the butt of his gun; then stooped to lay hold of it; I hid behind a tree to enjoy the scene in perfection, when on looking around the Baron uttered a wild cry of surprise and dismay. ‘Mille Tonnerre! Gabriel, help! what can it be? What has it been doing?’ and he flung the polish-cat in the bushes.

“‘We call that a Micmac sprinkle!’ I said, trying to recover my composure, all the while holding on to my dog. ‘Good Heaven!’ added the Baron, ‘to think such a beautiful little animal should play such a diabolic trick!’

“‘That story will do, Gabriel,’ added Mr. Panet; we both were convulsed with laughter. I added, ‘Paddle on, quick, else Madame Verret’s omelettes will be cold!’”

J. M. LEMOINE.

Spencer Grange, Dec. 1899.

THE PHANTOM HEAD

Our laureate Frechette, in his elegant volume "Christmas in French Canada," among other fascinating tales, presents a most thrilling one entitled "A Phantom Head." 'Tis a most appropriate Christmas offering to his English readers at this season of the circling year.

With poetical and some legendary graces it looms out a dark reality—an unforgettable catastrophe connected with our winter ferry before the era of the use of steamers—which dates to 1857.

To the inditer of these lines it brings back the souvenir of an awful incident, from which time has robbed naught of its horror.

Well do I remember when on reaching home from class, on a stormy February afternoon, sixty years ago, being told of the fearful tragedy which that morning had been enacted opposite the city.

One of the principal actors, Pierre Turgeon, the captain of the crushed canoe, specially interested me, as he once had been a servant in our household.

The cause of the disaster in this case, was what was then styled the "Chariot,"—a field of ice daily moving up and down the St. Lawrence with the ebb or flow of the tide.

Times are changed; the dreaded chariot has now become a memory of the past. Our winter ferry steamers in severe weather—by night as well as by day—take care to steam through and destroy the icy barrier, which of yore kept the expert and fearless Levis canoeemen on the qui vive when ferrying over passengers.

"The traveller of to-day," says Mr. Fréchette, "who crosses the St. Lawrence between Quebec and Levis during the winter season, comfortably seated between decks in the powerful screw steamers which occupy only a few minutes in drifting from shore to shore, forcing their way through the drifting ice, untroubled by mist or wind-driven snow, can have but a faint idea of what this crossing in old days really meant.

The trip was made in heavy canoes or dug-outs, formed of two large trunks solidly joined by a wide and flat keel of polished oak, turned up at both ends, so that the craft could be used as a sledge when needed.

The captain sat astern on a small platform, where he commanded the manœuvring, steering with a special paddle, while at the bow, sometimes standing right on the pince—the

slender projection of the prow—another fearless fellow explored the passes and watched the false openings.

In front of the pilot a certain space was reserved for the passengers lying on the flat bottom, wrapped up and covered with buffalo robes, perfectly protected from the cold, but with hardly the power of moving.

The rest of the canoe was crossed with thin planks, equally spaced, which not only strengthened the craft, but also served as seats for the men, who paddled in tune, encouraging themselves with voice and gesture.

It was a hard calling, and as the Canadian winters of these times were much more severe than those of ours, it was sometimes a dangerous one.

Every launching of the canoe—that is every start from the shore—gave a thrill to the sturdiest. Down from the top of the batture (the icy rampart built along the beach by the rising and falling of the tide and the constant grinding and breaking of the drifting floes)—down from the top of the batture into the dark and swirling waters, the crew hurriedly jumping on board in a desperate entanglement of hands, legs and arms; it was a matter of a few seconds only, but every heart stood still until the flying start was accomplished.

And, "Nage, camarades! . . . Haut le canot! . . . Les bons petis cœurs."

Enormous blocks of greenish ice block the way. Quick! Go for them! There they are! Down with the paddles, shoulder the rope and run again on the frozen surface of the river.

Further on great masses are crammed and heaped up one upon the other.

No matter, hoist up the canoe and forward and move over the obstacle.

A crevice opens before us; it is an abyss perhaps. Never mind; push on at all hazards. Wet snow freezes and sticks to the side of the canoe, impeding our advance. Not a moment to lose. Roll in! Roll in, boys! . . .

And off we are again.

Now it is different; everything gives way around.

It is no longer water; it is no longer ice. Paddling is impossible; no point of support to heave upon; prisoners in the melting snow and the dissolving ice!

Courage boys! . . . Away, away, altogether! forward, anyhow.

And the struggle might go on for hours, sometimes for the whole day."

Such is the graphic description given by Mr. Frechette of the winter crossing of the St. Lawrence in olden times at Quebec when the river was filled with slush ice after a thaw. Before detailing the memorable catastrophe which gave rise to the legend of the Phantom

Head, the laureate will tell us what is meant by the Chariot:—"When," says he, "the ice bridge freezes at the key (between Orleans and Levis) the rest of the floes which come down from the above are still driven up and down by the current so that the rising tide thrusts them several miles backwards until the ebb drives them down against the formidable barrier. This is called the 'Chariot.'

When the Chariot is up above, the river between Quebec and Levis is clear, and the crossing is just as free as in summer time; but beware when the gigantic mass, filling the space from shore to shore, runs down to hurl itself against the rampart that bars its way to the Gulf! The impact is terrible.

Woe to those who are caught in the jaws of the blind monster!"

I regret very much that the limits of this sketch should forbid me from giving in full the features of the legend of the Phantora Head, the sight of which to the beholder meant death within the year. Let them, therefore, refer to "Christmas in French Canada" for this thrilling tale.

In my youth I remember being told that the head of one of the unlucky passengers of the ill fated canoe remained on the ice after being severed from the body by the Chariot. This particular is not, however, mentioned in the

account of the accident to be found in the Quebec Gazette for February 13th, 1839, which I beg to transcribe:—

MELANCHOLY ACCIDENT—SIXTEEN LIVES LOST.

Yesterday morning (12th February, 1839,) a canoe belonging to Mr. Chabot, in attempting to cross over from Point Levis, with passengers, was upset by the floating ice in the river, by which sixteen out of the twenty were drowned.

The name of the person who was piloting the canoe is Turgeon, the same person, we understand, who was conductor of the canoe some two or three weeks ago, when two young men were lost. Jean Roberge, Joseph Paquet, of St. Gervais, Jean Roi, Michel Roi, Catherine Roi, P. Poiré, Germain Labreque and Jean Labreque, M. Dorval, Chas. Faucher, (son of Major Faucher, of St. Thomas), Andre Blanchet, of St. Charles, Amos Farquhar, of St. Sylvestre, François Patoine and his son, aged eight years, Mr. Chabot's son and two brothers named Kirouac. The four saved were an American, two mail carriers from Halifax and Nicolet both of whom succeeded in saving the mail bags and Turgeon, the conductor."—Quebec Gazette, 13th and 15th February, 1839.

Pierre Turgeon, the conductor, became, in 1876, the esteemed captain of the Quebec steamer Clyde and died recently at an advanced age.

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THE FIRST CANADIAN NOVELIST, 1769

I can recall just forty years ago, when collecting the materials for a series of historical sketches and miscellaneous essays I purposed writing and subsequently published, under the familiar title of "Maple Leaves," the curiosity felt in tracing the origin of a Canadian novel, styled "The History of Emily Montague."

Seemingly, it had enjoyed the privilege of interesting our worthy grandmothers; it was a love story, the heroine of which hailed from the green glades of Sillery, a few miles only from Cape Diamond. Not a copy could I find in Quebec, though the work had evidently, at one time, freely circulated in Canadian homes; so far no other record existed of the existence of such a work but a brief mention of it in Col. Cockburne's "Reminiscences of Quebec," published in 1831.

The Literary and Historical Society, at my suggestion advertised for it in the Quebec 'Morning Chronicle,' and lo and behold! a very

few days after such advertisement this rare incunabulum of Canadian romance in four neatly bound volumes, bearing the imprimatur of the famous old London publishing house of Dodsley 1769, was generously presented to the Society by Mr. Edwin King, then inspector of post offices, residing at Montreal.

Time flew on: the projected Canadian sketches under their familiar appellation of "Maple Leaves" were published by instalments as my very rare leasure hours permitted.

In depicting the picturesque environs of Quebec, it occurred to me to borrow not infrequently from the seducive portraiture of the scenes by an accomplished author residing in their midst during the most attractive months in the whole year. Thus did I become acquainted with the clever author of the love story of Emily Montague. Mrs. Frances Brooke, the wife of the Rev. John Brooke, chaplain to the garrison of Quebec.

His literary career is fully outlined in the following extract from a biographical dictionary, for which I am indebted to our Provincial archivist, Mr. Phileas Gagnon.

The Authoress of "The History of Emily Montague," Frances Brooke.

"An ingenious lady, whose name was Moore, the daughter of a clergyman, and the wife of the Rev. John Brooke, rector of Colney, in

Norfolk, of St. Augustin, in Norwich, and chaplain to the garrison of Quebec. Her first literary work was the "Old Maid," a periodical paper begun in 1755 and collected in one volume 12mo. The next year she published "Virginia," a tragedy, with some poetical pieces. In 1763 came out "Julia Mandeville," a novel, which was well received. The same year appeared "Letters From Juliet Lady Courtesy, to Lady Camplerv." translated from the French. Soon after this she went with her husband to Canada, the scenery of which country she well described in her next novel, "The History of Emily Montague," 4 vol., 12mo. This was followed in 1770 by "Memoirs of the Marquis of St. Forlaix, 4 vol., 12mo. About this time she returned to England and contracted an intimacy with Mrs. Yates, with whom she had some share in the Opera House. She also wrote a play which Garrick refused and thereby incurred the resentment of the authoress, who revenged herself upon the manager in a novel entitled "The Excursion," 2 vols.

She also translated Miller's elements of the history of England, and in 1781, produced at Covent Garden the "Seige of Sinope," a tragedy, but with no success. Her next dramatic performance "Rosina," a musical entertainment, had a great run. This was followed by

“Marian,” acted at the same theatre, but with little success. Mrs. Brooke died in 1789—a few weeks after her husband. (Biog. Dram.)

The following note on her literary career I furnished to my learned colleague of the Royal Society, Mr. John Reada, for publication in the Saturday column of the Montreal “Gazette.”

As he correctly remarked, it puts the first Canadian novelist into somewhat curious relations with one of Carlyle’s heroes.

“A LITERARY KISS IN THE LAST CENTURY.”

The military chaplain at Quebec in 1764-68, the Rev. John Brooke, was blessed with what in our day, might be styled a “blue stocking” for a wife. Mrs. Brooke, nee Frances Moore, had adopted novel writing and had achieved fame even before leaving England for Canada. In her salon met some of the leading stars in English letters, Dr. Johnson, Boswell, Keats, Hannah Moore, Miss Seward and other literary celebrities. In Quebec her accomplishments and the military status of her husband gave her the entrée to the highest official circles; the future “saviour of Canada,” Guy Carleton (Lord Dorchester), had accepted the dedication of her clever Canadian novel, “The History of Emily Montague.” Mrs. Brooke as a writer had become known previously, among other

works, as the author of a romance entitled *Lady Julia Mandeville*." Her Quebec novel, in four volumes, brought out in 1769 by Dodsley, in London, has gone through several editions, and has been translated into French. It consists of a series of letters—several addressed to a witty and lively friend, Bella Fermor—some to British noblemen, friends of her father, the Rev. Mr. Moore—others to English officers stationed at Quebec, at Montreal and elsewhere. Her style is florid, gossipy, familiar, reminding one of Richardson's *Clarissa Harlowe*, her heroine, accomplished, lovely, divine. Emily Montague, discourses so eloquently on the charms of Canadian scenery and social amusements at Quebec, that several English families, it is said, sought in consequence a home on the shores of the St. Lawrence.

The Rev. Mr. Brooke, who had, as military chaplain, to reside within the city during the winter, had been attracted, pending the leafy months, to one of the cool Sillery retreats and occupied, Mrs. Brooke says "an extremely pretty farm at the foot of the Sillery heights"—it is generally supposed, in the neighborhood of Beauvoir, Hon. R. R. Dobell's picturesque manor. A number of the letters purport to have been written from "Sillery," whose incomparable landscape and grand river views are glowingly described.

Mrs. Brooke expired on the 23rd January, 1789, a short time after her husband.

“The History of Emily Montague” I take to be the earliest novel written in Canada, so that Sillery can claim to be the cradle of Canadian literature. In connection with the Sillery novelist, Mr. Phileas Gagnon has unearthed and records in his elaborate work, “Essai de Bibliographie Canadienne,” the following receipt bearing her autograph:—

London, September 10, 1768.

Received of Mr. Dodsley, thirty pounds on account of the novel called Emily Montague.

By

FRANCES BROOKE.

The Quebec “Herald,” of the 22nd February, 1790, also contains the following anecdote, which he transcribes:—

“The evening before this lady (Mrs. Brooke) departed with her husband for Canada, she had a party at her apartments who met for the purpose of bidding her farewell. Miss Hannah Moore, Miss Seward, Mr. Keate, Dr. Johnson and Mr. Boswell were among the visitors. As Dr. Johnson was obliged to take his leave early, he rose and wishing her health and happiness went seemingly away. In a few minutes a servant came to acquaint Mrs. Brooke that a gentleman in the parlor wished to speak with her. She accordingly went down stairs and who should it be but Dr. Johnson. “Madam,”

says the doctor, "I sent for you down stairs that I might kiss you, which I did not choose to do before so much company."

Shyness has not so far been mentioned among the faults or virtues of the bluff old beau.

J. M. LEMOINE.

Sillery, October 16, 1899.

THE POET OCTAVE CREMAZIE

Following up the notice of Octave Cremazie which was recently reprinted in the Montreal "Gazette," R. V. in the "Old and New" column of that paper says:—

"The following reminiscences concerning the early years of Octave Cremazie, the poet, of whom mention was made in last Saturday's issue, come from a trustworthy and distinguished source, and will, no doubt, be read with interest by many admirers, both of the poet and of his venerable schoolmate:—

Quebec, June, 1903.

Dear R. V.,—I can recall the merry olden time when Cremazie and I sported the "blue coat" as Quebec Seminary boys (1839-45).

Octave Cremazie, born at Quebec, in 1827, was the son of J. Cremazie, who kept a little shop at the lower end of Côte de Lery. Octave was the youngest of four brothers. Jacques was subsequently Recorder of Quebec. The

others were: Joseph, later on Octave's partner, as importer of books, and Louis, who was drowned from the deck of a schooner, whilst returning, about September, 1839, from Murray Bay, where he had as a Seminary boy, spent his holidays. There is yet living in Quebec, a fellow passenger of Louis, on that fatal schooner, Mr. Edward Glackmeyer, N.P. The Cremazie family hailed originally from Languedoc, France; the ancestors reaching Quebec in 1735.

Octave, a bright, merry Seminary lad, took the fancy of *M. l'Abbé Jean Holmes, préfet des études*, who gave him the charge of the *Depôt des Livres* from which was provided the class and copy books intended for the Seminary pupils. The duties were light, merely requiring the custodian's attendance at the rooms, after class hours. They did not interfere with his studies.

About 1855, Octave entered into partnership with his brother Joseph as J. & O. Cremazie, booksellers, etc. Their stand and dwelling stood on Fabrique street, a few doors west of Glover & Fry's store. It was owned by Mrs. Widow Puffer, a client of mine when I practiced at the Quebec Bar. For a time I lost sight of my classmate, having entered as law student the office of Mr. Joseph Noël Bossé—subsequently Mr. Justice Bossé. Cremazie

carried on actively the business as importer and seller of French books, visiting France every winter, and returning the following spring with a supply of choice works. He usually also brought home a supply of French wines and liqueurs for his Quebec customers.

None of us, his early friends, ever dreamed of the excellence he was to attain as a Canadian poet. We knew and liked him as a jolly, eccentric, merry comrade,—ever ready to broach a new social project—father a paradox or utter a *bon mot*. For a whole summer about 1848, he made it a practice to preach to us unbelievers, the advantages of bachelorhood—to those who wished to get on in the world. He said “As for himself, never shall I marry” —nor did he. He asked us as friends to help him to organize a bachelor’s club in Quebec.

The “Bachelors’ Club” craze brought him a surprise. Whilst he was chatting one day with a friend on Fabrique street, two sprucely attired young girls happened to pass him. One of them unceremoniously elbowed him off the footpath; the other damsel shocked, asked her companion how she could be so rude. “Why! don’t you know,” replied the pert one, “who that ugly fellow is?” “No, I don’t,” she retorted. “Why, ‘tis that man, Cremazie, whom they style a poet. He is trying to get up a Bachelor’s Club to prevent us girls from getting husbands.” I remember meeting the poet

one fine morning when he hailed me thus: "Quo modo cecidit, homo fortis iste qui salvum faciebat Israel." He was alluding (in the words of David) to the death of the great statesman, Sir L. H. Lafontaine, the news of whose demise had just reached Quebec.

Cremazie's poems are so luminously criticized in the biography of the poet, published in Montreal in 1881, that I shall not enter on the subject. To me his "Promenade des Trois Morts" has ever been the favorite. I even prefer it to "Le Drapeau de Carillon."

One word more before I close this sketch. A dark passage, an overwhelming shadow in Cremazie's career, has, in my opinion, never been sufficiently explained. I am referring to the financial disaster, which darkened and nearly frenzied his mind.

One winter the junior member of the firm of J. & O. Cremazie started for France as usual, to order goods for the spring business at Quebec. Owners of large vineyards prevailed on him to contract for large supplies of French wines, liqueurs, etc. The vessel on her way to Quebec was wrecked on the Lower St. Lawrence. There was no insurance on the cargo, which proved a total loss. The consequences were despair of meeting his engagements, the courts of justice and exile; the gruesome tale ended in the poet's death at Havre, France, in 1887.

CURIOS LETTER FROM A QUEBECER

HE RELATES HIS EXPERIENCE IN THE ROCK CITY—
SOME OF THE PEOPLE WHO CAME UNDER
HIS NOTICE—HOMES OF THE ELITE
IN DAYS GONE BY—STORY OF
AN OLD DIRECTORY.

George M. Fairchild, Esq.,
Mayor of St. Felix,
Cape Rouge, P. Q.

Dear Mr. Fairchild:

Enclosed please find as promised, extracts from another curious letter from my former correspondent, William Henderson, a centenarian, deceased at Hemison, Co. of Dorchester, in 1883.

It sets forth, among other subjects, an analysis of the Quebec Directory for 1791, which he kindly sent me. The shrewd and caustic old fellow, sandwiches his epistle with observations on the political and social aspect of Montreal and Quebec, which, however, are to be taken

cum grano alis. His analysis of the old Directory, leads me, among other things, to look for the exact locality in the topography of the city, where the leading members in the professions as well as in trade and commerce, resided more than one hundred years ago.

A few explanatory remarks are called for by Mr. Henderson's quaint letter, which I shall furnish. Let us begin by the highest in rank among the denizens of the Ancient Capital in 1791.

Edward, Duke of Kent, the fourth son of King George III—and father of our late Sovereign, Queen Victoria—for four years—1791-94—stalked through the highways and by-ways of our mediæval town.

Prince Edward, as he then was styled, Col. of the 7th Royal Fusiliers—occupied the house on St. Louis street which has ever since born his name, as his winter-quarters, and the picturesque villa, erected by Governor Haldimand, in 1782, on the lofty shore of Montmorency Falls, during the summer months.

His fine regiment was quartered in the old Jesuit College, occupied since the conquest as military barracks; it disappeared in 1878 to make room for our present City Hall.

H. R. H.'s staff and officers of the Fusiliers and others, occupied private houses in various parts of the city. It may interest you to know

what were the fashionable and favorite streets thus honored, at this distant period. I Subjoin a partial list from the Directory of 1791, of his staff, officers and other officials.

Lt. Richard Edgar, 7th Fusiliers, 73 John street.

Dr. George Hayselton, 7th Fusiliers, 16 St. Angel street.

Lt. Byng, 7th Fusiliers, 6 Ann street.

Lt. Jones, 7th Fusiliers, 4 Couillard street.

Lt. Augustus Prevost, 7th Fusiliers, 4 Couillard street.

Lt. James Henry Reynet, 7th Fusiliers, 7 Ann street.

Lt. George Salmon, 7th Fusiliers, 23 St. Louis street.

Capt. Saumarez, 7th Fusiliers, 23 Ann street.

Capt. Shuttleworth, 7th Fusiliers, 6 Ann street.

Capt. Walker, 7th Fusiliers, 5 Rampart street.

Lt. Walker, 7th Fusiliers, 7 Fabrique street.

Capt. LeMoine, Royal Artillery, 52 Sault au Matelot street.

Dr. Mervin, Nooth, Surgeon to Garrison, 5 St. Louis street.

Capt. John A. Schald, Royal Artillery, 6 Ann street.

Lt. Geo. Wolff, Royal Artillery, 10 Ste. Ursule street.

Major Stewart, Royal Artillery, 10 Ste. Ursule street.

Capt. Barnes, Royal Artillery, 8 St. Stanislas street.

Capt. Talbot, H. R. H.'s suite, 6 Ann street.

Lt. Veasey, H. R. H.'s suite, 6 Garden street.

Capt. Wethnall, H. R. H.'s suite, 4 Ann street.

Josuah Winslow, Paymaster General, 12 St. John street.

Thos. Ainslie, Collector of Custom, 2 Ste. Ann street.

Lt.-Col. Hon. Frs. Baby, 10 Sous le Fort street.

Berthelot D'Artigny, Barrister, 3 Ste. Anne street.

John Blackwood, merchant, 12 St. Peter street.

Hon. John Collins, Deputy Surveyor General, 17 Buade street.

Hon. G. de Lery, 20 Ste. Famille street.

Dr. Ignace Denechaud, 14 Ste. Angel street.

Hon. H. Finlay, Deputy Postmaster-General, 4 Buade street.

Capt. Chs. St. Ours, A.D.C. to Gen. Clark, 11 Garden street.

Major Lemaitre, Military Secretary and Adjutant General, 12 Ste. Famille street.

Under French rule, (1608-1759) among the well frequented thoroughfares was St. Charles

street—a highway of little comparative importance in the present age.

La rue des Pauvres (our modern Palace street) on the Upper Town, debouched then to the north.

St. Charles street, in a westerly direction, skirted the city walls; it led to and past the main entrance of the Intendant's grand palace on the massive foundations of which partly rest the walls of Boswell's brewery and malt house.

I recollect guiding, in October, 1878, the Marquis of Lorne and the Princess Louise through these dreary, crumbling ruins previous to their being utilized as aforesaid, for a foundation of the new malt house. St. Charles street formed also a portion of the highway leading to the General Hospital Monastery—a notable building dating back to 1692—founded by Bishop St. Valier, whose name it bears.

A Nun, one of the sisterhood, has recorded the melancholy sight which met her view, from the hospital windows, about noon on the memorable 13th September, 1759; the expanse between this House of Refuge and the city, strewn with French soldiers, wounded or flying from the Highlanders' claymores, towards the bridge of boats on the St. Charles. One can also picture the consternation of the saintly women, sixteen years later, on having to

open their doors on the 31st December, 1775, to the double-traitor, Benedict Arnold, conveyed there, wounded, from Sault-au-Matelot street, who, depositing a brace of pistols on a table next to the couch on which he rested, vowed he would shoot the first man who laid hands on him, says a tradition.

But let us hie back to the city, though we may leave unrecorded a whole budget of historical incidents of this neighborhood, some of thrilling interest.

It is beyond a doubt that the representatives of the French King and the English Governors who succeeded, until Confederation, as well as the officials, civil, military and ecclesiastical made the Upper Town their quarters, leaving the narrow Lower Town to the mercantile class.

Well-to-do merchants, both French and English, in old and more recent times, built themselves cosy, in some instances, sumptuous abodes there close to their places of business. Until recent times, remains of elaborate staircases, carved oak pannels, ornate ceilings were noticeable in some antiquated tenements on Sault-au-Matelot street, St. Peter, Sous-le-Fort and Notre Dame streets, next to, or over the large subterranean vaults, for storing goods and merchandise, proof mayhap, against burglars, fire and spring high-tides, but not so against Admiral Saunder's bombshells, in 1759, as no less

than seven vaults were thus destroyed, according to the seige journal kept by Jean Claude Panet, a contemporary notary, who owned a house in the Lower Town; whilst on that fateful 8th August, 1759, 167 houses in the city had fallen victims to the bombardment.

On the site of the offices formerly held by Mr. McGie, on St. Peter street stood in 1759, the warehouse of Mr. Perrault, lainee, judging from the bundles of old French letters and records found in recent years in the garret of an old tenement —. To the north, where St. James street intersects St. Peter Street, stood, on the 19th April, 1768, John Lymburner's spacious residence. On the 11th August, 1781, a deed of concession of the beach in the rear, to low-water mark, was passed by the Quebec Seminary to Adam Lymburner, the cleverest of the three Lymburners. John, Matthew and Adam (possibly brothers). Adam, from his knowledge of constitutional law, was delegated to England in 1791, to plead the cause of the colony before the home authorities. His speech on the occasion is reported in the Canadian Review, published in Montreal in 1826. John and Adam's property in 1825, passed to the late Henry Atkinson. In 1862 the present Quebec Bank acquired the corner of the lot for its present banking offices.

Several of the merchant-princes of Quebec,

could have traced back their early residence to this quarter of the city, at present monopolized by banks, brokers and insurance agents.

The late William Price, the respected "King of the Saguenay," resided in the Lower Town on his arrival, at Quebec, in 1810, a week after the decease of Wolfe's brave Quarter-master General Col. Henry Caldwell, later on Receiver General of the Province.

Alexander Davidson (Davidson and Lee), later Lord Nelson's trusted friend in England, resided in Notre Dame street, in the summer of 1782, when the youthful naval hero was philandering with the beautiful Mary Simpson, and had lost his heart to the Canadian belle. The list of Quebec merchants, both French and English, once residents of St. Peter street and environs, would be as long as that of Homer's ships, if told here.

But in closing these erratic observations, called forth by Mr. Henderson's quaint epistle, I must crave leave to mention another reminiscence of the past.

If that eminently respectable authority, the oldest inhabitant, is to be credited, Prince Edward, the Duke of Kent, during the four summers he spent at Quebec 1791-4, was not

(1) A specimen of them, oak pannels and hardwood floors can still be seen in Mr. Frank Ross's offices, in the "Commercial Chambers," St. Peter street.

only an occasional guest of the jolly old Franciscan Recollet, Père DeBerey, at his monastery, but was also "dined and wined" in Mr. Lymburner's sumptuous home, in St. Peter street, Lower Town.

Hemison Brook, Dorchester.

February, 1869.

J. M. LeMoine, Esq., Quebec.

My Dear Sir,—Your last of 29 ult. having been by mistake directed to County Megantic, instead of County Dorchester, was a long time in finding me out.

I knew and had dealings with Isaac Roberts about the year 1808 or 1809, as far as I know a very honest shopkeeper. You will find his name in the Directory for 1791, which I have posted directed to you, and of which I pray your acceptance. You will see John Neilson's autograph on the title page, when he must have been very young, as the writing is in pencil. In another Directory for 1822, I find a George Roberts, druggist and apothecary, No. 16 Mountain street. I have no recollection of this person.



OLD PRESCOTT GATE (Outside)



I should have answered your previous letter sooner, but was partly delayed by a trip to Quebec and partly by having to make an analysis of the Directory, which took more time than I anticipated. I enclose you a copy of my analysis, which will afford at one view a totally correct estimate of what your good old city was like 70 years ago (1800). If we except steam, telegraphs and gold hunters (undiscovered), there are very few of any trades or arts now followed at Quebec that had not a representation in 1791. Some such as barbers, appear disproportionately large, but as none pretending to the rank of gentleman could then appear without a queue and hair powder, barber's was a lucrative art as late as 1807. I paid my barber six pounds a year.

The breechesmaker was also a glovemaker. His trade was to make stout unmentionables for riding on horseback. Many wore them with Hussar boots and spurs, that never attempted to cross a horse's back. The one plasterer could have but little employment; stucco was unknown; houses inside the walls were merely covered with coarse plaster by the masons trowels, in hollows and lumps, covered with white or sometimes colored lime work. The architect and engineer must have enjoyed a perpetual holiday. The dancing-master and fiddler had ten times the amount of customers.

We only find (in the Directory) two Judges;

there must have been more;—a dozen of lawers, then as now, half of them without practice. The twelve doctors, include garrison surgeons and mates. Education was not neglected if the then schoolmasters and poor schoolmistresses did their duty.

But this Directory must have been very incomplete, with only 604 proprietors of houses and 1,317 heads of families, which, allowing six persons to each, would give a total population of only 7,878—a number probably not more than two-thirds of the actual residents; for eight years subsequently the actual population was always estimated at 15,000.

Nor is this to be wondered at by the manner this Directory was made up by the Deputy (Chimney) Sweep who paid his monthly visits to houses with chimneys alone, while then as more recently, a great number of small houses in the suburbs, and even some in the city, occupied by laborers and carters and others of the poorer classes, had no chimneys, but stove-pipes stuck through the roof and side walls, in spite of city regulations and mercenary chimney sweeps.

The class of laborers, carters, mariners and several small traders were probably not half the number within the city limits, whilst some hundreds of persons devoted to a religious life—that is the gentlemen of the Seminary, recollets, nuns of the four monasteries—are entirely left out.

It is instructive as well as curious to trace the genealogy of the present generation. The very humble progenitors of almost all our great men (in 1869) whose unambitious forefathers were laborers, carters, innkeepers, small tradesmen or at most obscure shopkeepers. This honorable rise in society of our rulers, Judges and Senators, so creditable to themselves, may be chiefly, if not wholly, attributed to the almost gratuitous education offered by the Seminary, and it is not a little remarkable that while almost all our chief men have risen from the working classes of our population, in Montreal, on the contrary, those at the head of society are descended, at least many of them, from the ancient noblesse and gentry of the district,⁶ who wisely educated their children for useful members of society, whilst in this district the same classes of society might be met with in the salons of the Castle, soliciting the petty offices at the disposal of——— who had monopolized and ruled Canada in spite of the hatred and eloquence of Papineau, the patriotism of Neilson, A. Stuart, Blanchet, Viger, and a host of others, till drawing the bitt a little too tight they were hurled from place and power by the rebellion of 1837-38.

Yours truly,

W. HENDERSON.

GOLD FEVER THAT STIRRED UP QUEBEC

THREE VESSELS WITH ADVENTUROUS QUEBECERS
LEAVE THE PORT FOR CALIFORNIA.

Various the memories which cling to the old Port of Quebec. Many, of a thrilling, warlike character; more, pertaining to the annals of commerce; some recalling adventure; these, if not of more interest to the general public, possess an unflinching charm for the survivors of such adventures, or their descendants, they claim a record.

It is one of the latter I purpose briefly recalling ere the last of the actors or witnesses are wafted to that mysterious unmapped land, from whence no traveller has brought tidings. I mean the fitting out and departure from our shores of the three sailing ships—the Rory O'More, the Panama, the Eureka, in the fall of 1849—modern Argos, in quest of the Golden Fleece, not in Euxine seas, but amidst the auriferous gulches and weird canyons of distant

California. There were for them also "sleepless dragons" beyond the Golden Gate, more dangerous than those Jason met at Colchis.

A few, a very few, of the adventurous survivors may yet be met daily, threading their way with silvery locks and footsteps not elastic the ridges of Mountain Hill, towards that romantic quarter of the city, yecept St. Peter street—the seat of their hopeful beginnings fifty-six years ago.

That year was indeed memorable. Quebec youths had been badly "struck" with the gold fever then raging through Canadian towns and elsewhere. A veritable craze had set in. Crowds of our most promising young men fell victims. *Auri sacra fames*, like in the days of Virgile, ruled supreme. Lucrative berths in our banking institutions, responsible positions in merchants' offices, were thrown up—without a pang of regret—at a week's notice. Steady, aspiring youths—one and all must seek their fortunes away in a foreign land, far from relatives and friends. Many, alas! never to return!

The perils of a winter voyage, the tempests of Cape Horn, were nothing to them; the unceasing manual labor of the miner, amidst trackless mountains, was counted for naught.

Unlike the gold fields of the Klondike, specially coveted by stay-at-home speculators, bent

on taking at the stockbroker's table, a hand, hoping to turn up trumps, California gold deposits, it was thought, were to be dug for in the bowels of the earth by willing hands!—how many of these enterprising bank tellers and junior counting house clerks had been bred as practical miners? Alas! alas!

We are indebted to the reporter sent down by the Morning Chronicle in the splendid steamer Alliance for the following notes on the departure of the Rory O'More and Panama, bearing away the California emigrants, as they were styled:

“On Monday, 13th Nov., 1849, it was known that the two vessels, the Rory O'More and the Panama, would sail, and nothing but the expedition was spoken of. The Rory O'More was to sail first, and it was arranged by some gentlemen, who had friends on board, that a steamer should be obtained to tow her down as far as Grosse Isle. The Alliance was put at the disposal of these gentlemen by Mr. Wilson, her enterprising owner, and at two o'clock, the voyageurs, their relatives and friends embarked. The vessels in the harbor hoisted their colors; the terrace (Durham Terrace), the battery, the wharves, were lined with people, chiefly of the better classes; the steamer started; a cheer rent the air; another from the steamer in return, and in a twinkling the Alliance was fast alongside the Rory O'More; a

few minutes more the anchor was up, and the steamer with her tow being under weigh, a gun from the bark told the tale to some sad hearts, and amid the cheers of the hundreds who looked on, and a salute from the Indian wharf, the "Californians" bid adieu to their native place.

We had now an opportunity of conversing with some of the youthful voyagers—some of them were mere lads. They were in excellent spirits and seemed to be perfectly enraptured with their prospects.

As we passed down the river, we were saluted by the ship Locklibo with three hearty cheers; further down, by the John Bull. Night now came on and we were invited, passengers and voyagers to the cabin of the Alliance. As this was concluded, we were opposite Grosse Isle and we were about to part company with the bark. It was half past six o'clock and the night dark. We need not describe the parting; the ship and the steamer partially lighted up with lanterns, presented a mass of human beings earnestly bidding each other good bye; the Californians clustered on the rigging, their friends on the upper deck behind the larboard paddle-box. A general "God bless you," the cables were thrown off, and in a few minutes after we were opposite Grosse Isle and we were about to part company with the bark. It was half past six o'clock and the night dark. We

need not describe the parting; the ship and the steamer partially lighted up with lanterns, presented a mass of human beings earnestly bidding each other good-bye; the Californians clustered on the rigging, their friends on the upper deck behind the larboard paddle-box. A general "God bless you," the cables were thrown off, and in a few minutes after the steamer was on her way back to Quebec, and the bark having a fair wind, was lost in the darkness. About 100 persons went down in the Alliance. Scarcely a family of note in Quebec seemed to be without a representative. The Panama left in the evening.

Bark Rory O'More, about 300 tons—had been wrecked on Anticosti—bought by James Dean, senior, and by William Stevenson, who ran her in the Montreal trade, until they sold her to the Rory O'More Co. Society. The passengers owned a share in the ship. She sailed on the 13th November, 1849, from Quebec, proceeded straight to sea, and arrived at San Francisco about the beginning of May, 1850—making the passage in about six months—went around Cape Horn with studding sails, and put into Buenos Ayres, overhauled all the Yankee clip-pers from there who sailed just before her. Her former Captain happened to be in Quebec when she was loading. He told the people that if they chose to load her as he directed, she

would outsail any vessel on the ocean, which was true, for she averaged 6½ knots from the day she left Quebec till she arrived. She was sold in San Francisco.

Bark Rory O'More, James Brennan, master, for San Francisco.

Passengers—Edward LeMesurier, James Chalmers, and Henry Stevenson, Resident Trustees; Wm. S. Noad, G. M. Bowen, Jno. Jones, jr., Geo. Shaw, Fred. Leaycroft, J. H. A. McDougall, G. F. Austin, C. H. O'Meara, Chas. W. Ross, R. F. Steward, J. H. Morgan, Geo. Anderson, J. N. Lockart and Peter Cran.

Shareholders—A. C. Chaperon, Wm. Austin, Francis Tims, H. Pentland, Thomas Pentland, Barrie, Chas. Stuart Wolff, Arthur Wolf and Dr. Rousseau.

CALIFORNIA GOLD HUNTERS

THE PASSAGE OF THE PANAMA AND EUREKA FROM
QUEBEC TO THE GOLDEN GATE

PART II.

We have been permitted to make the following extracts from the rough Diary kept by a passenger of the Panama.

“Brig Panama, built by Horatio Nelson Jones, on the Little River, opposite the Gas Works; bought on the stocks by a syndicate, viz: M. J. Wilson, P. Paterson, A. Roe, S. Peters, and loaded with 20 houses all complete, glass windows, doors, hinges, &c., &c. They were obliged to zinc her,—no copper was to be had, as there was no railroad to Halifax. She was under 300 tons, commanded by Captain McKenzie. Left with the Rory, but anchored at Patrick’s Hole for the night. Split the cap of her foremast in the Gulf and put into Rio Janeiro for repairs, where she remained for two weeks. A few days after leaving here, she carried away her foretopmast in a white squall,

which only lasted a few minutes; but we did not lose a block, and as we had plenty of spare spars and lots of carpenters, repairs were soon made. Sighted land at the Horn, but were thirty days before we could say we were round. Weather very rough and cold. All skylights battened down, and a small oil lamp in the cabin. You could not stand up below the beams. We had two tables lengthwise in the cabin and two chairs; one for the Captain and the other for P. Paterson; the rest of us sat on our trunks which were lashed to our berths—berths fitted up of rough spruce boards. We intended going into Buenos Ayres, but the ship's bottom was so dirty, the Captain did not like to go in. We soon struck the trade winds, and had a good time till we arrived at Juan Fernandes, where we anchored for three days and got a supply of water and reached San Francisco on the 1st July, 1850—We could see a vessel on the horizon astern in the morning, but at night we had to go to the bows to look for her.

We sold the Panama to the same parties who bought the Rory O'More, but for more money—The Captain took her to the Cape of Good Hope and loaded wood there, but she was lost on her voyage to England."

Brig Panama, J. McKenzie, Master.

Passengers—Pemberton Paterson, George Paterson, A. F. Roe, P. Nicol, Angus McDonald, H. Peters, Maxfield Sheppard, R. Penniston, J. Downey, Ed. Drummond, W. B. Poston, Jas. Poston, Geo. Farnham, M. Smith, J. Smith,

C. Cain, John Overill, John West, W. H. Wyse, P. McKenna and wife, J. McKenna, P. Partidge, J. Nesbitt, John King, Jas. Quinn, L. Venner, Gaspard Garneau, Jos. Levesque, D. Curtain, O. Lacroix, J. B. Gagnon, N. Picard, J. B. Dionne, A. T. Ledroit, Louis Duchesnay.

“Eureka, a top-sail schooner, came from Cleveland, Ohio. She had a centreboard, but she was docked here and a false keel put on, closing the centreboard up, and was sheathed with wood.

She sailed on the 13th November, 1849, and arrived in San Francisco nine days before the Panama.

She left San Francisco, I believe with the intention of coming back to this part of the world, but put into Acapulco, where she was condemned. In her Azro Russel, brother of the late Willis Russel, of the St. Louis Hotel, was on board; also L. Ryan, John Martyn, Garret Murphy and family.”

The above list of passengers do not comprise all the youths attracted by the gold sand discovered in 1849.

A well known Quebecer, still hale, Mr. George Henshaw Holt, now of Lachine, P.Q., for many years the active United States Consul, at Gaspé Basin, had departed from our midst previous to the sailing of the three Quebec ships. Mr. Louis Duniere LeMoine, an elder brother of the writer of these lines, had also left in the fall previous to 1849, sailing from Halifax for

San Francisco. After spending 22 years in mining operations—returned to Quebec in 1874—he had had enough of the California gold mines. Among the lucky survivors of the California gold fever may be mentioned among others, our respected fellow townsmen, Mr. Theophile Ledroit, who on his return exploited a richer mine on Sault-au-Matelot street; our genial friends, Messrs. John and George Patterson, (both recently dead.)

Not all the passengers, however, went to the gold fields; a portion found profitable employment about San Francisco or at Sacramento.

The two Pentlands took up land on the Stanislas River and went into market gardening, remaining permanently in California. John West, millwright to the late William R. Patton, at Montmagny, P.Q., shortly after his arrival at San Francisco, left for Oregon, where he did well.

The majority of the Quebecers returned to their native home, poor in pocket, but rich in experience.

Later on a distinguished member of the Quebec Bar, Archibald Campbell, Esq., of Thornhill, left with his family for Australia, where he held the responsible position of Police Magistrate until the ill-health of his devoted wife compelled him to return to Quebec.

A jolly "Californian" of 1849, Lieut.-Col. Charles S. Wolff, father-in-law to George M. Fairchild, Jr., Mayor of St. Felix, Cape Rouge, still holds out jauntily on his paternal acres at Valcartier, P.Q., brim full of anecdotes respecting California and Australian miners from Quebec.

19 April, 1902.

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SCENERY ON JACQUES CARTIER RIVER—North of Quebec

REMINISCENCES OF THE PAST

INCIDENTS IN THE ADVENTUROUS EXPEDITION OF
QUEBEC BOYS TO THE GOLD DIGGINGS OF
CALIFORNIA MORE THAN HALF
A CENTURY AGO

(By Lieut.-Col. CHAS. S. WOLFF)

“To the survivors, and to the relatives and friends of those since deceased of the California Gold Hunters, who left Quebec in 1849, the several papers that have recently appeared in your columns from the pen of Sir James LeMoine have had more than a passing interest.

“I was one of the California Gold Hunters of 1849 and was also a passenger on the *Rory O'More*, and a stockholder in that craft. We sailed from Quebec late in the autumn. Our supercargo was Chalmers, who had operated the first planing mill in Quebec. For cargo we carried frame shanties. We entered the harbor of San Francisco one hundred and fifty-nine days from Quebec. A number of us set our tents, with which we were all provided, in what

was then known as Happy Valley, now the centre of the city. Some of the boys found work in the neighborhood at a dollar an hour and preferred this to going to the diggings. I joined a party bound for Stockton, which is at the head of water navigation going south. It was then a canvas town and great freighting place, hundreds of mule pack teams starting out every day, led by a bell horse. No one but a greaser would have the heart to put a load on their raw backs. Even their tails were cut with a crupper.

Our party got a mule team to take us to Carson's Valley. Our first adventure was on the Caliveras Plains. We met some horsemen going down to Stockton, and as some of us had sashes on, one of the riders asked us what part of Canada we were from. "Quebec," we replied. "I lived there many years and was coachman to Mr. LeMesurier, corner of Anne and Ursule streets. Now the first ranch you come to is mine. Give this piece of paper to the storeman and stay as long as you please." He was surprised to learn that Ned LeMesurier was in San Francisco. He had been in the American army and had drifted over from Mexico. We had a good time at his store tent. The first mining we saw was on the Stanislas River, a place called Knight's Ferry. Our party desired to remain there and

try their luck. They were Tom and Ned Pentland, twins resembling each other very much.

One is still there, having taken a section of land. He has a lovely place. I met one of them three years later at Bendigo, digging in Australia.

Our first digging was at Carson's Creek, where we got some gold, not much more than expenses. I had a bell tent given me by Mr. H. S. Scott. It was very conspicuous and roomy, so I could always put up a friend, as miners always carry their own blankets.

Shortly after camping a drove of cattle came up to the camp. In we went to see them, and among the leather dressed Mexicans one rode up and addressed us in English, and to our surprise it was John Musson, of Quebec, from the old stand, the present Post Office. As soon as the Vaqueros coralled the cattle, he sent two of his men to lasso a young cow and brought it to our camp. Fresh beef was galore and he spent the night with us, talking of old Quebec. I met him in Port Phillip, Australia, some time after, where he built the first railroad in that colony, from Melbourne to Geelong.

After working at Carson's Creek we went to a flat for winter work and built a good log cabin, stone chimney and all snug. Then the rainy season came on. I went down to Stockton for winter supplies, but alas ! no rain came for six months, so time was lost. Abandoned

the cabin and left for Murphy's camp, the hardest camp in that part of the mine. Camped up the creek away from the main camp—good water and work and quiet. Had all the experience of a roving camp life, but only one white man was killed. Two hard cases, a white man and a negro, up for robbing. The crowd made the white man whip the nigger to make him confess. Then the nigger whipped the white man. We let them go warning them that if seen in or around camp after sunset they were to be shot on sight.

A year later I returned to Canada by the Vanderbilt route, across Nicaragua, thence to Havana, New York and Quebec.

CHAS. S. WOLFF.

Valcartier,





OLD ST. LOUIS GATE

MEMORIES OF OLD QUEBEC

To the Editor of the Chronicle.

"Dear Sir,—Some short time ago my old friend and neighbor, Sir James M. LeMoine, sent me a curious and interesting letter, that he had received in 1869 from one Wm. Henderson, then ninety years of age, and who for upwards of seventy years was a prominent figure in Quebec.

Sir James' notes of explanation that accompanied Mr. Henderson's letter were alike interesting as recalling a period in the life of the city and its environs that few of our oldest citizens can recall. I begged Sir James' permission to give your readers an opportunity of reading both letters. He graciously replied that he would be delighted to have the letters published if I thought they were of sufficient interest to the public. Their appearance in your columns is my answer. Our genial historian of Quebec Sir James M. LeMoine, since his retirement from official duties, now devotes his full leisure to those literary pursuits with which his name has been linked for almost half a century, and his pen is still active as several recent publications attest."

Yours truly,

Cap Rouge,

G. M. FAIRCHILD, Jr.

Spencer Grange, 30th Nov., 1901.

Dear Mr. Fairchild,—Don't be alarmed or recoil on receiving the enclosed 20 page letter. It was penned 32 years ago, and the writer, William Henderson, who died 21st August, 1883, at the age of 100 years, was rather a remarkable character. A native of Shetland, he had landed in Quebec in 1799.

In 1818, we find him Secretary to the Canada Life Insurance Co., whose charter he had drafted, and in which the wording constituted him a kind of "perpetual" secretary, as the Company discovered some thirty years later, when they attempted to pension him off.

Mr. Henderson was gifted with a retentive memory, had literary tastes and proclivities.

I often regretted I had known him only in 1863, after I had published the first series of "Maple Leaves."

In 1853 our Literary & Historical Society awarded him a medal for a paper on the "Discovery of America by Columbus."

He had saved money and built among other houses the house now owned by Mr. Guilmar-tin, on Grande Allee. It was for many years tenanted by Noah Freer, Esq., for thirty years the respected Cashier of the Quebec Bank, and in 1818 Military Secretary to Sir George Prevost, when Mr. Lewis claimed from the Government the remains of Brigadier-General R. Montgomery, at Quebec.

Mr. Henderson told me that in 1812 he was the bearer to Governor Craig of the first news of the declaration of war by the United States to England on the 18th June, 1812, and seemed hurt at the cool reception he got from the high and mighty official then styled "Little King Craig."

I have several letters from this eccentric and gifted man. I still possess and prize the "Quebec Directory" for 1791, which he sent me—the only copy extant, I think, in Quebec. I also value the voluminous letter I now send of his.

Sir Henry Craig does not seem to have impressed him very favorably "A Tory, pot-bellied, spindle-shanked incarnation of pomposity," he styles him. I shall quote:

"The Chien d'Or and old Pozer." I can well recall the quaint old money lender, whose place of business and residence was on St. John street.

Old Wilson, of the Customs, spent his means in law suits. His legal adviser was George Okill Stuart, Q.C. He owned Holland House and the little family cemetery of the Hollands. See "Maple Leaves," first series.

I never knew Patrick Murray, but I knew, I may say intimately, old Mr. De Gaspé, a contemporary of Mr. Henderson. I also knew

Corriveau, of St. Thomas, accused of murdering his mother-in-law, Mrs. Todd. I always considered him an innocent man though he was condemned to the penitentiary for life and died there.

Mr. Henderson mentions, in connection with Mrs. Todd, a curious trait—about 1775.

You doubtless will be interested in what he says about the “Sober” and “Beaver Clubs,” and the Holland duel.

The hop gardens of Sillery, owned about 1812 by Mr. Hullett, (Judge Bosse’s grandfather) are mentioned in history. No trace of them at present exists.

For Marchmont and Belmont I must refer you to my “Maple Leaves,” 3rd series.

The jovial Belmont dinner story mentioned in my “Maple Leaves” was told me by a friend now on the Judicial Bench. The Caldwell family owned and lived at Belmont.

Mr. Henderson furnishes an interesting plea over the Jacques Cartier controversy.

His paper read before the Literary & Historical Society on Columbus shows he was familiar with Canadian history in a greater degree than many of his contemporaries. *Tant mieux!*

I once spent an evening at Hemison, Eastern Townships, with Mr. Henderson. He was then beyond 90, but his mind and memory were fresh

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THE OLD ARTILLERY BARRACK, QUEBEC

and clear. I wish I had had him at my elbow when I wrote my Canadian historical sketches, but they were printed when he sent me the 20 pages I enclose. I had, however, able and well informed helpers in Hon. Wm. Sheppard, late of Woodfield, who when 65 years of age and revisiting the Grange to inspect at Spencer Wood the banks of the Ruisseau St. Denis (where Wolf climbed up) for spring flowers. He was quite a litterateur and botanist.

Old Mr. Wm. Price, who died in 1868, was kind enough to commit to paper his reminiscences of Sillery and old Quebec for me, as well as the late Colonel John Sewell, one of Brock's officers in the 49th Regiment. I lent my good friend Judge Denis Murray, Mr. Price's valuable epistle. Murray's maid servant, thinking it waste paper threw it into the blazing grate Alas ! Alas ! Do chambermaids believe in a hereafter?

The story of the Holland duel I had since an opportunity of republishing in an amended form.

I had, as you may recollect, intended to add Mr. Henderson's curious folklore contribution to the archives of the Cercle des X, the delightful literary club founded at Spencer Wood in 1893 by Lieut.-Governor Sir A. Chapleau, of which you and I were members, but the departure from Government House at the end of his

term of our gifted and genial Patron, prevented me from carrying out my original intention.

Yours faithfully,

J. M. LEMOINE.

To George M. Fairchild, jr., Esq.,
Mayor of St. Felix, Cap Rouge, P. Q.

Hemison, Jan. 5th, 1869.

James M. LeMoine, Esq.
Quebec.

My Dear Sir,—I have just risen from a bed of sickness to which I have been confined ever since I received your last very kind note, so ill indeed that it was thought I could not recover. Thank God, I am spared yet a little longer, although the term must naturally be very brief.

In the Witness of the 31st ult. the death of my old and valued friend, Mr. Freer is mentioned without note or obituary notice—so very liberally bespattered throughout newspapers of persons known to few besides the writer.

I don't attempt, because I feel myself quite incompetent, to become his biographer or to do justice to his memory. I understood that Mr. Freer's father held some minor appointment in the Palace of George III. Young Freer,

under the patronage of the Duke of Kent, was early introduced as a clerk in one of the military departments at Halifax, where his gentlemanly manners, strict attention to his duties, and ready tact attracted the notice of the Governor, Sir George Prevost, who presented him with a commission in the Nova Scotia Fencibles in 1811. He accompanied Sir George to Quebec that year as Military Secretary and Aide-de-Camp, in which capacity he served during the war of 1812. Without ever joining his regiment he exchanged into the Canadian Fencibles, rose to the rank of Captain, and was placed on half pay when that corps was disbanded. At the death of his friend and patron, Sir George Prevost, in 1818, he accepted the situation of cashier in the Quebec Bank, which he held for upwards of 30 years. His urbanity, kind-heartedness and benevolent anxiety to benefit all who had dealings with him will be long remembered by the citizens of Quebec.

Born in London in May, 1783, he was just three months my senior in age, another warning to be prepared to follow.

I have to thank you for the perusal of the first and third series of your "Maple Leaves" and regret not being favored with the second. Your valuable researches fairly express my own feelings.

You have been so good as to propose that I

should give you my candid opinion of your works. My opinion can be of little value on literary subjects, but such as it is, it entirely coincides with the able and impartial review of the 3rd series, quoted from the Morning Chronicle. Certainly Sillery has great reason to be proud of her historian, as well as the researches he has brought to light—events of which there are few written records, or the unvarying liberality of National sentiments desirous of obliterating antagonistic struggles between the Normans and Saxons by amalgamating both in the bond of good fellowship and loyalty to the land of their birth and adoption, and all this expressed in the style and idiom of the English language, such as few, if any foreigners have ever equalled. English must be your mother tongue and needed no apology for its use. I have very few remarks to make on your valuable work.

“Powell Place.”—I have always been under the impression that Sir James Craig did not occupy this, but Woodfield, as on one occasion myself of the idea that it was at Woodfield. I was not present at his Fête Champêtre. Powell Place became the property of the Hon. M. H. Percival, in 1816; it was then a plain two story house built of squared pine logs, and much out of repair and buried in a dense wood. Mrs. Percival had great taste, and while residing

there added greatly to the beauty of the situation by thinning the woods, leaving clumps in favorable spots, and opening avenues in various directions; yet nothing was done to the house or gardens until it became the property of Mr. Atkinson, for Mrs. Percival did not remain long in Canada, but went to reside in Italy long before her husband returned to England. While he was vegetating as a bachelor at Spencer Wood, and I living in what is now Simpson's House, which I built. (Thornhill.) I was frequently at Spencer Wood. Mr. Percival had previous to his coming to Canada been a Captain in the Marines, and had been intimate with two of my relations in the army, Nicholson, a brother of Sir Arthur Nicholson, and a Captain of Marines, and a cousin and namesake of myself, who entered the field of battle of Waterloo, as senior Lieutenant of the 21st Battalion of the 27th Regiment and came out hobbling with a ball in his heel, and commanding the remains of his regiment.

You may wonder what I could have with such a demi-god as Sir James Craig. Well it was sufficiently humiliating to serve as a warning to give great men a wide berth (as Jack says) for the future. At the time that President Jefferson laid his famous embargo, in 1807, with a view of coercing England, I was a partner in an extensive merchant firm in Montreal

and Quebec. On a Saturday my partners in Montreal got a New York paper with the news in advance of the mail, and sent it off by express to me at Quebec, which reached me on a Sunday morning, when nothing in a mercantile way could be made out of it; so I determined to lay it before the Governor, and proceeded to Woodfield, with that intent, but I was not permitted to see the great man. An aide-de-camp took up the paper and left me to cool my heels in the lobby, and after waiting long I had to leave without so much as "thank you" from the tory, pot-bellied, spindle-shanked incarnation of pomposity. A year or two previous to the advent of Sir James, a momentous change had taken place at Quebec, by the establishment of a number of Baltic merchants in the lumber trade (now for the first time assuming the importance it has since held), in consequence of Napoleon's victories in Europe and great exclusion of the British shipping, where his power extended. (Napoleon's Berlin decrees are here alluded to.)

Sir James Craig was a very wealthy bachelor without heirs and spent his money freely at Quebec. He first established horse races on the Plains, granted the race grounds, and built the old wooden stand house. The grounds were part of the Ursuline property. What recompense was allowed for this, if any, I do not

know. He also built the Martello Towers, the outworks of the St. Louis and St. John's gates.

"The Chien d'Or in 1804."—This property belonged to Mr. Geo. Pozer. When the Union Hotel Company was got up in 1805, the Company was about purchasing the Chien d'Or, but afterwards selected Dr. Longman's house, facing the Ring. The hotel was built in front of the old house being connected with it in 1805, but so unsubstantially that in October of that year, the whole new part fell down. I remember seeing old Pozer in his cocked hat, strutting in front of the ruins in great glee.

Mr. Wilson got the situation of waiter and gauger at Quebec in seniority to Mr. Chas. Stewart, who had held the office for a dozen of years, landed at the Napoleon (then Queens' wharf), he entered the first door he found open, which happened to be that of old Martin Chinique, where he remained, married the daughter, and at her death inherited the property which he subsequently sold to James Arnold, who erected his ten story house on the spot. I knew old Martin Chinique, a little, sturdy old man, who held a small government pension in reward of his past services in piloting the fleet that conveyed Wolfe's army to Quebec. He was still on board Admiral Saunders' ship, when Wolfe's body was carried on board, 13th September, 1759.

Wilson subsequently became possessed of all

Judge Williams' property by marrying his granddaughter, Miss McLean. Most of all this property, as well as his Custom House fees, amounting at one time to £2,500 a year, was squandered in perpetual law suits.

“Young Holland”—I think that you have been misinformed respecting the death of this young man. When I came to Montreal the circumstances of the recent duel, were known to almost everyone. His antagonist was not a Mr. Ward, but a Captain Schoede, of the 6th Regiment of which Samuel Holland was then ensign, and the Battalion in which they served then quartered at Montreal. The Captain challenged his ensign for unjustifiable suspicions on the part of the Captain of Mr. Holland's intimacy with his wife, so palpably unfounded, that Mr. Holland applied to his father the Major at Quebec, as to whether he was in honor bound to accept the challenge. His father replied by forwarding by post his pistols. The duel took place, not behind the mountain, but at the windmill, Point St. Charles. Mr. Holland was mortally wounded at the first shot, but in his agony rose on his knees and levelled his pistol for Schœde's heart, who received the ball in his arm, held over his more vital parts. Mr. Holland was conveyed to the Merchant's Coffee House in the small lane near the river side, called Capitol Street, where he

died in great agony before evening. The Battalion in which these gentlemen served, was at that time commanded by Major Patrick Murray, a relation of the first Governor of Quebec, with whom I became very intimate in the years 1808 and 1809. Major Murray's account of the duel agreed with the general report, but he thought the challenge was given by young Holland, not Schœde. Murray, in an evil hour, sold his commission and purchased the Seignior of Argenteuil. At that time Sir George Prevost was also a Major in the 60th Regiment of 1790, while Murray's commission dated from 1784, Sir George gave Murray, in 1812, a Colonel's commission in the Militia; he raised a corps of lawyers in Montreal, known or styled by the funny old man, "The Devil's Own."

"De Gaspé."—His work disappointed me; few of the old Canadian families are mentioned in it, excepting his own relatives.

"Corriveau."—You may remember that some 15 or 16 years ago a preson of that name was tried and acquitted for the murder of his mother-in-law, Mrs. Todd, at St. Thomas. Mrs. Todd was the daughter of the late Mr. James Todd.

"Emily Montague"—Two years ago I had a copy of this work in good preservation. Since I got your note I looked among my books but

could not find it. I have lost a number of valuable works here by lending. Perhaps I may yet recover it.

“Hermit of St. Bernabé” and Gamache the pirate.”—Their memoirs will be welcome when you have time to gratify your readers by their publication. With respect to Gamache, who had a settlement at the southwest point of Anticosti and carried on an extensive commerce. I remember some 30 years ago hearing of some of his dark doings, but they were not noticed much by the authorities, as he came up to Quebec very frequently to sell salmon and furs, and purchase his supplies.

You do not mention anything about the haunted house, a large two story house near Elm Grove and fronting the race course stand. (Sans Bruit), standing back in a large field about midway between the Grande Allee and St. Foy Roads. I think that it belonged to the Dunn family. At all events, no one will occupy it as a dwelling. Its bad reputation kept it vacant many years. The first and only hedge that was to be seen in all Canada in 1799 was on the St. Louis part of the above premises.

“Sober Club” was composed of all the fast men, young and old, about the period of the close of the war, 1812. It was held in an old wooden house opposite that of the Hon. Ls. Panet’s on the Little River Road. Once and

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OLD JESUITS RESIDENCE, SILLERY, 1639

only once I, accepted an invitation to the club— and have had reason to remember it ever since. While being driven home by the late Mr. Languedoc (M.P.P.), just opposite the turn to Scott's bridge, something frighened the horse, and upsetting the cariole, dislocated my right arm, at the shoulder, and it has been out a hundred times since, I could never after lift my arm over my head.

“Beaver Club.”—The members were composed of the clerks and reired members of the North West Co'y. Its meetings were monthly at Dillon's Hotel in Montreal; a very different affair from the Sober Club, it was an honor and privilege to be invited there; when on one occasion in the winter of 1812, while lodging at Dillon's, where the club was held, I was favored with many voyageurs; songs were sung by the Hon. James McGill, a very tall and stout old man; when standing up with his paddle in his hand, *pour monter les rapides*, his Indian haloo at the close of each stanza, are never to be forgotten.

I fear that I have forgot a good deal of his old Norman song; perhaps you may know, or heard of it before.

“Sillery”—When I first saw that charming spot, all the lower flat was planted as a hop garden by Mr. Hullet, father of Mrs. Bosse, who occupied the old house near the hill. The convent was then standing, and roofed in, occupied

I believe, as a store. I don't recollect of any brewery on the premises. No timber was loaded at that time in Sillery, or in any other Cove on either side of the river, except Wolfe's Cove.

Page 50—If the dashing Col. Rivers was meant for old Henry Caldwell, the change was indeed marvellous, to the tall, thin, wrinkled, parchment, vinegar appearance of the old man you might have seen some 50 years ago driving up from his office in Notre Dame street, any day in the week. He died in 1810.

“Marchmont”—This field of forty acres was the property of the first Bishop Mountain. After his death it was sold to D. Douglass, a wealthy blacksmith in Champlain street. I think that he built the house. When he got involved in his brother-in-law, Mr. McCallun's affairs, he was forced to sell the property to Col. Harvey (Sir John). On his leaving Canada it was purchased by the Government, who subsequently changed it with the Hon. John Stewart for the cottage, Brandon Lodge, near St. Louis gate.

“Belmont,” the property of, and for many years occupied by Col. Henry Caldwell. At his death it was inherited by his son, the late Sir John Caldwell. When his property was sequestered to cover the defalcation in the Receiver-General's account; it was sold to the Hon. James Irvine. On his death it was again

brought into the Caldwell family, by the late Sir Henry, only son of Sir John.

I think that Sir John died at Bangor, in Maine.

Bruce's cottage, built and occupied by my old friend Mr. Bruce, of the Custom House, was situated near the brooks bounding Spencer Wood, west of Wolfesfield—a small brick building.

Page 118—Speaking of game near Quebec, a Canadian gentleman, whose name I cannot recall, but who kept a school (Corbin?) in the corner house, facing the guard house at Hope gate, told me that when a young man, he had often shot snipe between St. Louis gate and the old French works over l'ance des Meres.

Page 123—"Jacques Cartier"—Passing over the real founder of the colony. M. de Champlain, it is strange that Canadians pride themselves on the exploits of Cartier, who no doubt must have had the credit of an enterprising sailor, otherwise he would not have been selected to conduct a voyage of discovery—but admitting all this, Cartier was not the discoverer of the gulf and river St. Lawrence, nor even the first explorer, excepting, perhaps from Deschambault to Montreal, and the Baie de Chaleur. He, in all his voyages, entered by the Straits of Belle Isle, coasted Labrador, and up the St. Lawrence, mentioning sundry names of places as previously being well known.

In fact, not to mention Cabot's discoveries, the fishermen of the Basque Provinces and Normandy had as early as 1504 discovered and fished in the great Banks, and visited Newfoundland—by them named Bacalleos—and had most likely entered the Straits of Belle Isle and fished on the Labrador coast, naming the various headlands mentioned in Cartier's first voyage. For this Strait had been discovered, and the coast of Labrador explored by Cortereal, a Portuguese navigator of noble family, and a personal friend of the King's, who employed him in a voyage whose object was to discover a passage to the South Sea. His first voyage, in the year 1500, was to the coast of Labrador, where he kidnapped and carried off about 50 of the natives who were sold into slavery, probably. Likely in view of following up the lucrative slave trade, he made another voyage in the ensuing year, from which he never returned. His brother, sent out to look for him, shared the same fate. It appears that in his search for a passage to the South Seas, he had sailed up the St. Lawrence, at least as far as the River Jacques Cartier, and there cut off by the natives, as we can in no other way account for the piece of brass ordnance discovered there in 1843—which was a breech-loading gun, about six feet long, and such as was not used by any European nation except Spain and Portugal.

The only record we have of Cortereal is a brief account of his voyage contained in a letter to the King of Portugal; Sir William Nanson, in his naval work, mentions a report that one Cortereal had found a passage to the South Sea, but believed it to be a fable.

In a rude map of 1525, is a note stating that Cortereal had discovered Canada in the year 1500, and in a second voyage, was cut off by the savages.

Among my old books is a Merchant's Letter Book containing copies of letters addressed to various persons in Halifax and Quebec from 1758 to 1764. Scarcely any note, however, is taken of the serious events he must have seen. He followed Wolfe's army to Quebec with a large assortment of goods that the military required. He does mention the surrender of Quebec and the difficulty of finding a house in which to store his goods, as most of the buildings in the city were partially destroyed.

I have put aside for you an old Quebec Directory of 1791, a rarity.

Yours truly,

WM. HENDERSON.

LOOKING BACK

A GLANCE AT SOME IMPORTANT EVENTS HELD IN
THE GOOD OLD CITY OF QUEBEC—AN
INCIDENT OF REBELLION DAYS

Various indeed the reminiscences which cling to our old port; war, trade, adventure, sport, each in its turn playing a part.

In 1629 Capt. Kirk's fleet bids Champlain's brave but famished garrison to surrender the fort.

In 1690 Admiral Phipps 34 men-of-war bombard the city, and crest-fallen sail back to Boston.

Later, in 1759, Admiral Saunders's terrific cannonade destroys 527 dwellings and merchant's vaults.

In 1809, the pioneer steamer "Accommodation's" arrival in port wakes up the peace-loving denizens of the Old Rock.

In our days, 1860, H.M. ships Hero and Ariadne are watched, rounding Point Levi bearing to our shores the future King of England—Edward VII.

How many other memorable incidents could be adduced!

The one under notice, ancient in date, recalls the tragic death of a youthful member of the not forgotten boat clubs of 1837, some very dark days in our colonial existence—the era of 1837.

It is furnished by a letter recently received by our fellow townsman, Mr. Arthur Colley, Custom House broker, from his octagenarian uncle, Mr. Francis P. Colley, for many years past a resident of Stone, Isle of Oxary, Kent, England. The old sport, despite his eighty-six winters, it seems, is still hale and hearty; nor has he forgotten his quondam Quebec friends.

I am permitted to give an extract of this recent letter: "Mention," says Mr. Colley, was made in a communication respecting the late Andrew John Maxham, stroke-oar in a race in which I took part. It was against the officers of the 32nd Regiment—then quartered in Quebec—one of whom was Lieut. Weir, who was killed at the beginning of the rebellion in 1837.

Our crew was: Wm. Bignell, bow-oar; Frs. P. Colley, John Young, Jimmy Gillespie, Capt. Kinghorn, A. J. Maxham. Capt Kinghorn was captain of one of the Allan ships and afterwards agent in London for their steamers. I

shall never forget the parties in the race, as I felt my arms parting at the wrists, but we won the race. Gillespie at one time had to stop.— Frs. P. Colley.

A few notes on the career in after life of the sturdy oarsmen of 1837 may not be out of place:

“William Bignell,” an esteemed Notary Public, died in Quebec about 1890.

“Frs. P. Colley,” sole survivor of the Club of 1837.

“James Gillespie,” merchant, closed his career at Quebec, about 1870.

Capt. Greenhouse—not “Kinghorn,” accepted as stated, a position in England with the Allan Company.

“John Young”—The Hon. John Young became a Cabinet Minister and rendered eminent public service to the port and city of Montreal, where he resided and died.

“Andrew J. Maxham” ended his days in Quebec, as commission merchant, etc., on the 28th March, 1896, at the ripe age of 84 years.

“Lieut. Weir,” of the 32nd Highlanders, whilst carrying despatches to his Commander, at St. Denis, was cruelly murdered on the 22nd November, 1837, by the insurgents, and his body sank in the Richelieu River. Buried in Montreal.

The old Quebec Boat Club continued to flourish, winning later on other races.

Several new members joined the athletic oarsmen of 1836 in subsequent years.

In 1846 we find on the roll the name of George Patterson, Big Davie Harrower, Charles Jones, Robert Lindsay, John Dean, coxwain and others.

The boats were of superior build—imported from Scotland—the best known were the Red Rover, the Scarlet Runner, and the Ruby.

The Ruby, with a picked crew, won a memorable race, in Montreal, against a crack Montreal crew.

Later on a very beautiful outrigger—imported from abroad—35 feet keel, was landed on our glad waters. She was built of polished mahogany and called the Erin-go-braugh.

Since 1837 and 1846 aquatic sports in our waters have changed in their character. The row boat has disappeared. To the trim, fleet row boats has succeeded a flotilla of graceful yachts, with bright records of successful races, from the day on which Lieut.-Governor Angers planned and equipped La Mouette to the present time, when the superb yacht of Bailey Bland, the Jamboree, under her new and popular owner, Mr. Wm. Price, closes the list.

J. M. L.

17 May, 1902.

LORD LORNE

AND THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF CANADA, 1882

It ought to be a pleasant subject of reflection for His Grace, the Duke of Argyle, to recall the origin and uninterrupted progress of the Scientific Association founded by him, when as Marquis of Lorne, he was Governor-General of the Dominion.

No less pleasurable ought to be the thoughts of the literary gentlemen he associated to the creation of his enlightened and patriotic project.

I am in a position to furnish the following particulars.

On the 13th December, 1881, a well known *litterateur* of Quebec, M. H. Faucher de Saint Maurice and myself, were courteously invited by letter, on behalf of Dr. J. William Dawson, Principal of McGill College, to meet on the 29th December, 1881, at the College, in Montreal, the following eminent scientists and

litterateurs, Dr. Daniel Wilson, of Toronto University; Drs. Thomas Sterry Hunt, A. R.C., Selwyn, geologists; Dr. George Lawson, of Dalhousie College, Halifax, to discuss the basis and constitution of a scientific Association, to embrace in its membership the whole Dominion of Canada. The plan suggested and ultimately adopted was as follows:

It was proposed to limit the membership to eighty members; later on, the membership was enlarged to one hundred; it was divided into four sections: the object contemplated was the promotion of science and literature.

M. Faucher and I, hastened to meet the distinguished above named scientists; in Montreal, at the appointed date and spent three sittings at McGill College rooms discussing the various points submitted by the learned organizer of the projected Society, Dr. Wm. Dawson, who asked us to prepare a list of suitable candidates for membership, to be submitted to Lord Lorne.

We accordingly set to work in earnest. M. Faucher made out a list of French Canadian poets, and I prepared a memoir of the most prominent students or writers of Canadian annals.

His Excellency approved our choice in its entirety. Such was the origin of the French section of the Royal Society.

MEMBERS OF I SECTION, ROYAL SOCIETY—1882.

Abbé Bégin, *Quebec*; Abbé Bois, *Maskinongé*; Napoleon Bourassa, *Montreal*; Abbé Casgrain, *Rivière Ouelle*; P. J. O. Chauveau, *Montreal*; Paul de Cazes, *Quebec*; Oscar Dunn, *Quebec*; Hector Fabre, *Quebec*; Faucher de St. Maurice, *Quebec*; Louis H. Frechette, *Montreal*; Napoleon LeGendre, *Quebec*; Pamphile LeMay, *Quebec*; James M. LeMoine, *Quebec*; F. G. Marchand, *St. John's*; Joseph Marmette, *Quebec*; A. B. Routhier, *Quebec*; Benj. Sulte, *Ottawa*; Abbé Tanguay, *Ottawa*; Joseph Tassé, *Ottawa*; Abbé Verreau, *Montreal*.

The *Montreal Gazette* in its issue of 2nd December, 1905, in reviewing the Annual proceedings of the Royal Society, gives interesting details on its formation and notes with regret, the demise of several of its members.'

“The volume of Minutes of proceedings of the Royal Society for the year 1905-1906 is rich in material of unusual interest. It may be divided into the Proceedings proper and the Appendix—the latter again, consisting of the Presidential Address, the report on Marine and Lake Biological Stations; the report of the Committee of Goedetic Surveys; the Surveys of Tides and Currents in Canadian Waters, and the reports of associated societies. Of special interest in the proceedings is the re-

minder that the society is near its silver wedding. The years that have gone by since the Royal Society of Canada was organized have been eventful and fruitful years, and that the society had its share in promoting the progress of Canada in at least some not unimportant phases must be clear to any one who has examined the Transactions. Those who recall their work, and more especially those who had the privilege of being acquainted with all or any of them will be interested—though not without regret—at the memorial portraits and biographical sketches of recently deceased members—Rev. Dr. John Campbell, Mr. Wm. McLennan, Mr. Arthur Harvey, and the Rev. Abbe Bourassa. Each of these was endowed with special gifts, and they were all men who ardently loved what they deemed to be the truth, men who spent themselves gladly, and not fruitlessly in the service of their country. Of the distinguished men whom the noble founder choose to be his co-workers in giving shape to his conceived plan only a few venerable savants, or litterateurs are left to us. Indeed, if we except the treasurer, who was elected at the first meeting, the vice-president of Section II., who was unable to attend owing to certain synchronous lectures, and resigned very soon, and the sectional secretaries, who were not admitted for some years, there is only one member of

the original council at present in the land of the living. The council that met in Rideau Hall in May, 1882, in order to proceed with the definite organization of the society consisted of the president (Sir) J. W. Dawson, F.R.S., principal of McGill University; the vice-president, the Hon. P. J. O. Chaveau, Litt. D., etc.; the president of Section I., French Literature, etc., Mr. (now Sir) James Macpherson LeMoine; vice-president, M. N. Faucher de Saint Maurice; the president of Section II., English Literature, History, etc., Dr. (afterwards Sir) Daniel Wilson, F.R.S.C., etc.; vice-president (Dr. Goldwin Smith); president of Section III., Physical and Chemical Sciences, Dr. T. Sterry Hunt, F.R.S.; vice-president, Mr. Charles Carpmæl; president of Section IV., Dr. A. R. C. Selwyn, F.R.S., etc.; vice-president, Dr. George Dawson, Ph., D., F. Z. S., honorary secretary, Mr. (afterwards Sir) John G. Bourinot. All these were present save the one whose name is enclosed in parenthesis, and who was absent in England, and who resigned soon after his return. Such was the provisory council which met His Excellency the Governor-General at Governemnt House in May, 1882, and it is evident that the majority of them have joined the silent multitude. Only one of them survives to-day. On the 25th of May, the society assembled in the Railway Committee room,



SIR J. ADOLPHE CHAPLEAU—Late Lt. Governor of Quebec



and there the hon. secretary read the report of council. Certain of its recommendations were embodied in the charter and constitution of the society. At four in the afternoon the society met in the Senate Chamber and there the society was formally inaugurated—the Fellows being duly presented to the founder. In a concise and well weighed address, His Excellency set forth the objects of the society, and trusted that, if at first defects were noticeable they would afterwards be remedied. “Canada,” he said, “may certainly have her share in producing those men whose achievements in science have more than equalled in fame the triumphs of statesmen.”

“By a happy coincidence we find in *Le Soleil*, of Quebec, an excellent sketch of Sir James LeMoine’s career, in which there is special mention of his relations to the Royal Society of Canada. It is from the pen of Mr. P. B. Casgrain, a gentleman whose literary work is not unworthy of his name—the name of one of the most admired and esteemed presidents of that same society, the late Abbe Casgrain, the historian. We learn from Mr. Casgrain’s paper that Mr. (now Sir James) LeMoine and M. Faucher de Saint Maurice were invited to furnish the list of persons worthy of membership in section I. M. Faucher de Saint Maurice (says M. Casgrain) made choice of the poets,

and M. LeMoine took charge of the section of the historians. The two lists having been presented to the Marquis of Lorne, he gave them an unqualified approval. Mr. Casgrain devotes a good deal of the remainder of his study to the work of Sir James MacPherson LeMoine in connection with the society which he helped to create. The eighteen papers on history, ethnology and archeology that he contributed during the years 1882-1903 bear witness to his industry, while the appreciation of his colleagues was shown by his election as president of the society in 1894-95. Among the subjects dealt with in these papers were the archives of Canada (from two different points of view), the last decade of French rule in Quebec, a Plutarchian parallel between La Galissonniere and Dufferein, the earl of Elgin, materials for history in the annals of our towns and parishes, the constituents of the population of Quebec, the Hon. Col. Henry Caldwell, the avi-fauna of Quebec, and Sir Frederick Haldimand, governor of Quebec. The rest of Mr. Casgrain's paper (Soleil) covers the earlier and later career of the laird of Spencer Grange—honored pioneer and doyen of the French and English writers of Quebec.)

LE CERCLE DES DIX, 1895-98

A NON-POLITICAL CLUB

I.

Among the blithesome memories of social, musical or literary functions in the past at the Vice-Regal *Chateau*, Spencer Wood, there are some that were of peculiar interest to the whole city, such as the *Grande Fête Champêtre*, given by Governor Sir James Henry Craig, in 1809. From its magnificence and the enjoyment afforded to the *beau monde* of the period, it is more than likely that it helped to confer, by its lordly display on the stern old soldier, the title of "little King Craig." Old Philippe A. DeGaspé, one of the guests, has left us in his *memoirs* a charming description of this pageant in the great woods of Sillery. Later on there were festive *reunions*, such as garden parties, social and musical assemblies of the cultured and elegant Mrs. Perceval, the spouse of the Hon. Michael Henry Perceval, M.E.C.

and Collector of Customs for the port of Quebec, 1816 to 1829; these were grand times for the latter official; for over and above his wife's great income, his pay, in fees, amounted to £8,000 per annum. Mrs. Perceval was the mother of a large family of sons and handsome daughters; the latter, later on, distinguished by their matrimonial alliances on their return to England; the sons adopted military careers.

The *Soirées* were chiefly during the winter months; the family occupied Spencer Wood, known till then as "Powell Place." It took its present name from the statesman Spencer Perceval, a relative.

Mrs. Peter Sheppard, an adept on the harp, was a frequent guest of the musical Perceval family; to her I am indebted for an interesting memoir on Spencer Wood festivities, written by her at my request. I believe her son, the present A.D.C., has inherited her musical talent. After many years we light on the gala receptions and exquisite dinners of one of our most able Governor-Generals, the Earl of Elgin. Sir Francis Hincks, his Minister of Finance, then resided opposite Spencer Wood at Thornhill, (now the cherished home of our old friend, Archibald Campbell), Sir Francis doubtless used the opportunity *over the walnuts and wine*, to discuss with His Excellency, his favorite topic, which he thus

summed up in the House, "My politics are railways." Was he not in advance of the times?

II.

The literary club known as "Le Cercle des X," taking its name from the number of its members, originated at Spencer Wood as follows: the Hon., later on, Sir Adolphe Chapleau, in autumn, 1892, then Minister of the Interior in Ottawa, succeeded the Hon. Auguste Real Angers as Lieutenant-Governor.

On January 21st, 1893, in an interview with him, whilst recalling incidents of his life at Ottawa, His Honor remarked, "What delightful evenings we used to spend at "Le Cercle des X," why not have a Cercle des X in Quebec?" I was struck by the idea, and wrote that very day to a literary friend, in Ottawa, asking for particulars about the club, and in order to disclose its nature, shall now furnish an extract from his reply, "We limit the club to ten members," said he, "though we have sometimes gone a little beyond—to keep it well in bounds. We invite to our meetings no outsiders, excepting an occasional distinguished stranger visiting Ottawa. We meet every Wednesday evening, at the house of one of the members, following alphabetic order, from October to May, with a recess for Christmas and New Year's holidays, from Dec. 15th to January 15th. A new President is chosen at each

sitting, and in order not to make it burthen-
some to members with limited incomes, refresh-
ments of the simplest kind are alone offered;
the style of notification of the seance is pecu-
liar; a visiting card, thus

LES X.

At the house of

B. SULTE

1 *January*, 1893.

which means date of convocation and where.

At the close of each meeting the subject to be discussed at the next was chosen. No politics allowed; history, literature, archeology, fine arts and sciences generally have their turn. A concise record of each sitting notes the proceedings." Then follows a list of the Ottawa members for one meeting. "Deville, A. Frechette, Hon. Telesphor Fournier, Alfred Garneau, A. Lusignan, Prevost, Sulte, Benoit." This programme suited Quebec; it was accepted.

A few days after, in an interview with His Honor, he gave me a list of Quebec *Literateurs*,

suitable for the projected club, requesting me to notify them: Mr. Justice Blanchet, Paul deCazes, Jos. Edmond Roy, N. LeVasseur, L. Z. Joncas, Faucher de Saint Maurice, Napoleon LeGendre, Henri Delagrave, Jules Tessier.

George M. Fairchild was later on elected to replace a member who resigned through illness. All these gentlemen were graciously invited to dine with His Honor at Spencer Wood, on Feb. 23rd, 1893. The following were favored guests at this jolly dinner, Honorables Messrs. Marchand and Nantel, also M. Liniere Taschereau, Q. C.

During desert the first seance of the Club was ushered in. I was elected first President and presided. It was decided to make no other rules, but to adopt those agreed on, at Ottawa, and the Club to hold fortnightly meetings from Sept. 15th to May 31st, with recess from Dec. 25th to January 10th. Saturday being chosen as our rallying day. Although the members agreed to follow the Ottawa rule as to "light refreshments," this wholesome regulation was more than once infringed; I can recall on a cold January Saturday a *Seance* closed with delicious moose steaks, and a formidable oyster pie. No trace of the latter remained!

The club had two delightful outings during the summer of 1894 and 1895. One on an invitation to meet at the pretty residence of M. Liniere Taschereau, St. Joseph, on the Chau-

diere, and the other, at the Manor Rigaud Vaudreuil, at St. Francois, Beauce, where, after a sumptuous entertainment, the Chatelain, M. Chaussegros de Lery, exhibited to us the valuable collection of portraits in oils of his ancestors, famous in Canadian story; the interest in which was heightened by a display of his Seigniorial title deeds and ancient parchments all so quaintly worded.

III.

The Lieut.-Governor, whenever his official duties permitted, attended the meetings of the club; the first regular seance was held at "Spencer Grange," which His Honor cordially enjoyed. The programme of subjects settled on for elucidation as previously stated, were of a varied nature.

Canadian annals and antiquarian lore presented fruitful themes for discussion. Many questions, such as the following were submitted for debate:

1st. Did Jacques Cartier really undertake a fourth voyage to the St. Lawrence?

2nd. What was the origin of the word "Quebec?"

3rd. What was the name of the Lutheran Minister, at Quebec, under the Kirke regime?

4th. What was the real site of the great battle of Sep. 13th, 1759?

5th. Where are the dead of both armies buried?

6th. What was the process used to embalm Wolfe's remains to convey them to England?

7th. Was Champlain justified in taking sides in the Indian wars against the Iroquois?

These and many other similar points were more or less discussed, but history did not always come to the front; literature had its innings. Thus our versatile secretary, Faucher de St. Maurice, read a striking passage from Viscount de-Cormenin's book, "*Une étude sur le serment politique de M. de Talleyrand.*"

I was also asked to produce my large album, of Canadian portraits and views, showing the uniforms, in colors, of the five French regiments engaged in the great seige of Quebec: La Reine, Languedoc, Guienne, La Sarre and Royal Roussillon, likewise the showy uniforms of the Quebec volunteers of 1837-8.

I was also closely questioned on Quebec antiquities, and curios, before the close of the seance.

Among our members we had a talented musician, Major Levasseur, who, the subject for discussion at the next meeting being as usual given out, treated us to a learned dissertation on the quaint and oldest specimens of musical instruments imported at Quebec from Europe, since

the foundation of the Colony, without omitting mention of the advent of the first Stradivarius or Cremona and where their divine melody was last heard. Amongst the primitive specimens were some very rude, and very quaint ones.

I can recollect at one of our meetings the pleasure we experienced hearing well read, the beautiful poems of Alfred de Musset, and Theophile Gautier.

In the latter times we had a new member, Dr. A. Vallee, a learned Prof. of Laval University, and Medical Superintendent of Beauport Asylum. At that date hypnotism was much in vogue in France; the Prof. having been studying it under its scientific aspect, interested us much by the manner in which he treated this mysterious subject before the club; each member furnished some facts to prove or disprove the Doctor's theory.

I remember stating how I happened to have known the man who first introduced mesmerism in Quebec; this was in Sept., 1838, and the disciple of Mesmer was Edward Gibbon Wakefield, one of Lord Durham's chief advisers, and the abductor of Miss Turner, an English school-girl and ward in chancery.

A voice sang out, "did he mesmerize her?" I replied *Quien Sabe?* but I must not tell tales out of school; had I in my possession, which I have not, the Secretary's official record of proceedings, I would be in a position to disclose

much more of the merry, but instructive work of the "Cercle des X," embalmed in Secretary Faucher's picturesque prose.

I take this opportunity of apologizing to my ever courteous colleagues, if I should fail, after the lapse of years, in being able to recall a score of scientific papers read by them, together with the witty sayings of the poets the club comprised !!

The fortnightly gathering was not always held at the home of the members. Mr. Fairchild, residing at Cap Rouge, nine miles from the city, thought it best to convene his colleagues to a *recherche* dinner, at the Chateau Frontenac, Nov., 1895, where (Sir) Gilbert Parker was his invited guest. The Cap Rouge antiquary had helped Parker in "The Seats of the Mighty," for which help the novelist returned him thanks in the introduction of his work.

The club had also partaken of the generous hospitality of Hon. G. A. Nantel, at the Frontenac, Dec. 26th, 1896.

In May, 1897, the Cercle des X was sorrowfully escorting to Belmont Cemetery, the mortal remains of its regretted and gifted Secretary, Faucher de Saint Maurice, who had died after a lingering illness.

Instruction and pleasant social intercourse sprang from the Saturday meetings of our Symposium, where good fellowship invariably

prevailed. A dark day it was for the *Cercle des X*, when in January, 1898, came the announcement that Sir Adolphe Chapleau's term of office, at Spencer Wood, had expired.

The club decided on giving His Honor a parting dinner at the Victoria Park, on January 16th. It was a perfect success. As Doyen and first President of the Club, I was asked to preside, and did so, with Sir Adolphe Chapleau on my right, and Hon. Premier Marchand on my left.

The *Daily Telegraph*, of January 17th contained the following notice of the same.

LIEUT.-GOV. CHAPLEAU DINED

FAREWELL BANQUET BY THE "CERCLE DES DIX"

The Cercle des Dix of Quebec founded by His Honor, Lieutenant-Governor Chapleau, and over which he presided for a number of years, tendered him a farewell dinner Saturday evening at the kiosk, in Victoria Park. The entire building was used for the occasion and was beautifully decorated throughout. Steward Douglas, of the Union Club, superintended the diner, and the *menu* left nothing further to be desired. The following is the list of members of the Cercle:—Sir Adolphe Chapleau, Sir James M. LeMoine, Hon. Justice Blanchet,

Hon. Justice Lemieux; Hon. Speaker of the Assembly, Jules Tessier; Minister of Colonization and Mines, Hon. A. Turgeon; Hon. G. A. Nantel, Dr. A. Vallee, L. Z. Joncas, Paul de Cazes, F.R.S.C., J. E. Roy, F.R.S.C., Liniere Taschereau, G. M. Fairchild, jr., N. Levasseur, and C. DeLery. The guest at the dinner was the Hon. Mr. Marchand, Premier of the Province, who was subsequently elected a member of the Cercle. In the absence of J. E. Roy, who had prepared a suitable resolution of regret at the loss about to be sustained by the club and citizens of Quebec generally in the near retirement of His Honor Sir Adolphe Chapleau, it devolved upon Sir James LeMoine to voice the sentiments of the Cercle, which he did in an appropriate speech full of tender feeling, ending by proposing the health of Sir Adolphe Chapleau, and called on Mr. Fairchild to poetically express the sentiments of des Dix. Whereupon Mr. Fairchild read the following lines:—

To Sir Adolphe Chapleau:

Your health again,* old friend, before we part

Alas! no tie so fond but time must sever,

Still would we linger and joy forever

In that free converse warming heart to heart;

While you with skilful, ever ready art,

Yet holding always firmly to the lever,

Lend thought to pretty wit, but malice never,

Thus speed you on the hours like bowman's dart.

And must we say good-by? Oh! hateful thought!

Would that it only were plain "good-morrow,"

To make a drear farewell but half a sorrow

Like as a cloud which hath a rainbow caught

Adieu, dear friend! our grieving goes for naught,

Fate wills the hour from hope we may not borrow.

G. M. FAIRCHILD, JR.

His Honor Sir A. Chapleau replied to the toast of his health in one of those eloquent

speeches which were always certain to evoke frequent outbursts of applause. Among other things he spoke of the excellent work done by the Cercle des Dix since its existence, in the gathering, and preparing, of a mass of valuable historical papers relating to the Province and city of Quebec, and trusted that the Society would yet see its way clear to their publication. He regretted, as did Lady Chapleau, their departure from Quebec, which had become endeared to them by many ties of warm friendship, and affection for beautiful Spencer Wood, their home for the past five years. He wished the society a long and useful career.

Speeches followed from Premier Marchand, Major N. LeVasseur, Liniere Taschereau, Hon. Speaker Tessier, after which a pleasant hour of song was passed before the party broke up.

"Daily Telegraph," 17 Jan., 1898.

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PART III



PERSONAL AND HOME MEMORIES



A PERSONAL LETTER FROM A JOURNALIST

“THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S CORNER”

(From the *Mail and Empire*, Toronto 8th December, 1900)

Toronto, Sept. 3rd, 1900.

SIR JAMES LEMOINE,
Spencer Grange,
Quebec.

Dear Sir,

Beginning in the fall of this year, we purpose to publish in the Young People's Corner, of the "Mail" and "Empire," a series of biographical sketches of the youth of prominent Canadians, whether by birth or adoption. Such a feature, we believe, would make not only interesting(but very helpful reading to both old and young.

We therefore should esteem it a real kindness if you could spare time to write us a few of the important incidents of your youth—the events which any boy or girl would like to hear, and which you, yourself, like to look back upon.

Would you also mind answering the question, "What books have helped you most"?

Sincerely yours,

J. V. McAREE.

Editor Y. P. C.

“REPLY OF SIR JAMES MACPHERSON LEMOINE”

(CHAPTER OF AUTOBIOGRAPHY)

“My Young Friends.—I accede with pleasure to the invitation tendered in your name to contribute in the Young People’s Corner for your information, glimpses of those days in the past I like to look upon, and which will return never more !

My name is James MacPherson LeMoine; the “MacPherson” was subsequently added, in token of gratitude to the kind old grandfather, Daniel MacPherson, who lovingly watched over my boyhood.

I saw the light of day for the first time some seventy-five years ago, in the historic old city of Quebec. My father, a French gentleman, in deportment, dress, and social usages,—traced his descent to the French LeMoine—one of the first families who had emigrated from Normandy to Quebec about 1650.

My mother, Julia Ann MacPherson, was the daughter of Daniel MacPherson, a U. E. Loyalist, driven from Philadelphia in 1783. He was born in 1753, at Fort William, Invernesshire, Scotland.

This dual origin will account for the use of French and English—the two leading languages of modern times—in my works.

I was but three years old, when my mother died, leaving a family of eleven children. I was one of the youngest boys, adopted by our grandparents and received, with my two brothers, in 1828, under the roof of the picturesque Seigniorial Manor,¹ at Crane Island; we accompanied our Grand-father in 1829, on his removal to St. Thomas, Montmagny, a populous parish, thirty-five miles east of Quebec, on the south shore of the St. Lawrence river.

Until my thirteenth year the only tuition I received was that indifferently doled out at the French village school of St. Thomas; there, as well as later on, during my collegiate course, at the Petit Séminaire de Quebec, I had but scant opportunity of learning English—my mother's tongue—so as to write it, though, at home English was the language spoken. Whatever I may know of the English idiom, I had to acquire since; sometimes, under very untoward circumstances. This I state, my young friends, in order to impress on you that with industry and perseverance you can easily master the two beautiful languages, which I take to be indispensable in such a mixed community as our own—English and French.

(1) The Seigniorial Manor of Captain L. De Beaujeu—brother to Captain De Beaujeu, the brave Canadian officer who fell at the battle of Monongahela in 1755.—The Crane Island chieftain, heading his tenants, had gallantly come in March, 1776, to the assistance of Sir Guy Carleton, besieged in Quebec.

Of my school days I cannot say I entertain very cheerful memories. The Dominie generally was a species of petty tyrant; the slightest fault was visited with severe punishment; the birch rod with him seemed to be the chief factor to teach the young idea how to shoot. In the United States schools this savage idea is long since exploded.

One memorable incident of my boyhood I am not likely ever to forget, as it gave me, for the time, marked importance in the school-room.

It occurred on St. Jean Baptiste day (24th June, 1837). The fiery dictator in Parliament, the Hon. Louis Joseph Papineau, accompanied by some of his zealous lieutenants was to harangue the free and independent electors on the misrule the colony was suffering under. The audience was well prepared. Incendiary appeals in the French press; impassioned utterances by village politicians at the church door after high mass on Sundays, had wrought up the native population of St. Thomas and neighboring parishes to fever heat. St. Thomas had been styled by a Quebec newspaper a "focus of sedition."

The insurrection of 1837-8 in Lower Canada was indeed a period of unrest and alarm. Our teacher, a fiery "patriot," rejoicing in the name of Mercier, with the view of instilling patriotic feelings in the hearts of the "young hopefuls" under his charge, had prepared a short, but

stirring address, which was to be recited by the biggest boy in the school, to Mr. Papineau, on his way to Kamouraska, on his electioneering tour.

It so happened I was the "biggest boy." I was of course drilled with the rest of the boys for the important function, to come off that afternoon; the scholars to line both sides of the road, the tallest heading each line, right foot extended, right hand ready to doff cap, with three rousing hurrahs! when the patriotic address was delivered, which ran thus:

"Honneur et Gloire au Brave et Généreux Défenseur de Nos Droits!"

Hurrah! Hurrah!! Hurrah!!!

Thus it had been ordained—thus it was done. This was the first, the only political speech I have ever made; brief and to the point, was it not?

The Canadian Demosthenes stopped his carriage, bowed gracefully, and smilingly; and on rolled the soft-cushioned old style curricule—on the highway to sedition.

Our boyish amusements, on holidays, at St. Thomas, were trout fishing in the tiny Rivière des Perdrix, three miles in rear; shooting beach birds in August and September, on the vast mud flats which line the St. Lawrnee; occasionally ransacking for birds' nests and squirrels, the woods of the Seigniorial Manor,

then owned by a jolly, whole-souled Englishman, William Randall Patton; but it was understood the birds' nests were not to be robbed or disturbed. St. Thomas has indeed for me sweet, unforgettable memories of youthful days.

Here, I imbibed my taste for birds and natural history generally; here, was conceived the idea of studying their lives more minutely. Twenty years later, amidst the home of trees, flowers, and birds, at Spencer Grange, were written "Les Oiseaux du Canada" and various other articles on Canadian ornithology.

FIRST AND FAVORITE BOOKS

You ask what were the first books I read. The first book I recollect perusing was a work on the "Song Birds of England." The writer's name has escaped me. Marryatt's sea-tales had a strong, lasting charm. I enjoyed them most during the golden hours of my August school vacation, which I spent at the Crane Island manor, owned by a brother of my mother, Mr. John MacPherson. How I revelled in the adventurous career of Peter Simple, Midshipman Easy, and followed the mishaps of Snarlyow, and of that hateful Lieutenant Vanslyperken, in the Dogfiend! Later on Talemachus, as a model of elegant French, fell into my hands. I was next advised to become

acquainted with the splendid "Théâtre Français;" "Athalie," and "Phœdre," those masterpieces of Racine, and "Le Cid," Corneille's chef-d'œuvres, were my favourites.

The weird poems of Ossian, so taking in their English garb, as presented by the clever Highlander, James MacPherson, continued long to captivate my youthful mind, until their genuineness was made doubtful to me by my admired author, Sir Walter Scott.

A novel whose hero and heroine stuck to me like burrs was Madame de Staël's "Corinne," though I never was a deep reader of novels. Great was my admiration for Madame de Staël's genius and brave spirit, which even Napoleon failed to subdue. Walter Scott, as a writer and a man, was my true hero. I took to his works, prose and poetry, a short time after perusing Bernadin de St. Pierre's "Paul et Virginie," and Cervante's incomparable "Don Quixote."

Scott's poems I prized, and the wondrous imagery and ennobling sentiments in his novels which fascinated my youth have lost naught of their charm. I now return to them with equal zest when life's shadows are getting longer.

I can well understand Mr. Gladstone's partiality for the "Ariosto of the North," and appreciate the influence he ascribes to his works in forming and uplifting the character of the young.

A visit to Sir Walter's fantastic home—Abbotsford—was a dream of my youth. The dream became a reality in August, 1881.

I was permitted to stalk through those quaint halls, from whence the light of other days had departed, and on ascending the little winding stair, leading from his sleeping apartment to his study, after successively viewing the library, armoury, etc., lastly, being asked to contemplate his wearing apparel still in good preservation: the green velveteen coat, white hat, heavy walking shoes, all minutely described by Lockhart; I felt as if the presence of Sir Walter permeated the air. The spell of the Wizard was on me, and when glancing through the open window looking towards the Tweed and recalling the death scene, so pathetically pictured by Lockhart, "on that warm, still September day, with the sound of all others most delicious to Sir Walter's ear, the gentle ripple of the Tweed over its pebbles, distinctly audible to all those kneeling around his bed," I dared not look up to the guide, lest he should notice my emotion.

On returning to Quebec from visiting Edinburgh, I made it with York and Rouen, the subject of my opening address as president of the Literary and Historical Society of Quebec, at our winter course of lectures, since published in book form.

Possibly, my young friends, should you express the wish, I may tell you how forty years

of delving into Canadian annals, and studying bird-life, led me to place before the public, in a light, popular form, the cherished subjects, which have brought me unexpected honours, diplomas, etc., and finally, a prized mark of distinction from my sovereign.

JAMES MACPHERSON LEMOINE.

A LITERARY RENDEZVOUS OF QUEBEC

JOHN A. COOPER

“Since Sir J. M. LeMoine published “L’Ornithologie du Canada,” in 1860-1, and “Maple Leaves,” in 1863-4-5, 73-89-94, he has been an energetic leader in literary matters in Quebec, and his picturesque home, Spencer Grange, has been a prized literary rendezvous.

In 1864, while the Fathers of Confederation were laying, in the Quebec Parliament Buildings, the foundation of the present union of provinces, there was a merry gathering just outside the city. At Spencer Grange, Mr. LeMoine was entertaining George Augustus Sala, the distinguished journalist-author; François X. Garneau, Quebec’s greatest historian; Abbé J. B. Ferland, historiographer, and others of more or less repute in the world of literature. This was the first “Grape Festival” at Spencer Grange, and each succeeding autumn has witnessed a similar gathering, the faces changing



SPENCER GRANGE



as time changes the generations of men. At the latest festival there were gathered judges, diplomats, politicians, military men, educationists, publicists, and litterateurs, all pleased to be the guest of a man who has contributed a score of books to the English literature of Canada, and even more to the French literature of his beloved province.

Of the versatile historian and ex-President of the Royal Society of Canada, the poet Kirby has written: "Few have had such opportunities as Mr. LeMoine for studying the lights and shades of the old province of Quebec. His early training, social *entourage*—love of books, antiquarian tastes and familiarity with the English as well as with the French idiom; his minute explorations by sea and by land of every nook and corner of his native province, and far beyond it, the whole jotted down day by day in his diary, naturally furnishes him with exceptional facilities to deal with Canadian subjects in a light or in a serious vein."

Only those who have had the pleasure of a few hours in Mr. LeMoine's bow-windowed library, with its numerous shelves of rare volumes, first editions and presentation copies, with its portfolios of rare sketches and prints, and with its collection of everything to delight the heart of a Canadian bibliographer, can appreciate the above remarks of the author of

“Chien d’Or.” Among the distinguished visitors who have favored Spencer Grange, are Francis Parkman, Goldwin Smith, Dean Stanley, Charles Kingsley, Gilbert Parker, Sandford Fleming, L. H. Frechette, and scores of lesser lights in the realm of thought and of art creation, as well as many persons of higher social standing, and even princes and princesses of royal blood.

But there is one who has visited this pleasant domain who must be mentioned, and that is the famous Audubon. When this great naturalist came to Quebec he brought with him a copy of his great work, “Ornithological Biography,” and a portfolio containing the engravings to be embodied in his projected work, “The Quadrupeds of America.” Audubon Avenue in Spencer Grange commemorates this famous visit.

Even for its own sake, Spencer Grange is a delightful place to visit. It is situated just outside Quebec on the St. Louis Road, and adjoining Spencer Wood, the residence of Quebec’s Lieutenant-Governor. Originally both properties were known as Powell Place, being the property of General Powell, in 1790-6, stationed at Quebec. In 1810 it was the residence of Sir James Craig, Governor of Canada, and received from Hon. H. M. Percival, in 1815, the name of Spencer Wood. In 1833, a merchant



HENRICO HOPE

Copiarum Duce et provincie sub prefecto
protectore et adjuvante
constructa.

Georgii III regis nostri
anno XXXI et salutis 1786

MONUMENT IN SPENCER GRANGE GARDEN

Built with the Stones of Quebec's Old Gates raised in 1871



of Quebec, Henry Atkinson, obtained possession of it, and in 1850, he parted with the portion now known as Spencer Wood, for Lord Elgin's official residence, retaining the forty acres now designated Spencer Grange. Mr. LeMoine married a niece of Mr. Atkinson and afterwards purchased the property.

Some majestic old trees have been left here and there about the lawns. The cleared space in the centre of which stands the house and its graperies, is girt about with a zone of tall pine, beech and maple. Among these are rustic walks and winding avenues, which invite one to partake of the calm beauty of sylvan nature. It is a delightful spot, and from the southern boundary one looks out over the broad St. Lawrence with its panoramic view of the creations and activities of both man and nature.

In a romantic corner of the southern lawn may be seen such trophies as the neatly trimmed monuments made out of the corner stones and inscription of some of the old gateways of Quebec. These were presented to Mr. LeMoine in 1871 by the City Council of Quebec, in recognition of his literary efforts to make known the old attractiveness of Quebec. In the picture of the Grange given herewith may be seen a Dominion flag. This was presented to Mr. LeMoine, 1882, by some of the leading citizens of Quebec as a memento of the gratitude they felt towards him for his unselfish historical labors.

Here also may be seen a rugged old cannon which was fished up at English point on the St. Lawrence, near the site of the shipwreck of Admiral Walker's fleet in 1711. Its rusty appearance and corroded sides betoken its age, and one's fancy may carry him back to the olden struggles and the stern battles of days that are gone. Here is also a row of English shot and shell, all gathered up from Wolfe's camp at Montmorency. A honey-combed tablet, presenting a well-defined profile of Montcalm's successful opponent, enshrined amid flags and symbols of war, and encircled with the inscription, "In memory of Major-General James Wolfe, the Conquerer of Quebec, 13th Sept., 1759," must be very old as the workmanship is very crude, and no duplicates of it are known. It is probably one of the oldest specimens of the Canadian moulder's art. Here also is a broken basaltic column from the Giant's Causeway.

Another point of interest is Mr. LeMoine's Museum which has been luminously described in the *Antiquarian Journal*, by Benjamin Sulte. The learned writer says:—

"One of the greatest attractions for us, in visiting Spencer Grange, was its museum of Canadian birds, comprising two-thirds of the feathered tribe of the Dominion, with a fair sprinkling of foreign specimens, and a collection of bird's eggs. Each class of birds has

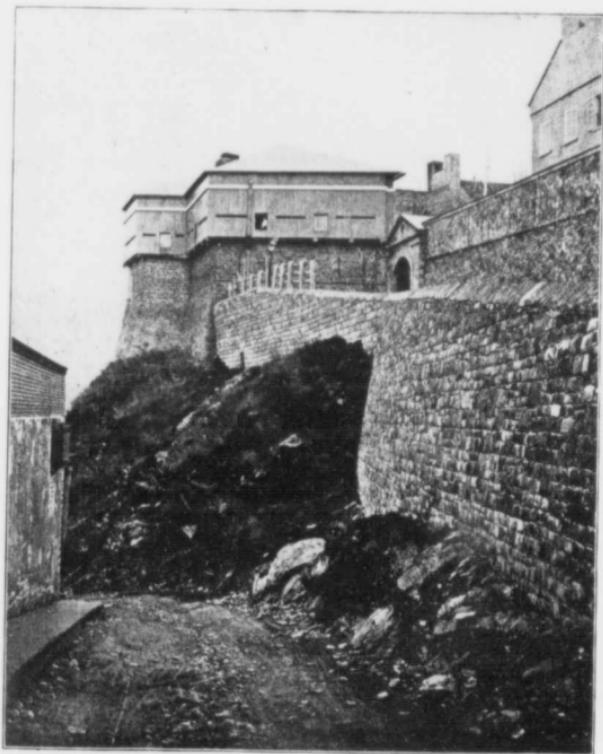
its own corner, or judging by the label, 'a habitation and a name.' The thrushes and fly-catchers are particularly conspicuous from their bright tints and delicate arrow-shaped markings. The olive-grey cuckoo, a quaint and graceful minstrel in our green hedges in July, the oriole, blue jay, officer-bird, indigo-bird, and golden-winged wood-pecker form a group of striking beauty. A succession of drawers contain the nests and eggs, scientifically labelled, of many Canadian species, as well as some of the songsters of France and England, preeminent among such being those of the European nightingale. Of some of the more curious of the specimens we naturally took special notice, of such as the tiny nest of a West Indian and a Canadian humming-bird, made out of a piece of sponge, and the cubiculum of the red-headed wood-pecker scooped out of the decayed heart of a silver birch-tree, with the eggs within, and the bird's head peering from the orifice in the bark."

Among other oddities to be seen in this quaint spot, may be enumerated the legendry white robin of nursery rhymes, in actual fact—a specimen shot at Deschambault: a white crow; specimens of grouse, ptarmigan, and capercaillie, sent from Scotland by the Hon. Adam Ferguson Blair; a silver gull killed at Niagara Falls; and a Florida ibis shot at Grondines; a Bird of Paradise; and a magnificent specimen of the great owl of the Pyrenees, *le Grand Duc*.

Among other curiosities, Indian, French and English, to be found about this romantic habitation is a collection of canes. One is called General I. Brock's cane—a curiously carved and worm-eaten ludgeon, presented to the past president of the Literary and Historical Society, in 1872, by Messrs. Fisher & Blouin, owners of the antique tenement occupied for years by the firm in Fabrique Street, Quebec, where, it is said, the chivalrous soldier, Brock, resided, when commanding his regiment, the 49th, at Quebec, in 1806. Several others are made from the wood of historical wrecks, and some have been brought from such distant lands as Japan and the West Indies.

To enumerate all the attractions of Spencer Grange would require a great deal of space. It is redolent of history and scholarly antiquity, yet throbbing with the life of nature which is ever new. The visitor is treated most hospitably by Mr. LeMoine, who is possessed of a charm and grace of manner which betoken the man of culture and refinement.

JOHN A. COOPER.



OLD HOPE GATE



PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF SOME LITERARY CELEBRITIES

SALA—CANON KINGSLEY—DEAN STANLEY—FRANCIS
PARKMAN—JUSTIN McCARTHY—JOHN MOR-
LEY—WM. DEANS HOWELLS—JOAQUIN
MILLER—SIR ERASMUS OMMANNEY
—SIR GILBERT PARKER
XAVIER MARMIER.

Of the distinguished *Litterati* attracted to Quebec by her historic associations, and scenery, it has been my good fortune to meet several of the best known.

This covers a long period of years—viz. from 1860—when I acquired Spencer Grange—to the present time. One of the most attractive visitors was the humorous representative of the *London Telegraph*, George Augustus Sala, who had travelled from London to Quebec, to report the proceedings of the *Fathers of Confederation*, assembled in conclave in the old Parliament House on Mountain Hill, in September, 1864, to discuss the terms of Confederation.

I had met Mr. Sala in the city; in course of conversation, he having expressed a desire to get acquainted with our Quebec Canadian *literateurs*, I invited him out to meet some of the most eminent of them at "Spencer Grange" on the following Saturday, when he would be off duty.

The meeting of the Provincial delegates, on such an important mission as the Quebec Conference had attracted the attention of the whole British Empire. It is thus that the distinguished journalist and author, George Augustus Sala, happened to pay his first visit to the Ancient Capital.

The Spencer Grange Grapery was then at its best, and it occurred to me that my literary friends would enjoy the contemplated symposium under its green arches; it was the first time such an event had taken place there. I must now borrow a report of the *fête* written by an old friend. "Invitations were issued to meet George Augustus Sala, and thus was instituted the first grape festival held at the Grange, a kind of harvest-home, which has been kept up since, exhibiting burdened branches of black hamburgs, and chasselas doré, hanging overhead, and a table bedecked with the gayest of flowers, and the richest varieties of the cultivated grape."

The guests were François X. Garneau, the

historian of Canada, old Abbé Ferland, historiographer, Professor Hubert LaRue, of Laval University, Dr. J. C. Taché, the well known essayist on Confederation, the Hon. Joseph Cauchon, editor of *Le Journal de Québec*, with several others of less note; all seemed to enjoy themselves amazingly. Brimful as usual of anecdote and pleasantries, the sparkling author of "*Breakfast in bed*" kept the ball of good fellowship arolling.

Even the grave Garneau had his joke, and joined issue with Abbé Ferland on the question of the early Sillery Jesuits. Dr. Taché with his usual good humoured combativeness, set himself out to contradict every one, much to the delight of Dr. LaRue, who was not unwilling to meet him with flashes of wit couched in the most elegant of French, as he was at times backed by Sala, himself an excellent French scholar.

Sala was heard to say this social gathering afforded him much pleasure.

There was nothing particularly striking in the physique of Mr. Sala. He was of medium height, rather thickset, dark haired, ruddy complexion, with bright sparklink eyes. Alas! I am the sole survivor of that gay reunion.

George Augustus Sala was the son of an Italian gentleman, who married a favorite English singer of West Indian extraction. He was born in London in 1828, and died there on the 8th December, 1895. As a novelist, war correspondent, essayist and descriptive paragrapher, he had few equals.

CANON KINGSLEY

The following is an extract from my diary:

“Canon Kingsley gave two lectures in Quebec on the 27th and 28th March, 1874, the first lecture was on Westminster Abbey, and the second on The First Discoverer of America. He also drove out to Montmorency Falls, with the “Tandem Club” on the morning of the 28th March, and lunched at “Glenalla,” Beauport, Dr. James Douglass, country seat. “I remember quite well,” said Major Sheppard, A. D. C., driving out to Spencer Grange with Col. Strange and Canon and Miss Kingsley, where we met at Lunch Col. Rhodes.”

The Canon was afforded a view of my Canadian birds, and Canadian woods, etc., in my museum, and then left to visit the Conservatory at Cataracoui.

The eloquent author of “Westward Ho !” did not impress me as favorably as Sala did. I

heard subsequently that he was on his way to California, or to our North West to see his son who was very ill. He seemed depressed.

Miss Kingsley has since made a name for herself in literature and as a noted African explorer.

DEAN STANLEY

Montreal Telegraph Company,

Oct. 17th, 1878.

St. Hyacinthe.

M. J. LeMoine,

Spencer Grange,

*Hope you will breakfast with me at Citadel
at nine o'clock to-morrow, Friday.*

DUFFERIN.

This telegram reached me before I was dressed on Friday morning at Spencer Grange: it apparently had been written by Lord Dufferin on his way from Montreal the evening previous, and handed in to the telegraph operator at St. Hyacinthe, P. Q.

I made it my duty to be at the Citadel in time for breakfast—9 A. M., Lord Dufferin gave me a cordial welcome, and intimated he

had something special to say to me after breakfast. His Lordship who was leaving for England the next day, had, I believe, preceded Her Excellency who was to arrive during the day at Quebec.

He had come to receive as his guest the Queen's Chaplain, the very Rev. Arthur Penhryn Stanley.

The company, at table, consisted of Lord Dufferin, Lady Dufferin's sister, Mrs. Russel, Stevenson, Dean Stanley, Capt. Sullivan, Commander of H.M.S. *Sirius*, the Captain of H.M.S. *Argus*, then in port, Captain Hamilton, A.D.C., Mrs. J. T. Harrower and myself.

The conversation was lively, but occasionally tinged with regret, at the thought of the coming departure of our excellent Governor. Amongst other subjects mooted, I was asked to recite for the benefit of the naval officers present, the love affaire of Lord Nelson with the bewitching Miss Simpson, at Quebec, in 1782, and how he had escaped marrying a colonial.

After breakfast His Excellency drew me aside, and said: "To-day is one of my last days here, and I cannot attend to my guest the Dean, being overpowered with business. I want you to help me—a carriage will be in waiting at 10 o'clock, take Dean Stanley and introduce him to Archbishop Taschereau, show him all through Quebec—I intrust him to you."

I did my best to carry out his request, and drove the learned man finally to Spencer Wood, and then to Spencer Grange to show him some curios.

The saintly nomenclature of the streets called forth several remarks and questions. On driving down from the Citadel to St. Louis St., I had to explain that the street was called after Louis XIII of France. When it was first laid out, d'Auteuil street, opposite the Esplanade took the name of its ancient proprietor, Attorney-General d'Auteuil; Anne St., which we reached, was called after the beautiful Anne of Austria—the consort of a French Sovereign; Richelieu St. took its name from the great French Cardinal.

I was getting scared at the number of questions I was expected to answer, and dreaded lest my historical lore should give out, I might strike a snag, but my star was in the ascendant; I felt proud in satisfying Her Majesty's genial Chaplain, whose charm of manner quite won my heart.

FRANCIS PARKMAN

Francis Parkman, the historian of "England and France in North America," was born in Boston, Sept. 16th, 1823—died Nov. 8th, 1893.

His long and successful career, I don't purpose to review here, but merely intend to record some personal recollections of the many visits paid by this remarkable man to Quebec—Quebec which he styled "His Sunny Health-Restoring Holiday Home."

During these visits I was permitted to share with several fellow-citizens in the historian's friendship and intimacy; this privilege I may have owed to the readiness with which I opened out to him the archives of the Literary and Historical Society, of which I was, for several years, President, and also possibly to my being like himself, an earnest student of the early history of the colony under French rule.

Historical pursuits did not entirely engross his time; on these occasions he found leisure to pay many a friendly call, enjoy the floral treasures of Spencer Grange Garden, and discuss with Lady LeMoine, her favorites and his, the roses and lilies, of which he made such a success at his summer home, at Jamaica Plain, near Boston. On one occasion, he forwarded per express 21 of his choicest rose bushes, which my wife cared for, for years. One, a beautiful white rose tree, alone remains, a souvenir of bright days.

He followed his kind gift by sending us his celebrated "Book of Roses," and I will never

forget his pleasure on presenting me a colored plate of his splendid *Lilium Parkmani*, grown by him at Jamaica Pond, a success to be proud of, as a horticulturist.

Mr. Henry Dwight Sedgwick, of New York, describing Francis Parkman in the series, AMERICAN MEN OF LETTERS, writes as follows:

“On his visits to Canada, Parkman, naturally visited his friends, and from them he always received the kindest hospitality.

Quebec as the historic centre of Canada, was his headquarters, and there he had very warm friends; in earlier days Judge H. Black, Judge O’Kill Stuart, all his life Sir James LeMoine, the latter a man of letters and student of history whose country seat, Spencer Grange, is not far from the site where the gallant Levi routed Gen. Murray in 1760.

In the company of these gentlemen Parkman would wander over the battlefield, from Cap Rouge on the West, to the Falls of Montmorency on the East, examining the historic spots such as Sillery, a little village on the North Bank of the river, famous as possessing the oldest house¹ in Canada, and in the brave days of old crowned with a French Battery.

He had friendships too, with several French-

(1) Now known as the Mansion House in Mr. Dobell’s Cove, dating from 1639—and still inhabited.

Canadian gentlemen of Quebec who were interested in Canadian history. Such as Prof. Hubert LaRue, who always held out a warm welcome. "Rendez-vous tout droit à la maison où votre petite chambre du fonds vous attend avec impatience."

He made a friendly acquaintance with Abbés Ferland and Laverdière, Dr. J. C. Taché and other scholars. (I must not omit mentioning Dr. George Stewart, F.R.S.C., and Dr. J. M. Harper, P.H.L.D.) Dr. N. E. Dionne, librarian of the Parliamentary library of the Province of Quebec, did some copying for Parkman in 1871."

Mr. J. Evanturel also did literary work for the historian. Among the Catholic clergy he had many friendly acquaintances, Rev. Mr. Audet, Chaplain of the convent Jesu-Marie, Sillery, introduced him to a priest at Cape Breton, in these terms: "This gentleman in spite of the difference of faith, has shown in his writings great justice in his estimate of the deeds of Catholics in Canada," and to another thus: "This gentleman, although he does not share our faith has, in all his writings, taken pains to give the most just and favorable testimony to the work of Catholicism in Canada."

Parkman's chief correspondence, and most familiar intercourse were with Abbé Casgrain, the distinguished historian of Canada, the two

were good friends for some twenty-eight years. M. l'Abbé, a professor in the University, was the chief combatant on Parkman's side in the battle royal over the Laval degree; the friendship had begun by an interchange of letters in 1866 for the muse of history, taking each by the hand had brought them together." p. p. 265-6-7.

Mr. Parkman's knee trouble followed him abroad; his holiday time among his old friends was not free from it.

One day as he and I were sauntering along St. Louis Street, he apologized for stopping, and I noticed how he repeatedly leaned, and rested his enfeebled limb on the wall opposite. This induced me to ask him the origin of the infirmity. He replied that in his outing to the Rocky Mountains, in 1846, when he lived among a tribe of Dacotah Indians, to study their inward life, and habits he had to follow these fierce hunters one whole day on horseback; drenched by rain to the skin, and without changing his outer garments, but had he weakened, and given in to exhausted nature, he would have, he said, lost their countenance and good will. The incident is graphically related by Julius H. Ward.

Francis Parkman materially helped the Literary and Historical Society of Quebec in its efforts to induce the Government to create

a Public Record Office for the storing of Canadian Archives. About 1880, and at my request, he forwarded me for publication a forceable letter to that effect. Did space permit, I could mention many other services to the cause of history in Canada rendered by him.

The increase of bodily infirmities portended a near approach to the end of the illustrious historian's unwearied labors, and as Dr. Sedgwick says: "After a brief illness, borne like all his ills with dignity, gentleness, and serenity, Francis Parkman expired on Nov. 8th, 1893.

JUSTIN McCARTHY

I can recall a very pleasant hour, on a mellow September afternoon, in 1886—spent under the hospitable roof of Herbert Molesworth Price, at *Montmorenci Cottage*. Our antiquarian friend had gathered there some well known Quebecers. I can remember the following: Owen Murphy, Esq., ex-mayor of Quebec, the Hon. John Hearn, L. C., and one or two others, to meet a distinguished son of the Emerald Isle, on a visit to Quebec: Justin McCarthy, Member of the Imperial Parliament, the brilliant historian of "OUR OWN TIMES."

It was a pleasure to recapitulate to this eminent *litterateur* the historical incidents of

the past which had marked the *locale* of the seven miles' drive from the ancient capital to the renowned waterfall.

With such sprightly conversationalists as the ex-mayor of Quebec, Owen Murphy, and the Hon. John Hearn, Legislative Councillor, and Mr. Price, many subjects were discussed; and after settling the site of the English and French armies under Wolfe and Montcalm, on the 31st of July, 1759, on the adjoining Montmorenci beach, the prospects of Home Rule in the Green Isle were adverted to.

It must not be forgotten that our distinguished guest, Justin McCarthy, was not only a clever journalist, an able essayist, a popular novelist, and an historian accepted as an authority notwithstanding his optimistic view of men and events; he was also a prominent member of the Imperial Parliament. Although Mr. McCarthy is a Home Ruler, he is a Home Ruler without bitterness, a leader of his party, esteemed and beloved.

As to his rank as an annalist, I am not, however, disposed to coincide with him, as to the causes which led to the insurrection in Canada in 1837.

Mr. McCarthy, certainly occupies a high place in English literature; his paper, the "Morning Star," introduced to the public many shining lights, such as Archibald Forbes, William Black, Edmond Yates, Richard Whiting and others.

He numbered amongst his acquaintances, many men of letters, such as Tennyson, Carlyle, Dickens, Thackeray and Browning.

RIGHT HON. JOHN MORLEY, M.P.

On Oct. 27th, 1904, a literary celebrity of high degree, was a caller at the Grange: the Right Hon. John Morley, once a minister of State, and still a member of the Imperial Parliament, a ripe scholar, an earnest Home Ruler.

Mr. Morley does not hail from the banks of the Liffy, being English born. He represents a Scotch constituency. He has, however, as he recently said: "Worked so long for the Irish Cause, that he considers himself nearly an Irishman."

Though my interview with him was of much too short duration, his calm, sympathetic manner impressed me most favorably. I had made up my mind when he took a seat in my library, that I was confronted by a fervid, bright and impetuous Irishman, when Lo and behold! I was merely having a quiet talk on Canadian history, with a cool and dispassionate Englishman.

A friend had just driven him to Wolfe's Cove, from whence the British hero Wolfe

ascended on that fateful day of Sept. 1759, to the historic Plains of Abraham. He seemed struck with the siege operations of that memorable time. I had, of course, to give him some details of the struggle, and I remarked, that Quebec had recently been lucky enough to add several noted works to her military annals; this led him to ask me my opinion of the Historian Parkman. Unhesitatingly, I stated my unbounded admiration for his splendid series of volumes, embracing forty years of deep, and conscientious research in the Archives of England, France and Canada; that notwithstanding some trifling errors of detail, Parkman's works as a whole, would last as long as the English language. On his inquiry whether I knew Parkman personally, I said: "I had known him for upwards of thirty years, that on the many visits the historian paid to Quebec in the summer season, he more than once slept under my roof, and that I had had the felicity of contributing some material to his immortal record as stated in the preface of some of his works." I added that in the chair —he, Mr. Morley then occupied, Mr. Parkman had more than once been seated. He became thoughtful.

I understood Mr. Morley had tried to inform himself of the system of Colonial Government of the teachings in the Laval University, and of the proceedings in Parliament.

Seldom have I entertained a more interesting visitor.

The gifted author of *The Life of Gladstone*, has since he left Quebec, been an honored guest of President Roosevelt, at the White House, Washington.

Spencer Grange,

Quebec, December, 1904.

JOAQUIN MILLER

"Twere better to be content and
clever
In tending of cattle and tossing of
clover,
In the grazing of cattle and the
growing of grain,
Than a strong man striving for fame
or gain."

Joaquin Miller.

In the early days of July, 1883, there registered at the "Mountain Hill House," (no Chateau Frontenac in those days) a visitor of no ordinary standing, the famous poet, Joaquin Miller, with his daughter Maud. The writer of the "Songs of the Sierras" was then in the full blaze of his poetical fame in Europe as well as in America. A critic, perhaps, too severe, sums up as follows his career.

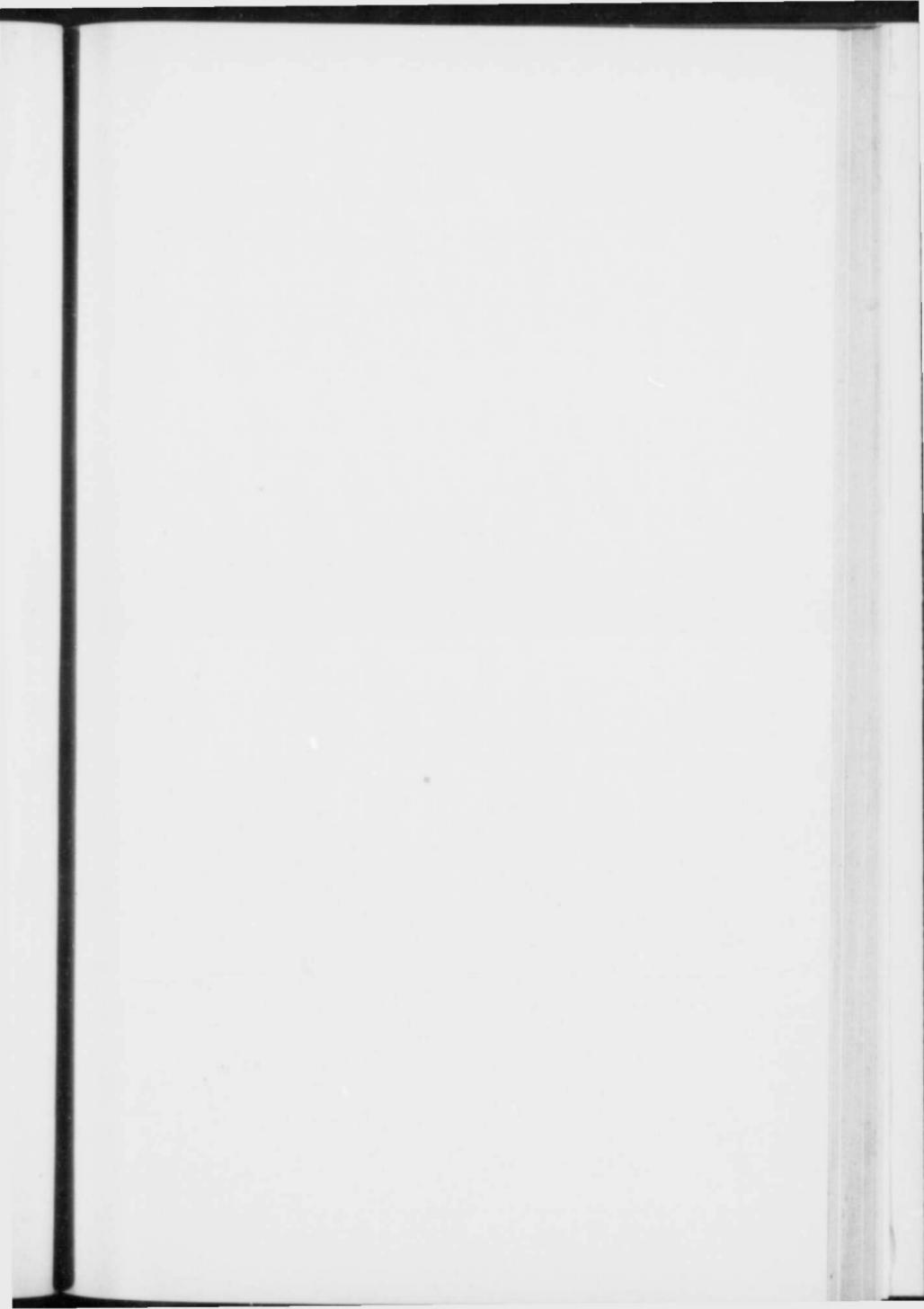
"Joaquin Miller's literary career has been a curious one. An American poet introduced to

Americans by an English publisher, and English reviewers is an anomaly. The "Songs of the Sierras" were first heard in London, and made a genuine sensation there. Mr. Miller was the literary lion of the hour, and was courted by the most distinguished writers. He lolled about their drawing-rooms with his trousers tucked in his boots, and behaved in all respects as a "child of nature"—the nature of the boundless prairies—might have been expected to. He was a new sensation, and London made the most of him. Swinburn hailed him as a brother; he sat crosslegged on the floor within the "Rosetti Circle," and smoked cigarettes and spun yarns. When he returned to America he found an audience waiting to welcome him, and here too he was lionized for a season. It is about these varied experiences that Mr. Miller tells us in his journal—though (to his credit be it said) he does not deal in personalities or describe the homes where he was received as an honored guest. There is much of Mr. Miller's poetry that we admire. In "Songs of the Sierras" he is at his best, for there he is natural; but in this journal he shows himself as a poser. No "child of nature" would make the following entry in a diary meant for no eye but his own: "They say Carlyle lives near here, on a farm. I like Carlyle—that is, the parts of him which I don't understand. And that is saying that I like nearly all of Carlyle, I reckon." In the papers at the end of the book is one on "Minnie Myrtle," the author's first wife, who died last year. It is intended as a tribute to her memory, but it

seems more like a tribute to the magnanimity of Joaquin Miller. It is strange that one who respects the privacy of his friends should have so little regard for his own. Of the "Rime" there is little to say. Mr. Miller's muse is not what she was. Her step is no longer firm and free. Civilization has taken the life out of her."

In a very few days there might be met in the high-ways and by-ways of the Ancient Capital a tall, lanky, foreign looking gentleman with an Absolomic crop of hair, falling to his shoulders, accompanied by his daughter, Maud, a handsome girl of 18 summers. The eccentric stranger, guide book in hand seemed intent in taking in the sights of the city. The Quebec press very soon circulated the advent of the distinguished visitors. Several literary gentlemen called on Mr. Miller. I as President of the "Literary and Historical Society," was among the first.

The poet soon returned my call, and stated that he was so well pleased with the history and scenery of the old city, that he intended to prolong his stay, committing his impressions of Canada to paper; this was the first intimation I had of his design," and very soon his spicy and quaint writings, under the heading of "Charcoal Sketches of Canada," graced the columns of our morning paper, the "Chronicle."





CHATEAU FRONTENAC and DUFFERIN TERRACE

Various subjects connected with Canadian history were discussed between us. I remember his expressing surprise that with its attractions, Quebec did not draw more visitors in the leafy season from the seventy millions of the neighboring republic; that tourist travel ought to yield a rich harvest available each summer. The opening of the Chateau Frontenac hotel in 1893 has since attracted thousands of visitors.

“Quebec,” said Miller, “is not half enough advertised in our country: your press does not reach the bulk of our people; the lofty site of your city gives you immense advantage over many of the most favored watering places; you have no malaria, as we have on our Atlantic coast, and in many seaside resorts; not even forgetting some of the fine residences on the Hudson. You are free from hay fever, which sends many of our best men abroad in quest of relief.” I could not help assenting to what he said, and observed that I remembered meeting on several occasions American gentlemen hurrying to Quebec in August to escape hay fever, amongst others old Judge Bradford, of Philadelphia.

The poet seemed to be interested in the movements of our Governor-General Lord Lorne and H.R.H. Princess Louise; Miss Maud he declared expressed curiosity to “see what

a live Princess might look like." A few days after Mr. Miller and his daughter received an invitation to dine at the Citadel. I was fortunate enough to be asked to the same function. The poet's conversation was exceedingly interesting; he had visited so many memorable spots both in the old and new world. According to one of the biographers, he was ten years without cutting his hair, which certainly during his stay in Quebec was most luxuriant.

I retain as a souvenir of the poet an elegant copy of his poems, with his autograph. The Morning Chronicle of Aug. 20th, 1883, notes his departure as follows:

"Mr. Joaquin Miller, the well known American poet, who has lately become intimately known to the Chronicle's readers through his "charcoal sketches of Canada" left on Saturday last to return to Boston and New York. During his stay of a month or more amongst us, Mr. Miller has made many friends amongst our citizens, and has been frequently the guest of His Excellency the Governor-General, and H. R. H. Princess Louise at the Citadel. Our readers will be glad to learn that Mr. Miller intends to return next year to spend a portion of another summer in our midst."

Maud Miller was the daughter of the authoress "Minnie Myrtle," Mr. Miller's first wife. I remember calling on her at the Mountain Hill House with my daughter, where we found her fagging over a lengthy manuscript headed

“Charcoal Sketches of Canada.” On one of Mr. Miller’s visits to the Grange, he asked my opinion as to what I considered the leading French educational institution for young ladies?? I mentioned the Ursuline convent, he then said he did not approve of city air. “Are there,” said he, “no French convents outside the town walls?” I said “yes, amongst others there is the Academie Jesu-Marie at Sillery, which is well spoken of, one mile west of Spencer Grange,” “that will suit” said he and before leaving the city he called on the lady Superior and placed his bright daughter at the convent, first asking Lady LeMoine to take an interest in her welfare. She remained there some months, always a credit to the institution, and went home, leaving nothing but happy memories behind her. Alas ! poor gentle Maud, could you in 1883 have foreseen the dark clouds hanging over your future career, you might possibly have wished yourself again an inmate of “Jesu-Marie.” For many years I have sought in American publications for reliable information of Maud Miller’s subsequent checkered life, all I could glean was from sensational and certainly unfriendly newspaper paragraphs. Maud Miller married Arthur Loring Mackaye, the son of Steele Mackaye, a theatrical man. This does not seem to have proved a happy union. She left Loring Mackaye to go on the stage, and appeared first in

Baltimore, next in New Orleans, Chicago, and New York. Her second husband was Joseph Soudon McCormick. Mr. Miller, I have since learned, now resides, with his daughter Maud, at a place called The Highlands, in California.

SIR ERASMUS OMMANNEY

A cablegram on Dec. 22nd, 1904, announced the demise at Portsmouth, England, of Admiral Sir Erasmus Ommanney, C.B., F.R.S., L.L.D., at the extreme old age of ninety years. "A noted scientist, as well as a distinguished Arctic explorer." "Born in 1814, Erasmus Ommanney entered the navy in 1826, became commander in 1840, captain in 1846, rear-admiral in 1864, vice-admiral in 1871, and admiral in 1877. Served at landing of British army at Lisbon and destruction of Turkish fleet at Navarino in 1827, in King's yacht "Royal George," conveying Queen Adelaide to Holland and back in 1834, and as lieutenant on an expedition to Baffin's Bay in search of missing whale ships in 1837; commanded H.M.S. "Vesuvius" 1841-4 for fifteen months on coast of Syria, and stationed at Athens during the revolution there (floated stranded French corvette, thanked by French Government), protected British interests on the coast of Morocco, and was present at the bombardment of Tangier in 1844,

(prevented Spanish frigate drifting ashore, thanked by Spanish Government, employed as Relief inspector during the famine in Ireland, 1846-8 and was in command of Arctic expedition, 1850-51, discovered the first traces of Franklin's ships; was Dep. Controller of coast-guard 1852-4. Served in Russian war, 1854, as captain of H.M.S. "Eurydice" and commanded naval force in White Sea in 1855. Commanded Hawke, and engaged a flotilla of Russian gunboats and the batteries off mouth of the Dwina (thanked by Admiralty), was captain H.M.S. Brunswick and senior officer on coast of Central America when the filibuster Walker invaded Greyton in 1857-8 and in charge of naval station at Gibraltar and wearer of several medals."

So says Debrett.

It is especially as an Arctic explorer that the distinguished British Admiral inspired me with interest. One of the favorite studies of my youth, and later in life were arctic explorations and sea voyages; there was a department of my library devoted to that kind of literature, in which loomed out Bougainville, Cooke, Marryatt, Franklin, McClintock, Carteret, Wallis, Kane; Nansen, closed the series. In fact, I had contributed on this subject a lengthy essay, which appeared in the columns of the "Journal de Quebec," and felt eager to discuss several phases of arctic travel with such a

scientific expert as Admiral Ommanney, and when he reached Quebec, in August, 1884, with several members of the British Association, who had met in Montreal, of which Association he was treasurer. I took an early opportunity of making his acquaintance and of inviting him to spend a day or two under my roof. This invitation he readily accepted.

He was then a septenarian, and very frail, but I found him both communicative and highly interesting.

The next day being Sunday, he attended service at St. Michael's church, Sillery, and Monday we parted the best of friends.

WM. DEAN HOWELLS

'Tis not always a facile function, pleasant enough though it may be, that of retracing correctly as to dates, etc., reminiscences of distant days. I think however, I may rightly credit 1871 with a delightful visit,—accompanied by his youthful daughter,—William Dean Howells now recognized as the leading novelist of the United States, at Spencer Grange. T'was more than a pleasure; 'twas a privilege to be agreeably remembered in after years, that of holding converse with the gifted friend of Longfellow, Parkman, Holmes, Lowell Aldrich, Hawthorne, Emmerson, Walt Whitman and others.

Mr. Howells, as editor of the "Atlantic Monthly," later of "Harper's Magazine," was brought in frequent contact with the great luminaries of American literature.

Leaving aside his prose works, "Venetian Life," "Italian Journeys," "A Hazard of Fortune," "Their Silver Wedding Journey," "Criticism and Fiction," and many others, I merely purpose here to allude to his two books, "Their Wedding Journey" and "A Chance Acquaintance," the contents of which connect him more intimately with Quebec. "Their Wedding Journey," (copyrighted in 1871, and issued by James R. Osgood & Co., Boston) now before me, bears the learned man's autograph. "W. D. Howells," Cambridge, March 18th, 1873, a presentation copy. Chapter IX. is entirely devoted to Quebec and I understand that "Their Silver Wedding Journey," lately brought out, is a continuation of that delightful story. "A Chance Acquaintance" appeals to me particularly, as chap. XII furnishes "The Picnic at Chateau Bigot," retracing a popular legend fully set forth in my "Maple Leaves," of which I had presented a copy to the illustrious novelist.

I find a pleasant allusion to Howell's sojourn in Quebec, in Dr. Stewart's "Evenings in the Library," page 221, in which the clever Dr. relates a conversation of mine anent Howells.

“Of Howells prose writings he furnishes two exquisite volumes which cannot fail to interest and amuse Canadians. These are “Their Wedding Journey” and “A Chance Acquaintance,” both originally published in “The Atlantic” and afterwards appearing in several editions in book form. Of the two I prefer “A Chance Acquaintance,” though the difference is not at all marked. The same delicious railery exists in each, the same delicate but keen humor, the same sprightliness, and vivacity, the same enjoyable conversations appear in both, and enrich the pages of each. I read the “Acquaintance” on the steamer from Montreal to Quebec, and was strongly tempted to go for a sail on the Saguenay before I was quite through with it. The author’s descriptions are fresh and neat. He takes us over ground that we have travelled a thousand times, personally and in books, and Quebec, before we read Howells, never appeared so intoxicatingly beautiful and interesting as it did after we read his story of a few days stay in it. The popular author of “Maple Leaves,” Mr. J. M. LeMoine once told me of a visit Mr. Howells had paid him at his residence at Spencer Grange, and how interesting and affable a gentleman the genial author was.

The two writers who have devoted so much attention to the history of the Ancient Capital strolled together up the Audubon avenue and

exchanged thoughts and sentiments on a beautiful summer afternoon. They stood together on the little pavilion in the rear where Audubon, and Parkman and other famous ones have stood before, and which overlooks the river, and told each other the legends and stories of the place which had come down through tradition. They passed through the private gate along the avenue which led the way to a favorite son's grave, where the wife of a Governor-General (Sir Edmund Head) was to be found Sunday after Sunday strewing flowers, many years ago.

He told me many things of Howells which I cannot tell you here, but after my talk with LeMoine I took greater interest in Howells' books, and learned to like him and his writings more. Do you know the more you read of him the better you like him. He is a true artist, and his very playfulness is a triumph of the art he employs so well. You notice this to a large extent in his "Acquaintance," which is a healthy and invigorating book.

Howells never fills his stories with dry and unsatisfactory characters. His people are always intelligent, and never uninteresting.

He makes them do and say natural things, and gets along very well with half a dozen or so.

I never read a story which keeps up the interest so well as "The Acquaintance" and the

author carries you along in that graceful way of his which makes you regret it ever so much when the end is reached."

Those two works, "Their Wedding Journey," and "A Chance Acquaintance," are in as great favor as ever with summer tourists visiting the Ancient Capital. Mr. Howells, if I remember well, paid more than one visit to Quebec."

I was impressed with his personality when we together inspected Wolfe's landing from Abraham's heights, where I had taken him at his own request, calling at Wolfesfield in order to Survey the famous Ruisseau St. Denis, so often referred to in the French accounts of the great siege.

Mr. Howells spent several weeks in Quebec, whilst writing "A Chance Acquaintance," having taken up his abode in Miss Lane's boarding house, No. 65 St. Anne street (west of Clarendon Hotel), his rooms in the upper story affording him a full view of the vast Ursuline Convent gardens in rear. His presence and intercourse with the citizens seemed to have left a literary aroma which pervaded the highways and byways of old Stadacona, and was destined to awake an echo especially among the young French Canadian litterateurs, when Mr. Howells' clever father, William Cooper Howells, an Ohio journalist of distinction, was

named June 7th, 1874, American Consul at Quebec, where he resided with his family until April 24th, 1878. His bright and youthful daughter Annie had strong literary tastes;— the Consul's residence was soon renowned for its musical and literary reunions.

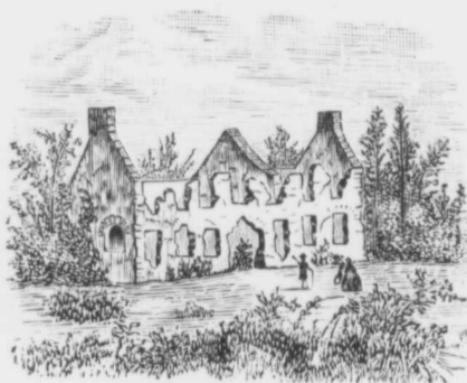
There was among the cultured young Canadians a galaxy of clever writers all devoted to Canadian history and poetry. Nap. Legendre, Jos. Marmette, Oscar Dunn, Achille Frechette, Faucher de St. Maurice, Dr. Prosper Bender, Leon Le May, Nicholas LeVasseur Hubert LaRue, Charles Langelier, &c. Several of the above were later selected by Lord Lorne as members of the Royal Society, founded by him in 1882. Miss Annie Howells was sought in marriage by Mr. Achille Frechette, youngest brother of our Laureate, L. H. Frechette, and the family for years have made Ottawa their home.

Mention having been made in these lines of the chapter devoted by Mr. Howells to "Chateau Bigot" intituled "The Picnic at Chateau Bigot," it has occurred to me that a short extract from his charming sketch would not be out of place. Hark!

"It is a lovely road out to Chateau Bigot. First you drive through the ancient suburbs of Lower Town, and then you mount the smooth, hard highway, between pretty country houses,

towards the village of Charlesbourg, while Quebec shows, to your casual backward glance, like a wondrous painted scene, with the spires and lofty roofs of the Upper Town, and the long, irregular wall wandering on the verge of the cliff; then the thronging gables and chimneys of St. Roch, and again many spires and convent walls; lastly the shipping in the St. Charles, which, in one direction runs, a narrowing stream up into its valley, and in the other widens in the broad light of the St. Lawrence. Quiet elmy spaces of meadow land stretch between the suburban mansions and the village of Charlesbourg, where the driver reassured himself as to his route from the group of idlers on the platform before the church. Then he struck off on a country road, and presently turned from this again into a lane that grew rougher and rougher, till at last it lapsed to a mere cart track. Among the woods where the rich strong odors of the pine, and of the wild herbs bruised under the wheels, filled the air. A peasant and his black-eyed, open-mouthed boy were cutting witles to bind hay at the side of the track, and the latter consented to show the strangers to the chateau from a point beyond which they could not go with the carriage.

There the small habitant and the driver took up the pic-nic baskets, and led the way through



CHATEAU BIGOT

Drawn in 1858, for Harper's Magazine by
Col. Benson J. Lossing, U. S. A.



the pathless growths of underbrush to a stream, so swift that it is said never to freeze, so deeply sprung that the summer never drinks it dry. A screen of water growths bordered it, and when this was passed a wide open space revealed itself, with the ruin of the Chateau in the midst.

The pathos of long neglect lay upon the scene for here were evidences of gardens and bowery aisles in our times, and now for many a year desolation and the slow return of the wilderness. The mountain rising behind the Chateau grounds showed the dying flush of the deciduous leaves, among the dark green of the pines that clothed it to the crest; a cry of innumerable crickets filled the ear of the dreaming noon.

The ruin itself is not of impressive size, and it is a chateau by grace of the popular fancy, rather than through any right of its own, for it was, in truth, never more than the hunting lodge of the King's Intendant, Bigot, a man, whose sins claim for him a lordly consideration in the history of Quebec. He was the last Intendant before the British conquest and in that time of general distress he grew rich by oppression of the citizens, and by peculations from the soldiers. He built this pleasure house here in the woods and hither he rode out from Quebec to enjoy himself in the chase, and the carouses that succeed the chase.

Here in it is said dwelt in secret the Huron girl who loved him, and who survives in the memory of the peasants as the murdered sauvage, and indeed there is as much proof that she was murdered as that she ever lived. When the wicked Bigot was arrested and sent to France, where he was tried with great result of documentary record, his chateau fell into other hands. At last a party of Arnold's men wintered there, in 1775, and it is to our own countrymen that we owe the conflagration and the ruin of Chateau Bigot. It stands, as I said, in the middle of that open space, with the two gable walls, and the stone partition-wall still almost entire, and that day showing very effectively against the tender northern sky. On the most weatherward gable the iron in the stone had shed a dark red stain under the lash of many winter storms, and some tough lichens had incruited patches of the surface; but for the rest, the walls rose in the unenvied nakedness of all ruins in our climate, which has no clinging evergreens wherewith to pity and soften the forlornness of decay.

Out of the rubbish at the foot of the walls there sprang a wilding growth of syringas and lilacs; and the interior was choked with flourishing weeds, and with the briars of the raspberry, on which a few berries hung.

The heavy beams, left where they fell a hundred years ago, proclaimed the honest solidity

with which the Chateau had been built, and there was proof in the cut stone of the hearths and chimney places that it had once had at least the ambition of luxury.”

What fascination the brilliant pen of W. D. Howells has lent to the weird ruins, and still history shows that it was but a country house in 1757, two years before the conquest owned by Devienne, a cousin of Bougainville—one of the entourage of the luxurious Bigot. How pathetically the United States novelist descants on the fall of New France—“That strange colony of priests and soldiers, of martyrs and heroes, of which she was the capital, willing to perish for an allegiance to which the mother country (France) was indifferent, and fighting against the armies with which England was prepared to outnumber the whole Canadian population, is a magnificent spectacle, and Montcalm laying down his life to save Quebec is not less affecting than Wolfe dying to win her. The heart opens towards the soldier who recited on the eve of his costly victory the “Elegy in a country churchyard,” which he would rather have written than beat the French to-morrow,” but it aches for the defeated general, who, hurt to death, answered when told how brief his time was, “So much the better, I shall not live to see the surrender of Quebec.”

In the city for which they perished, their fame has never been divided. The English have shown themselves very generous victors; perhaps nothing could be alleged against them; but that they were victors."

SIR GILBERT PARKER AT QUEBEC

Late in December, 1892—on the 21st instant, I think, a spruce "black-bearded young man a few years past thirty, slender, quiet and possessed of good manners," called on me; he was the bearer of a letter of introduction from an esteemed Ottawa friend, the late Sir J. G. Bourinot. The Ottawa savant introduced his protegee, Gilbert Parker, and asked me to help him on his literary errand at Quebec. Such was my first interview with the Canadian novelist, the clever author of the "Seats of the Mighty" and many other stories.

'Twas a pleasant meeting and Gilbert Parker's urbane manners, intelligence and conversation in a few minutes quite captivated me. Since this agreeable rencontre, how many changes for us both have taken place! How many laurels have crowned the brow of the aspiring, able and ambitious Canadian novelist!

One of the first questions I was prompted to ask was, "What brought you to Quebec at this

inclement season of the year?" To which Mr. Bourinot's friend readily replied, "I have come here to write a novel on Quebec, I want a hero. Can you supply one?" After thinking a few minutes, I recalled the closing lines of a sketch I had written nearly nineteen years previously, of the adventures of Major Robert Stobo, a hostage from Fort Necessity and a prisoner in a Quebec dungeon from 1755 to 1759. The words used by me in closing the sketch were, "What a subject for a Canadian novel?" The next day I called on Mr. Parker at the Florence Hotel, St. John's Suburbs, where he was registered and brought with me "The Maple Leaves" for 1873, from which I read to Parker my sketch of Stobo. The story seemed to take his fancy very much and four years later the Toronto publishing firm, the Copp, Clark Company, brought out "The Seats of the Mighty," of which Robert Stobo, under the name of Robert Moray is the hero. I have always regretted that the name has been changed as well as that of the Duchesnays, a most honorable Canadian family transformed into Duvarney. By keeping these names, the novel would have become still more popular among the French Canadian element, though for foreign readers unacquainted with Canadian history Moray and Duvarney may suit their taste as well. In fact I believe that the first chapter of the novel which appeared in

“The Atlantic Monthly,” was headed “The Adventures of Major Robert Stobo.”

Before leaving Mr. Parker at the Florence I invited him to share in a quiet dinner, at Spencer Grange, which he readily accepted.

On Christmas Day, 1892, the novelist arrived brisk and alert, on snowshoes, having braved the snow drifts of the Plains of Abraham, without meeting either the ghost of Montcalm or that of Wolfe, greeting my family circle proudly on his achievement with the exulting exclamation, “I came out on snowshoes, as I wish to familiarize myself with the institutions of the country.”

’Twas such a rare treat to listen to the brilliant and travelled guest—a capital raconteur—a good talker; his anecdotes of travel with English, Scotch and Irish anecdotes varying the idiom of each country became captivating each in their turn.

Gilbert Parker in his prefatory note to his Quebec novel furnishes the following information:

“This tale would never have been written had it not been for the kindness of my distinguished friend, Dr. John G. Bourinot, C.M. G., of Ottawa * * * Through Dr. Bourinot’s good offices I came to know Mr. James LeMoine of Quebec, the gifted antiquarian, and President of the Royal Society of Canada. Mr. LeMoine placed in my hands certain historical

facts suggestive of romance. Subsequently, Mr. George M. Fairchild, jr., of Cap Rouge, Quebec, whose library contains a valuable collection of antique Canadian books, maps and prints, gave me generous assistance and counsel, allowing me the run of his charts, prints, histories and memoirs. Many of these prints, and a rare authentic map of Wolfe's operations against Quebec, are here reproduced in this novel, and may be considered accurate illustrations of places, people and events. By the insertion of these faithful historical elements it is hoped to give more vividness to the atmosphere of the time, and to strengthen the verisimilitude of a piece of fiction which is not I believe out of harmony with fact."

THE AUTHOR.

The "certain historical facts suggestive of romance," which Mr. Parker says I placed in his hands were "Major Robert Stobo, 1727-1760. A Review." This memoir occupies ten pages in the "Maple Leaves" for 1873, to which the reader is referred, and Major Stobo's career therein may be summerized as follows:—'On the third of July, 1754, after the struggle of the English and French in the new world to wit—at Fort Necessity, two hostages Capt. Jacob Van Braam, a Dutchman, and Capt. Robt. Stobo, a Scotchman, a favorite of Gov. Dinwiddie, of Virginia, and first captain of a Virginian regiment, were sent under escort

to Quebec. Robert Stobo was born at Glasgow, A. D. 1727. His father, William Stobo, was a citizen of note and a successful Glasgow merchant. I shall pass in silence, quaint details of Stobo's career, in a Quebec dungeon in which he experienced rough treatment, as fully recorded in a memoir of Stobo, printed at Pittsburg, in 1854, taken from the copy in the British Museum. One feels interest in the clever, handsome, young captain who very soon succeeded in wandering all over the city as a prisoner on parole. These were wild, convivial and gallant times in the capital of New France. The prisoner's misfortunes, ill-treatment, elegant manners and wit soon afforded him an entree to the most fashionable salons of Quebec, where the beau monde's sympathy made him forget the horrors of captivity; he seems, however, not to have devoted altogether to gallantry his leisure, but employed it in obtaining all possible information about the defences of Quebec.

He had previously prepared plans of Fort Duquesne, where he was a hostage, and transmitted them to General Braddock; these plans subsequently fell into the hands of the French commander. Stobo was tried by military tribunal and condemned to death as a spy. The sentence was subsequently referred to the French King, who commuted the death penalty into imprisonment.

From the date of his incarceration, in 1755 to May, 1759, Stobo appears to have made several attempts to escape. One attempt landed him at the Falls of Montmorency, undeterred and carrying out his favorite motto, "Fortuna favet fortibus."

In May, 1759, he made a successful attempt which after many adventures and perils on land and sea brought him to Halifax. He was, however, too late to meet Wolfe's fleet, but took ship, and met the English hero later, at Quebec, where the memoirs show that he placed valuable information before Gen. Wolfe on the fortifications of the French fortress in which he had spent four years as a prisoner; being also acquainted with the environs of Quebec. The memoir states that he pointed out the spot where a landing for the troops might take place, but some historians deny this fact; he seems, however, to have been trusted, since he was charged by the English general to convey despatches to Lord Amherst on 8th September. Though his conduct as a prisoner on parole can never be condoned or palliated, his adopted country Virginia, treated him generously. Stobo was publicly thanked by a committee of the Assembly of Virginia, and was allowed his arrears of pay for the time of his captivity. On the 30th April, 1759, he had been presented by the Assembly of Virginia with £300, in consideration of his services to the country as a

hostage in Quebec. On the 19th November, 1759, he was presented with £1,000 as "a reward for his zeal to his country and the recompense for the great hardships he had suffered during his confinement in the enemy's country." On the 18th February, 1760, Major Stobo embarked from New York for England on board a packet with Col. West and several other gentlemen. One would imagine that he had exhausted the vicissitudes of fortune. Not so, his adventurous career, great fortitude, boundless ingenuity and devotion to his adopted country—were crowned with final success.

The memoir of Stobo, printed at Pittsburg, in 1854, was from a copy in the British Museum. Some say Stobo has afforded Smollet, his original for Captain Lemahago, in the *Adventures of Humphrey Clinker*.

"It is known by a letter from David Hume to Smollet, that Stobo was a friend of the latter author, and his remarkable adventures may have suggested that character. If so the copy seem a great exaggeration."

Such was the substance of the sketch I placed in the hands of Gilbert Parker in 1892.

Was I not right when, in 1873, I had added the words at its close, "What a hero for a Canadian novel!"

The Canadian novel was written twenty years later.

The other documents I submitted to Gilbert Parker were two curious letters, published in January 1892, in a magazine named *Canada*: a letter addressed by Captain Robert Stobo from his dungeon at Quebec, in December, 1755, to his Virginia friend, George Washington; the other document was a clever, charming epistle written at Quebec, in 1759, by Mdlle. Reine Marie Duchesnay, a Quebec school girl, to her confidante, of Beauce, Madlle. Hermine Taschereau. A singular incident to recall: after one century and a half, both families, the Duchesnay and Taschereau, are worthily represented at Quebec, and in the Beauce district, their inmates exchanging letters, as briskly, as their ancestors may have done in the days of yore.

ROBERT STOBO TO GEORGE WASHINGTON

“From my French Prison, Quebec.

Christmas Day, 1755.

Dear George,—Is not mine a glorious final—
for me, your trusty and well beloved compa-
gnon d’armes; don’t be surprised at my getting
to learn French. I am now prisonier de guerre.
Here is your dashing leader of a Virginia com-
pany, condemned to a regime of bread and
water, instead of Madeira punch, prairie chick-
ens and quails as of yore. My luxurious cam-
paigning seems now like the dreamy shadow of
pleasures past, though not forgotten. In this
lonesome French dungeon shall a descendant
of Montrose give way to despair? Never,
never! Ah! sweet hours of my childhood, ye
are indeed far away. Dear old Glasgow, the
Elysium of my youth, dare I recall thy cher-
ished memories? On the eve of closing my
career, I can well retrace how it began. When

a roving school boy, I was playing the soldier, mustering and drilling my noisy squad of schoolmates; little did I then dream what life's realities had in store for me. And you, my dear old relative, who taught me so early to live and die like a man, let me waft you my blessing across the broad Atlantic. John Mitchell, my sire, my early friend, I shall not die unworthy of you. I thank you for having nerved my arm and inspired my young heart with your thrilling stories of Bruce and Wallace, always closing your gentle advice with a request that I should remember that I was a descendant of James Graham, the great Earl of Montrose.

Yes George I shall never forget my grandfather's parting words, when I left Scotland for my adoptive country, for America. "Bob," said he, "my boy, watch the grand, the stern features in that picture on the wall; see the eye following you. Do you know what that great man lived for- He lived for his country; he left an undying fame as a soldier. Be worthy of him! His name was Montrose; some of his blood courses in your veins." I have no hesitation, my dear George, at this solemn moment to recall to you these family memories—to you, whose life has ever been inspired by similar sentiments. This is Christmas Day, George. Twenty-one such days have revolved for you—twenty-eight for me. We have both seen death on the

battle-field, and Indian warfare has more than once added to it additional horrors, but neither you nor I ever shrank from it, at the call of duty. You were the wise leader, the dutiful son, the truthful man, and I the rash cavalier, maddened with success, intoxicated by the praise of my fellow-men, bestowed more on my good looks, and good dinners, than on my virtues. I am, however, prepared to seal my opinions with my blood, if the enemies of my country wish it,—but enough of this croaking.

If this should be my last letter, let it contain for my friends a record of what has occurred to me since that unlucky stroke of fate which has landed me where I am. Let me hope this letter will involve me in less trouble than my epistle of July 28th last, in which I enclosed the plan of Fort Duquesne. Poor Braddock! that fatal day, which brought him defeat and death, will also, seemingly, bring me to the block. Doubtless he thought my letter and plan safe in his custody, but the savages plucked the damning record from amongst his baggage. Therefore, I am, I am told, to grace a gibbet on the highest pinnacle of Cape Diamond. My French jailors load me with every opprobrious epithet. I have ceased in their eyes to be a hostage—as such inviolate in person by the law of nations; and if England has really disavowed the terms of the capitulation of the Fort, was I still to consider myself a hostage

for the due execution of these terms—was I not then an ordinary prisoner of war, as such not precluded from aiding my country by communicating information about the enemy—even should I forfeit my life by so doing? But enough on this point—if ever we should meet on this side of the Styx, of which, I confess, the chances seem faint at present, we will discuss this knotty point of the usages of war and the duties of a paroled prisoner. There are some incidents personal to myself at the taking of the fort, which I did not impart to you. For surrendering we had excellent reasons. Those nine hours we stood exposed to the galling fire of the French and their murderous allies, the Indians, will never be forgotten by any of those who survived. We could not hold out any longer; what would have availed us firing at foes carefully entrenched behind trees? No relief at hand, our palisades crumbling and defective, it would have been an act of inhumanity to sacrifice the lives of any more of our devoted Virginians. That merry fellow, Munro, my ensign, I shall never forget his rueful countenance when I conveyed to him your order to hoist the white flag. “What, Captain!” said he, “are we then reduced to this—you and I, who so lately organized this pleasure party to thrash the French? Why, our good cheer was the envy of all—our venison, quail and comfits, with a full team behind to draw the

King's ammunition, viz. a butt of Madeira, and crowds of camp followers. Captain, captain, I shall never survive it." But he did survive it. He was luckier than my poor lieutenant, to whom, on becoming a hostage, I surrendered my then useless sword. My dear George did you not know my buoyant, mercurial nature, you would wonder how I could find space to record all these trifles, with death staring me in the face but death has stared me in the face before this and I generally succeed in staring the unwelcome monster out of countenance. You, no doubt, will be surprised to hear that the athletic French officer, Pean's friend, whom I purchased for forty pistols from the Mohawks, just as they were preparing to scalp him, has turned up in Quebec. Whilst I was here on parole, I used to meet him in the best salons, at Vaudreuil's, and at the petits-soupers of that chaming little rascal, Bigot. His name is Duchesnay: he is Laird of a seigneurie facing Quebec. His manor, at Beauport, is within three miles of the city. It contains two budding beauties of uncommon promise. Gratitude made him extend to me in my wretchedness a helping hand; his doors were ever open to me. I sometimes wish I had never crossed the threshold.

A LETTER

FROM A YOUNG FRENCH LADY

(TRANSLATION)

Quebec, 1759.

Reine Marie Duchesnay to Hermine Tasche-
reau.

My dear Mine,—You doubtless are wondering why I did not write sooner to you. I have enjoyed my holidays very much, though not exactly like Mère St. George would approve of; the fact is the town has been uncommonly gay. Our Intendant (Bigot), the young men say, is a gallant homme. My mother, with a sneer, says he is “un peu trop gallant,” and that she would rather cut our heads off, than that we should ever darken the doors of his glittering palace,—for such, really he has made the Intendance. There seems no hurry for school girls attending balls, either at the Intendance, or at the Chateau St. Louis; though a young

French Lieutenant I was introduced to, last week, told me he thought it an abominable shame that grown up ladies, like Clementine and myself, should be debarred the pleasures of la bonne société, even if we should be younger than our appearance indicates, for you must know that I am quite as tall as my mother, though only fourteen years of age. Much of my time, this summer, has been taken up showing round that handsome English captain, who saved my good father's life just as the Indians were going to scalp him. This captain, as you know, is a prisoner on parole, and has had every liberty to wander about Quebec and the vicinity. Not only is he handsome,—he is young and witty,—his repartees would grace a French salon,—his daring and courage manifest themselves in his very footsteps. He is full of prevenances for the ladies, accompanies my mother on the streets, dines occasionally, with my father.

But of late my poor father,—and it grieves him much,—seems to mistrust the gay captain whose only fault appears to be too great a curiosity to learn everything concerning the doings of our Government in Paris and in Quebec. His inquisitiveness at times certainly surprises all hands, and he is, when alone, constantly writing; some say he is gathering secret information for his friends in Virginia; others, actually go so far as to say he is preparing a

plan of Quebec and the fortifications; with what object I cannot see. Our gratitude towards the saviour of our father is, of course, as it ought to be,—boundless. I speak unreservedly. I would not wish you to think for a moment that I could cherish for Captain Stobo any other feeling than that of esteem and gratitude. For all that his tournure, conversation and looks are such, that many a girl would select him as a heros de roman. Major Pean, as you know, is often away, and his lovely wife, forgetting the early piety instilled in her at the Ursulines Convent as far back as 1735, gets herself much talked about. Her wondrous beauty, her accomplishments, her sweetness of manner, are calculated to create envy in this little world of ours; and I think there is no foundation for these slanders.

As just stated, I do not yet form part of the grand monde, and do not know all that is going on. One thing I am sure of, one portion of the society is all that it ought to be: I mean the ladies and the gentlemen, my father and mother associate with. We go to-morrow to sup with Mons. Jean Taché, an eminent merchant who has a pretty country seat on the south side of the Ste. Foye road—the same who was, as you remember, charged with a diplomatic mission to the court four years ago, to plead the cause of the colony with the King's ministers. Bigot and his gay entourage are

not likely to be there. Your turretted old manor of Ste. Marie (Beauce) cannot be very gay, though your lively cousins, the LaGorgendières, are a host in themselves. Do you still adhere to your former idea of keeping a diary of what may happen to you daily; if so, please copy into it my epistle and your answer, and when I go up to Beauce next summer, we shall read over our letters, and ascertain the changes which have happened since the date on which the letters were written. I long to meet you in that noble avenue of waving elms, on the sounding banks of the river Chaudiere. Cannot you sketch for me that dear old feudal dungeon of yours, Elms and all, and make interest with the good old cure of the parish to take it to us in Quebec as you have no post, nor postmen, yet.

A singular feeling, a craving for something, has come over me this summer. My harp and my drawing have ceased to please; I could (previously) practice for hours. Lieutenant Stevenson of the Rangers, to whom I complained jestingly, said he could think of nothing so likely as love at my age, and that if Capt. Stobo were not so much my senior in years, he would swear the captain was for much in the case. Stevenson is not a bad fellow by-the-by, only I wish he would not be incessantly joking at my expense. My pious mother says that

there is only one fault to be found with Stevenson: he is a heretic. She seems determined to bring him over to the true faith."

This paper is headed "Sir Gilbert Parker at Quebec." I shall, therefore, confine myself to recalling what occurred during his brief sojourn amidst us on this occasion, leaving to professional critics the function of discussing his novels and historiettes.

There is assuredly much to admire in "The Seats of the Mighty"; it is a scathing exposé of the tainted social atmosphere which polluted the colony under the Bigot regime. 'Tis a theme which will never be lost sight of by Canadian historians. Some passages, however, I should like to be altered; some might with propriety be removed without weakening the original plot of the romance.

Sir Gilbert has had his fair share of popular applause. He has been styled by one critic "a new Kipling," another calls him "a second Robert Louis Stevenson."

Time will tell how much of this taffy will survive. One thing is certain, the novelist in 1892—when he was gathering the materials for his Quebec book, his residence in our midst had not been sufficiently long to acquire what

his eminent confrere, Henry Van Dyke, possessed in such a high degree, that real, but undescribable aroma of the soil; la senteur du terroir, as the French express it.

Gilbert Parker, says Dr. H. J. Morgan, was born at Camden, East Addington, Ontario, in 1859. His father Joseph Parker, a non-commissioned officer in the British Artillery, became a Captain in the Canadian Militia. "In 1882, he was ordained a deacon in the Church of England, and in 1883, he was matriculated, into Trinity University, Toronto.

In 1886, ill-health compelled him to go to Australia, where in addition to being associated with the Sidney Evening Herald, he turned play-wright."

It would take me beyond the space allotted to this Christmas contribution to follow the clever, industrious and ambitious youth through all the changes of his diversified career, until he married in New York the wealthy Miss Vantine, and removed to London, with his devoted wife: his literary successes bringing him a knighthood and seat in the Imperial Parliament. Hurrah for Canada!

"Literature," says Wm. Kirby, "is not always a harsh mistress; she sometimes throws over her votaries double handfuls of favors in sign of approbation—roses for love, pansies for thoughts, laurel wreaths to crown her honored sons."

Let us then waft across the sea a hearty Christmas greeting to the Canadian novelist, Sir Gilbert Parker, in his splendid mansion, acquired by him from Lord Stafford, No. 20 Carlton House Terrace, London. M.P. May his shadow never grow less!

Christmas Day, 1905.

A DOMINION FLAG

SOUVENIR FOR SPENCER GRANGE TOWER AT
SILLERY

(From *Morning Chronicle*)

The presentation to J. M. LeMoine, of Spencer Grange, Sillery, by the proprietors of the country seats round Quebec, of a handsome Dominion flag for the flag-staff on the new tower erected on his residence, took place at 1 p.m., on Saturday last, at the Garrison Club, with great *éclat*.

A most *recherché* lunch had been ordered for the occasion. The following names appear on the address, headed as follows:—

“Presented to J. M. LeMoine, author of *Picturesque Quebec, &c.*, for his untiring literary efforts to add historical interest to the attractions of the Canadian homes round the city.”

His Worship the Hon. FRS. LANGE-
LIER (1) Mayor of Quebec..... Pavilly, Grande
Allee.

(1) Some important municipal business having called away His Worship the Mayor, Mr. Wheeler read the following note:

Quebec, 10th Nov., 1882.

“Dear Sir,—I am compelled to leave for Montreal on business tonight and shall therefore be unable to attend the

ROBERT HAMILTON	Hamwood.
W. RHODES, Lieutenant-Colonel.....	Benmore House
Hon. D. A. Ross	Westfield.
J. B. FORSYTH, Lieutenant Colonel.....	Roslin.
FERDINAND TURNBULL, Lieut.-Col.....	Marchmont
RICHARD R. DOBELL	Beauvoir.
W. HERRING	Ravenswood.
ALFRED FURNISS	Bardfield.
THOS. BECKETT	Clermont.
EVAN J. PRICE	Wolfefield.
ANDREW THOMSON	Bijou.
ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL	Thornhill.
FRS. J. STOCKWELL	The Highlands.
CHAS. V. TEMPLE	" "
FROST GRAY, Lieutenant Colonel.....	St. Michael's
GEORGE HOLMES PARKE	Ringfield.
JAS. BOWEN, Jr	Redclyffe.
HENRY DINNING	L'Aisle Cham- pêtre.
ANDREW C. STUART, Lieutenant-Col.....	Meadowbank.
PATTERSON HALL	Haldimand House Montmorency.
HERBERT M. PRICE	The Cottage, Montmorency.
ALFRED P. WHEELER	Montague Cot- tage.

After discussing the various *entrées* on the bill of fare, Colonel Rhodes, the Chairman, proposed the health of the honored guest:

presentation to Mr. LeMoine, but rest assured that I take a great interest in that event (the Flag presentation). Mr. LeMoine deserves any mark of esteem that his friends may desire to give him.

"By his writings he has done more than any body else to popularize among strangers our old city and its environs.

"Yours truly, Signed, F. L. ANGELIER."

Gentlemen,—You are all aware that Mr. LeMoine, has been making some very considerable improvements at his residence, involving a new front to his house with a tower and flagstaff. It has therefore been thought a good opportunity for his neighbors to contribute as a souvenir, and the Committee have decided to offer—a flag.

About forty years ago, when I was an Ensign in Her Majesty's 68th Regiment of Light Infantry, I was quartered at Maroon Town, in the Island of Jamaica, and on the occasion of new colours being presented to the Regiment, I was entrusted with the care of the Regimental colours. In British Regiments there are two colours, the Queen's and the Regimental. It is upon the last that the names of the places, and the occasions where the Regiment has distinguished itself are inscribed. These colours were presented to us by Lady Gomme, wife of Sir William Gomme, the General in command. They were afterwards carried by the regiment through the Crimean and the Indian wars, and are now deposited as a sacred gift to the parish church of Leeds, where I saw them last winter during a visit to England. Colours are given to regiments as a mark of honour and for good and faithful service; I therefore think that the committee has been happy in its choice of the emblem we propose to present to our guest, Mr. LeMoine. A flag is a sign of authority. An

explorer affirms his right to a newly discovered shore—a land previously unknown, by hoisting a flag there.—A king through his officers erects his standard in a country, and orders all his subjects to acknowledge this act of possession. He also confers a flag as a mark of honour and calls upon the recipient to defend it. Mr. LeMoine has for a number of years past done good service to Canada in rescuing her annals from oblivion. He has described and made us proud of our Canadian homes, pointing out to the readers of his works, and to the numerous travellers who visit this city, that our residences are scenes of domestic virtue, honorable living and Christian happiness. In no Canadian home is this more remarkable than in his own. If we, who are his friends and neighbors, recognize this, what more royal present can we give than by crowning his residence with a flag, and claiming our right as free men. to plant our standard of good will and friendship on the tower of our honorable friend's house—Spencer Grange.

I therefore now unfurl a flag, he loves and by his writings has taught us to love—the flag of the Dominion, which we will first salute with three British cheers:—I will then consign it to the custody of our future standard-bearer, J. mes M. LeMoine.

To which Mr. LeMoine briefly responded:—

Gentlemen,—After many long years of literary labour, your presentation is indeed a pleasant surprise—this, for me a bright, a proud moment.

How can I find words to suitably acknowledge this generous recognition of what my humble efforts have sought to achieve?

Credit me when I tell you I feel confused at the warmth of feeling, which prompted to day's social meeting—this very cordial mode of endorsing my literary performance.

'Tis now twenty years since I undertook what I then thought—what I still think—a useful, a loyal duty to my country—that of popularizing Canadian annals and placing prominently before the public, the historical deeds, the picturesque sites, the healthy, rustic homes, which, like a chaplet of flowers, encircle the brow of my native city.

Little did I then expect that after walking, not, however, without some misgivings, over the thorny paths—marked out for students in our young country, I should this day, thanks to you, be standing grateful, though I confess, rather proud, where I now stand, to receive the generous, the spontaneous, most encouraging ovation you now tender.

“TESTIMONIAL TO SIR JAMES LEMOINE

SPENCER GRANGE EN FÊTE

“The veteran historian, antiquarian, and ornithologist Sir James LeMoine of Spencer Grange, was, on Saturday last, the object of a warm demonstration of friendship and esteem. Some seventy of his admirers gathered in the beautiful garden of the Grange and presented Sir James with his portrait exquisitely done in oils by Mr. R. J. Wickenden. The event was an interesting one, the occasion being graced with the presence not only of His Honor Sir Louis Jetté, the Lieutenant-Governor of the Province and Lady Jetté, but of Their Excellencies the Governor-General and Lady Minto, the Hon. the Minister of Justice, and a very large number of Quebec's most prominent citizens. Despite the seventy-seven years which the calendar marks as having passed over the head of our beloved “Jonathan Oldbuck,” he is still the possessor of a youthful and buoyant spirit, and on Saturday last as he received his friends in his reception room of his beautiful home he was truly the life of the company. The garden of Spencer Grange set in the silent forest, has been described again and again. The weather was perfect for a promenade, and the time elapsing before the ceremony of the day was occupied by a stroll about the pretty

garden paths. It was just about four o'clock when Their Excellencies arrived, and a few moments later Mr. J. U. Gregory led the way to the flag-draped pavilion at the side of the garden, where stood the portrait veiled, Mr. Gregory then read the following address:

“Your Excellencies, Ladies and Gentlemen:

We are gathered, this pleasant afternoon, within the classic aisles of Spencer Grange, on the very delightful mission of conveying to Sir James LeMoine the renewed expression of our sincere regard, and attachment to him for those estimable qualities of heart and mind that have endeared him to us all.

It has been the rare privilege of many of us to have enjoyed his friendship for years. If our host, to-day has grown slightly greyer since then, it must be attributed entirely to too close application to historical researches and the burning of the midnight lamp, for, to slightly alter an old saying: “youth springs eternal in Sir James' heart.”

We are delighted to see him in such robust health, and we wish him long years for the continuance of those labors that have enriched the literature of our province.

There is another matter, somewhat incidental to our meeting to-day. In the pride of our friendship for our host there arose a desire that our posterity should know the manner of

man to whom we gave our love, and honored for his worth; and who returned our love and reverence with such constant loyalty. So we commissioned a clever artist to paint his portrait. With cunning hand, Mr. Wickenden has performed his work, and the result is now before us on the easel as life-like to the original as brush and paint can make it.

We now ask our host's acceptance of this portrait, with our love and best wishes; and, also, as a slight testimonial of our obligation to him for his unwearied labors in making our Province and City known of men the world over.

Our friend can lay claim to forty-five years of unremitting toil in the broad domain of science and literature, the gathering of rich stores of material for volumes that are a source of joy and pride to every Canadian, be he or she of French or English extraction. With skilful art he has told the story of that early heroic period under French domination when Governor Frontenac and devoted missionaries, each in their way, carried on the crusade of civilization from East to West.

In "Quebec, Past and Present," and in "Picturesque Quebec," the stirring and romantic history of the old city is fascinatingly set forth. In the "Maple Leaves" series—volume upon volume, we have the folk-lore, traditions and customs of French Canada in

entertaining form; and, here, we might add that Sir James is loyalty itself to his French extraction. Has he not written four of his most important works in that tongue; "Ornithologie du Canada", "Les Pêcheries du Canada," "Chasse et Pêche," and *Monographies et Esquisses.*"

He has supplied the foundation stones with which some of our clever novelists have built their romances. Wm. Kirby, the immortal author of "Le Chien d'Or," received his inspiration for that work from a sketch of Major Stobo as the basis of a romance; Gilbert Parker wrote "The Seats of the Mighty."

No writer within our ken has so unstintedly, so ungrudgingly given to others from out his store as Sir James has done; for literary jealousy is as foreign to his nature as it is dominant in that of others. He has always been the wise guide and counsellor to those struggling up Parnassus' heights. Learned societies, the world over, have honored our friend by inscribing him on their rolls of members. The Royal Society of Canada, in 1894, elected him its President; and at its meeting of that year, in Ottawa, he was the honored guest of Their Excellencies Lord and Lady Aberdeen. On New Year's Day, 1897, our host received a telegram that announced that Her Majesty the Queen had been pleased to confer

upon him the honor of knighthood, in recognition of his literary services. This, we might remark, was one of the few knighthoods ever bestowed by Her late Majesty for such services in Canada.

These aisles that we tread to-day have been trodden by some of the world's illustrious men and women, who have paid their tribute of respect to the host of Spencer-Grange; we recall such names as Parkman, George Augustus Sala, Wm Kirby, Canon Kingsley, Dean Stanley, Sir Gilbert Parker, Goldwin Smith, Charles Hallock; most of the Governor-Generals of Canada, including the Marquis of Lorne, Princess Louise, Lord Dufferin and Their Excellencies Lord and Lady Minto, now with us.

To-day, we, his old and loving friends of Quebec, have the happiness of presenting him, on this joyful occasion, with this token of our love and admiration."

The portrait was then unveiled. It stood on an easel, arranged by the artist in the best possible light, and over the top of the heavy gilt frame hung a spray of maple leaves, a most appropriate decoration. The painting, a life-size,—represents Sir James sitting in his library chair, surrounded by his books. On the table beside him lies a page bearing the inscription "Maple Leaves," "Picturesque Quebec," and "Legends of the St. Lawrence." The expression of the face is very life-like."

After the unveiling Sir James replied as follows:

“Your Excellencies, Ladies and Gentlemen:

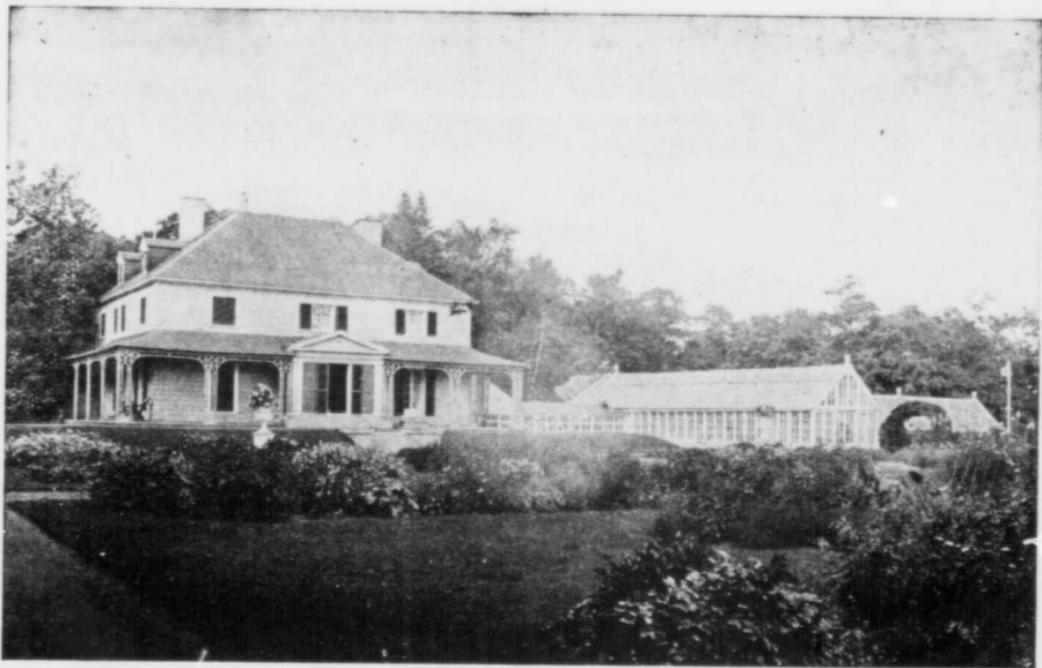
Words fail to express what I feel on this occasion.

For this artistic tribute of esteem and good will, tendered by so many old and some new friends, and acclaimed by others guided by their interest in Canadian letters, accept my hearty, my sincere, my enduring thanks.

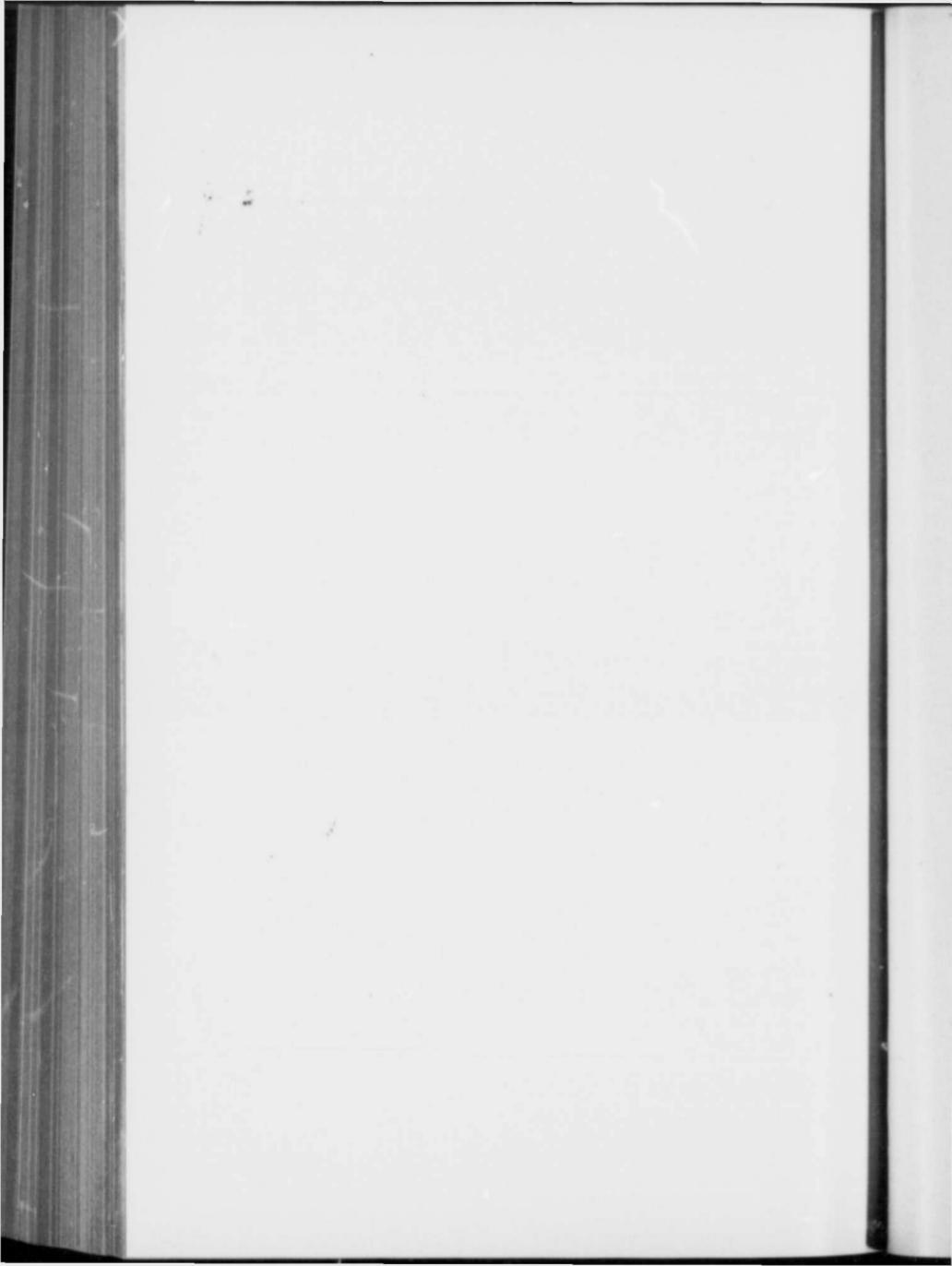
Two sentiments appear to mingle in this manifestation far beyond my humble merits:

Whilst it gratefully reminds me that, after a tolerably long lapse of years, I seem still to retain a place in the hearts of old friends,—and passing sweet is a souvenir from old friends! it also indicates the sympathy of some well wishers, here present, whom I just heard exclaiming: “We are with you, Sir James, in
“the love you have infused in us towards our
“native or our adopted country; you have
“happily brought back to us, in a multiplicity
“of forms, the romantic story of its warlike
“past; the exceeding richness of its present
“resources; the charm of its healthy, rustic
“homes; the beauty of its scenery, like a cha-
“plet of flowers, encircling the historic old
“town.”

Well, ladies and gentlemen, whatever mead of success may have attended my literary



SPENCER GRANGE, SILLERY—Near Quebec



labors, I like to ascribe them to my having sympathetically interpreted your own thoughts, your inner feelings on the various subjects brought to your view.

On looking around me, I cannot help being reminded of a tribute, in some respects, akin to the present. It happened twenty years ago, in 1882. The occasion was the publication of the Canadian sketches known as the "Maple Leaves," in which the proprietors of country-seats thought proper to present a flag for this tower; t'was a very appropriate one, the flag of the Dominion. An old friend, of the late Colonel W. Rhodes in presenting the national emblem discoursed eloquently on the significance of flags. That very Dominion flag now waves over your heads. I have more to add. I feel particularly happy in noting around me to-day a fair contingent of the donors. A member of the presentation committee, Hon. D. A. Ross, in his humerous address, jocularly predicted that in time another presentation was likely to take place. Is then my old friend's prophecy fulfilled this day?

Ladies and gentlemen, I thank you for your touching souvenir; my cordial thanks are also due to the able artist, R. J. Wickenden, who portrayed the author of "Maple Leaves."

Let me also offer hearty thanks to the Committee of Management, and to its chairman,

Mr. George Fairchild, Jr., under whose inspiration to-day's testimonial has widened in significance into a form of homage to Canadian literature.

This date, rest assured, will remain a red-letter day in the annals of Spencer Grange."

The guests then broke into applause and Sir James was warmly congratulated. Lord and Lady Minto were delighted with the portrait, and asked that the artist be presented to them. This was done, and Their Excellencies assured Mr. Wickenden of their high appreciation of his talent. After a social chat, refreshments were served and the guests took their leave about half past five, each one being presented with a splendid reproduction in black and white of the portrait. The engraving is also Mr. Wickenden's work and is in itself an art treasure. Each of the prints was signed by Sir James LeMoine."

(*Quebec Chronicle*, 11th Aug., 1902.)

"Lord and Lady Minto, the Lieutenant-Governor of Quebec, the Canadian Minister of Justice, and many of the leading residents of Quebec, were among the company assembled on Coronation-day at the residence of Sir James LeMoine, to witness the presentation to

their host of his portrait, a tribute of respect offered by a number of public men and private friends. Sir James LeMoine, the author of "Quebec, Past and Present," "Legends of the St. Lawrence," "Maple Leaves," "Ornithologie du Canada," and other works in French and English on the topography and history of the Dominion, was, in 1894, elected President of the Royal Society of Canada, and in 1897, received the honor of Knighthood in recognition of his literary services. In an address read by Mr. J. U. Gregory, at the presentation, reference was made to the number of distinguished people who have on various occasions visited Spencer Grange, near Quebec, including the Duke and Duchess of Argyle, Lord and Lady Dufferin, Dean Stanley, and Canon Kingsley, George Augustus Sala and others."

(London Standard, 29th August, 1902.

HONOURING SIR JAMES LEMOINE

To the Editor of the "Montreal Star":

Sir.—The author of "When Knighthood Was in Flower" could have hardly realized the fact that the true and worthy thing is in full bloom to-day, and its higher and more exalted duty, fully recognized and obeyed. Many left Montreal by an early train on the 9th inst. to be

present at Spencer Grange, Quebec, at 4 p.m., to give to Sir James LeMoine his "splendid spur" in the shape of a full portrait in oils of himself, by Wickenden. The knight errant of old has given place in these later days to a newer, truer, and, may be, more chivalric rendering of the genius of the century. It is said, in language that is almost a dirge:

"The Knights are dust, and their good swords rust
And their sou's with the Saints, we trust."

How well, indeed, here comes in the words of the late Laureate when speaking of "The Golden Year": "Some writers push the happy season back, some forward. Dreamers both. But well I know, that he who works and feels he works, this same grand, golden year, is ever at his doors."

The chief figure in this ceremony is no self-seeker, and his life is as free from pomp or power political as it is from actual warfare in the field.

But he worked, and felt he worked, and the honour conferred upon him by his late Sovereign was all the more a worthy one, and unique. Those who have intimately known Sir James LeMoine for the last half century, and are privileged to know him now, assert that never a day passes, even at his advanced age, but something is written for publication "something attempted, something done." Something done

for our history, to inspire others to work for the great cause of Canada's better, and grander future.

And we are all thankful to see that, unlike King Arthur, who "perished among the people he had made," our Knight is well, and living in fair health among us, and amid the history of those of his countrymen that he has helped to make famous. I may here say that his lovely and picturesque home of "Spencer Grange" hangs over the margin of the broad and deep St. Lawrence River. Noted for its old fashioned hospitality, and permeated by his own striking personality and that of his charming daughter—it is, indeed, an ideal picture.

If I forgot to say that the scene of last Saturday was an enchanted one—I beg, as Thompson would have said, to say it now. His Excellency the Governor-General and Lady Minto, His Honour the Lieutenant-Governor and Lady Jetté, and, indeed, a fair galaxy of lovely women and brave men, in the true acceptation of the term, were met together to grace the gift of a few old and dear friends of the Knight, with his honoured face and form reproduced on canvas, and bright with inspired life.

It was a picture alike worthy of the man it portrayed, and of the artist who produced it.

The unusual and almost daily rain of July and August was kindly and perfectly suspended for the occasion.

Mr. Gregory then read the address to Sir James in the open air—the picture being under an ornamental pavilion, and canopied in curtains.

But when Sir James replied in tones of deep and true feeling, the applause was loud and hearty. The curtain was then drawn aside by Mr. D. Stuart, and renewed acclamation followed the unveiling.

The works of Sir James are a national property now. His painstaking and laborious research, his snatches of sentiment and song to enliven his valuable and more serious pages, are they not familiar as household words among us, and can they ever be forgotten?

Refreshments were lavish and excellent. Not a thing happened to mar the pleasure and harmony of the gathering, and to use the language of the "Princess," homeward, well pleased, we went."

NEMO.

(A. P. W.)

Sillery, Quebec,
August, 10, 1902.

(*Montreal Star*, Aug., 1902.)

The following is a list of the subscribers to the portrait:

Sir Louis Jetté, Lt-Governor, Province of Quebec	Frank Carrel, Quebec.
Sir Henri Joly de Lotbinière, Lt.-Governor, Province of British Columbia.	Ernest Pacaud, Quebec.
Hon. S. N. Parent, Premier of Province of Quebec	Chs. Sidney Cook, Boston.
Hon. Mr. Justice Andrews, Quebec.	Chs. Langelier, Quebec.
Hon. Mr. Justice Blanchet, Quebec.	Frank Ross, Ste. Foye.
Hon. John Sharples, Quebec.	Wm. Herring, Ravenswood.
Hon. Pierre Garneau, Quebec.	Wm. Rhodes, Philadelphia.
Felix Carbray, Quebec.	George Patterson, Quebec.
Geo. M. Fairchild, jr., Ravenscliffe, Cap Rouge.	P. Baby Casgrain, Quebec.
J. U. Gregory, Quebec.	George Hossack, Quebec.
W. Chaussegros de Lery, St. Francois, Beauce.	Canon A. Von Iffland, Sillery.
Mrs. Laura G. Collins, Maysville, Kentucky.	Frank Rhodes, Chicago.
John Reade, Montreal.	MacPherson LeMoynes, Boston.
John S. Budden, Quebec.	J. B. Hance, Quebec.
Arthur G. Doughty, Quebec.	Dr. Ahern, Quebec.
Joshua Thomson, Levis.	Geo. LaRue, Quebec.
Armitage Rhodes, Benmore.	Hayter Reed, Quebec.
Miss Price, Wolfesfield.	John C. Eno, Quebec.
Wm. Price, Quebec.	Gaspard LeMoine, Quebec.
Mrs. D. A. Ross, Altamont.	Godfrey Rhodes, Nebraska.
John Ritchie, Quebec.	Chas. Hallock, Plainfield, Mass.
Lt.-Col. D. C. Thomson, Quebec.	Dr. John M. Harper, Quebec.
Henry Atkinson, Etchemin.	Surgeon Col. Hubert Neilson Dornald.
Herbert M. Price, Montmorcency Falls.	E. T. D. Chambers, Quebec.
W. Molson Macpherson, Quebec.	J. H. Holt, Quebec.
Edson Fitch, Quebec.	Cyrille Tessier, Quebec.
Philippe Huot, Quebec.	Rev. A. T. Love, Quebec.
Siméon LeSage, Quebec.	Alfred P. Wheeler, Sillery.
Nicholas Flood, Cap Rouge.	Major N. LeVasseur, Quebec.
Wm. Wood, Quebec.	Anson A. Gard, New York.
	Alexander Robertson, Quebec.
	Capt. G. D. O'Farrell, Quebec.
	John M. LeMoynes, Compton.
	Nolan Cauchon, Montreal.
	G. G. Stuart, Meadowbank.
	J. Theodore Ross, The Highlands.
	Wm. Dobell, Bois-Francs.
	Parliamentary Library, Ottawa.
	Lit. & Hist. Society, Quebec.
	Garrison Club, Quebec.



APPENDIX

MAPLE LEAVES—1863.

CONTENTS OF 1ST SERIES.

- I. The Grave of Cadieux.
- II. Chateau Bigot.
- III. Crumbs of Comfort for Lawyers.
- IV. A Sketch of Spencer Wood.
- V. The Golden Dog—Le Chien d'Or.
- VI. Canadian Names and Surnames.
- VII. The Legend of Holland Tree.
- VIII. A Chapter on Canadian Noblesse.
- IX. The Loss of the "Auguste." French Refugees.
- X. On Some Peculiar Feudal Institutions.
- XI. La Correveau—The Iron Cage.
- XII. An Episode of the War of the Conquest.
- XIII. DeBrebœuf and Lalemant—Lake Simcoe.
- XIV. Fin and Feather in Canada.
- XV. Acclimatization of Birds and Animals.
- XVI. A Parting Word.

MAPLE LEAVES—1864

CONTENTS OF II. SERIES

- I. George Augustus Sala.
- II. Champlain's Career Reviewed by T. D. McGee.
- III. A "Green-back" of the Last Century.
- IV. Ex-Councillor Estebe on Colonial Matters.
- V. What was the Old Noblesse Composed Of?

- VI. U. S. Loyalists.
The Battle-Fields of Canada.
- VII. The Siege of Quebec.
- VIII. Phipps before Quebec 1690.
- IX. Abortive Expedition of 1711. Admiral H. Wallace.
- X. Defeat of George Washington, at Fort Necessity, 1754.
- XI. DeBrebœuf's Victory over Washington and Braddock, 9th July, 1755.
- XII. The Fort George Massacre, 9th August, 1757.
- XIII. Battle of Carillon, 8th July, 1758.
- XIV. Engagement at Beauport Flats, 31st July, 1759.
- XV. The Battle of the Plains of Abraham, 13th Sept., 1759.
- XVI. The Battle of St. Foy, 27th and 28th April, 1760.
- XVII. Ste. Foy Monument Festival.
- XXVIII. Arnold and Montgomery's Defeat, 1775
- XIX. Battle of Queenston Heights, 13th Oct., 1812.
- XX. Battle of Beechwood, 1813.
- XXI. Battle of Chateauguay, 26th Oct., 1813.
- XXII. Reminiscences of 1812 and 1813.
- XXIII. Battle of Chippewa, 1814.
- XXIV. Battle of Lundy's Lane, 25th July, 1814.
- XXV. Siege of Fort Eric, 1814.
- XXVI. Capture of Fort Niagara, 1814.
- XXVII. Salmon and Trout Rivers of Canada.
- XXVIII. Salmon Fishing in Canada.
- XXIX. Professor Hind on the Fisheries of the St. Lawrence.
- XXX. Deep Fisheries of Canada.
- XXXI. Whitcher on the Spawning of Salmon.
- XXXII. Amendments of Fishery Legislation.
- XXXIII. The Birds of Canada.
- XXXIV. Fauna and Flora of the Extreme North East.
- XXXV. Appendix.
- XXXVI. Report of the Quebec Fish and Game Club, for 1862.
- XXXVII. Report of the Montreal Fish and Game Club, for 1863.

XXXVII. List of Members of Montreal, Fish and Game
Club for 1863.

MAPLE LEAVES, 1865.

CONTENTS OF III. SERIES

- I. Campaign of 1759 in Canada.
 - II. A Representative Man: Luc de la Corne St. Luc.
 - III. The History of Sillery, "Our Parish."
 - IV. The Wild Flowers of Sillery.
 - V. The Woods of Sillery.
 - VI. Literary Gossip on Olden Times.
- OUR COUNTRY SEATS
- VII. The Duke of Kent's Lodge, Montmorenci.
Marchmont—Belvidere Lodge—Wolfesfield.
Elm Grove— Thornhill— Spencer Wood— Spencer
Grange.
Woodfield—Sous les Bois—Benmore—Kirk Ella.
Cataracoui—Beauvoir—Sillery House—Bardfield.
Clermont— Ravenswood—The Highlands—Rosewood.
Redcliffe, (Cap Rouge Cottage),—Beausejours—Bel-
mont.
Holland House—Morton Lodge—Hamwood—Bijou.
Westfield—Teviot House—Castor Ville.
Tre Manor House, Beauport—Ringfield—Coucy de
Castel.
 - VIII. The Manor, Crane Island.
 - IX. The Ladies' Protestant Home.

MAPLE LEAVES, 1873.

CONTENTS OF IV. SERIES

- I. D'Iberville—The Cid of New France.
- II. Dollard des Ormeaux—The Canadian Leonidas.
- III. De Brebœuf and Lalemant.
- IV. The Bell of Saint-Regis—Fact and Fiction.
- V. The Baron of Longueuil.

- VI. The Heroine of Vercheres.
- VII. Major Stobo.
- VIII. Cadieux the Old Voyageur.
- IX. A Select Tea Party at Quebec in 1759.
- X. The Loss of the "Auguste"—French Refugees.
- XI. The History of an Old House—Le Chien d'Or.
- XII. Tid-bits of Feudal Customs.
- XIII. Le Droit de Grenouillage.
- XIV. Luc de la Corne Saint-Luc—A Representative Man.
- XV. The U. E. Loyalists—British Refugees.
- XVI. Fraser's Highlanders before Quebec in 1759.
- XVII. Canadian Names and Surnames.
- XVIII. The Grave of Garneau the Historian.
- XIX. Canadian Homes.
- XX. Our Early Friends, the Birds.
- XXI. Synopsis of Canadian Birds.
- XXII. Fin and Feather.
- XXIII. The Quebec Volunteers 1837-38.
- XXIV. Our Nationality, its Component Parts.
- XXV. List of British Officers Recently Married in Canada.

MAPLE LEAVES, 1889.

CONTENTS OF V. SERIES.

I.—*Quebec to Montmorenci.*

Beauport—Its History—Scenery—Warlike Chronicles—Its
Cataract—Duke of Kent's Lodge.

II.—*Le Bonne Sainte-Anne.*

Its Miracles—Baie St. Paul—Kalm's mining explorations, in
1749—Earthquakes and seige anecdotes.

III.—*Dufferin Terrace.*

The Chateau promenade as seen by the Swedish savant Peter
Kalm, in August, 1749—Dufferin Terrace, described by
Adirondack Murray, in August, 1887.

IV.—*Quebec to Fort Jacques-Cartier.*

Montcalm before the battle—The retreat—Fort Jacques-Cartier—Its relics.

V.—*Quebec to Portneuf.*

Winter travel in the Olden Time between Quebec and Montreal—Wayside Inns—The Grand Barons of Portneuf, and their Ferocious Dogs—Perrot, the Bald.

VI.—*Quebec to Deschambault.*

The Deschambault Manor—Its Past and Present.

VII.—*Megantic.*

Its pioneers—Its railways—Its asbestos mines—Its beautiful lakes—Dr. D. H. Howard's map.

VIII.—*Beauce.—(St. Marie.)*

The Foot-prints of the Invaders in 1775—Lt. Caldwell's opinion of them.

• XI.—*Beauce.—(St. Joseph.)*

Dr. Senter's Diary of the siege—The New Englanders cross the border in 1775—The French Canadians cross the border in 1875—The Munroe Doctrine, as understood in Canada.

X.—*Beauce.—(St. Francois.)*

Bird Chapter—The Bobolink—*Le Goglu.*

XI.—*Quebec to Magdalen Islands.*

Levis—Its martial records of the past—Its first settler—Harlaka—Beaumont—St. Charles—St. Valier—St. Michel—St. Thomas—Papineau—Cap St. Ignace—Islet—St. Jean, Port Joly—Ste. Anne de la Pocatiere—Riviere-Ouelle—Its Porpoise Fisheries—Its Legends—Kamouraska—Fraserville—Cacouna—Ile Verte—Trois Pistoles—St. Fabien—St. Simon—Bic—Its Hermit—Rimouski—Metis—Sir George Stephens—Our Salmon and Salmon-

trout rivers—Writers on Salmon and trout rivers—Dr. Henry—Richard Nettle—Dr. W. A. Adamson—Robert B. Roosevelt—Charles Lanman—Charles Hallock—G. M. Fairchild, jr.—Gaspe Basin—Morpheus' Domain—New Carlisle: A U. E. Loyalist settlement—The Caldwell Manor—A Glimpse of Prince Edward Island—Charlottetown—Rustico—Magdalen Island Group.

XII.—*Quebec to Lake St. John.*

Mistassini Falls—The Birds and Fish met at Lake St. John, Saguenay District, Province of Quebec,—Ascent of the first steamer to the Mistassini Falls.

XIII.—*The Cruise of the Hirondelle.*

The seal Islands—Their Game—Their Legends—Sorel and its Game—Lieut. Governor Letellier—Crane Island, Montmagny's Game Preserve.

XIV.—*On some Historical Dogs.*

Matelot—Pilote—Ste. Ursula's Dogs—Baron Robineau's Hounds—Niagara—Vingt-sols, his father—Le Chien D'Or—Montgomery—Niger—Cerberus—Citron—Cabot—Vailant—Wolfe.

Appendix.

The Early mode of Travel—Scalping not always fatal.

MAPLE LEAVES for 1894.

CONTENTS OF VI. SERIES.

Essays, Addresses, Lectures, Reviews.

Quebec and its Environs.
The Siege of Quebec, 1600—Sir W. Phipps—Frontenac.
Champlain—His Tomb—His Monument.
Montcalm and Levis—on horse flesh—1758.
Where did Montcalm die?
Wolfe's Statue.

- The Golden Dog Novel.
 Judge Mabane's Career.
 De Gaspé's Memoirs.
 The Memory of Brigadier General R. Montgomery—vindic-
 ated.
 The Restoration of the Barony of Longueuil.
 Baron Masères—A Review.
 Abbe Ls. Bois—A Review.
 Style of travel under the Old Regime.
 The Fort—The Chateau St. Louis—Dufferin Terrace.
 Quebec—1837-87—Looking Back.
 St. Louis street—Its Storied Past.
 Christmas Day—1891.
 New Years' Day—1892.
 A Breakfast at X. Marmier's—in Paris.
 Our Historic Waterways.
 The Wild Flowers around Quebec.

LECTURES

- Canadian Heroines—Madame de Champlain—Mdlle. de Ver-
 chere—Madame de La Tour.
 Glimpses of Quebec—1749—59.
 Edinburgh—Rouen—York.
 Brighton—Scarborough—The Field of Waterloo.
 The Forestry Meeting at Quebec—Address, 1891.
 A Chat on the Birds of Quebec.

 MAPLE LEAVES, 1906.

CONTENTS OF VII SERIES.

I PART

- Archives of Canada.
 Assault on Quebec 1775 by Montgomery.
 Lt.-Col. Caldwell 1759-1810.

II PART

- Francis Parkman at Quebec.
 Old and Modern Quebec.

- A Chateau Ball in 1797.
 Social Clubs—Stadacona, Union, Garrison.
 Canadian Loyalty—Reply to Prof. Bryce.
 Christmas Message to Toronto Star.
 Lake St. Charles at eventide.
 An Outing in the Laurentides—Angling.
 Baron de Grandbois in Deschambault Woods.
 Phantom Head—L. H. Frechette—Winter Scene.
 Emily Montague—1st Canadian Novel.
 Letters from a Centenarian of Quebec.
 The Quebec Argonauts of 1849—Gold Fever at Quebec.
 Charles Wolfe's Letter.
 Memories of Old Quebec.
 Looking Back 1837.
 Lord Lorne and the Royal Society 1882-1906.
 The Cercle des Dix.

III PART

- A Chapter of Autobiography.
 Spencer Grange—Residence of Sir J. M. LeMoine—Personal and Home Memories.
 Recollections of George Augustus Sala, Dean Stanley, Justin McCarthy, John Morley, W. Dean Howells, Joaquin Miller, Sir Gilbert Parker, Canon Kingsley, Francis Parkman, Sir Erasmus Ommanney, etc.
 Flag Presentation in 1882.
 Presentation of Portrait, 9th Aug., 1902.

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PAPERS READ BEFORE THE SOCIETY AND INSERTED IN ITS
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1. Nos quatre Historiens Modernes; Garneau, Bibaud, Ferland, Faillon.... 1882
2. Les Archives du Canada 1883
3. Les Aborigènes de l'Amérique, leurs rites mortuaires 1884
4. Les Pages sombres de l'Histoire 1888

5. Sir Frederick Haldimand, Gouverneur 1778-84.... 1888
6. The last Decade of French Rule at Quebec, 1749-
59 1888
7. Parallèle entre le Comte de la Galissonnière et le
Comte de Dufferin 1889
8. Gen'l. James Murray, le Premier Gouverneur An-
glais de Quebec 1890
9. Etudes Ethnographique des Elements qui consti-
tuent la population de la Province de Quebec.. 1802
10. Le Comte d'Elgin, Gouverneur Général du Canada.. 1893
11. The Archives of Canada, the Presidential Address
for 1895 1895
12. Materials for Canadian History; Annals of towns
and parishes.... 1897
13. Quebec en 1837, pendant l'Insurrection 1888
14. Assault of Brg. General Richard Montgomery and
Col. Benedict Arnold on Quebec, 31st December,
1775 1889
15. The Avi-Fauna of the Province of Quebec..... 1901
16. Etude Ethnographiques; les Elements qui consti-
tuent la population du Canada. 1902
17. Hon. Col. Hy. Caldwell, Sketch of,—1759-1810.... 1903

ERRATA

Page 155, Same line repeated twice.

" 210, " Irish " instead of Iris.

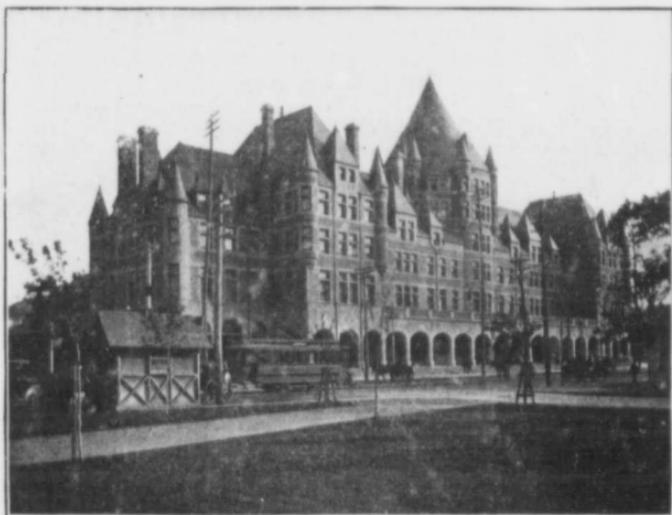
" 215, " Cum grano alis " instead of Cum grano salis.

" 271, Read John Jones and George Patterson, instead of John and George Patterson.

" 338. Litterati instead of "Literate."

Appendix—Page ii—IX, Read Walker, instead of "Wallace."

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