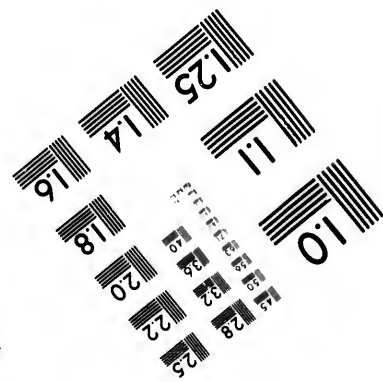
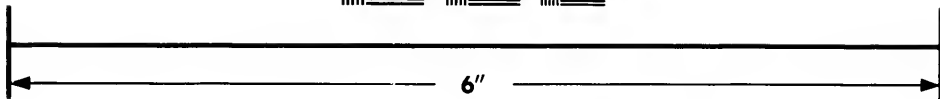
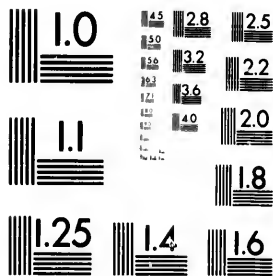


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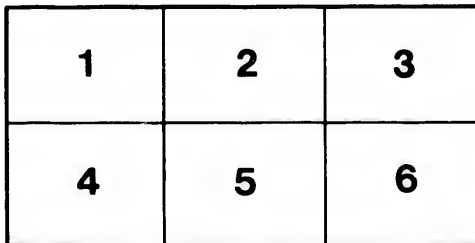
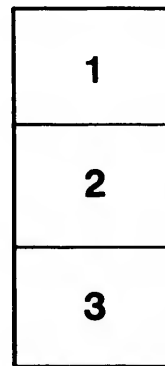
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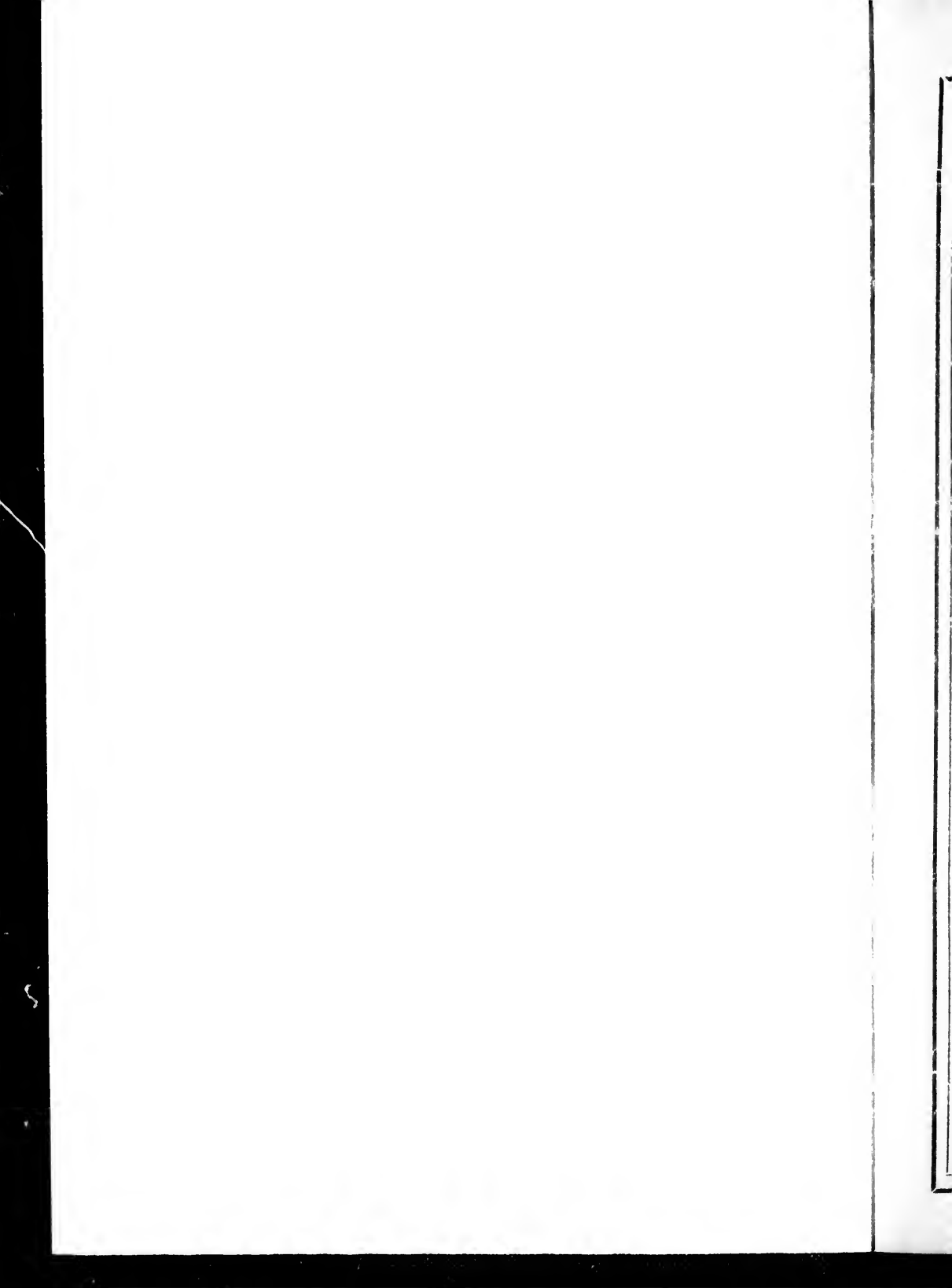
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Brighton, the Southern Queen of English Watering Places.

Scarborough, the Northern Empress of the Seaside.

Versailles, and the Lion Mount of Waterloo.

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INAUGURAL ADDRESS,

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READ BEFORE THE LITERARY AND HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF QUEBEC,

27TH NOVEMBER. 1882.

BY

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

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QUEBEC:

PRINTED AT THE "MORNING CHRONICLE" OFFICE

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# THE LITERARY AND HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

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## MR. LEMOINE'S LECTURE,

27th NOVEMBER, 1882.

The winter course of Lectures was opened with *eclat* last night at the rooms of the Literary and Historical Society, by the President, J. M. LeMoine. We are enabled today to give his interesting lecture. His subject was "Reminiscences of Travel," in which he dealt with Brighton, Scarbro', Versailles, and the field of Waterloo.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—“I feel grateful, for the presence, this night, in this room, of such a numerous and distinguished assemblage, at the opening of our winter course of lectures. May I gather from the circumstance an indication, if not a proof of an increasing interest in and sympathy with the efforts of this Society to promote culture, by providing intellectual amusement for its members.

My special line of studies had naturally induced me to select for this occasion a subject calculated to further more immediately one of the chief objects contemplated by this Institution—the prosecution of researches bearing on American and Canadian annals. Some material had already, with this view, been garnered from an extensive collection of rare and old maps and charts, delineating on sea and land the line of travel of the early discoverers of America. I soon found the matter vaster even than I had anticipated; in fact requiring much more time than is at my disposal. Trusting to your forgiveness, I have departed from my old and beaten track and shall this evening, with your permission, place at your disposal, a few excerpts from a Diary of Travel, I kept during a two months' absence from home in July and August, 1881. To many here present, what I have to say, I ween, can have no novelty. It may possibly serve to refresh the memory of those sight-seers, who have preceded me and prepare the minds of those who may come after me.

Let us then first view King George IV.'s Elysium.

### BRIGHTON.

As a fashionable sea-bathing resort, where the upper tendom of London disport themselves in sickness as well as in health, I saw no spot more patronised, more gorgeously and effectually equipped for pleasure and health, than the lovely town of Brighton on the Southern coast of England.

Brighton, with a population of 103,281 souls, and an annual influx of over 50,000 tourists and visitors, was an obscure fishing village down to 1753—in the county of Sussex. 'Tis now famous through all England. Brighton's original name was Brighthelmston, from Brighthelm, an Anglo-Saxon Bishop, who is reputed to have founded it in the 10th century, and *tun*, a town. Local histories tell us that the Romans had a settlement here—as proved by the numerous coins and other antiquities of the Roman period which have been found from time to time. The lord of the soil in the 11th century was the great Earl Godwin, the father of the last Anglo-Saxon King, Harold, who, as you know, lost his Kingdom and his life at the battle of Hastings (14th Oct., 1066.)

From its proximity to London, 'tis indeed a welcome haven of repose—a *sanitorium* for the wearied Londoner, longing for the Sunday or holiday, to tear himself from the great Babylon of wealth, squalor, trade, intellect and smoke.

The 3 p.m. express train from the London Bridge, or Victoria Railway station, rushes you in one hour and twenty minutes past rows of suburban brick cottages, leafy old manors, ivy-mantled chapels, medieval churches, under lofty viaducts, over the fifty-one intervening miles between the metropolis and the loved sea-side resort.

For a western traveller like me, never enamoured with the English style of railway travel



and baggage-checking system, judge of my thankfulness on my emerging safe and unharmed from the dark, sooty, underground tunnel, the Clayton tunnel, near Croydon: Croydon, where only a few days previous had been brought the mangled remains of poor old Mr. Gould. His murderer, Lefroy, whose name was in every mouth, was then yet unconvicted, unhung, unrepresented in Madam Toussaud's Chamber of Horrors, which I was soon to visit. These small locked railway compartments, they may be a British institution, but the country has other; has better institutions than this. Possibly when some future Lefroy will have chloroformed or garrotted a peer of the realm, a Lord Mayor, a Bishop, or even a Railway Director—the torch of enquiry will light up this question, and unprotected passengers per rail will cease to be promiscuously locked up in solitary railway compartments with garroters and murderers. Croydon has a population of 58,000 inhabitants; it was formerly the country residence of the Archbishop of Canterbury.

At 4.30 p.m. I found myself on the steps of the Grand Hotel, at Brighton, sniffing the salt sea air and gazing at the vast sunlit, sparkling bay, fringed with countless bathing houses, studded by whole fleets of sailing and row boats, while the grey, level sands and Esplanade above were densely packed with bathers and pleasure-seekers of both sexes. Bath chairs, in which lounged rheumatic old dowagers with fans, vigorously fanning their withered, though still ruddy English cheeks, whilst sturdy porters wheeled their bath chairs across the Esplanade, and chaises filled with rosy children, drawn by mules, donkeys, or goats, with here and there a velocipede, whirred past.

How lively the scene and sweet the sounds, when the moon's beams slumbered on the murmuring surf—and a city band, from the new West Pier, sent forth during the stillness of the evening, its soft strains! This promenade each evening is much frequented; the band plays until ten, and "God Save the Queen" is the signal for a general break up.

The city has a high reputation for its healthy climate and its invigorating sea-breezes. "Thackeray, in *The Newcomes*, called it "Merry Doctor Brighton," and sporting novels are full of references to the hunting which is famous in the neighborhood. Well-known packs of harriers and fox-hounds meet almost daily during the winter months at points within easy reach of Brighton. The young gentlemen of England can hunt and flirt to their hearts' content from the opening of cub-hunting until the last fox has been killed; for there are balls, routs, concerts,

receptions, all the time. Brighton is a gay place for the poor scions of noble houses on the look-out for heiresses; a choice hunting ground for penniless adventurers on the watch for rich widows; modern D'Orsays and Beau Brummels find pleasant occupation here at the clubs and in society; while generals without regiments and parvenus with country estates and houses in town pose in the sun at the most popular hour of the day for doing the three-mile drive by the sea. One day, at the fashionable season of the year, not long since, I stood at the door of the Old Ship, and it seemed to me as if Hyde Park, Regent street, and Mayfair had just been emptied, carriages, horses, servants, and all, into the King's Road; cabinet ministers and their wives, peers and peeresses, journalists, artists, members of Parliament, actors, ambassadors from foreign courts, operatic singers—a motley crowd—moving along as if engaged in a formal procession *en route* for some stately rendezvous."

I find in my diary the following foot note, which may interest the ladies. "One does occasionally meet with what one might be inclined to style, over-powering toilettes, in these thronged sea-side resorts. On our way from Brighton to Antwerp, in the crowd of English travellers who besieged with us the *table d'hôte*, in the sumptuous hotel du Grand Labourer, at Antwerp, I shall not easily forget the sensation created by the appearance of an æsthetic Damosel, apparelled in the most advanced style.

In order to stand revealed as a blooming Hebe, or a full blown Helen, 'tis not sufficient for a plain girl to don cathedral-grey colors and shades dear to the great Oscar, with a string of blue beads round her neck, and a sunflower, lily, or chrysanthemum in her belt, tight-fitting sleeves and big puffs at the elbows and shoulders; hair, cut short and frizzled to look like the grilled quilla of a porcupine! The sunflower did indeed cause a sensation, but assuredly she did not seem what men like to call 'a pretty creature.'

My next neighbor at table, a polite Parisian with whom I happened to be conversing, evidently startled by the strange apparition of this æsthetic Venus, turned up in horror the white of his eyes, and leaning over to me, close to my ear, his agonized feelings found vent in one expression—one only "*Mais, c'est affreux!!*"

Brighton, the "Queen of the Southern watering place—as she is styled—has indeed many attractive sights—none more so than her spacious beach, her grand aquarium—"the largest fresh and salt water aquarium in the world"—you are told, and the gorgeous pavilion, near

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the old Steyne square, dating from 1783, the Marine Villa of the Prince of Wales—later, on, George IV.

What gave rise to it, it seems, was a visit this gay Lothario paid to his uncle and aunt, the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland, in 1782. Young Prince George was so charmed during a sojourn there of eleven days, with the "fisher village," that he determined to have a marine villa at Brighton: nay, it cost over £250,000 sterling of English tax-payers money to complete and decorate this Alhambra—this costly eastern dream of an English Prince. The building was first known as the Rotunda, when owned by its Royal Founder, the Prince of Wales. It was styled in 1824, the Pavilion. William IV added the northern and southern gateways.

I can recall on a bright July morning, winding my way in the Pavilion grounds to visit this striking, fairy-like abode. Suite after suite of lofty, circular, oval or square rooms, ornamented with tapestry and chandeliers of exquisite workmanship; the most costly of chandeliers is that hung in the Banqueting Room. This lustre has quite a story.

It had been intended, in 1814, as a gift, by the English Government to the Emperor of China, with the object of opening up commercial relations with the Brother of the Sun and Moon. The English ambassador, Lord Macartney, failing in his negotiations, the chandelier, which had cost £2,000 sterling, was brought back to England and placed in the Brighton Pavilion by the Prince Regent.

There it remained till William IV and Queen Adelaide occupied the Pavilion, when His Majesty, we are told, ordered its removal, not however from any want of appreciation of its beauty, but from a superstitious belief in dreams. Queen Adelaide having dreamed that the chandelier had fallen down and crushed some of the attendants upon the Court, Her Royal husband had it removed, fearing that some of the supports which held it, would give way and that a fatal accident might occur.

For several years the chandelier lay stored away in a workshop in St. James place, Brighton, but on Queen Victoria using the Pavilion as a marine residence, it was restored to its original position, being again removed when the Pavilion was dismantled, on Her Majesty giving up Brighton for Osborne. The chandelier was removed with the other fittings to Buckingham Palace, where it remained till 1864, when it was again restored as now seen. To this brief sketch of the great chandelier and its vicissitudes may be added the fact, that the vessel which brought it back from China was wrecked on her homeward voyage.

Space precludes my dwelling on all the eastern splendor of the Royal Pavilion—its spacious vestibule, Chinese corridor, exquisite music room, sumptuous banquetting Hall, gandy drawing room, etc.

As to the banquetting room and its arched, emblazoned dome, no word painting can produce a faithful portraiture. What particularly struck me, was a cornice of a most elegant form, ornamented at the top with the leaf of the Chinese lily, and at the bottom with pendant trefoils and bells; the centres of the arches were pierced with oblong, stained windows bordered with gold and pearl and the lozenge-shaped panes were embellished with Chinese devices and mythological animals. The domed ceiling represents an Eastern sky against which a gigantic palm tree rears its broad and luxuriant head, and, mingled with its spreading foliage, its produce hangs in clusters in every stage of development, from the opening blossom to the ripening fruit. Beneath the resplendent waving leaves floats an immense fiery dragon, carrying in its claws the stupendous chandelier already spoken of, and from the four angles of the cornice issue, in full light, as if alarmed by the dragon, four splendidly carved and brilliantly painted figures . . . . . each supporting a lustre corresponding in elegance and not inferior in brilliancy to the large chandelier in the centre. Such is the description dinned in my ear by my Brighton ciceronne; but enough of this gilt—shall we say—tawdry pageant of a distant, but profligate era. What has history to write aent the master of this Eastern Pagoda? How much Bordeaux, Burgundy, Clos Vougeot and old Cognac has been quaffed, under the rays which of yore descended from that same chandelier by that handsome, gay, witty, but godless Prince, that heartless voluptuary and his heartless wassailers?

And when sauntering over those grounds with their gravelly walks and stately trees, past the marble statue of that worthy Mayor of Brighton knighted by the Queen in 1873, Sir Cordy Burrows, my thoughts reverted to the scene so thrillingly recalled by the great satirist of England—the first gentlemen of Europe looking approvingly on the disgrace of a grey-haired and great nobleman, the Duke of Norfolk, I asked myself, where now are the once envied, but now "defunct revelers who boxed and gambled, and drank and drove with King George." 'Tis true the Master of Carlton House, at one time consorted with men like Burke, Pitt, Sheridan, Fox. 'Tis certain that in 1823, he was on his visit to Scotland, championed by that "royal cavalier" and wondrous writer Walter Scott, but the gilt

and velvet cushioned halls of the Brighton Alhambra, the Rotunda, more than once echoed the coarse ribaldry of horse jockeys, buffoons, procurers, tailors, boxers, fencing, masters," to the disgust no doubt of poor, deserted Queen Caroline, and even of pretty Mrs. Fitzherbert. These were the palmy days of the first gentleman of Europe—alas! And was it not natural, even had the growing town not concealed the view of the sea, from the Pavilion, that accustomed to a pure social atmosphere, our spotless sovereign in 1844, should have bid adieu to George IV's, Marine Villa, his *petit Trianon*, at Brighton!

SCARBOROUGH.

"The gazing seaman here entranced stands,  
While, fair unfolding from her concave slope,  
He Scarborough views. The sandy pediment  
First, gently raised above the wat'ry plain,  
Embraces wide the waves; the lower domes  
Next lift their heads; then swiftly roof o'er  
roof,

With many a weary step, the streets arise,  
Testitudinous, till half o'ercome the cliff,  
A swelling fabric, dear to heaven, aspires,  
Majestic even in ruin. \* \* \* \* \*

But see yon citadel, with heavy walls,  
That rise still prouder on the mountain's peak,  
From Eurus, Boreas, and the kindred storms,  
Shielding the favored haven."

(Mark Foster.)

My recollections of this famous summer retreat will ever retain a green place in my memory from being connected with a very agreeable excursion to Scarborough, when attending at York, in September, 1881, the meetings of the British Association, whose fiftieth anniversary was solemnized with so much *eclat*.

If Brighton is reckoned the Southern Queen of English watering places, Scarborough is justly proud of the title she bears, of the Northern Queen of Watering Places. "Nestling in the recess of a lovely bay, with a coast extending to Flamborough Head; presenting an almost boundless extent of ocean; constantly bearing on its waters fleets of vessels passing to and fro; possessing an extensive beach of smooth and firm sands, sloping down to the sea with rocks and deeply indented bays, gradually rising two hundred feet from the very shore in successive tiers of well-drained streets, in the form of an amphitheatre on the concave surface, as it were of a semi-circular bay; the venerable walls of Scarborough Castle adorning the summit of a promontory three hundred feet high, forming the Eastern apex"; its splendid iron bridges four hundred feet in length, the numerous fishing and pleasure boats and steamers, its sands

crowded with a joyous company, riding, driving, walking or bathing; all these features combine to make the place exceedingly attractive. On alighting from the train on the outskirts of the town I was particularly struck with the commanding appearance of Oliver's Mount (wrongly, it is said, connected with Old Ironsides.) It rises six hundred feet above the level of the sea. Leaving aside for lack of time the saline and mineral springs, celebrated as far back as 1620, I hastened to pay my respects to the hoary ruins of its grim old fortress—Scarborough Castle. The Romans once occupied the lofty promontory where the castle was subsequently built by the Earl of Albemarle in the year 1136. The castle was taken in 1312. It had been repeatedly besieged in 1536. "When the rebellion broke out, it was held for the King by Sir Hugh Cholmeley. In February, 1644, the town was stormed by the Parliamentary forces under Sir John Meldrum, but the fortress held out, and only capitulated after a most gallant defence with all the honors of war. Many of Sir Hugh's officers and soldiers were in so weak a condition that they had to be brought out in sheets; others were helped out between two men; and all of them were unable to march. Lady Cholmeley was with her husband during the siege, and greatly assisted in the defence, nursing, tending and feeding the sick and dressing the wounds of the wounded. So impressed were the Parliamentary leaders with the importance of the position, that they ordered a day of thanksgiving for the capitulation of the fortress. In 1648, it had to undergo a second siege." This rare little bit of history, disclosing the Florence Nightingale of the period, Lady Cholmeley, as a heroine, I mention for the especial information of my lady hearers. It gave me much more interest in the venerable, storm-beaten fort, than the information which my guide imparted, viz: that "in 1666, George Fox, the founder of the Society of Friends was confined here."

From these airy heights, of Castle Cliff, descended leisurely, musing on what newly-discovered heroine, Lady Cholmeley might be like, occasionally gazing seaward where huge ships were tossing like cockles on the troubled bosom of the German Ocean; I walked across the stone bridge which replaced the draw-bridge of the castle removed in 1826, and was soon comfortably seated in the ample hall of the leading hotel. This costly structure, also known as the Grand Hotel, the sea front of which is ten stories high, is reputed one of the largest hotels in England; 'tis certainly very roomy, elegant and picturesquely located.

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 y located.

In connection with the Bill of fare of these sumptuous hotels, there is one feature at which Brillat-Savarin would fall in ecstasies: that is the fish course: fried soles—delicate, tiny shrimps—exquisite white bait—luscious lockfyne herrings and such turbot! I found I knew not what a good herring was until, I feasted on a fat one, fresh from the heather-scented lochs of old Scotia.

No wonder a successful Londoner longs to grasp the envied position of an Alderman, so that his turbot existence may commence; the whole thing was made clear to me.

There is less glitter in the large hotels beyond the sea, than in those on our side—perhaps more comfort; no where did I see anything to come up for splendor with our "Windsor."

The most popular places of amusement at Scarborough are the Spa—the Aquarium—the Museum. The new Spa comprises a range of buildings opened in 1890 by the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress of London—the Lord Mayor of York and the Mayor of Scarborough. It includes a vast hall capable of seating 3,000 persons, a spacious promenade, a pretty theatre, a restaurant, billiard, reading and reception rooms. The Spa is the centre of fashionable life in the "season" which here closes earlier than at Brighton; the variety and brilliancy of the toilettes; the ever moving panoramas of new faces, on the great promenade; the nobility of the land, occasionally mixing with the nobility of commerce; the abdued "good form," ways of this English fashionable crowd, so different from the gay, busy votaries of fashion, I had met at some of the French watering places, or on the *Boulevard Italiens*, left a pleasurable, a lasting impression on my mind.

On the south cliff of the Spa, there are numerous, ornate dwellings,—most conspicuous, the Prince of Wales' Terrace. I ascended here by means of the lift or elevator, an easy and much used mode of communication between this lofty ridge and the promenade below; the view and the elevator reminded me powerfully of our Upper and Lower Town and of our Quebec elevator.

Scarborough is famous for its saline springs the piers jetting far out in the sea and which afford to the disciples of fashion many pleasant *tete-a-tete*. The town is separated into parts by a valley, but connected by two bridges which obviate the necessity of ascent of the one hill and ascent of the other. The lofty situation, rugged scenery and historical avvenirs, in my opinion award it the palm over her luxurious, more ancient and more healthy rival, Brighton, the holiday resort of Great London.

VERSAILLES.

Let us bid adieu to the white cliffs of old England—the Island home of a free people, of a privileged, exclusive but cultured nobility, tracing back to William the Norman—the seat of learning as well as the paradise of wealth, civilization and commerce.

Let us steer for Dieppe—Rouen—the sunny banks of the Seine—for brilliant, gay Paris.

Here we are comfortably housed in the Hotel Binda, *Rue de l'Echelle*, close to the *Avenue de l'Opera*, not very far from the royal Louvre, the *Champs-Elysees*, the Seine and its fourteen bridges. Oh! how long we would like to tarry here, that is provided any one could guarantee us that a Nihilist, Socialist or Communist mob might not rise in the night and burn us to a cinder in the smoking ruins of the capital!

Adieu! then for the present grim historical Louvre, with your inexhaustible treasures of art, &c. Adieu for a few hours, lofty tapering, sculptured medieval church spires! Adieu green, solemn groves of the Bois de Boulogne only now recuperating from the wholesale devastations inflicted in 1871, by those enemies from within, more merciless by far than the Prussians,—the Paris Commune!

However varied and powerful the attractions of Paris, there has been for us, from our earliest youth another spot, which in our day-dreams we used to picture to ourselves as a vista of those oriental palaces of which we had read in the "Arabian Nights," such marvellous tales: that is the summer palace—parks and hunting grounds of French Kings, from Louis XIII downwards—gaudy—inimitable Versailles. And yet how obscure its beginnings! History makes mention of a certain Hugo de Versallies—a contemporary of the first Capetian Kings, who owned a seignorial manor—on the very site where the famous palace now stands. Little could he have foreseen then the day would come when the solitude round his hunting lodge, in the narrow valley of Versailles would echo to the brilliant *fetes* given to the crowned heads of Europe by the greatest sovereign of the Bourbon race of Kings, and that the hunting carols of proud nobles as well as the "*clairon du roi*," the accents of eloquent prelates like Bossuet and Masillon—the boisterous songs of the banquet—of the goddess wassailors of Louis XV and his Pompadours and Dubarrys would on a future day replace the sweet chimes of the *Angelus*, at the little priory church of Saint Julien, *elcæo* by.

In days of yore, Baron Hugo, and later on, his descendants on returning from their expeditions to Spain against the Moors, or from repelling the Northmen, used to tarry for a

while at his Manor; and after returning thanks to Saint Julien, for the success of their arms, they would organize a hunt in the deep, virgin forest of Versailles, where nature has had to disappear before art.

A few centuries back, when the seigniorly of Versailles was owned by Martial de Leonemie, it is recorded how the unsuspecting seignior, in order to escape the St. Bartholemew massacre, had made a gift of his lands to Gondli, Marechal de Retz, who had undertaken to obtain protection for him; and how the infamous Marshal having had him murdered on the 28th August, the feast of Saint Julien, he had himself proclaimed Seignior and took under the dais, the honored place of his victim. History in the past reeks with accounts of similar foul deeds.

It was Louis XIII. who, in 1634, caused his architect, Jacques Lemercier, to erect, on an eminence crowned by a mill, where after a toilsome hunt he was in the habit of finding a too modest place of rest, the chateau of which his son Louis XIV., out of regard to his royal parent, preserved a part—that included in the *Cour de Marbre* (Marble Court), and which the talented Mansart sat like a curious gem, in the splendid casket, erected by his genius.

Louis XIII., was in the habit of spending the summer at Versailles and the rest of the year at the Castle of St. Germain, where he expired on the 14th March, 1643.

Louis XIV., born at St. Germain, on the 5th September, 1638, came for the first time to visit his father's Chateau, at Versailles, on the 18th April, 1651, since which period he frequently returned to hunt there; he had also, 'tis said, taken a dislike to St. Germain, as it commanded a view of the tower of St. Denis, the royal burying place. The first entertainment given at Versailles by the King took place in 1664. Moliere, attached to the royal household as *valet de chambre*, as he was styled, with his troop of actors had selected as a comic piece *Les Plaisirs de l'Île Enchantee*, of which Benserade and President de Perigny had composed the recitative in verse, whilst Lulli had composed the music and directed the ballet scene, and an Italian named Varini took charge of the decorations and pyrotechnic display. Moliere had also acted at the first *fete* his *Princesse Elide* and *Les Facheux*. The grand receptions and regal entertainments continued at Versailles, where the King, was having important works carried on by his architects, Leveau, Dorbay and Mansart. It was on the 6th May, 1682, that the Great Louis removed his household gods to Versailles. The highest talent of every order had been enlisted by the monarch to design

and decorate the royal demesne and castle, where flocked the wits, great writers, illustrious divines, as well as the court favorites, the de la Sabliere, Montespan, Maintenon et aliae. From these various groups arose like, an ambrosial atmosphere, towards the *Grand Monarque*, the dangerous fumes of flattery, sometimes, of shameless servility. Was he not the King, who, on ascending the throne, had told his Parliament "L'Etat, c'est moi?"—"The State, 'tis I." He, too, on viewing his costly pet creation, could say, "Versailles, 'tis me." Versailles was indeed Louis XIV. all over. Those sculptured groups; those noble paintings of memorable events compassed by him; those series of victories due to French courage, French blood, French devotion; those thunderbolts of war, Conde, Turenne, Villars, &c., put forward by him—surrounding him—looking up to him as the sun of the planet where they revolved, far away beneath him—sometimes forgotten or in disgrace: all spoke at Versailles of the great Louis. Happy were they to be admitted in his Council Chamber, reception or banquetting room to sing the praise of the august monarch, let us add, of the selfish, spout Sultan of glittering Versailles.

It was a happy idea which inspired Louis Philippe in 1832, to repeople, with the names, glory and souvenirs of the great men, who in the past had lit up this evanescent pageantry, by gathering there, the portraits of these worthies, the views of the battles they had fought for their country. Thanks to Philippe Champagne, Lebrun, Puget, Ary Scheffer, Paul Delaroche, Horace Vernet, the *Musee Historique de Versailles*, formed of selections from the Louvre and other public galleries bring you face to face with the famous writers and artists of the past, as well as with the warriors whose fame is the patrimony of the nation: Vendome, Schomberg, La Feuillade, Luxembourg, Villeroy, Tourville, d'Estrees, Catinat, Vauban, Richelieu, Biron, Villars, Turenne, Conde, as well as the Generals of the Republic and Empire. The Palace Chapel, a tasteful edifice, dates from 1699. The interior is remarkable for its gorgeous old French decorative style; the exterior is adorned with twenty-eight statues of apostles and saints. Over the entrance of the door is the royal gallery, above which Jouvenet painted, in 1709, a *Descent of the Holy Ghost*. It took the painter, Charles de la Fosse, four months to paint the *Resurrection*, over the High Altar. The decorations of the altar and of the side chapels are striking.

Saint Simon, in connection with the King's devotions at the Royal Chapel, tells a little joke, which Major Brissac, who commanded the King's Guards, played on the fashionable

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and pretty *devotes* of the period. The *beau*  
*new* round the palace were in the habit of  
 crowding the chapel seats on Sunday after-  
 noons, bringing with them handsome little  
 tapers to throw light on the text of their prayer  
 books, as well as on their pretty faces, so that  
 each might be recognized. It was easy to  
 know whether the King would attend by the  
 presence of the Guards, who preceded the en-  
 trance of Royalty. Brissac on one occasion,  
 in order to test the point whether it was piety  
 or vanity which brought the fair ones to  
 church in such numbers, rose, and  
 brandishing his *baton*, gave the word  
 of command—"Guards, withdraw, the  
 King wont be here to-day." This caused a  
 murmur among the ladies; the tapers were  
 extinguished and the owners left, all  
 except some truly pious ones who remained in  
 church. The seats being vacated, Brissac re-  
 called the guards, on the entrance of Royalty.  
 On leaving, Louis XIV. enquired from Brissac  
 the reason why the chapel was so deserted  
 that day, and being told the practical joke  
 practised on his admirers, he joined the court  
 in a hearty laugh; but Saint Simon adds, that  
 Major Brissac, though an intrepid soldier,  
 scarcely dared to face alone his fair enemies  
*craignant*, he adds, *d'être étrangle par elles*,  
 lest they should strangle him.

The Palace itself comprises more than one  
 hundred apartments;—had the Great Louis,  
 like Pygmalion, feared secret poisoning, he  
 could—like him have diversified *ad in-*  
*finitum* his sleeping arrangements.

Striking battle scenes, naval engagements  
 on canvass, life-size pictures of the French  
 sovereigns, their great generals, admirals,  
 men of science, letters,—fill the *salle des*  
*Croisades*,—*salle des Spectacles*,—*salle des*  
*Rois de France*,—*salle des Guerriers celebres*,—  
*galeries des Batailles* and a hundred others.  
 We took special interest in Marie Antoinette's  
 boudoir, etc., with the old furniture still  
 there; the secret staircase, through which  
 she escaped from the mob is shown. Louis  
 XIV.'s great dining table—still stands in the  
 centre of the royal banquetting room, and a  
 large marble wine cooler remains, near the  
 wall, to tell the tale of other days.

"The town of Versailles, the capital of the  
 Seine-et-Oise department, with 49,850 inha-  
 bitants, owes its origin to Louis XIV. The  
 site was hardly favourable for a town, and  
 still less so for a park, as the water for its  
 ornamental ponds had to be conveyed to it  
 from a great distance at a vast expense. The  
 town was called by Voltaire, 'l'abime des  
 despences'—its palace and park having cost  
 the treasury of Louis XIV. the enormous sum  
 of 1,000 million francs. The accounts handed  
 down to us regarding the erection of this

sumptuous palace and the laying out of its  
 grounds almost border on the fabulous. Thus  
 no fewer than 36,000 men and 6,000 horses  
 are said to have been employed at one time in  
 forming the terraces of the garden, levelling  
 the park, and constructing a road to it from  
 Paris and an aqueduct from Maintenon, a  
 distance of thirty-one miles from Versailles.  
 This aqueduct was intended to bring the  
 water of the river Eure to Versailles,  
 but was discontinued owing to the great  
 mortality among the soldiers employed; and  
 the breaking out of the war in 1688 prevent-  
 ed the resumption of the works. The water-  
 works of Marly were afterwards constructed,  
 and a further supply of water obtained from  
 the ponds on the plateau between Versailles  
 and Rambouillet. After 1682, Versailles be-  
 came the permanent headquarters of the  
 court, and is therefore intimately associated  
 with the history of that period. It witnessed  
 the zenith and the decadence of the prosperi-  
 ty of Louis XIV.; and under his successors  
 the magnificent pile of the "grand monarch"  
 became the scene of the disreputable Pom-  
 padour and Du Barry domination. It was at  
 the meeting of the Estates held here in 1789  
 that the "Tiers Etat" took the memorable  
 step,—the first on the way to the Revolution,  
 —of forming itself into a separate body, the  
*Assemblée Nationale*. A few months later  
 the unfortunate Louis XVI. saw the  
 Palace of Versailles sacked by a Parisi-  
 an mob, which included many thou-  
 sand repulsive women, and since that period  
 it has remained uninhabited. During  
 the Revolution (1789) it narrowly escaped  
 being sold. Napoleon neglected it owing to  
 the great expense which its repair would have  
 entailed, and the Bourbons on their restora-  
 tion merely prevented it from falling to decay  
 and erected the pavilion on the south side.  
 Louis Philippe at length restored the build-  
 ing, and converted part of it into an historical  
 picture gallery."

From 19th September, 1870, to 6th March,  
 1871, the palace was the headquarters  
 of the King of Prussia, and a great part of  
 the edifice was then used as a military hos-  
 pital, the pictures having been carefully  
 covered to protect them from injury. An  
 impressive scene took place here on the 18th  
 January, 1871, when the Prussian Monarch,  
 with the unanimous consent of the German  
 States, was saluted as Emperor of Germany.  
 To describe minutely all the events which  
 occurred at Versailles during the above period  
 would be to write a history of the Franco-  
 Prussian war. The house No. 1, Boulevard  
 du Roi (which was pointed out to us) was the  
 scene of the negotiations between Prince  
 Bismarck and Jules Favre on the 23rd.

24th, 26th-28th January, 1871, which decided the terms for the capitulation of Paris and the preliminaries of peace. After the departure of the German troops (12th March, 1871), Versailles became the seat of the French Government, and it was from here that Marshal MacMahon directed the struggle against the fierce outbreak of the Commune. It was not till 1879 that the Government and the Chambers transferred their headquarters to Paris.

The town itself contains little to interest travellers. The great attractions are the palace and its picture gallery.

The gardens at the back of the Palace of Versailles, with their park and ornamental sheets of water, are nearly in the same condition as when laid out by Le Notre, the most famous landscape gardener of the period. Le Notre and his geometrical and artificial style have seen their day long since. Trees are now permitted to branch out such as nature intended them; no modern landscape gardener would attempt to torture their flexible boughs into resembling Grecian vases, startled fawns, or long-tailed peacocks.

The grounds are interesting on account of their quaint, solemn old-fashioned appearance, which harmonises admirably with the heavy and formal architecture of the Palace, and is in perfect keeping with the notions of art which prevailed in the time of Louis XIV. Here and there you notice marble statues and vases copied from some celebrated originals; groups of animals in bronze, standing sentry over lawns; in bosquets; or amid crystal basins of gushing water.

One of the greatest sights is the plaving of the *Grandes Eaux*: this generally takes place on the first Sunday of every month from May to October, attracting crowds of visitors; the jet of some is about 74 feet in height. About one half-mile to the north-west of the terrace of the palace, a handsome villa of one story, in the form of a horse-shoe, was erected by Louis XIV. from plans by Mansart, for Madame de Maintenon. We found some of the apartments richly furnished and decorated with paintings by Mignard, LeBrun and Boucher. In one room we noticed fine malachite vases—given, we were told, by Alexander I. of Russia to Napoleon I—also portraits of Napoleon I, Henri IV, Louis XV. It was in the principal salon of this villa, that the famous trial of Marshal Bazaine took place in 1873. Our guide brought us next to an adjacent building—the *Musee des Voitures*, being a collection of most ponderous, gilt state carriages from the time of the first Emperor up to the baptism of the Prince Imperial in 1856. Among some very massive

specimens, is shown a gorgeous carriage of Napoleon I—the one which Marshal Soult brought over to England in 1838, and cut such a figure in at the coronation of the Queen. A little to the north-east of the building, is the Petit Trainon erected by Louis XV for Madame Du Barry—a miniature of a chateau standing amidst gardens, trees and an artificial lake—these lovely grounds were in the past a favourite resort of Marie Antoinette—the Duchesse of Orleans and Marie Louise. What various memories do they not recall, alas! How many joyful, how many sorrowful thoughts have brooded over this little realm of Fairyland now so silent—so deserted.

### THE LION MOUNT OF THE WATERLOO PLAIN.

Taking train at the *Station du Midi*, at Brussels, we soon reached Braine l'Alleud, twelve miles from there—a small village adjoining that of Waterloo—the hotel omnibus landed us in half an hour, in the heart of the world-famous battlefield, where on a Sunday in June, 1815, was decided the fate of Europe. The Plain of Waterloo, once so profusely soaked with French blood, and formerly visited chiefly by Englishmen, is now daily scanned and studied by Frenchmen since the publication of Victor Hugo's thrilling romance—"Les Miserables," in which it is so masterly described. This vast undulating expanse, clothed in June, 1815, we are told, with waving, luxuriant harvests of wheat and barley, has much altered in aspect since that period; you all know the exclamation of the Iron Duke on revisiting the scene of his former triumph with the Prince Regent: "They have changed my battle field." After bolting our bread and cheese, and *biere de Louvain*—a delightful beverage, we left the *Hotel du Musee* with others, and in a few minutes reached the flight of steps which lead to the summit of the Waterloo Mount, in height one hundred and fifty feet, and half a mile in circumference, crowned by a huge gilt lion conspicuously visible from Braine l'Alleud, in fact all over the Plain of Waterloo.

'Tis not my intention to attempt a description of the ever memorable struggle, which on the 18th June, sixty-seven years ago, changed the map of the world by relegating to the rock of St. Helena, the great disturber and enslaver of nations; the story fills a thousand volumes. Siborne, Major Basil Jackson Hall, Col. Gurwood, Major Beamish on one hand, and from a different stand point, Napoleon Buonaparte, Montholon, Las Cases, O'Meara, Thiers, General Grootman, recently Victor Hugo and fifty others have had their tale to tell; and still "says Jomini" never was a

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## WATERLOO

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battle so confusedly described as that of Water-  
loo. I shall merely ask you to  
ascend with me to the airy platform  
around the Belgian Lion, erected in 1836 on  
the eminence where the Prince of Orange was  
wounded and where took place some of the  
bloodiest carnage on the day of the battle, at  
the latter end.

Any one who chooses, may acquire an ac-  
curate knowledge of the position of the con-  
tending armies on the field of Waterloo, by  
consulting the numerous works, photographic  
views, maps, etc., sold at the *Hotel du Musee* ;  
there is specially one volume to be purchased  
on the spot, which has more than ordinary  
guarantees of reliability in its favor ; it is in-  
titled "A Voice from Waterloo," and consists  
of a careful narrative by an eye-witness of the  
battle and an actor in the scene, Sergeant-  
Major E. Cotton of the 7th Hussars. This  
brave and intelligent officer, as chief guide  
to the field of Waterloo, devoted a lifetime,  
one might say, in collecting and sifting infor-  
mation afforded by writers as well as distin-  
guished British and French officers, who had  
served at Waterloo and returned subsequent-  
ly to survey and study the ground. Sergeant-  
Major Cotton lived fourteen years at  
Mont St. Jean—died there on the 24th June,  
1849, and was interred in the historic garden  
of Hougomont, painfully famous as being the  
spot where 1,500 men within a-half hour were  
cut down and lie low—equally well remem-  
bered on account of the heroic bravery dis-  
played there by British as well as by French  
troops.

My friend, Mr. Pilkington, has been kind  
enough to draw with chalk and mark with  
red, blue and yellow paper, the Allied  
and French forces on this board, 'tis a rough  
sketch from Sergeant-Major Cotton's map of  
the Field of Waterloo at Sunset on the 18th  
June, 1815. There lies the slate-covered  
little church of Braine l'Alleud, where we  
just left our train from Brussels, to which the  
highway, a rough road lined with cobble  
stones, leads.

There is Hougomont—*Hugo-mons* for  
antiquarians, founded some centuries back by  
Hugo—Sir de Sommeril, once a castle—now  
a farm-house only—inhabited by a gardener—  
a descendant of Willem Von Kylsom, who  
had charge of it in 1815. At that period it  
was in the possession of a M. de Lunneville—a  
descendant of Arrazola Deonate, once viceroy  
of Naples. In 1849 the castle belonged to  
Count Robiano.

There is *La Haye Sainte*, rested at 2 p.m.  
on that day, from the Allies ; there is the  
farm of *La Belle Alliance*, where Welling-  
ton and Blucher met at the dusk of the even-  
ing to congratulate one another on their mu-

tual success. Blucher suggested in conse-  
quence that the battle should be named the  
battle of *La Belle Alliance*—but Waterloo  
prevailed for the English—whilst the French  
called it *Le Combat du Mont St. Jean* ; at Mont  
St. Jean, Wellington, *le Duc de Vilanton*, stood  
for some time in the early part of the fight, and  
there, the headquarters of the wounded and  
hospitals were located. I have often been  
struck with the luminous *expose* of the dis-  
position of the French and allied forces  
given by Victor Hugo. "Those," says he,  
"who wish to form a distinct idea of the  
battle of Waterloo, need only imagine a  
capital A laid on the ground (thus A). The  
left leg of the A is Nivelles road, the right  
one, the Genappe road, while the string of  
the A is the broken way running from Ohain  
to Braine l'Alleud. The top of the A is Mont  
St. Jean, where Wellington is, the left lower  
point is Hougomont, where Reille is with  
Jerome Bonaparte, the right lower point is  
*La Belle Alliance*, where Napoleon is ; a  
little below the point where the string of the  
A meets and cuts the right leg is *La Haye  
Sainte* ; and in the centre of this string is the  
exact spot where the battle was concluded.  
It is here that the Lion is placed. . . . .  
The triangle comprised at the top of the A  
between the two legs and the string, is the  
plateau of Mont St. Jean, the dispute for  
this plateau was the whole battle.

Behind the point of the A, behind the  
plateau of Mont St. Jean, is the forest of  
Soignies. As for the plan itself, imagine a  
vast undulating ground ; each ascent com-  
mands the next ascent and all the undula-  
tions ascend to Mont St. Jean, where they  
form the forest."

The great word-painter, Victor Hugo, de-  
scribes thus the Hougomont farm, buildings,  
chapel and historic well :—"The farm build-  
ings border the court-yard on the south, and a  
piece of the Northern Gate, broken by the  
French, hangs from the wall. It consists of  
four planks nailed on two cross beams, and the  
scars of the attack may still be distinguished  
on it. The Northern Gate, which was broken  
down by the French, and in which a piece has  
been let in to replace the panel hanging to the  
wall, stands half open, at the extremity of the  
yard ; it is cut square in a wall which is stone at  
the bottom, brick at the top, which closes the  
yard at the north side. It is a simple gate,  
such as may be seen in all farm-yards, with two  
large folding doors made of rustic planks ;  
beyond it are fields. The dispute for this en-  
trance was furious ; for a long time all sorts  
of marks of bloody hands could be seen on  
the side post of the gate. The storm of the  
fight still lurks in the court-yard ; horror is  
visible there ; the incidents of the fearful



struggle are petrified there ; people are living and dying in it ; it was only yesterday . . . . Men massacred each other in the chapel, and the interior, which has grown quiet again, is strange. Mass has not been said in it since the carnage, but the altar has been left, an altar of coarse wood supported by a foundation of rough stone. Four white-washed walls, a door opposite the altar, two small arched windows, a large wooden crucifix, a square air hole stopped up with hay ; in a corner, on the ground, an old window sash with the panes all broken. Such is the chapel. Near the altar is a wooden statue of St. Anne, belonging to the 15th century ; the head of the Infant Saviour has been carried away by a shot. The French, masters for a moment of the chapel, and then dislodged, set fire to it. The flames filled the building and it became a furnace ; the door burnt, the flooring burnt, but the wooden Christ was not burnt ; the fire nibbled away the feet, of which the blackened stumps can now be seen, and then stopped. It was a miracle, say the country people . . . . .

On leaving the chapel you see a well on your left hand. As there are two wells in this yard you ask yourself why this one has no bucket and windlass ? Because water is no longer drawn from it. Why is it not drawn ? Because it is full of skeletons. The last man who drew water from this well was a man called Willem van Kyslom ; he was a peasant who lived at Hougomont, and was gardener there. On June 18th, 1815, his family took flight and concealed themselves in the woods. The forest round the Abbey of Villers sheltered for several days and nights the dispersed, luckless country people. Even at the present day certain vestiges, such as old burnt trunks of trees mark the spot of these poor encampments among the thickets. Willem van Kyslom remained at Hougomont 'to take care of the chateau' and concealed himself in a cellar. The English discovered him there ; he was dragged from his lurking place, and the frightened man was forced by blows with the flat of a sabre to wait on the combatants. They were thirsty and this Willem brought them drink, and it was from this well he drew the water. Many drank there for the last time, and this well, from which so many dead men drank, was destined to die, too. After the action the corpses were hastily interred ; death has a way of its own of harassing victory, and it causes pestilence to follow glory. Typhus is an annexe of triumph. This well was deep and was converted into a tomb. Three hundred dead were thrown into it, perhaps with too much haste. Were they all dead ? the legend says no ; and it seems

that on the night following the burial, weak voices were heard calling from the well."

It was on the 15th August that I visited the Plain of Waterloo, the fields were then shorn of their harvest. The battle of Waterloo, as you all know, was fought on a Sunday, —the 18th June, 1815 ; the night previous a drenching storm had rendered the roads and plain impassable for heavy artillery trains. Napoleon was above all an artilleryist, and he had then to wait until the sun had hardened the mud and soaked up the rain pools, the first gun was fired at twenty-five minutes to 12 noon. At the beginning of the campaign, it is stated that the Duke of Wellington's allied army was composed of about 105,000 men, of which 35 000 were British, with 196 guns—the Prussian army consisted of 115,000 soldiers, artillery : 312 guns, whilst Napoleon on re-joining his army at Avesnes, on the 13th June, reckoned his force at 122,400 men and 350 guns. The combatants in the field on the 18th June, numbered less ; the allied (English, Belgian, &c.,) army is quoted at 67,661 men and 156 guns, and late in the afternoon the Prussians arrived mustering 51,944 men and 104 guns.

The French force is given as 71,947 men and 246 guns ; the first detachment of Prussians some 15,904 men and 44 guns arrived on the field at 4.45 p. m., the second corps, 13,336 and 36 guns, made their appearance at 5.45 p. m., and the third detachment numbering 22,700 and 24 guns, came up at 7.45 p. m. The engagement seems to have lasted from 11.35 a. m. to 8.15 p. m., eight hours and a-half, so that the whole brunt of the fight from 11.35 a. m. to 4.45 p. m. fell to the Duke's army, until the arrival of the Prussians.

And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,  
 Dewy with nature's tear-drops, as they pass  
 Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,  
 Over the unreturning braves—alas !  
 Ere evening to be trodden like the grass  
 Which now beneath them, but above shall grow  
 In its next verdure, where this fiery mass  
 Of living valour, rolling on the foe  
 And burning with high hope, shall moulder  
 cold and low.

Ladies and gentlemen, I think by this time, I must have wearied your patience, I find I have been doing more than merely taking a walk with you from the *Hotel du Musee*, to the lofty platform, round the Gilt Lion, and before we close, allow me to point out to you, among the actors on this famous plain of Waterloo, many proud names familiar,

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ater on, to Quebec ears, and who at those  
grand military parades, in those festive times  
when we had a large garrison, our fathers  
used to meet and admire on our own historic  
Plains of Abraham, such as His Grace the Duke  
of Richmond and his three sons, Lord Charles,  
Lord John George and Lord William Pitt  
Lennox, denizens of Quebec in 1818-9, all  
actively serving at Waterloo; Sir James

Kempt, one of our Governors-General, Sir  
John Colborne (Lord Seaton) our administra-  
tor, Sir James McDonnell, one of the heroes  
of Hougoumont, Commander of our Garrison  
in 1838. They were all Waterloo men, with  
exception of the Duke of Richmond, who,  
though present on the field of Waterloo,  
came there as a non-combattant. (*Repeated  
applause.*)

