

Christmas Number

Ontario Historical Society
1900
TORONTO

North American Notes and Queries

VOL. I. • No. 6.

Qvis • •
Qvid • •
Vbi • • •
Qvibvs avxiis •
Cvr • •
Qvomodo •
Qvando •

??????????

A monthly Journal of Inter-Communication

devoted to

Literature, History, Biography, Bibliography, Archæology, Ethnography,
Folk-Lore, Numismatics, Philately, Curiosa
• and General Information •

DECEMBER, 1900.

“A French-Canadian Christmas”

By E. T. D. Chambers

North American Notes and Queries

RAOUL RENAULT, Director and Proprietor

E. T. D. CHAMBERS, Editor

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
<i>A French Canadian Christmas.</i> By E. T. D. Chambers, with music reproductions.	
<i>The Birthplace and Family of Marquette.</i> By Rev. H. S. Spalding, illustrated.....	
Notes and News : History of the Port of Quebec.—A severe Ordinance.—Farnham's "Life of Parkman."—A Military Discovery.—An Anecdote of Prince Edward.—A Poet's suicide	188-192
Notes and Queries : QUERIES : Arnold's Occupation of Montreal.—David S. S. Frank's portrait.—Name of Author wanted.—John White.—Books bound in human skin.—James Ramsbottom.—Kings, Emperors and Presidents assassinated.—Motorman.—General Wolfe assassinated.—First Church of England services in Canada	188-194
Replies : Oldest House.—Prince of Wales visit to America.—Labradore Tea.—Joan of Arc's House.—Cartier's Fourth Voyage.—Robert Desty.—Canadian Fish and Game Clubs.—The Governor of North Carolina.....	194-199
Bibliography	200
Books wanted and for sale	
Illustrations : LAON ; The Gate of Ardon.—Church of St. Martin.—Distant view of Laon.—Distant view of the Cathedral.—Cathedral of Laon.—Old Leaning Tower of Laon.	

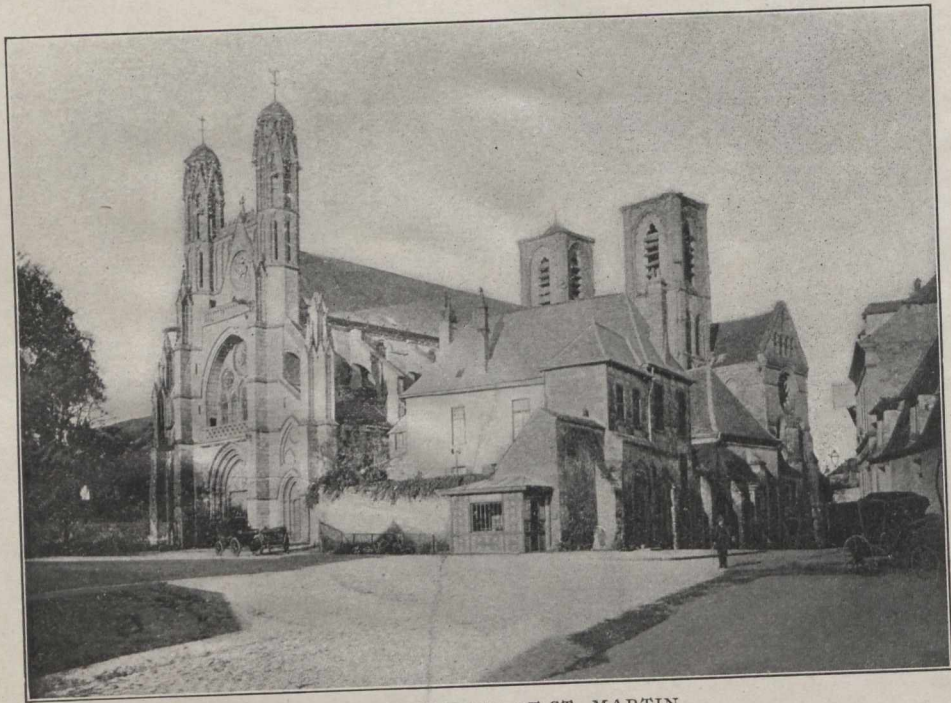
SUBSCRIPTION : Canada and United States \$3.00 per annum.
 Foreign Countries . . . 3.50 " "
 EDITION DE LUXE . . . 6.00 " "

20 copies are printed on *papier de luxe*, of which 8 are still to be subscribed for.

Advertising rates upon application.

☞ All communications to be addressed as follows :

RAOUL RENAULT, QUEBEC, CANADA



LAON.—CHURCH OF ST. MARTIN.



LAON.—THE GATE OF ARDON.

North American Notes and Queries

Vol. I

DECEMBER 1900

No. 6

A FRENCH-CANADIAN CHRISTMAS

BY E. T. D. CHAMBERS



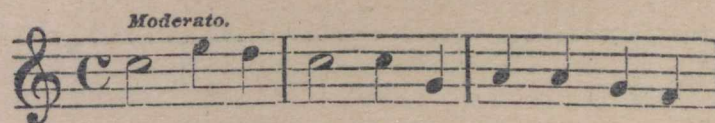
CHRISTMAS in French Canada is still marked by a number of the old customs brought from Brittany by the early settlers of the country, and the time honored legends of "Noël" that were current three and a half centuries ago in the old home of the French Canadian colonists are repeated in an unchanged form by their descendants of the present day. The children are told on each succeeding Christmas Eve tales of miraculous occurrences, that legend from time immemorial had handed down in the French home of their ancestors. Domestic animals were supposed to have the gift of speech on Christmas Eve, as a memento of their presence in the stable in which Jesus Christ was born, and the little ones are now taken to church at Christmas time, even before they can walk or talk, to see the specially improvised grotto in the interior of the parish church, made to represent the stable of Bethlehem. There is the infant Christ lying in the manger, with Mary and Joseph near by ; but of infinitely more delight and importance to childish fancy, are the ox and the ass in the immediate foreground.

When the farmers in Brittany entered their stables on Christmas Eve in the early centuries of the Christian era, legend says that their cattle told them in doleful accents how they had been cruelly used, half-starved and ill-treated. On that night, too, the sands of the seashore, lofty mountain ridges and deep valleys opened out and revealed to the starry heavens treasures concealed in

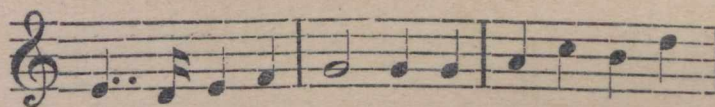
their depths. Another story credited the graves with being opened. The old village pastor, dead for years, awoke from his long sleep, rose amid the other departed spirits who had appeared upon the scene, beckoned them to follow him and all to meet around the cemetery cross, to join in reciting the prayers of the Nativity. After this, each one indulged in a brief glance at the hamlet of which he was once a resident, surveyed his former dwelling, and then vanished once more for the place of departed spirits.

Whether in the great French-Canadian city temples of Montreal and Quebec or in their humble parish churches, the midnight mass of Christmas Eve is the grandest and most imposing of the year. The most gorgeous decorations that can be supplied, the most brilliant display of multi-colored electric and gas lights, tapers and miniature lamps and the most beautiful music are reserved for the great fête. In the midst of a driving snowstorm men and women will journey for miles in sleighs or on snowshoes to attend the only midnight mass of the year. If it be a clear, frosty, starlight night all the churches are crowded to the doors, for Protestants as well as Catholics attend the service in large numbers, delighted to witness the grand spectacular scene and to hear, interspersed among the rich music of the mass, the singing of the peculiar French-Canadian cantiques de Noël, and often some French carols, too, such as Adam's *Noël* and Fléchier's *Dans cette étable*, of which latter, the first verse runs as follows :

Dans cette étable,
 Que Jésus est charmant !
 Qu'il est aimable,
 Dans son abaissement !
 Que d'attraits à la fois !
 Tous les palais des rois
 N'ont rien de comparable
 Aux beautés que je vois
 Dans cette étable.



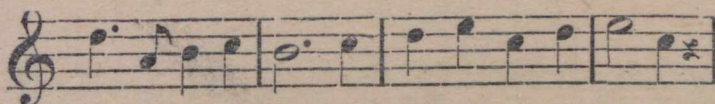
Dans cette é - ta - ble, Que Jé - sus est char-



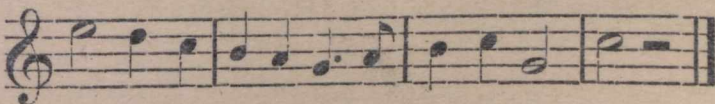
mant! Qu'il est ai - ma - ble Dans son a - bais - se-



-ment! Que d'at - traits à la fois! Tous



les pa-lais des rois N'ont rien de com-pa - ra - ble



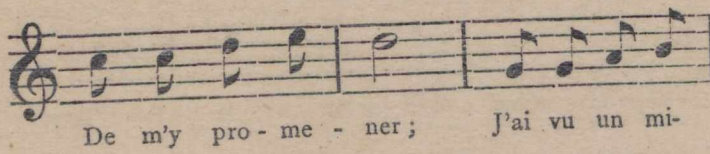
Aux beautés que je vois Dans cette é - ta - ble.

Or it may be :

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

There is nothing quainter in the large collection of quaint old English Christmas carols than some of the cantiques that interest and amuse little French-Canadian children, and with which they are familiar from their earliest years. A good example of these Canadian carols is the following :

A FRENCH-CANADIAN CHRISTMAS



—Qu'as-tu vu, bergère,
 Qu'as-tu vu ?
 —J'ai vu dans la crèche
 Un petit enfant
 Sur la paille fraîche
 Mis bien tendrement.

—Rien de plus, bergère,
 Rien de plus ?
 Sainte Marie, sa mère,
 Qui lui fait boire du lait,
 Saint Joseph, son père,
 Qui tremble de froid.

—Rien de plus, bergère,
 Rien de plus ?
 —Va le bœuf et l'âne
 Qui sont par devant,
 Avec leur haleine
 Réchauffent l'enfant.

—Rien de plus, bergère,
 Rien de plus ?
 —Ya trois petits anges,
 Descendus du ciel,
 Chantant les louanges
 Du Père Eternel.

A simple English translation by Mr. William McLennan, is as follows :

—“ Whence art thou, my maiden,
 Whence art thou ? ”

—“ I come from the stable
 Where this very night,
 I, a shepherd maiden,
 Saw a wondrous sight. ”

—“ What saw'st thou, my maiden,
 What saw'st thou ? ”

—There within a manger
 A little Child I saw,
 Lying softly sleeping
 On the golden straw.

—“ Nothing more, my maiden.
 Nothing more ? ”

—“ I saw the Holy Mother
 The little Baby hold,
 And the father, Joseph,
 A tremble with the cold. ”

—“ Nothing more, my maiden,
 Nothing more ? ”

—“ I saw the ass and oxen
 Kneeling meek and mild
 With their gentle breathing
 Warm the Holy Child. ”

—“ Nothing more, my maiden,
 Nothing more ? ”

—“ There were three bright angels
 Come down from the sky,
 Singing forth sweet praises
 To the Father high. ” (1)

(1) *Songs of Old Canada*. Montreal, 1886.

The *Adeste Fideles* is usually sung at the midnight mass with full orchestral as well as organ accompaniment, and all the church bells in town and country ring out their chimes together. In addition to the music of the bells, the midnight mass, under the French régime, was always saluted by the guns of the fortress at Quebec five times in succession. From the earliest days of New France special efforts were made for a fitting observance of the midnight mass. Before the early missionaries had any means for heating, at night, the interior of their little chapels, they were satisfied with the little warmth that proceeded from the torches carried by the worshippers.

From the sanctuary lamp, an old tradition in France in the sixteenth century prescribed that the fire must be taken to light the Christmas log. In the early days of French Canada, as well as in Brittany, when this was not done, a very pretty ceremony marked the burning of the Yule log upon the hearth, which would appear, in some respects at least, to have come down from Druidical days. The youngest member of the family capable of officiating, and called the Benjamin of the household, knelt before the fire and pronounced this invocation, taught him by his father: "O fire! re-warm during the winter the chilly feet of sick and infirm old men and women and little orphans! O fire! spread thy light and heat in the homes of the poor! O fire! never destroy the workingman's stable nor the navigator's bark!" At the conclusion of this appeal, a glass of wine was poured over the flames by the representative, for the time being, at the family hearth, of the Babe of Bethlehem.

Christmas day, 1635, was a sorrowful festival for the infant colony of New-France. The intrepid Champlain, its first governor, and the founder of Quebec, lay dead in the little fort which covered the commanding site upon a portion of which has been recently erected by the citizens of Quebec the stately monument to his memory.

A century and a year later, upon the inhospitable coast of Anticosti, the Recollet missionary, Father Crespel, who had been shipwrecked on the island in the preceding November, thawed out some wine and celebrated midnight mass in the presence of a number of his dying companions, huddled together in a miserable hut on Christmas eve 1736, without church ornaments of any kind.

Tearful adoration has been wafted to the Babe of Bethlehem from earliest times in the history of the colony, by French missionaries to the Indians and lumbermen scattered throughout the backwoods of Canada.

The Huron Indians of Lorette sing in their own language a very fine carol *Jesus Ahatonnia*—Jesus is born. The oldest existing copy of it is a manuscript in the Parliamentary library at Quebec, in the handwriting of Père Chaumonot, and the words are supposed to have been composed by the martyred Jesuit missionary, Jean de Brebœuf. At all events, they date from the time of the bloody missions of the Huron Peninsula. The Christianized Montagnais Indians who inhabit the forests that stretch from the north of Quebec to Hudson's Bay, sing to French Canadian airs, a number of cantiques in their language, throughout the night of Christmas Eve, which they call "the night when we do not sleep."

One of the old French-Canadian midwinter holiday customs that has now become obsolete was the practice of collecting alms for the poor, known as *La Guignolée* or *La Ignolée*. The word signifies both a custom and a song. Brought from the northern provinces of France by the early settlers of the province of Quebec they are rapidly passing into oblivion except in the more remote parts of the country. On the eve of the New Year bands of youthful masqueraders serenaded the various residents of the locality after nightfall, with music and song, knocking at doors and windows and begging for offerings for the poor, generally eatables, with threats of revenge if gifts were refused. A piece of pork with the tail adhering, called *La Chignée*, was the traditional offering expected. Until about the year 1860, the curious custom prevailed in the city of Montreal, where, up to that year there are records of the Mayor, on New Year's Eve, issuing permits to a number of young men "to run the *Ignolée* without danger of arrest or molestation from the police." This precautionary measure did not always prove effectual in preventing disorder; and when rival bands met there was sometimes a fight, the victors adding to their store of gifts by despoiling the vanquished. In France the *Ignolée* was often celebrated early on the morning of New Year's Day, and this practice was followed, up to a few years ago, in many of the country parishes of Quebec, families being awakened at an early hour by the firing of musketry and singing of song outside the house, and the loud ringing of

all the doorbells. Then the callers were admitted, regaled with eatables and drinkables, and contributions for the poor were given to them. The following curious legend or song was sung by the masqueraders :

Bonjour le maître et la maîtresse
 Et tous les gens de la maison.
 Nous avons fait une promesse
 De v'nir vous voir une fois l'an.
 Un petit morceau de Chignée
 Si vous voulez
 Dites-nous le
 Nous prendrons la fille ainée
 Nous y ferons chauffer les pieds.
 La Ignolée ! La Ignoloche !
 Pour mettre du lard dans ma poche !

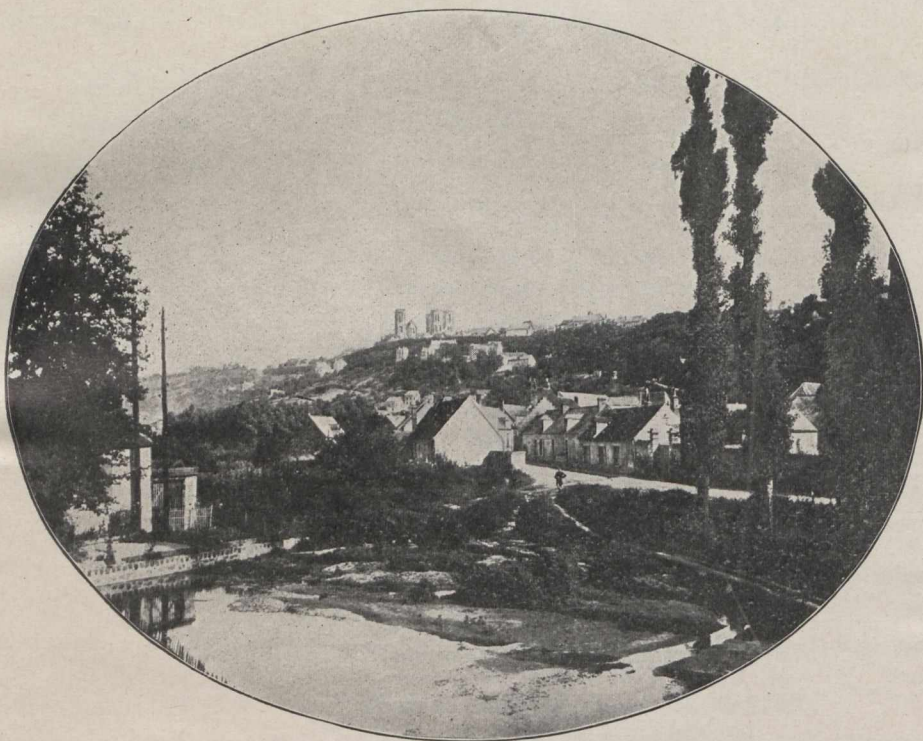
Nous ne demandons pas grand'chose,
 Pour l'arrivée.
 Vingt-cinq ou trente pieds de Chignée
 Si vous voulez.
 Nous sommes cinq ou six bons drôles,
 Et si notre chant ne vous plaît pas
 Nous ferons du feu dans les bois,
 Etant à l'ombre ;
 On entendra chanter l'coucou
 Et la colombe !

Both the custom and the song of the Ignolée are believed to be of Druidical origin. In France it is called La Guillannée, and there, as formerly in the country parts of Canada, a New Year's gift was formerly called a gui-l'an-neuf or guillanneuf. Gui is the French name for mistletoe, and when at the beginning of the New Year, or rather at the winter solstice, it was the custom of the Gallic druids to cut the mistletoe from the oak with a golden sickle, it will be remembered that the cry of the priests was the equivalent of "The mistletoe of the New Year" or "Au gui l'an neuf."

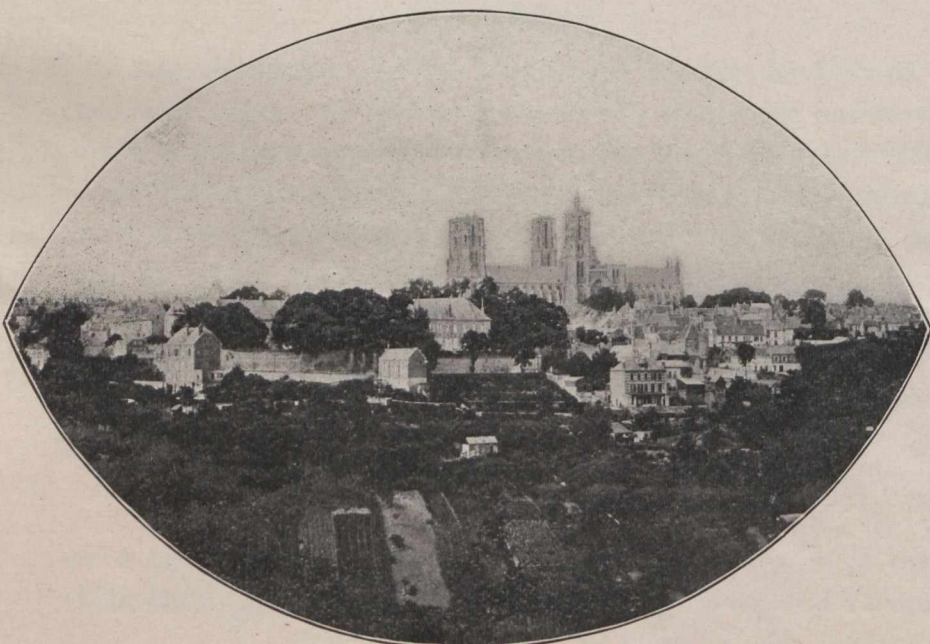
It has been considered probable, that those singular lines in the song of *La Ignolée* :

Nous prendrons la fille ainée,
 Nous y ferons chauffer les pieds.

are a veiled allusion to the human sacrifices which marked the ancient Gallic rites. It recalls the son of Velleda in the Martyrs of Chateaubriand.



DISTANT VIEW OF LAON.



LAON CATHEDRAL.

"Teutates requires blood on the first day of the century his voice has been heard in the druidical oaks."

In French Canada the Christmas holidays are kept up to the sixth of January inclusive,—the festival of the Epiphany being known as the *Fête des Rois* or "festival of the Kings", as the Magi are called.

New Year's Day to the people of French Canada, is as much of a social holiday, as much of a children's festival, as Christmas is to their English-speaking fellow-citizens. As in the United States, France and England, so in the Province of Quebec, the religious observance of Christmas is very much more imposing than that of New Year's Day, but among the French-Canadians, the great day of social festivity and family reunions and of the giving and receiving of gifts is not Christmas but New Year's. To many of the younger portion of French-Canada's population New Year's Day is still known, as it was in those provinces of France from which their forefathers came, as *Le Jour des Etrennes*—the Day of Gifts.

A French-Canadian poet of the present time voices the French-Canadian welcome of the day as a children's festival in these lines :

Salut, beau jour doré, Premier de l'an !
 Toujours, quand tu parais, dans un joyeux élan
 Nous saluons ta bienvenue ;
 C'est toi qui viens sourire aux enfants si joyeux,
 Qui viens mettre en secret dans leur berceaux soyeux
 Mille jouets de toute sorte !

Holiday shopping in the districts of Montreal and Quebec is quite as active up to the night of New Year's eve as it is on the night of Christmas eve.

Many French-Canadian children are taught the pretty fiction that the Christmas gifts that greet them when they awaken on Christmas morning are sent them by the Little Jesus, and Fréchette, the poet-laureate of French-Canada, has woven about this juvenile belief, one of the most attractive stories of his *Christmas in French-Canada*. He has, too, a charming description of a Christmas eve crossing of the St. Lawrence at Quebec, through the drifting ice floes, in one of the old time heavy canoes or dug-outs, formed of two large hollowed logs, solidly joined by a wide and flat keel of polished

oak, turned up at both ends, so that when necessary, the craft could also be used as a sledge. The veteran pilot meanwhile intoned the old carol "whose cheerful rhythm keeps time so well with the movement of the paddles":

Il est né, le divin Enfant :
 Jouez, hautbois ! résonnez, musettes !
 Il est né, le divin Enfant :
 Chantons tous son avènement !

During the entire Christmas holiday season, French-Canada, in its "pure array of regal ermine, when the drifted snow envelopes Nature," gives itself up very largely to those forms of social and physical enjoyments which are the more characteristic of its picturesque life and environment. The out-of-door sports include snow-shoeing, sleighing, skating, hockey, curling and dancing on the ice. Clad in raiment befitting the climate, with *ad libitum* accompaniments of the beautiful furs that are here so fashionable and so comparatively inexpensive, discomfort is absolutely unknown, and luxury and exhilaration are the order of the day. The blood tingles with a vigorous sense of pleasure and delight that is unknown in lower latitudes, and that inspires a desire for active participation in out of door exercise and the prevailing sports and pastimes of the people. These are at the same time picturesque, attractive and rational. Strangers who desire to participate in them are warmly welcomed by the different winter clubs and quickly initiated into the various forms of local sport, and each succeeding winter sees an increasing number of American visitors, in search of health and enjoyment, both at Montreal and Quebec,—more especially in the latter mentioned city, which is the more typical of the antiquity and romance that characterize the celebration of a French Canadian Christmas. (1)

(1) The music reproduced in this article is taken, by kind permission of Mr. Ernest Myrand, from his *Noëls anciens de la Nouvelle-France*. Québec, Dussault & Proulx, 1899. 8vo.



THE BIRTHPLACE AND FAMILY OF
MARQUETTE

BY REV. H. S. SPALDING, S. J.



THE American tourist to the Old World finds a special interest and pleasure in visiting those cities and places which have been in the past connected with the history of his own country. Such is Genoa, the birthplace of Columbus, and Palos, where he embarked on his voyage of discovery, and LaRabida, where he found assistance and encouragement, and which has offered him a last resting place; such is Plymouth, whence the Mayflower sailed, and Gravesend, from which the *Ark* and the *Dove* went forth on their mission of peace; such the old Chateau of Chavagnac, where Lafayette first saw the light of day; such the chamber in Paris where in 1783 the treaty of peace was signed which gave us our independence.

Among these places of special interest to us Americans must be numbered the city of Laon, the birthplace of Marquette. Sparks, Bancroft, Parkman and Shea have told the story of Marquette's labors as a missionary and of his discovery which won for him the lasting gratitude and public recognition of a nation. But in the pages of these historians we find but little of his illustrious family and of the old city of Laon; yet such a knowledge is indispensable for us, if we wish to understand the true character of the great explorer. It is only when we have studied the environments of his youth, the position occupied by his distinguished family, the bright prospects that opened up before him, that we can appreciate the great sacrifice he made when he abandoned all and buried himself in the forests of the New World.

Even apart from the fact that it is the birthplace of Marquette, Laon can boast a history that few readers will not find interesting. In the province of Aisne, in north central France, upon an isolated and rugged plateau, far removed from the beaten route of the tourist and sightseer, stands the ancient

city. As one leaves the little village of Ardon in the valley below and toils up the narrow road, truly magnificent is the view that opens up before him. The slopes are covered with vineyards, with here and there fields of grain and patches of artichoke. The white houses of the French peasants everywhere dot the sides of the hill, and the rich, green, and apparently limitless plain below. The gate of Ardon through which the visitor enters the city at once recalls to his mind the days of chivalry—there, is part of the old wall; there, the round towers of massive stone as strong and defiant as when they frowned down on the mailed warriors of the Middle Ages. The city is irregularly built. The modern houses stand side by side with the decayed and crumbling structures of centuries. Such a spot would truly captivate the heart of the poet who wrote:

"Yes, give me the land where the ruins are spread,
And the living tread light on the hearts of the dead;
Yes, give me the land that has legends and lays,
That tell of the memories of long vanished days."

Ruins the city has—many of them. It has legends, too, and "memories of long vanished days." Its old chroniclers have kept for us a faithful record of events. Through them we can trace its history back to the time of Cæsar, when it bore the Latin name of Laudunum; and farther back until its origin is lost in the twilight of fable. During its long and checkered career it sustained thirty-one regular sieges. The first memorable siege was that of the Vandals. Mayence, Strasbourg, Rheims and other large and fortified cities had yielded to the invaders, who knocked at the gate of the mountain city (a name often applied to Laon), and demanded admission. But the Laonese defied the enemy. They defended their city so bravely that the Vandals were at least forced to retire. Then Attila came with his horde of barbarous Huns. The people of the entire province fled at his approach, and sought shelter within the strong fortifications of Laon. Surrounding the city, he battered against its walls. But at no point could he force an entrance. With his thousands of warriors he could accomplish nothing. The place was impregnable. One morning the Laonese were rejoiced to see the barbarous horde retreating down the mountain side. The victory over Attila we find celebrated in old Latin hexameters, which have a truly Homeric ring.

“ When came fierce Attila and when his horde
Poured o'er conquered Gaul with fire and sword,
Their onward march old Loan rose to check,
Scorning their rage—rebellious to their beck,
Sheltering all who fled before the foe,
She stood defiant, challenging overthrow. ”

During the Middle Ages Loan saw many an army gathered around its walls. For nearly a century it was the abode of the French kings. These were often forced to do battle with their powerful subjects to retain their sovereignty. When it ceased to be a royal abode, baron fought with baron to get possession of its battlements. Towards the middle of the fourteenth century the victorious army of Edward III. swept through France. One division of the army was sent to storm and capture Laon, but failed in its attempt. So bravely and persistently did the Laonese defend their city that they merited special praise and many privileges from the sovereign, Charles V. In connection with this memorable siege we meet for the first time in the history of Laon the name of Marquette.

Her many victories in war form but a small portion of Laon's claim to glory; to the Church is she indebted for her greatest renown. During the middle of the third century the inhabitants received the light of faith. About the year 500 Laon was the seat of a bishopric. From that date to the French Revolution, 87 bishops ruled the diocese. Their names and good deeds have been faithfully recorded for us by pious works, and by the religious of the abbey of St. Vincent. Four of these bishops are considered saints; St. Genebaud, St. Latro, St. Canoald and St. Serulphe.

Laon gave to the church three popes, the greatest of whom was Urban IV. As a boy he sang in the choir of the cathedral. His superiors recognized his great talents and sent him to the University of Paris where he received a doctor's degree. Accompanying St. Louis to the East, he shared the king's captivity at Damascus. He afterwards became Patriarch of Jerusalem, and in 1261 was made Pope. Proud that one of their city should be raised to so exalted a dignity, the citizens and Chapter of Laon sent to the new Pontiff words of congratulation. Urban responded in terms of deepest affection: “ This Church, ” said he, “ has cherished me as a mother, has fed me as a nurse, has protected me as a tutor, has instructed me as a teacher, has

enriched me as a benefactor. Oh, sweet remembrances! How far from our heart was the thought of this that has come to pass! Oh, wonderful change! This same Church which was our mother has become our child. We are the shepherds of those who nourished us."

For more than two centuries the school of Laon was justly noted for its saints and its scholars. During the middle of the twelfth century, under the direction of Anselm, it reached the climax of its glory. Devisme in his history of Laon tells us that this school was then the most famous of Europe. So great was the concourse of students that they outnumbered the other inhabitants. Anselm attracted students from all parts of Europe. Among his scholars were Abelard and William of Champeaux. The proud and restless Abelard was far from being satisfied with the teaching of his master, but the fact that he left the schools of Paris and came to sit at the feet of Anselm shows the great reputation which the school of Laon must have then enjoyed.

Like many other cities, which were of considerable importance during the Middle Ages, but which gradually lost their influence and their power, Laon has long since been robbed of its ancient prestige; it has ceased to be a stronghold, the abode of kings, the home of scholars, the prize of envious and ambitious suzerains. Its towers have been overthrown, its walls have crumbled and fallen away, its old abbeys of St. Vincent and St. Martin no longer stand—of all its claims to glory there remains but a single monument, its grand Gothic cathedral. During those ages of faith when so many truly magnificent temples were raised to the honor of God, the Laonese caught the religious enthusiasm of the time and were not content until they had erected the vast cathedral which to-day crowns the summit of the mountain. At the beginning of the twelfth century the edifice was partly destroyed by fire. Owing to the protracted wars which had impoverished the surrounding country it was found impossible to raise the necessary funds to repair the damage. Priests and laics undertook to collect alms throughout the kingdom, carrying with them the precious relics which pertained to the church and which had been miraculously saved during the conflagration, to invoke a blessing on their work. Some, too, went to England to solicit aid. So successful were these pious delegations that within a year after the fire the work of rebuilding and repairing was resumed. Towards the close of the year 1114

divine services were solemnly resumed. "Two hundred thousand persons," says the old chronicler, "gathered within the city to witness the dedication. All were amazed at the sight of one of the finest basilicas in France, rising as it did from its ruins in so short a time, and with a splendor far surpassing that of the ancient church. The cathedral of Laon is 320 feet in length. It is remarkable for that happy combination of strength and elegance, of grandeur and of delicacy so characteristic of Gothic architecture. Its two main towers are altogether unique in style, being unlike those of any other church in Europe.

Let us turn from this brief history and description of the city of Laon to that of its oldest and one of its most illustrious families. "The Marquette family still exists," writes Devisme in 1822. "It is one of the most honorable and, without doubt, the most ancient of the city." This last statement is confirmed by Melville in his extensive history of Laon, as also by Shea in his "Discovery and Exploration of the Mississippi." "The most ancient family in this renowned city," says Shea, "is that of Marquette, and in its long annals we find the highest civic honors borne almost constantly by members of that illustrious race. . . . A martial spirit has always characterized this citizen family, and its members have constantly figured in the dazzling wars of France. Our own republic is not without its obligations to the valor of the Marquettes, three of whom died here in the French army during the Revolutionary war.

"Yet not their high antiquity or their reckless valor would have given the name of Marquette to fame; the unsought tribute which it has acquired among us is due to the labors of one who renounced the enjoyments of country and home to devote his days to the civilization and conversion of our Indian tribes; who died in the bloom of youth, worn out by toil, in a lonely, neglected spot, whose name every effort was made to enshrine in oblivion, but who has been at last, by the hand of strangers, raised on a lofty pedestal among the great, the good, and the holy, who have honored our land; the family is known to us only as connected with Father James Marquette of the Society of Jesus, the first explorer of the Mississippi."

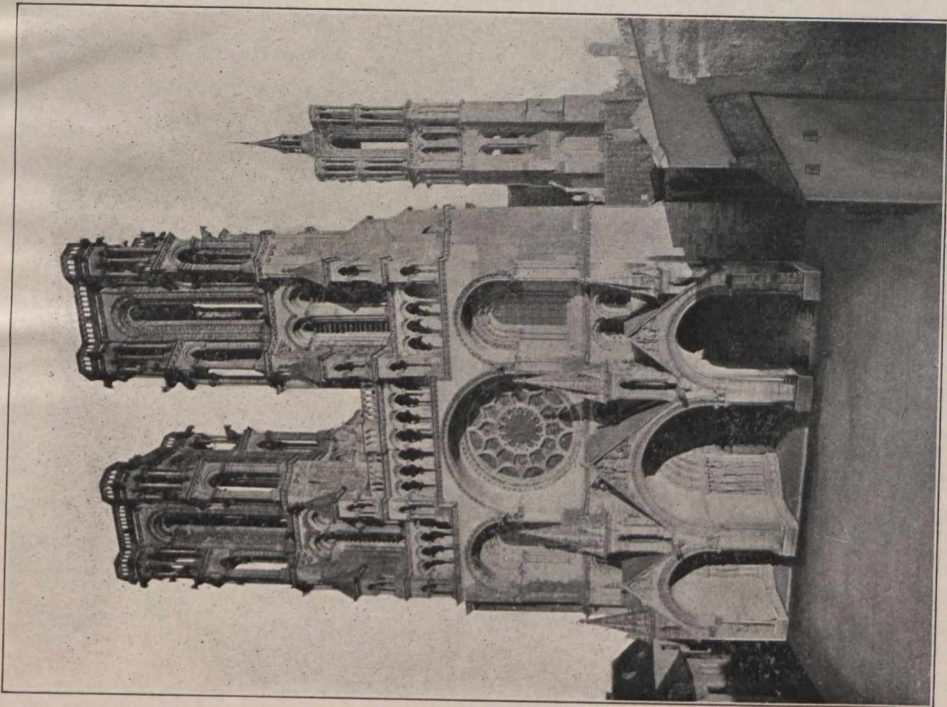
The Marquettes were not of noble blood, yet they were allied to several

distinguished families, as has been proved by M. Brifontaux in the April, 1900, number of the *Journal de l'Aisne*, published at Laon.

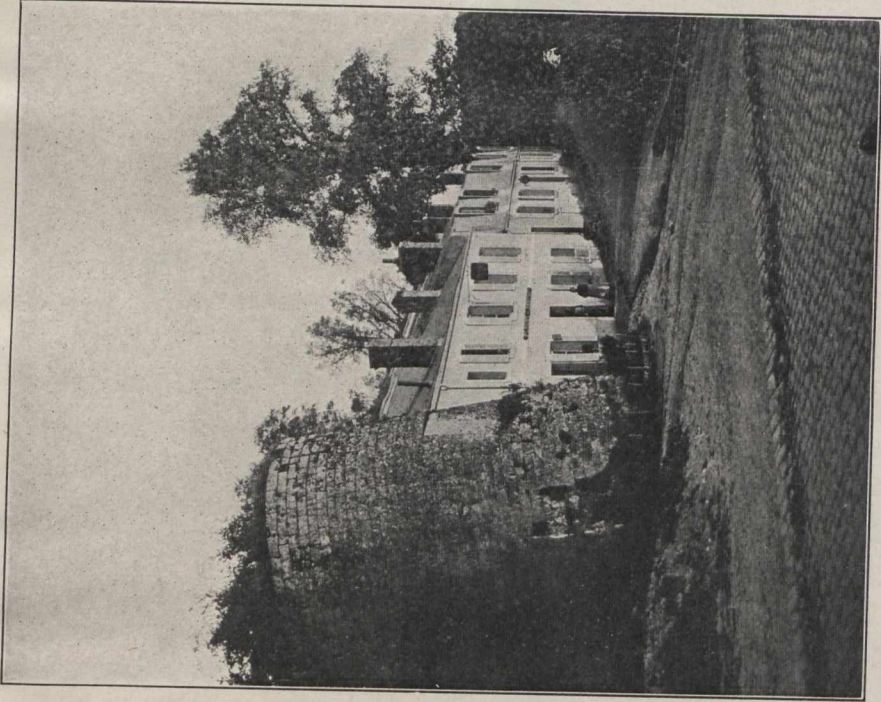
Vermand Marquette, the first of this name who is mentioned in the history of Laon, was one of the chief supporters of Louis-le-Jeune. His son Jacques of his own free choice followed his royal master into captivity. During the wars with England in the middle of the fourteenth century, not only were the English victorious, but they obtained possession of the person of the French king. When peace had been declared the nation was forced to pay three millions crowns of gold to ransom the royal personage. During the war the Laonese had distinguished themselves and had held their city against a besieging army: now when peace was declared they were equally loyal and devoted. Owing to a public appeal from the Mayor, James Marquette, and the solicitations of a prominent citizen, Jean de Lysaac, the city contributed 24,000 francs for the ransom of the king. As a recompense for their zeal both Marquette and Lysaac were authorized to add to their armorial shields the three martlets which the city had in its coat of arms. This recognition of the magistrate's public services was not, however, given immediately. It was Jean Charles Marquette, the nephew of Fr. Marquette, who received the royal sanction to insert the martlets.

When the city of Laon entered into the league against Henry IV., Nicolas Marquette, the father of the great discoverer, true to the traditions of his family, sided with the king. Nicolas was offered the alternative of submission or of exile from the city. He chose the latter. Henry IV., appreciating the sacrifice and devotion of the magistrate, restored him to his office and loaded him with honors. Thus for centuries do we see the members of this family supporting at any cost their lawful rulers.

But if the Marquettes were distinguished for their loyalty to the kings of France, they were equally zealous in their devotion to the Church. We need not repeat here what has so often been told of Father Marquette's zeal for the salvation of souls; how like another Xavier he yearned to carry the good tidings of the Gospel to those who were still in shadows of darkness, of his gentleness and kindness, his patience and resignation in suffering, his tender love for Mary Immaculate—all this has been rehearsed for us during the last decade of years. Even the French atheist and apostate Raynal, the



LAON. — CATHEDRAL



LAON. — BASE OF OLD LEANING TOWER.

friend of Diderot and Voltaire, paused in his impious writings to pay a tribute to this gentle and loving soul.

"We could say much of the rare virtues of this generous missionary," writes his superior, Father Dablon, "of his zeal which made him carry the faith so far, and announce the Gospel to so many nations unknown to us; of his meekness which endeared him to every one, and which made him all to all—French with the French, Huron with the Hurons, Algonquin with the Algonquins—of his angelic purity and continual union with God. But his predominant virtue was a rare and singular devotion to the Blessed Virgin, and especially to the mystery of the Immaculate Conception; it was a pleasure to hear him preach or speak on this subject. Every letter and conversation of his contained something about the Blessed Virgin Immaculate, as he always styled her. From the age of nine he fasted every Saturday; and from his tender youth began to recite daily the little office of the Conception, and inspired all to adopt this devotion. . . . So tender a devotion to the Mother of God deserved some singular grace, and she accordingly granted him what he always asked, to die on a Saturday; and his two companions had no doubt that she appeared to him at the hour of his death when, after pronouncing the names of Jesus and Mary, he suddenly raised his eyes above his crucifix, fixing them on an object which he regarded with such pleasure, and a joy that lit up his countenance; and they, from that moment, believed that he had surrendered his soul into the hands of his good Mother."

But Father Marquette was not the only one of the distinguished family to devote his life to the service of the Church. After his death his sister Frances founded a religious Congregation for the instruction of poor girls. Now that the Church has so many Sisterhoods scattered throughout the world instructing the little ones of Christ, it is hard for us to realize the sad neglect of former days. When Frances Marquette gathered her small community around her there was the most urgent need of just such work as she proposed to undertake; for during the protracted wars, that had preceded this period, the poor of France had been left without pastors and without instructors, so that ignorance everywhere prevailed. This was the century that saw the rise of the Sisters of the Good Shepherd and the Sisters of

Charity of St. Vincent de Paul, each with its distinct mission. But with the exception of the Ursulines there was no Congregation which made the teaching of poor children its distinctive aim. The object, therefore, of this new Sisterhood, which Frances Marquette founded and of which she became the first superioress, was altogether unique in the history of the religious Congregations of women.

Frances devoted her entire fortune to the work which she had undertaken, and had the consolation of seeing it prosper not only in Laon but in many other cities of northern France. The religious were known as the "Sœurs Marquette," but about the year 1720 the name was changed to that of the Sisters of Providence. During the time of the French Revolution the nuns remained for a long time undisturbed, even when all the other convents of the land had been closed and the inmates dispersed. But finally they too were driven from their home, and their property was confiscated. In 1806 Mademoiselle Eleonore Laurent resumed the labors of the "Sœur Marquette" by establishing the community of the Sisters of Providence of Laon, and although this new Congregation was in no way affiliated with the old one, still its aims were the same and it was really the continuation of the work initiated by Frances Marquette 200 years before.

While speaking of the piety and devotion of the Marquette family, we must not forget to mention the name of Jean Charles Marquette, who died towards the close of the last century with the reputation of a saint. He was by profession a lawyer. "The laws," writes his biographer, "had not a clearer expositor, nor the profession a more eloquent speaker. Still it would be difficult to decide whether his virtue or his talent was more conspicuous. He was known and revered throughout the entire Province of Aïnse. Families made him the arbiter of their contentions. His office was a temple of concord. Here all differences were adjusted. The most violent animosities yielded to the pacifying influence of this venerable mediator."

Father Marquette was through his mother, Rose de la Salle, related to St. John Baptiste de la Salle, the founder of the Christian Brothers. Adrien Nyel, a near kinsman of the Marquettes, was the first to suggest to the Abbe de la Salle the idea of a brotherhood for the instruction of youth. After the

institute had been founded Laon was the second city to solicit and obtain the help of its members.

After the name of Marquette had been brought before the eyes of the world by the erection of his statue in Washington, Rheims and Laon claimed to be his birthplace. But it was proved that to the latter belonged the honor. The controversy between the two cities brought to light certain documents hitherto unknown. A copy of one of these documents, the genealogical table of the Marquette family from the year 1580 to 1892, has lately been procured for the archives of Marquette College, Milwaukee. M. Edmund Lobzois, M. Brifonteaux, the Abbé Palant, of Cilly, and others are still investigating the subject and searching for data in regard to the early life of the great Jesuit, not only in Laon, but in other cities of the Province of Aisne, where the descendants of the family have lived for the past two centuries. We may therefore justly hope that in the near future sufficient matter will have been collected to enable a biographer to supplement the excellent work of Sparks and Shea, and give to the reading public a fuller and more interesting life of the priest-explorer.



NOTES AND NEWS

History of the Port of Quebec.

Sir James LeMoine, F. R. S. C., the well known author of *Picturesque Quebec*, is publishing in the *Quebec Chronicle* a series of articles on the history of the Port of Quebec. Sir James LeMoine will treat his subject by epochs, selecting historical dates, as 1535, 1629, 1690, 1759, 1760, 1775, 1812 and 1900, exhibiting the harbour of Quebec and estuary as a grand arena of war for conflicting nations and also as a peaceful haven for shipping and commercial activity.

The study of the annals of the Port of Quebec is a timely one at the present hour.

The port of Quebec, as to its capabilities for the exportation of Western produce to European markets, has recently taken its place among the noticeable ports for the exportation of grain on this continent, and its paramount importance, increased by its natural position and large area of deep water, sufficient, we dare say, for sheltering all the fleets of civilized nations, will soon be fully recognized and taken advantage of by all interested in transatlantic transportation.

A Severe Ordinance.

The following is a translation from the French of one of a variety of ordinances, or general orders, issued by General Murray shortly after the conquest of Canada, as recorded in that language in a register belonging to the Literary and Historical Society of Quebec, but now in the hands of the Provincial Government.

This authentic record will be much praised by those who boast of British magnanimity, notwithstanding the reproof that it implies of certain of their number, particularly at a time when racial agitation is dragged into political discussion.

This ordinance is signed by General James Murray, and countersigned by Cramahé, and it is dated at Quebec March 11th. 1762.

His Majesty having signified through his minister to us, his royal pleasure, that the French inhabitants of this colony, who being also his subjects, have an equal right with others, to claim protection—be treated with the same humanity and tenderness, and enjoy fully the same mild and benignant government, which already so eminently distinguish the happy auspices of His Majesty's reign, and which constitute the happiness of all who are subjects of the British Empire;— We by these presents declare—that all soldiers, sailors, or others His Majesty's subjects, who shall be convicted of having in the slightest degree

insulted any Canadian *habitants*, now their fellow subjects, either by malicious insinuations as to their inferiority through the fortune of the war, or by indecent railleries as to their language, dress, manners, customs, or country, or by uncharitable reflections upon the religion they profess; shall be most rigorously punished.

The above ordinance would very materially embarrass some fanatic writers of to-day, should it happen to be re-enacted.

Farnham's "Life of Parkman."

Charles Haight Farnham's *Life of Francis Parkman* reveals a humorous and imaginative side to Parkman's character that borders on the heroic. "His Summer home," writes Mr. Farnham, "was on the south-western shore of Jamaica Pond, a small body of water now incorporated in the parks of Boston. . . Parkman had here one more means of keeping up cheerfulness—the daily row of one hour, which he never omitted or shortened. Such frequent turns on a lake only a quarter of a mile across would have become insufferably tedious without some means of mental entertainment. He therefore enlarged the Pond, by the use of faroff names, such as the Cape of Good Hope and Behring's Sea, peopling each region with the lions and whales appropriate to the surroundings. He kept in its depths a terrible ichthyosaurus and a fearful sea-serpent. To the very cats along the shore—seen or unseen—he gave names, characters, and the most

astonishing experiences. The family of muskrats were visited daily to watch their building."

A Military Discovery.

Like the grave diggers in Hamlet, the caretaker of the cemetery at Niagara Falls has thrown up with his spade some skulls that have set the thoughtful a-guessing. While—like them—digging a grave for a lady, his shovel struck a hard substance a foot below the sod, and further investigation revealed the fact that it was the bone of a human being. The discovery having occurred almost upon the site of the battle of Lundy's Lane, it was at once correctly surmised that a soldiers' trench had been found; and further investigation resulting in the unearthing of no less than seven complete skeletons, lying side by side. The place where they were found is not more than two dozen feet north-east of the grave of Laura Secord,—the patriotic wife of a wounded Canadian militiaman, who because of her husband's inability to move from his bed, journeyed twenty miles on foot through the woods to successfully warn a small armed force of her countrymen of the contemplated attack of a portion of the American army. This was in the campaign of 1813, and it was on the 25th of July in the following year, that the bitter battle was fought at Lundy's Lane, in which the descendants of both the contending forces

now claim victory, and which undoubtedly proved fatal to the soldiers whose remains have just been disinterred by the pick and shovel of the Niagara grave digger.

While the bones were being removed, a bullet dropped out of one of the skulls, and others were found to contain several grains of buckshot. Several brass buttons accompanying the remains revealed the fact that some of the skeletons were those of American soldiers. The letter "I" denoting "Infantry" appears on some of them, while others have the inscription "U. S. Infantry" over a spread eagle and star, and two or three have "9th Infantry" stamped upon them. Small pieces of cloth and leather still remained near the bones.

It is not unlikely that some of the skeletons found in the trench may have been those of Canadian or English soldiers, for two or three of the skulls contained buckshot, and it will be remembered that the Americans used one ball and three buckshot in their charges.

The find has been reported to the United States Consul at Niagara Falls, and the bones may be interred with military honors later on. Meanwhile, they have been deposited in the vault under the Lundy's Lane Monument.

An anecdote of Prince Edward.

On the 7th. of May, 1792, Lower Canada was, by proclamation, divided into counties, cities, and towns, and the limits of each defined, and on the 14th. of May of the same year, an election was ordered for the 24th. of the same month. The fight was very hard, and riots occurred on polling day.

"At Charlesbourg, says the *Quebec Gazette* of July 5th. 1792, on closing the poll of the county election on Wednesday last the 27th. June, a riot, at taking down the place of the hustings was upon the point of bursting out into open violence. The instant PRINCE EDWARD discovered the exasperated crowd, he came up and took position to be seen by *all*, and gave the command for silence.

"Can there be (said his royal highness in pure french, and with a tone of affection and authority) a man among you that does not take the King to be father of his people?"

His words were answered with huzzas and cheers of *God save the King*.

"Is there a man among you (added the Prince) that does not look upon the *New Constitution* as the best possible one, both for the subject and the Government?"

The huzzas were repeated.

"Part then in peace, (concluded his royal highness) I urge you to unanimity and concord. Let me hear no more of the odious distinction *English* and *French*. You are all his britanic Majesty's canadian subjects."

The tumult ceased, *menace, rage* and *fury*, gave place to language of admiration and applause.

May the laconic and effectual oratory of PRINCE EDWARD, and the wisdom of his council, be universally attended to and everlastingly remembered.

Louis de Salaberry, father of the hero of Châteauguay, and David Lynd were the elected candidates at this first election under the Quebec Act

De Salaberry was *seigneur* of Beauport, and had been colonel of several battalions, member of the House and Legislative Council and superintendent of Indians.

A Poet's Suicide.

It was Arthur Weir, one of Canada's most gifted poets and journalists who penned the lines

"O mortal man, remember
Every year has its December,
And when the year has ended naught can
change the record there."

On the first day of the present month of December, having previously cleaned the papers out of his desk in the office of the Ottawa "Citizen" of which paper he was night editor, and having penned a touching farewell to his wife, he went to his home, summoned her to his room, and blew out his brains in her presence. The despondency which led to the rash act was doubtless caused by a sense of the family disgrace resulting from the imprisonment, in Montreal, of his aged father, for irregularities in connection with the business of the bank of which he was president.

There was nothing morose or cowardly in either the disposition or the writings of Arthur Weir. Under the title "Nil Desperandum" he sang

"Face the strife
And live your life;
Be no coward in distress."

In his lines on "Flesh and Spirit" occur the following:

"Woe to the narrow heart
Would strive these twain to part;
Look down the ages, through the world's
mad din,
This is the one unpardonable sin."

Mr. Goldwin Smith, on the other hand, had written, not many days before the sad ending of the young poet's life, "there is nothing either in the Old or the New Testament expressly forbidding suicide, though there is a passage condemning it in Josephus." And the eminent professor did not hesitate to aver that "in allowing as an excuse, irremediable and intolerable shame, Plato has perhaps named the one thing which may palliate real suicide, especially in the case of anyone who has stood high as a man of honors."

Had Weir read this attempted palliation of the awful deed that he was so soon to commit?

His domestic life was happy. In a poem entitled "Timor mortis conturbat me,"—"The fear of Death affrights me,"—he has written.

"Earth is so fair to look upon,
And life so sweet, though there sorrows
be,
Why welcome the summons to be gone?
Timor mortis conturbat me."

Wife that I love as the sea, the moon,
Babes that prattle about my knee;
Has heaven itself a dearer boon?
Timor mortis conturbat me.

Is there heaven at all or only the grave
With the lisp of rain in the willow tree,
Will the after death give all I crave?
Timor mortis conturbat me."

One who knew him well tells us that young Weir,—he was only 36 years of age at the time of his death,

—always had in his breast-coat pocket, the photograph of the gentle lady, whose heart had linked itself with his. She was Miss Louise Skead of Ottawa before her marriage. These were the lines of his "Farewell"

"And now, Farewell—Yet, ere we part,
one kiss,
Solemn and sweet, as on the brow of
death,

Ere the dark pall cover the face beneath ;
So now we take farewell of all our bliss,
Coffin our hearts and face the doom that is.
Yet, oh, my Love, as once again our breath
Mingles, forget not what each heart throbs
saith,
That lips may no more utter after this.

Farewell, farewell! Now must we stoop
and lift

The grievous burden of a sondered life.
Farewell, dark brows, ripe lips to laughter
swift ;

Swift be your laughter still. Be mine
the strife,

The yearning and the sorrow, and to thee,
Beloved as but a dream, the memory of
me."

There are three published volumes
of Mr. Weir's poems, viz :

Fleurs de lys and other poems, Montreal,
E. M. Renouf, 1887 ; *The Romance of Sir
Richard, sonnets and other poems*, Montreal,
W. Drysdale & Co., 1890 ; *The Snowflake
and other poems*, Montreal, John Lovell &
Son, 1897.

NOTES AND QUERIES

83. ARNOLD'S OCCUPATION OF MONTREAL.—Francis Lieber, in his *Encyclopædia Americana*, gives a lengthy biographical notice of Benedict Arnold. He says :

"His love of glory was accompanied with an equally strong love of pleasure and dissipation, and he was very unscrupulous about the mode of obtaining the means of gratifying it. His ill-gotten wealth he squandered in frivolous expenses, or mere ostentation. Montreal, the second city of Canada, was, under his command, a scene of injustice and rapacity, and the Canadians soon abandoned the design of joining the Confederation."

Is the above statement correct ?
If so, who will give me some particulars regarding Arnold's occupation of Montreal, especially bearing on

Arnold's conduct during his sojourn in that city ?

A PHILADELPHIAN.

Philadelphia, Pa.,
Nov. 5, 1900.

84. DAVID S. FRANK'S PORTRAIT.

—In Morais' *History of the Jews in Philadelphia*, it is stated that in 1889, a portrait of Major David S. Frank, Benedict Arnold's aide-de-camp, was in the possession of Miss Sarah Joseph, of Montreal.

I wrote to this lady, but my letter came back through the post-office, marked "not known". Can any of your readers tell me any thing about the portrait and its present owner ?

New-York,
Nov. 10, 1900.

W. ABBATT,

85. NAME OF AUTHOR WANTED.—
Whence come the lines quoted by
Lord Lansdowne?

Enough for him
That Chatam's language was his mother
[tongue,
And Wolfe's great name compatriot with
[his own.

H. G. D.

Montreal,
Dec. 2, 1900.

86. JOHN WHITE.—I am anxious
to ascertain the date and other par-
ticulars of the arrival in Canada of
John White, the first Attorney-Gen-
eral of Upper Canada. He came with
either Simcoe or Chief Justice
Osgoode, probably the former. Simcoe
arrived sometime between Sept. 1st
1791, and Jan. 17, 1792, and Osgoode
some time during the first three weeks
of June, 1792.

W. GEO. E.

Toronto, Ont.,
Oct. 31, 1900.

**87. BOOKS BOUND IN HUMAN-
SKIN.**—Although it may seem outra-
geous to many persons, there exist,—
I have seen it reported somewhere—
several books bound in human skin,
in place of morocco, calf or sheep.
A list of those books, with some par-
ticulars about them, would be inter-
esting to make up. I have no doubt
some readers of NOTES AND QUERIES
will be able to give information on
this subject.

X.

New Brighton, N. Y.,
Nov. 28, 1900.

88. JAMES RAMSBOTTEN.—James
Rambothe or Ramsbotten died in

Cape Elizabeth some seventy-five
years ago. His age was stated to be
118 years. He was in the battle of
Quebec an English soldier and
deserted, and came to Cape Elizabeth,
where he enlisted as a soldier and
served through the War of Revo-
lution. I would like to find his ser-
vices in the English army, the place
and date of his birth, and other par-
ticulars respecting the early part of
his life.

S. P. MAYBERRY.

Knightville, Me.,
Nov. 20, 1900.

**89. KINGS, EMPERORS AND PRESI-
DENTS ASSASSINATED.**—A curious
statistic would be a list of Kings,
Emperors, Presidents, and govern-
ment heads who have been assassina-
ted from antiquity to the present day,
with particulars respecting the assas-
sin, etc.

P.

Berkeley, Cal.,
Nov. 11, 1900.

90. MOTORMAN.—Is it true that
there is no corresponding word in the
French language to designate the
man who runs an electric car, the
motorman?

MOTORMAN.

New Orleans, La.,
Nov. 30, 1900.

**91. GENERAL WOLFE ASSASSINA-
TED.**—I copy the following extract
from the *London Chronicle* of August
19, 1788, and would like to know if
the facts therein alluded to are based
on authoritative statements:

It is a circumstance not generally known, but believed by the army which served under General Wolfe, that his death wound was not received by the common chance of war, but given by a deserter from his own regiment. The circumstances are thus related: The General perceived one of the sergeants of his regiment strike a man under arms (an act against which he had given particular orders), and knowing the man to be a good soldier, reprehended the aggressor with much warmth, and threatened to reduce him to the ranks. This so far incensed the sergeant that he took the first opportunity of deserting to the enemy, where he meditated the means of destroying the General, which he effected, by being placed in the enemy's left wing, which was directly opposite the right of the British line, where Wolfe commanded in person, and where he was marked out by the miscreant, who was provided with a rifle piece, and, unfortunately for this country, effected his purpose. After the defeat of the French army, the deserters were all removed to Crown Point, which being afterwards suddenly invested and taken by the British army, the whole of the garrison fell in-

to the hands of the captors, when the sergeant of whom we have been speaking was hanged for desertion, but before the execution of his sentence he confessed the facts above recited.

It would be interesting to get particulars of this confession, the name of this and other deserters who were garrisoned at Crown Point?

H. V.

Niagara Falls, Ont.,
Nov. 26, 1900.

92. FIRST CHURCH OF ENGLAND SERVICES IN CANADA.—When were the first Church of England services celebrated in Canada?

Is it true that before the Anglican's had churches of their own, the Roman Catholic authorities of Quebec gave them the use of their own churches?

B. D.

Toronto, Ont.,
Nov. 20, 1900.

REPLIES

OLDEST HOUSE.—(No. 7, vol. I, p. 35).—The old Sillery manor, where the author of the *History of Emily Montagu* lived for some time, is said to be the oldest house still in existence in the province of Quebec. This house was erected in 1639. Although it has been remodelled by its present and previous owners, its thick and solid stone walls and chimneys are the same as those constructed in 1639.

It is a two-story house of about sixty feet long.

L.

Quebec,
Nov. 17, 1900.

PRINCE OF WALES VISIT TO AMERICA.—(No. 38, vol. I, p. 65-101).—Besides the two books mentioned in the reply by "R. R." in your August issue (vol. I. No. 3), there is the following:

Journal | of the Progress of | H. R. H. the Prince of Wales | through British North America ; | and | His Visit to the United States, | 10th July to 15th November, 1860. | By Gardner D. Engleheart, | Private Secretary to the Duke of New Castle. | Privately Printed. |

The book (110 pp.) has many illustrations and several maps. A copy of it is in the library of the Law Society of Upper Canada, at Osgoode Hall. Inserted in it is the following letter from the author :

“ Colonial Office, 4 June, 1861.

“ My Dear Dr. Jelf,

“ Will you do me the favour to accept the accompanying copy of a journal kept during our recent visit to America. It may interest you as a faithful record of a remarkable event. It was, of course, never meant to assume other than a MS form, but having found favor in certain quarters it was privately printed. Believe me.

“ Yours very truly,

“ GARDNER D. ENGLEHEART.”

The writer, John Gardner Dillman Engleheart, C. B., M. A., became clerk of the council of the Duchy of Lancaster in 1872.

W. GEO. EAKINS.

Osgoode Hall, Toronto,
Nov. 15, 1900.



LABRADORE TEA.—(No. 56, vol. I, p. 98-134-167.)—In answer to the Query No. 56, I beg to give you a few quotations from Mrs. Trail's *Plant-Life in Canada*.

An old friend, one of the sons of a U. E. Loyalist, told me that some years after leaving the United States (the family were from Vermont) that the genuine Chinese tea was rarely to be met with in the houses of the settlers, especially those who lived in lonely backwood settlements, that for the most part they made infusions of the leaves of the red root, or New Jersey tea, as they learned to call it, of Labrador Tea, *Ledum Latifolium*, sweet fern,

Comptonia Asplenifolia, Mountain mint, or other aromatic herbs... Labrador Tea was held in great repute among lumbermen and old backwoods men for its sanatory qualities, as a strengthener and purifier of the blood, and as being good for the system in various complaints. Some of the old settlers used a decoction of the leaves as a substitute for tea, approving of the resinous aromatic flavor...

Though I did not care for the decoction of the leaves, I was charmed with the beauty of the plant, when I first saw it growing on the banks of one of the lakes near Peterborough. The whole aspect of this remarkable shrub is most interesting. Its height varies from two to four feet, it is bushy in habit, somewhat open and spreading; the leaves are lanceolate; entire very decidedly revolute at the margins, and clothed with a dense rust colored woolly felt beneath. The leaves are of a thick leathery texture and dull brownish green colour. The flowers are white, forming elegant nimble-like clusters at the summits of the slender sprays. As the heads of flowers are very abundant, this shrub forms a striking object, when seen growing in numbers, along the banks of lakes or in low flats, for it will flourish both on wet and dry situations, nor does it refuse to flower when brought into garden culture. It is a very ornamental object, deserving to be better known than at present seems to be the case. The leaves when bruised emit an agreeable resinous aromatic odor.

As all the American Colonists refused to buy the taxed tea, they made tea of (or rather a hot drink) of various herbs, such as sage, hemlock, catnip, peppermint. In fact any thing they could find to take the place of tea. They also dressed in homespun. Women in those days could be patriotic as well as men, and it was no small depravation to some of them not to have even a ribbon (rebband) on their heads.

AGNES CHAMBERLAIN.

The "Den," Lakefield, Ont.
Nov. 28, 1900.

JOAN OF ARC'S HOUSE.—(No. 63, vol. I, p. 131).—The house where Joan of Arc was born is still in existence at Domrémy, and it is visited every year by thousands of tourists. In 1837, it was owned by a peasant by the name of Girardin. It is said that Girardin had been offered a very high price for it by a wealthy Englishman, but he declined all offers. It has been further intimated that this Girardin has been decorated with cross of the Légion d'Honneur, his action in refusing to sell his historic property having been interpreted as a patriotic deed.

R. R.

Quebec,
Nov. 11, 1900.

CARTIER'S FOURTH VOYAGES.—(No. 68, vol. I, p. 132-167).—All we know of the fourth voyage is that it was undertaken to bring back Roberval, and that it lasted eight months. Meagre as is the information afforded us, it is sufficient to justify the estimate of Roberval's fitness for the leadership of such an enterprise which we have supposed Cartier to entertain. As to when it occurred—Cartier was present at a baptism at St. Malo on the 25th March, 1543. He was also present in person before the court at St. Malo, as a witness, on the 17th February, 1544. M. Ferland's supposition that Cartier sailed on his fourth voyage in the autumn of 1543, wintered in Canada, and returned to France about the beginning of May 1544, cannot therefore be accepted.

Hakluyt tells us that Roberval left the neighbourhood of Stadaconé for Hochelaga on the 5th June, 1543. He must therefore have been in Canada sometime after that date. Both Roberval and Cartier appeared before the royal commission at Rouen in June 1544. We cannot find any record of Cartier being in France between March 1543 and February 1544 (saving one doubtful entry in the legal

registers, dated the 3rd July, 1543, on which occasion it is more than likely he was represented by proxy). We therefore suggest that he might have sailed on his fourth voyage about the middle of April 1543, and returned late in the autumn of the same year. This is strengthened by the probability that Cartier, having undergone the privations of two winters in Canada, would be careful to avoid a third experience.—*Jacques Cartier, His Life and Voyages*, by Joseph Pope, p. 128-129.

R. R.

Quebec,
Nov. 21, 1900.

ROBERT DESTY.—(No. 71, vol. I, p. 132).—Mr. Hugo A. Dubuque, a prominent French Canadian lawyer of Fall River, Mass., ex-member of the Legislature of Massachusetts, published in the *Bulletin des Recherches Historiques*, (vol. IV, p. 72-76), a very interesting biographical sketch of the celebrated American lawyer, and author, Robert Desty. Mr. Dubuque secured most of his information respecting Desty from *Case and Comment*, a bibliographical law review published at Rochester, N. Y.

The real name of Desty is: *Robert Daillebout d'Estimauville de Beaumouchel* (not *Beaumachel*) out of which he extracted and used the name with which he is universally known at the Bar.

He comes from a most respectable family, and his ancestors occupied important functions in Canada. Jean-Baptiste Charles d'Estimauville, Sire and Baron de Beaumouchel, who died at Quebec on May 14, 1823, was lieutenant-colonel of the Three Rivers

district ; and his son, Jean-Baptiste Philippe, was clerk of the Admiralty and Major of the Chasseurs-Canadiens.

Robert, says Mr. Dubuque substantially, the subject of the present notice, was born in Canada on February 17, 1827, and emigrated to the United States at a tender age. He died at Rochester, N. Y., on September 27, 1895.

He studied law in New York, was for some time professor in Pennsylvania, took part in the Mexican war, and in 1849-50 went to California in search of gold. He was admitted to the California Bar, where he occupied the position of District Attorney. Later, he went to San Francisco, where he practised as a lawyer until 1882. When in San Francisco, he contributed to and published several legal works, among others : *Parker's California Digest* (1869), *Pleading Under the Codes*, a supplement to *Hittell's General Laws* (1871), *Desty's California Citations* (1874). This last work was the first of its kind, and since its publication similar compilations have been published for Massachusetts, Indiana, Illinois, etc. In 1878 he issued *Desty's Federal Citations* ; but the work which placed him among the best jurists is *Desty's Federal Procedure*, published in 1875. Later, he published *Desty's Shipping and Admiralty* (1879), *Desty's Federal Constitution* (1879), *Desty's Taxation* (1884). In 1879, he gave treatise on

the Constitution of California ; in 1880, a treatise on Commerce and Navigation ; in 1881, a Penal Code of California ; in 1882, an elementary treatise on the Criminal Code.

In 1882, he moved to St-Paul, Minn., where he edited the *Federal Reporter*, and in 1888 he is found in Rochester, N. Y., editing a series of volumes entitled *Lawyer's Reports Annotated*.

His life was a busy one and he leaves to perpetrate his name, several authoritative works. The *New-York Law Journal* paid a high tribute to his memory.

He was of French-Canadian extraction, although he was considered as American during his life. How many Americans of to-day, who have made their mark in life, have, flowing through their nerves under the shield of an American name, a good deal of French-Canadian blood which cannot be wiped out as easily as their ancestral patronymic ?

R. R.

Quebec,
Nov. 30, 1900.



CANADIAN FISH AND GAME CLUBS.
—(No 73. Vol. I. p. 161.)—To give the names, membership and details concerning the most important fish and game clubs in Canada, would fill more than an entire number of *North American Notes and Queries*. A couple of years ago two or three columns of an Ottawa newspaper were taken up with an account of the clubs

in the district of Ottawa alone. There are over ninety fish and game clubs incorporated under the laws of the province of Quebec alone, and these do not include other clubs in the province having fishing or hunting rights, or both from the government of Quebec. Many of the most important of these clubs are composed chiefly and sometimes exclusively of American sportsmen. Membership in the Restigouche Salmon club is worth \$7,500 a share. Shares of the Ste-Marguerite Salmon club have been sold for \$1,500 a piece. The cost of membership in the Roberval fish and game association is \$500, and in the Triton fish and game club, which has a club house valued at \$10,000, it is \$300. There are 150 members in this latter, and the shares now sell at a premium. The Roberval fish and Game Association can accommodate some thousands of members. It controls the fishing in thirty thousand square miles of territory. The Laurentian club has a large American membership, Mr. Howe the well known criminal lawyer of Wall street being president. Its members fish and hunt in the valley of the St. Maurice. Other prominent American clubs are the Metabetchouan, the Penn, the Amabalish and the Nonantum, having rights in the territory traversed by the Quebec and Lake St. John Railway, where are also situated the limits of several Canadian fish and game clubs including the Stada-

cona, the Laurentides, the Orleans and the Jacques-Cartier clubs. There are a large number of clubs renting fishing and hunting territories from the government in the district of Ottawa, and on both sides of the international boundary near Lake Megantic, are extensive fishing and hunting territories leased by the Megantic fish and game association. The amounts paid by clubs and private individuals, to the government, for the rental of fishing and hunting privileges in the province of Quebec alone, exceed \$50,000 a year.

C.

Quebec,
Dec. 3, 1900.



THE GOVERNOR OF NORTH CAROLINA.—(No. 74, Vol. I, p. 161).—On the subject of your Montreal enquirer's query, a Washington letter to the *Philadelphia Record* says:—Assistant Secretary of the Treasury Thompson was formerly Governor of South Carolina, and might therefore be supposed to know more or less about that famous remark of the Governor of North Carolina. He said to me the other day that it was marvellous how far that remark had travelled. During his long tour of inspection among the lighthouses and life saving stations on the great lakes this summer he heard of it in the most unexpected ways and places. "Why," he continued, "one day Mr. Kimball, the superintendent of the

life-saving service, and I went ashore at a little village to get shaved. We found a barber's shop and two inquisitive barbers. The one who shaved me asked questions about my journeyings until he found out that I was from Washington, and then he asked me whether I had a place in any of the departments. I told him I had, but did not tell him what it was, and he did not think it well to pursue the subject. He got through before the other barber, and I told Kimball as I surrendered my chair to an old countryman that I would wait for him outside. No sooner had I gone than my barber asked Kimball who I was. "That was Governor Thompson, of South Carolina," he said, "now Assistant Secretary of the Treasury." With that the old farmer rose up in his chair, all lathered as he was, and said:—"Do you suppose he would tell me what it was the Governor of North Carolina said to him?" I asked Governor Thompson who those famous Governors were, and just what occurred at their famous meeting. He said that he did not know them by name, and that

the story was old when he was born. The tradition was that the Governor of North Carolina in the good old days when prohibition was not dreamed of journeyed, on horseback of course, to make a formal call on the Governor of South Carolina. The latter had a jugful of liquor in the house at the time, and for some inexplicable reason could get no more. When his distinguished guest arrived he sat the jug out on the table and invited the Governor of North Carolina to make himself at home. The guest drank copiously, the host moderately to preserve at once his soberness and his liquor. At last he saw with dismay that his guest had drunk the last drop of the precious liquor. The guest was too drunk to know it, but he missed the familiar invitation of the host to take another drink. So, leaning on his elbows, he looked across the table reproachfully with the melancholy remark: "Governor, it's a long time between drinks."

C.

Quebec,
Decr., 3, 1900.



BIBLIOGRAPHY

YESTERDAYS WITH AUTHORS, by James T. Fields. *Boston and New-York, Houghton, Mifflin and Company, 1900.* 8vo., cloth, VI—419 p., 28 portraits and 7 fac-similes.

The above is the holiday edition of a book which has acquired a good deal of popularity since the publication of its first edition in 1871. The present edition is somptuously gotten up, and contains twenty-eight engraved portraits of famous and popular authors, besides seven autographs fac-similes. The authors about whom Mr. Fields entertains us are: Thackeray, Hawthorne, Dickens, Wordsworth, Miss Mitford, and Barry Cornwall and some of his friends.



DAMES AND DAUGHTERS OF COLONIAL DAYS, by Geraldine Brooks. New-York, Thomas Y. Crowell (1900). 12mo., cloth, 284 p., 8 photogravures.

The dames and daughters who are given place in this bright and attractive book are: Anne Hutchinson, of the Bay Colony; Madame La Tour, of Acadia; Margaret Brent, of Maryland; Madam Sarah Knight,

of Massachusetts and Connecticut; Eliza Lucas, of the Carolinas; Martha Washington, of Virginia; Abigail Adams, of Massachusetts; Betsey Schuyler, of New-York, and Deborah Norris and Sally Wister, of Pennsylvania. All sections of the colonies and all phases of colonial life are thus represented. The book displays research, conscientious study, an admirable power of choice and presentation, combined with interest, entertainment and the true historical atmosphere. The illustrations are typical and effective. The author is a daughter of Elbridge S. Brooks, the well-known writer of historical books for young Americans, and the publishers have presented these delightful narratives in what must prove an attractive and popular volume.



For permission to reproduce the article upon *The Birthplace and family of Marquette*, from the pen of the Jesuit Father Spalding, and the illustrations by which it is accompanied, we are indebted to the courtesy of the publishers of *The Messenger of the Sacred Heart of Jesus*, New-York.

