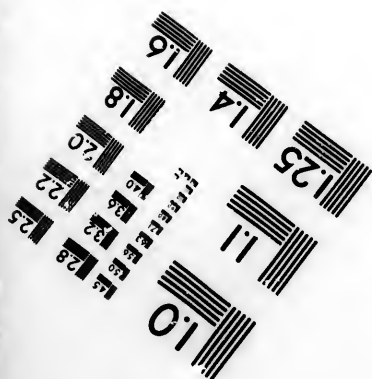
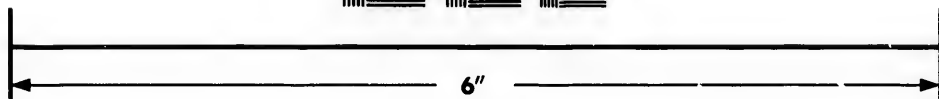
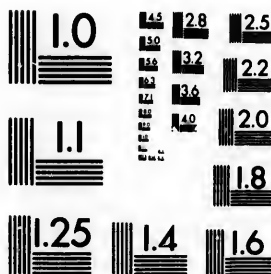


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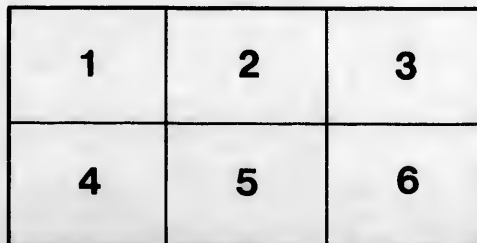
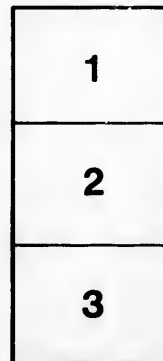
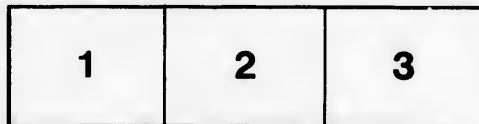
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Drawn and Engraved by T. G. Massey R.S.A. 1831

Market Place Quebec. 1831.

QUEBEC

AND

ITS ENVIRONS;

BEING

A PICTURESQUE GUIDE

TO

THE STRANGER.

by

Wm. Cookburn

PRINTED BY THOMAS CARY & Co.
FREEMASONS' HALL, BUADE STREET.

1831.

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QUEBEC

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This little Volume is merely intended as a picturesque guide in, and about Quebec, without entering into any detail or history of the City; strangers visiting Quebec, it is hoped, may find their rambles facilitated by the perusal of this work, which is all that is aimed at by the publication.

IT is desirable that strangers arriving in Quebec should so dispose of their time as to be enabled to embrace several objects in a given period. The following remarks will allow them to accomplish this; but it is to be observed that our American friends unfortunately visit Quebec as the last "lion" in their tour, and generally embark in the steam-boat from Montreal, remain twenty-four hours, and then return, without seeing any thing except a cursory view of the city; whereas Quebec and the environs abound in the most romantic and charming

views, certainly not equalled in the Canadas, and to all admirers of the beauties of nature affording a rich treat. We suppose our friends to have arrived at Quebec preparing to take their first view.—It is a good plan to ascend to the highest spot in the neighbourhood; from such a place the whole country lies as a map before you; have a person that is conversant with the site of the towns, villages, and any natural feature of the scenery worthy of remark to accompany you. This gives the spectator a general knowledge of the locality of the neighborhood, and will render more clear his future rambles.

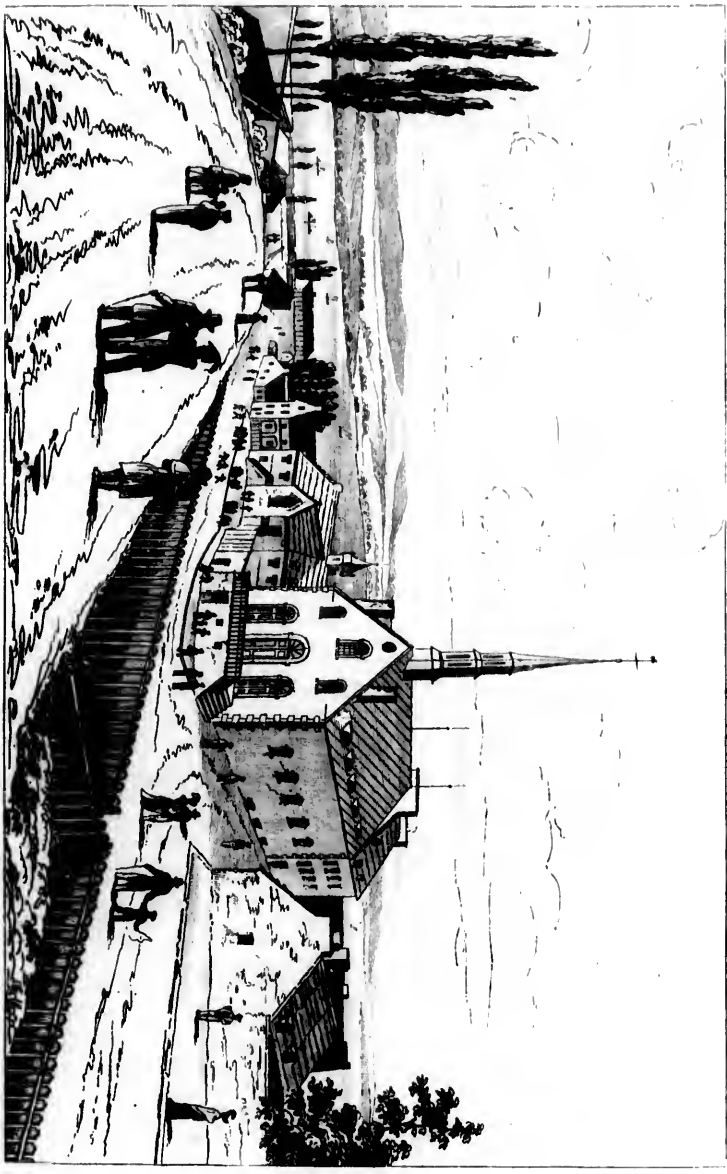
From your lodgings proceed to the Citadel, place yourself near the inclined plane, within the works—from this spot the river, up and down, including within the view the opposite banks of the Saint Lawrence, crowned by extensive plains, terminated by ærial mountains, the distant shores of Beauport, the chains of mountains extending to Cape Tourment, with the Island of Orleans between the shores, forming the magnificent basin of Quebec, offers a *coup d'œil* hardly surpassed on earth. From the top of the signal house, the splendid panorama of the city and country needs no remark—it is unrivalled; indeed the boasted bay of Naples will not gain much in the comparison. The walk along the ramparts above the Esplanade is a delightful promenade, enlivened by extensive and beautiful views; the eye rests with a peculiar feeling on the small group of hills which forms the portal to the wilderness, untrod by any human being except the Indian hunter, as far as Hudson's Bay; indeed it is worthy of remark, that the lower range of mountains seen from Quebec, is the boundary, as yet, to all civilization—ages will probably pass before cities and villages will proclaim the dominion of man in this

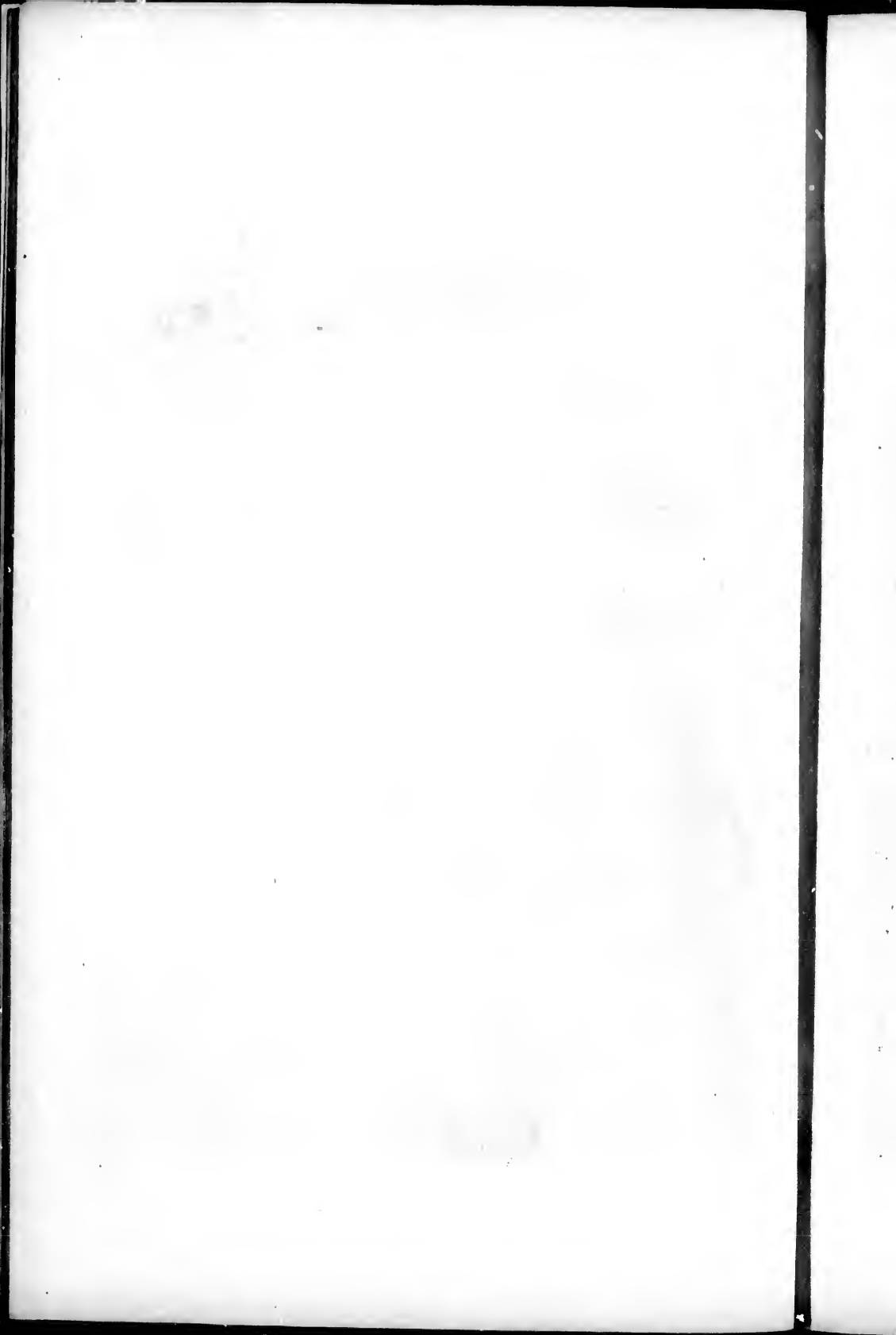
View from the Ramparts.

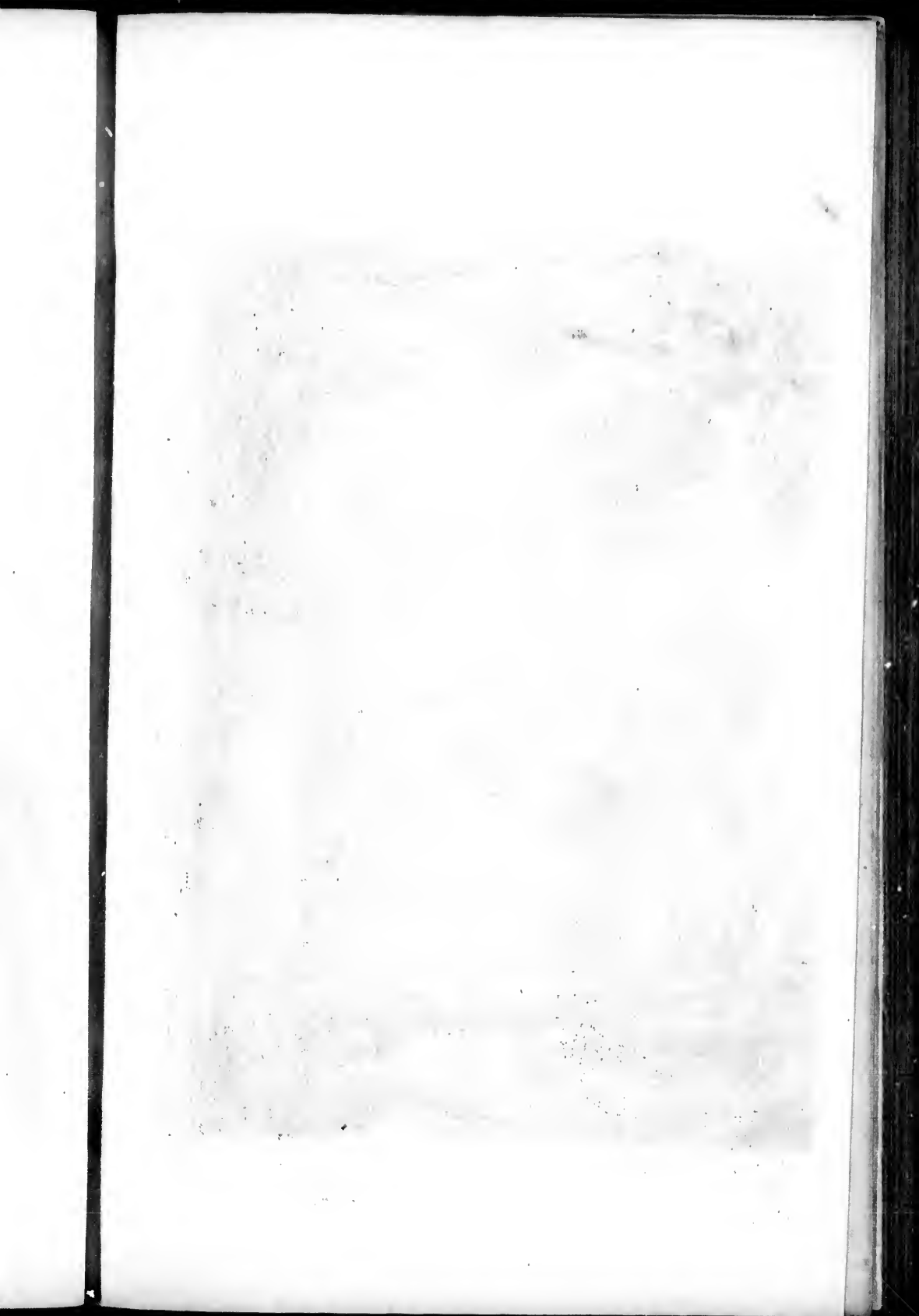


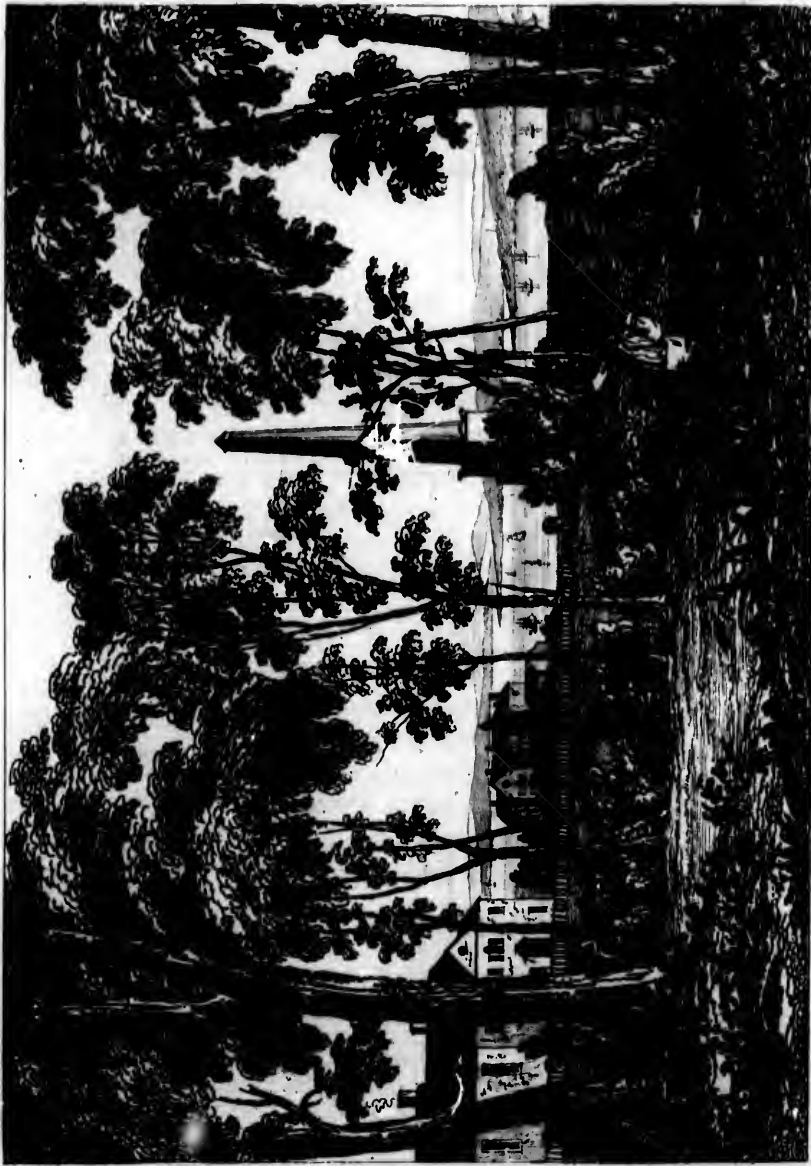
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View from the Barmhart.









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desert; when the tide of population is too thick for the banks of the St. Lawrence to contain, then these northern forests will yield to the axe, and the severity of the climate bend to the genial influence of human industry. At sun-set, when the tide is at its height, the river St. Charles is seen to the most advantage, having its shores studded with white buildings illuminated by the rays of the declining orb, while momentarily resting on the chain of hills above the beautiful Val Cartier. On the promenade between the upper and lower gardens attached to the Castle, stands an obelisk, erected by subscription, to Montcalm and Wolf*. The proposal of erecting a monument to these celebrated men originated with Lord Dalhousie, who munificently contributed to the subscription. Captain Young of the 79th Highlanders composed the design. From this promenade may be seen views extensive and charming, and such as are seldom to be met with in any other known city. The traveller should then descend to the Seminary gardens; on the raised platform overlooking the Grand Battery is another equally beautiful view of the basin of Quebec and the surrounding scenery. Between the monument and the Seminary gardens, you pass through the Place d'Armes. The prominent buildings near this spot, are the Court House and the English Cathedral—the beautiful elm tree on the north side of the latter building, is one of the aborigines of the forest; a few more of the same kind are in the gardens of the

* As this Monument is connected with the recollections of two brave men who equally fell in the service of their country and the posthumous honours, paid to their memories, were dictated by the good feeling of a noble and gallant a soldier as the British Army can boast, some further particulars relative to its erection are given in an appendix at the end of these pages.

Seminary. The Convent of the Recollets was formerly situated near this spot, and one of the Tombs of the Fathers was here dug up some years since.

Here it is curious to read what old Charlevoix prophesies regarding what Quebec will become—we have lived to see his prophecy fulfilled. “The gardens of the episcopal palace extend to the brow of the rock, the time will come when, as far as the sight can reach, nothing will be seen but towns, villas, pleasure houses, and all this is already chalked out, when the great river St. Lawrence, who rolls majestically the waters that he brings from the extremities of the north or west, shall be covered with ships, when the Isle of Orleans and both shores of each of the rivers which form this port, shall discover fine meadows, fruitful hills, and fertile fields; and in order to accomplish this, there wants only more inhabitants; when part of the river St. Charles, which agreeably meanders through a charming valley, shall be joined to the city, the most beautiful quarter of which it will undoubtedly form; when the whole road shall have been faced with magnificent quays, and the port surrounded with superb edifices; and when we shall see three or four hundred ships lying in it loaded with riches, of which we have hitherto been unable to avail ourselves, and bringing in exchange those of both worlds; this terrace must afford a prospect which nothing can equal, and that even now it ought to be something singularly striking.”

Though these pages do not profess to give any historical relation regarding the interior of the city, yet a few remarks as to the antiquity and interest of some of the buildings may not be uninteresting.—The oldest building in Quebec is the Jesuits' Barracks it was built in 1646, before a stone of the

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fortifications had been laid. The dwellings earliest constructed by Europeans at Quebec, were huts erected by the Jesuits on the site of the Hotel Dieu. The Seminary, which adjoins the great Cathedral, has been several times burnt to the ground—it has been much enlarged of late years. The Hotel Dieu situated above the St. Charles is served by the Nuns Hospitallers of St. Augustine, of the congregation of the mercy of Jesus, the first of whom came originally from Dieppe. The St. Ursuline Convent is situated near St. Louis street; the Nuns of this establishment have extensive schools over which they preside; to one of these schools the daughters of the first families in Quebec resort for their education, who are extremely well instructed, and kindly treated; many children of Protestant parents are educated here, and it is but proper to state, that no influence whatever is made use of, to convert them to the Catholic faith; the young pupils appear much attached to their kind preceptors. This institution was founded in 1639, by Madame de la Peltrie—there is a Superieure, forty-two Religieuses professes, and seven Novises.

The house called Mount Carmel House, situated under the Citadel in the Upper Town, was originally a guard-house, and on the premises there was then a battery, intended as a defence against Indians.

Passing between the Post-office and the Book-store of Messrs. T. Cary & Co. to the Lower Town, the stranger cannot help noticing a Gold Dog over the door of the latter establishment; the following curious history attaches to this dog.

The house was built by Mon. Phillibert, a merchant residing in Quebec, in the time of Monsieur Bigot, the last intendant under the French Government, and whose drafts upon the Treasury, for the

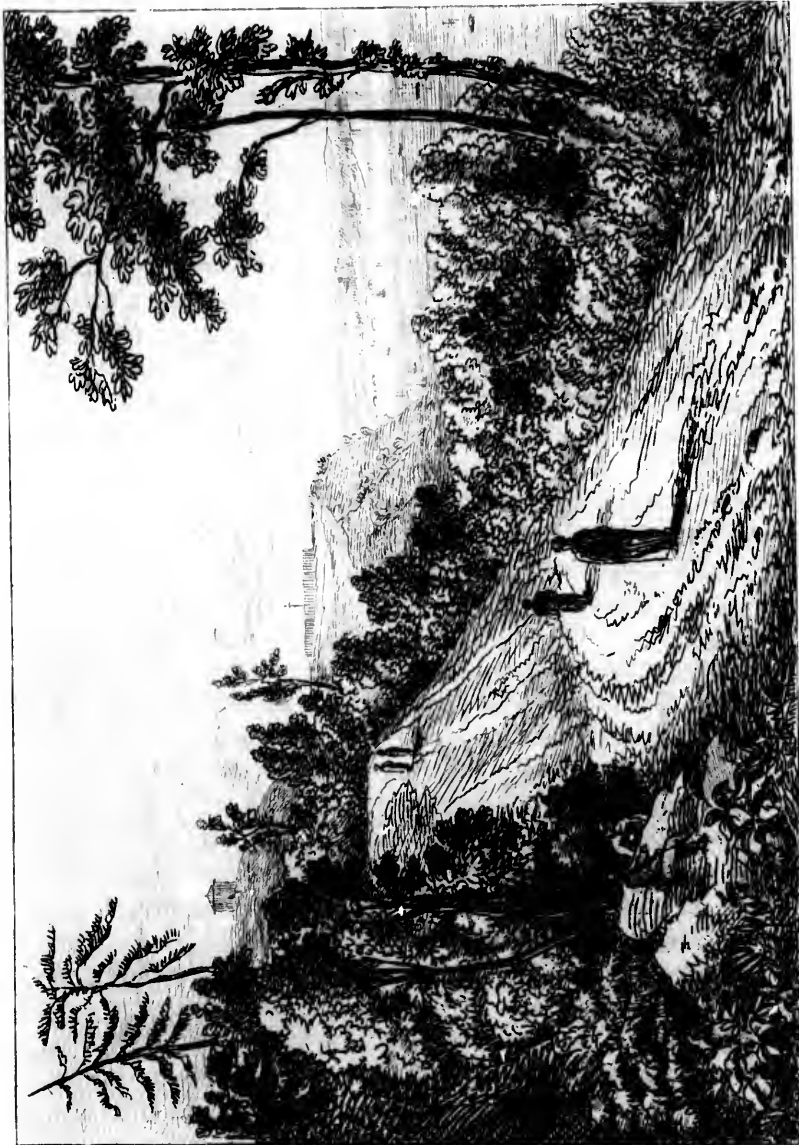
expenses of this country, were so enormous that one of the Queens of that kingdom archly enquired "whether the walls of Quebec were built of gold." But to return to the story of the *chien d'or*—Mr. Phillibert and the Intendant were on bad terms, but under the system then existing, the merchant knew that it was in vain for him to seek redress in the colony, and determining at some future period to prefer his complaint in France, he contented himself with placing the figure of a sleeping dog in front of his house, with the following lines beneath it, in allusion to his situation with his powerful enemy:—

“JE SUIS UN CHIEN QUI RONGE L'OS,
EN LE RONGEANT JE PRENDS MON REPOS—
UN TEMS VIENDRA QUI N'EST PAS VENU—
QUE JE MORDRAI QUI M'AURA MORDU.”

This allegorical language was however too plain for Mon. Bigot to misunderstand it. A man so powerful easily found an instrument to avenge the insult, and Mr. Phillibert received, as the reward of his verse, the sword of an Officer of the garrison through his back, when descending the Lower Town hill. The murderer was permitted to leave the colony unmolested, and was transferred to a regiment stationed in the East Indies. Thither he was pursued by a brother of the deceased, who had first sought him in Canada, when he arrived here to settle his brother's affairs. The parties, it is related, met in the public street of Pondicherry, drew their swords, and, after a severe conflict, the assassin met a more honorable fate than his crime deserved, and died by the hand of his antagonist.

The figure of the dog is rudely sculptured, in relief; but, as well as the letters, is still distinct, and even in good preservation.

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View of the Falls

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In the Lower Town, the chapel "Surairsale," i.e. not parochial but in aid of the parish church, was built at the expense of the merchants of Quebec, as a votive offering to the Virgin Mary, on the occasion of the loss of Admiral Phipps's fleet. The denomination of that chapel is "l'Eglise de Notre dame de la Victoire."

A morning's ramble recalling historical recollections and exhibiting beautiful scenery may be indulged in by the stranger, when visiting the Plains of Abraham. On leaving the gate of St. Louis, and before getting through the out-works, the traveller will ascend the counter-scarp on the left, which leads to the glacis of the Citadel; here pursuing a direction to the right, and approaching one of the Martello Towers, constructed for the defence of Quebec, by a path pleasingly varied by different trees and evergreens, he enjoys beautiful views of the St. Lawrence. When quitting this place, and ascending the right bank, he arrives on the celebrated plains of Abraham near to the spot where General Wolf fell. On the highest ground surrounded by wooden fences, the traveller can clearly trace out the redoubt where Wolf received the fatal wound; it is supposed that he was urging on the attack of this position when he fell. He was carried a few yards to the rear and placed against a rock (since removed) till he expired. Within one of the enclosures lower down and nearer to the road is the stone well from which they brought water to him. From this redoubt an excellent panoramic view might be taken of the plains of Abraham and surrounding country. It may be well to observe here, that the English right nearly faced this redoubt, and that on this position rested the French left. The French army arrived on the plains from the right of this

position, as they came from Beauport, and not from Quebec; and when defeated, retired down the heights which they had ascended, and not into Quebec. The particulars of this event are too familiar in the recollection to require any mention of them in this sketch, which is intended solely as a guide to the picturesque traveller. In front of the plains; from this position stands the house of Marchmont; it is erected on the site of a French redoubt, which once defended the ascent from Wolf's cove, and was the spot where the British army under his command landed, and, mounting the banks, carried this detached work. The plains are now used as a review ground for the troops in garrison; and here has also been established a race course, at which annual meetings are held, and the prizes are furnished from the liberal subscription of the inhabitants of the city and the officers of the staff and garrison.

A beautiful ride may be enjoyed.—Leaving St. Louis gate, and passing the plains of Abraham, you arrive at Marchmont, the property of the Government, occupied by L. H. Ferrier, Esq. the Collector of the Customs. These grounds are pleasingly laid out, affording a striking proof of the taste of the former proprietor, Sir J. Harvey, who went to considerable expense in improving this beautiful spot. Sir Thomas Noel Hill, who succeeded Sir John Harvey as Deputy Adjutant General in Canada, also resided here, and duly appreciated the beauties of the situation. The view from the front of the house is very grand; the walks are shaded with the pine, birch, and oak, and are terminated by a precipitous descent of one hundred feet to the shores of the St. Lawrence. The river here widens and assumes the appearance of a lake, which is rendered more beautiful by the enlivening appear-

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ance of numerous merchant ships at anchor, and immense rafts of timber brought from various parts of the Upper Province to be shipped for England. On the opposite side, the banks of this river are equally high, and their summits are crowned with, beautifully, white cottages, which contribute to the pleasing diversity of the scene the grounds exhibit. Leaving Marchmont and merely crossing a road, stands the charming villa called Wolfsfield. This seat is the residence of William Price, Esq. whose taste is conspicuous in the disposal of the grounds.— Nearly opposite to Mr. Price's is a very pretty villa belonging to J. S. Campbell, Esq. A small rivulet separates this property from Spencer Wood, where resided the late Honorable Michael Percival, one of the Legislative Councillors of the province, and Collector of His Majesty's Customs at this port. These park-like grounds, with a noble avenue leading to the house, remind one of England. A ride through these grounds was doubly enjoyed through the liberality of the proprietor, who kindly permitted admission to persons desirous to view them. At a short distance beyond Mr. Percival's is Woodfield, the residence of W. Sheppard, Esq. The approach to this pleasant villa is through long and shaded avenues of red oaks. The views from the grounds are worthy of a painter's study, particularly two, one from the top of a road, and the other half way down leading to the coves. On the top the spectator has a splendid view of Cape Diamond and its finely constructed Citadel, overlooking the river, and commanding two Martello Towers. On the opposite side is Point Levi, within one mile of the city, studded with its white cottages interspersed among the dark pines which cover its lofty banks, with the churches of Aubigny and Point Levi—in the distance

is seen Cape Tourment. The shores beneath re-echo the rude but cheerful sound of the vast population employed in the timber trade, (the principal article of export from the Canadas to Great Britain,) whilst loading the numerous vessels that cover the river in the summer season. The villa of Woodfield was originally built by the Catholic Bishop of Samos, and has been added to by the several subsequent proprietors, which makes it more picturesque than regular, and assimilating in character with the sombre pines and spreading oaks which surround it. The gardens contain the most extensive collection of rare and native plants about Quebec.

Leaving this lovely spot, the ride continues through the woods on the edge of the banks that rise from the shore. The views up the river are frequent and beautiful, and the embouchures of the Etchemin and Chaudiere, are seen pouring in their waters from the south, and furnishing the power which moves the extensive manufacturing establishments of Sir John Caldwell. At Point à Piseau, above Sillery cove, from a spot on the left partially cleared, the view of Cape Diamond, with the St. Lawrence, and shipping, is as perfect a composition as any landscape painter could desire; at this place the road leads down to Sillery cove, the ride to which is varied and interesting. Before reaching the ascent leading to the villa of the late Mr. MacNider, is an old stone house, formerly inhabited by the heroine of Emily Montague; a house well known to those conversant in Canadian story*; near it are the

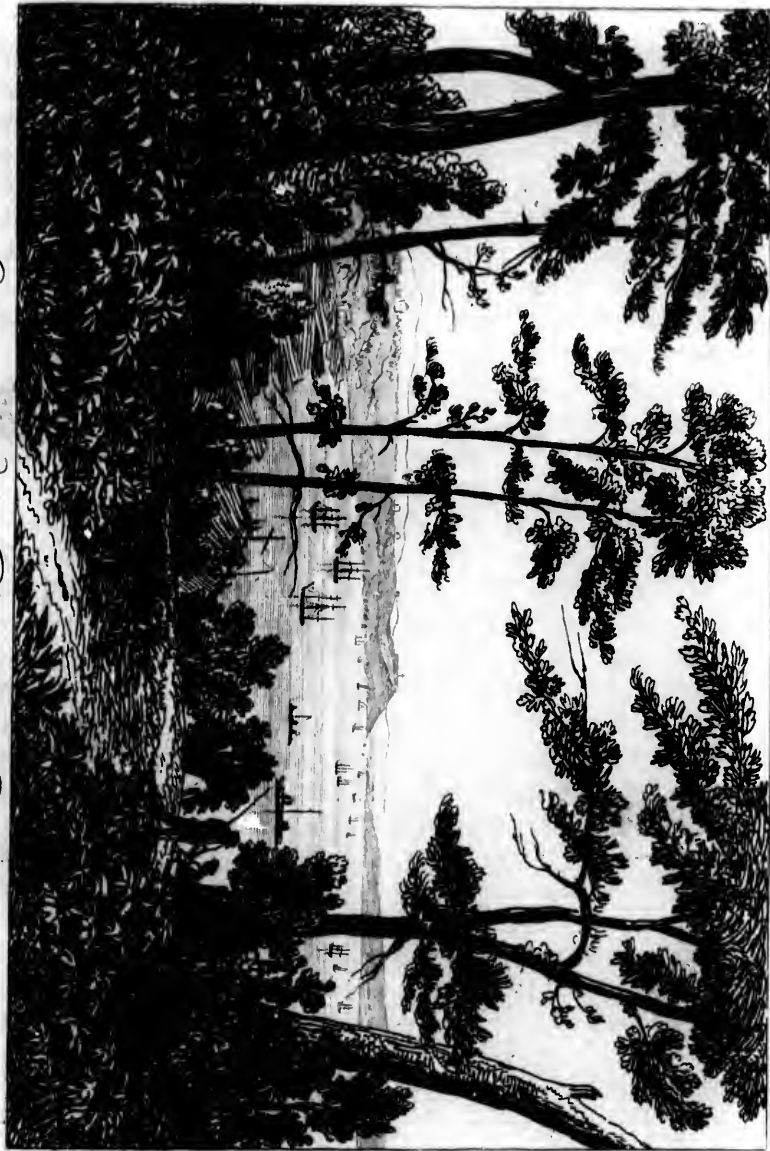
* As related in a novel, with which, it is presumed, all who visit Canada are acquainted—if not, they ought to read it, as furnishing a faithful picture of the manners and situation of the colonists at the time when Canada first became a British Colony.

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ruins of a large stone hovel, once a chapel. After ascending to the high road, on the left is the villa of the late Mr. MacNider, prettily situated above the St. Lawrence. One mile further, on the right, is the villa of Kilgraston, belonging to the Rev. Dr. Mills, Chaplain to the garrison of Quebec.— This gentleman has a considerable property round his seat, and some valuable quarries on the shore of the St. Lawrence, from whence the stone mostly employed to build the Citadel is drawn. Beyond the grounds of the Rev. Doctor, a road at a direct angle leads to the right. The traveller, if pressed for time, may turn up this road, otherwise he must proceed through four miles of an interesting road, abounding in natural beauties, to Cap Rouge, passing a very pretty cottage belonging to J. Neilson, Esq. At Cap Rouge, Henry Atkinson, Esq. possesses a charming villa, which commands a most extensive and beautiful view;—this gentleman has, with much taste, erected in his grounds a Grecian temple. Continuing along this road there is a cottage, where a road turns to the right, from this spot a most magnificent and extensive prospect presents itself, of the whole country, on both sides of the St. Lawrence. This road conducts through a wood into the St. Lewis road opposite Mr. Percival's and leads to Quebec.

The Traveller, however, instead of returning by this road, had better continue his ride until he reaches the village church of St. Foy. On arriving at the St. Foy's road the features of the scenery assume a new form, no longer the magnificent St. Lawrence is seen, excepting in the distance where the confluence of the St. Charles and St. Lawrence takes place.— From St. Foy's church, a lovely vale is seen below, with the St. Charles gliding smoothly through it;

the grounds rise gradually to the mountains, and are literally covered with habitations. The villages of Lorette and Charlesbourg, are conspicuous objects in the view; the whole way on both sides of the road is lined with country villas belonging to the wealthy citizens of Quebec. Amongst the most conspicuous is Belmont, the seat of the late Hon. J. Irvine, one of the Legislative Council—the views from the house and grounds are lovely. Before entering the suburb of St. John, on the left is one of the Martello Towers, and below it is the General Hospital on the banks of the St. Charles. Charlevoix says of this hospital that it “is the finest house in all Canada, and would be no disparagement to our largest cities in France; the Fathers Recollets formerly owned the ground on which it stands.”

“M. de St. Vallier, Bishop of Quebec, removed them into the city, bought their settlements, and expended 100,000 crowns in building, furniture, and in foundations. The only fault of this hospital is its being built in a marsh; they hope to be able to remedy it by draining this marsh; but the river St. Charles makes a winding in this place, into which the waters do not easily flow, so that this inconvenience can never be effectually removed. The artizans, or others who, on account of their great age, are without the means of getting their subsistence, are received into this hospital till all the beds in it are full, and thirty nuns are employed in serving them. These are a scion or colony from the hospital of Quebec; but in order to distinguish them, the bishop has given them certain peculiar regulations, and obliges them to wear a silver cross on their breast. Most part of them are young women of condition, and as they are not those of the easiest circumstances in the country the bishop has portioned

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several of them." After passing through the suburb of St. John, is one of the entrances to Quebec through St. John's Gate.

It is advisable for the stranger now to cross the St. Lawrence, and visit the beautiful shore of Point Levi, where the roads are excellent and the scenery lovely; cross early to Mr. Mackenzie's Inn—either take a calèche and horse with you, or hire them from Mr. Mackenzie, and then proceed to the falls of the Chaudiere, eight or nine miles distant; having ascended the bank or cliff, the views from the summit are enchanting. From the villa of J. Davidson, Esq. the view of Quebec and the adjacent scenery cannot be surpassed for picturesque beauty. On the extreme height, the road turns to the right.—Quebec and the Plains of Abraham, as seen from this route, are grand and imposing; towards evening, the purple shades over the whole landscape are truly lovely. Several neat villas adorn this road; and, during the summer months, many of the inhabitants of the city take up their residence on this side, to avoid the great heats of a close town, and enjoy the excellent roads. Four miles from Point Levi, is Lauzon, the beautiful seat of the Hon. Sir John Caldwell, one of the Legislative Council; his villa, on the right of the road, is charmingly situated, and built in true classic taste: from the grounds, the views, of Quebec together with the Beauport shore, more than rival the scenery already described. No spot in Canada can vie with this in extent and beauty, or possesses greater capability to display the beauties of nature. If the traveller has an introduction to Sir John Caldwell, he cannot do better than avail himself of it, for he is sure to be hospitably and elegantly entertained. Beyond this charming retreat, at a short distance, is a turn to the

left, and a pass over the Etchemin, by a bridge erected by Sir John—the views here are pretty. At the embouchure of the Etchemin, is a large causeway, also built by the same gentleman, which leads to his mills, an establishment well worthy the inspection of the traveller. Leaving these mills, and continuing along the shore of the St. Lawrence, the left of the road is overshadowed by lofty and picturesque rocks, till it reaches the river Chaudiere, which is crossed by a ferry. Ascending the opposite banks, three miles further on is a new road on the left; pursue this for a mile, with a guide, who may be procured near the road, and the traveller will reach the celebrated falls of the Chaudiere.

The sight of this cascade, particularly if full of water, amply repays all the fatigue he may have undergone. The river Chaudiere flows through the forest, and at this place is precipitated over a ledge of rocks, more than a hundred feet in perpendicular height, to a basin beneath, whence it is again hurried on by a succession of rapids till it finally unites with the St. Lawrence. Few falls can be compared with this for picturesque beauty. The best view of this fall is, by descending to the left, upon a ledge of rocks that project into the basin; from this spot, the scene is surprisingly grand. Another point is from a parallel ledge behind this; and a third from the ledge of rocks above the fall, looking down the fall, across the fall, and up the river.

If the traveller has time, in returning to Quebec, half way, and near to a public-house, is a road on his right, which leads to the falls of the Etchemin, four miles. These falls, *if full*, from a field above them, and likewise below them, are worth seeing. Return two miles by the same road, turn to the right, and wind to the left, till the descent upon

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the village and church of Point Levi is reached. This is a beautiful ride, and from the heights, before descending, is a distant and splendid view of the falls of Montmorency.—It would be advisable for the traveller to take refreshments with him. This pleasing excursion may be finished so as to return to Quebec by eight in the evening; but to do this it must first be ascertained whether the steam-boat will be ready to across at that hour; if it is otherwise engaged, he can return by a team-boat, at an earlier hour; if by any accident he is delayed on the Point Levi side, very good beds may be procured at Mr. Mackenzie's. Before leaving the Point Levi side, he should walk to Aubigny church, on the bank above the hill, wander for an hour or two amongst the glades and woods in front of the church, from whence the different views, and peeps between the trees, of the city, river, and adjacent scenery, are quite beautiful;—this is a charming spot for a picnic from Quebec.

Another long day's excursion is to Indian Lorette and Lake St. Charles, for which it will be necessary to leave Quebec at six o'clock in the morning.—Calêches are the best conveyance for the trip, as it is requisite that the traveller should take his provisions for the day.

After passing the new Palace Gate, a chaste and beautiful structure, which reflects great credit on the Engineer Department, are passed the ruins of the Intendant's Palace, at present very different from Charlevoix' account of it—"The Intendant's house is called the Palace, because the Superior Council assembles in it. This is a large Pavilion, the two extremities of which project some feet, and to which you ascend by a double flight of stairs. The garden front which faces the little river, and stands

very near upon a level with it, is much more agreeable than that by which you enter." Bigot, of whom some notice is already taken, was the last Intendant who resided in this Palace ; his profligacy and expenditure previous to the conquest are notorious ; for the year 1759 his estimate for the annual expenses was 3,300,000 livres, of which sum he had drawn 2,400,000. It sometimes happened, in those days, when a gentleman possessed a very handsome wife, that the husband was sent to take charge of a distant post, where he was sure to make his fortune. Bigot's *chère amie* was a Madam P—, in consequence of which, as a matter of course, Mr. P: became prodigiously wealthy. Bigot had a house that stood where the Officers' Barrack in St. Louis street now stands ; one new-year's-day, he presented this house to Madam P—, as a new-year's-gift—such was the munificence of this gentleman. On Montcalm's widow landing in France, the Marquis de Vaudreuil, who was supposed to be deeply implicated in these nefarious transactions, but who was too high in rank to be brought to an account for them. Fearing unpleasant disclosures from Madam de Montcalm, had a *lettre de cachet* ready, and on her arrival in France, threw her into prison. She being conversant in all the iniquities of those times, which she had learnt from her honorable husband, who reprobated the conduct, that he had not power to remedy, drew up, when in jail, a *placet*, or memorial to her Sovereign, and had it conveyed, with feminine address, to the hands of the King. This led to the disclosure of the whole scene of the iniquities by which this country had been ruined. Monsieur Bigot was thrown into prison, and Madam Montcalm released. Bigot, after disgorging his plunder, had difficulty to escape from

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jail with his life. He retired to Bordeaux, where he lived in great poverty, and supported by a small pension from Madam P——. The above is a little episode to enliven the trip to Lorette.

The most pleasant road is on the banks of the St. Charles. When arrived at the village, the best view is from the opposite bank, having the fall in the foreground, with the church and village of the Indians behind it. The views of Quebec and the distant country from the church are exceedingly fine. The traveller can breakfast at a very neat cottage at the brow of a hill after passing the bridge. The inhabitants of this village are part of the melancholy remains of one of the most warlike tribes among the aborigines of this continent. In the wars between the French and English, the Hurons contributed much to the success of the former; at the present moment they are a harmless quiet set of people, who still draw a chief part of their subsistence from the chase. Here may be purchased bows and arrows, and moccasins very neatly finished by the Squaws. Madame Kostka says that the first inhabitant of the village, a man of the pure Huron blood, died there forty-six years ago, at the age of ninety-seven, so that Lorette is now (November, 1830,) one hundred and fifty years old. Gabriel Vincent is the only Huron of pure blood now in the village; Nicholas Vincent is the *Grand Chef*; Louis Vincent is the School-master.

It is highly curious to see what Charlevoix says of this village. The modern traveller who arrives at the village in one hour, through a fine open cultivated country, by comparing the difference of what he sees with what Charlevoix relates, may be enabled to form some estimate of what this country is likely to become a century hence.

“About three leagues from this place, towards the north-east, is a small village of the Indians called Hurons, who are Christians, and who have a chapel built on the same model, and with the same dimensions as the Santa Casa of Italy, from whence an image of the Virgin, a copy of that which is in this famous sanctuary, has been sent to our Neophytes. A wilder place than this could not have been chosen for the situation of this mission.— In the mean time, the concourse of the faithful to this place is very great; and whether it be the effect of imagination, devotion, prejudice, or of any other cause, many persons have assured me, that upon their arrival, they have been seized with an inward and sacred horror, of which they can give no account. But the solid piety of the inhabitants of this desert, makes an impression upon all, which is so much greater, as it is assisted by thought and reflection. The inhabitants are savages, or Indians, but who derive nothing from their birth and origin but what is really estimable, that is to say, the simplicity and openness of the first ages of the world, together with those improvements which grace has made upon them; a patriarchial faith, a sincere piety, that rectitude and docility of heart which constitute a true saint; an incredible innocence of manners; and lastly, pure christianity, on which the world has not yet breathed that contagious air which corrupts it, and that frequently attended with acts of the most heroic virtue. Nothing can be more affecting than to hear them sing in two choirs, the men on one side, and the women on the other, the prayers and hymns of the church, in their own language. Nor is there any thing which can be compared to that fervor and modesty which they display in all their religious exercises; and I have

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never seen any one, who was not touched with it to the bottom of his heart. This village has been formerly much better peopled than at present, but distempers, and I know not what cause, which insensibly reduces to nothing all the nations of this continent, have greatly diminished the number of its inhabitants. Intoxicating liquors, the most common, and almost the sole stumbling block, which is able to cause the savages to fall off, are prohibited by a solemn vow, the breach of which is submitted to a public penance, as well as every other fault which occasions scandal; and a relapse is generally sufficient to banish the criminal without any hopes of return, from a place which ought to be the impregnable fortress and the sacred asylum of piety and innocence. Peace and subordination reign here in a perfect manner; and this village seems to constitute but one family, which is regulated by the present maxims of the gospel. This must always occasion matter of surprise to every one, who considers to what a height these people, particularly the Hurons, usually carry their natural fierceness and the love of independence.

“We are here surrounded with the vastest woods in the world; in all appearance, they are as ancient as the world itself, and were never planted by the hand of man.

“Nothing can present a nobler or more magnificent prospect to the eyes; the trees hide their tops in the clouds, and the variety of different species of them is so prodigious, that even amongst all those who have most applied themselves to the knowledge of them, there is not, perhaps, one who is not ignorant of at least one half of them.”

On leaving the village, the traveller proceeds to Lake St. Charles, which is a sweetly retired spot.—

After driving to any house to arrange at what hour he wishes to dine, he then walks to the lake, where he embarks in a double canoe, and will be delighted with the beauties of this sequestered spot. Lake St. Charles is divided into an inner and an outer lake; the mountainous forests by which they are surrounded are both romantic and highly picturesque—the abundance of trout in the lake renders a visit to this place doubly inviting. After remaining at St. Charles till five o'clock, and having partaken of the cheer brought from Quebec, the traveller had better take his departure for that city. On descending and quitting the forest, a splendid view of Quebec and the surrounding country, with the southern banks of the St. Lawrence, in the distance, bursts upon his view. On the route home he passes through the village of Charlesbourg; this is one of the oldest and most interesting settlements in Canada; at present it has two churches, one of which has been lately built and is not yet finished, the other, though smaller and less commodious, is far more interesting, having become the centre of the surrounding farms, from whence they all radiate. The reason for this singular character in the surrounding allotments, arose from the absolute necessity to create a neighborhood, for which purpose each farm was permitted to occupy only a space of three acres in front by thirty in depth; this contiguous and continuous neighborhood had its peculiar advantages. Population was scanty and labour difficult to be procured, by this arrangement the facility to keep up a road in front of each farm (which it was the duty of every proprietor to preserve) was rendered more easy. The other advantage, and not the least, which this singular position afforded, was the proximity to the church, which became the signal of

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alarm, whenever hostile attempts were made by the Indians, and was the centre of defence, around which the inhabitants all rallied whenever the bell sounded the tocsin, to defend their possessions.— (Beyond the village of Charlesbourg, three miles to the north, is Beauport lake, a beautiful spot, where occasionally resides the Hon. F. W. Primrose.) The descent to Quebec from the village is through a pretty country, thickly settled with comfortable farms.

The picturesque tourist should now devote three days in the enjoyment of a charming excursion to St. Ann's. It is necessary that he should supply himself with provisions of all kinds for breakfast and dinner. The route to this place is by the Beauport road which leads to Montmorency. Leaving Quebec the road passes over Dorchester bridge which crosses the river St. Charles, from which spot the views up and down the river St. Charles and of the St. Lawrence and Quebec are striking—on the left of the bridge on the Beauport side stands the house and grounds of Mr. Anthony Anderson, and, beyond that, is the residence of Mr. Smith, with their highly cultivated farms.

The whole of this road to Montmorency is pleasantly diversified; on the right near the shore, is a large house belonging to the Seminary of Quebec; nearly opposite stands the villa of Judge Burton, Esq.—this gentleman displays great taste as a florist; and beyond his residence on the same side are two large country seats, one belonging to the estate of the late Joseph Jones, Esq. but leased to D. Daly, Esq. the Colonial Secretary; the other occupied by George Gore, Esq. His Majesty's Comptroller of the Customs for Quebec. Soon after this the stranger arrives at the village of Beauport, which is principally conspicuous in having its church with three steeples.

Near this village resides the Hon. H. W. Ryland, one of the Legislative Councillors of this province. Close by, between the road and the St. Lawrence, is the mansion of Narcisse Duchesnay, Esq. Seigneur of Beauport.

(Before reaching the mills of Beauport, a road on the left leads to the hamlet of Bourgh Royale, at the foot of the mountains; through this, a ride of two miles into the forest, will conduct the traveller by a turn on his left, to the hermitage; it is the remains of an old French chateau, with a small clearance round it, the walks and currant bushes may still be seen. This spot has a shade of romance resembling the story of the "Fair Rosamond," which renders a visit to it interesting. It was built by one of the French Governors or Intendants as a residence for his mistress; situated as it then was in a wilderness, he thought the lady was secure from all intrusion, but alas, the wife of the said Governor discovered the secret, and found means to have her rival poisoned—the spot has increased in interest by being supposed to be haunted by the departed spirit of the unfortunate lady. During the siege, by Gen. Wolfe, the ladies of Quebec took shelter in this retreat, and were undiscovered. A visit to this place is only a short morning ride from Quebec, which is preferable to turning off from the road to St. Anne's.)

The appearance of the ground in this neighborhood is well worthy the attention of the geologist. After passing the village, and close to the falls of Montmorency stands a house which was the residence of his late Royal Highness the Duke of Kent, but now in the possession of P. Patterson, Esq. who is the proprietor of the extensive saw mills at the foot of the falls—it was near this place that Gen. Wolfe

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made his first attempt, and was repulsed with the loss of seven hundred Hessians.

From the opposite bank of this gentleman's house is the best view of the falls, as it embraces the village of Beauport and the city of Quebec. The road to it is over a wooden bridge thrown across the river Montmorency, which here rushes down with considerable impetuosity. On the opposite side of this bridge and at the foot of a hill, a house for the reception of travellers, stands in a romantic situation.

Another good view of the falls may be taken from the top of the aqueduct, by which the water is conveyed from the river, above the fall, to the saw mills, which are well constructed, and are in two buildings; one mill is fed through the aqueduct we speak of which is nearly half a mile in length; it is called the Old Mill, and is two hundred and twenty-eight feet long and sixty feet wide, it has ten saw gates containing seventy saws, and has besides eleven circular saws. The New Mill is smaller and is fed from the pond; it has two saw gates furnished with forty saws, and has likewise three circular saws. They are employed in sawing deals for exportation, and with the extraordinary water power they possess, a cargo is quickly completed. The falls of Montmorency are nearly two hundred and fifty feet high, being one hundred feet higher than the falls of Niagara.

The next place worthy attention is the extraordinary appearance called the *Natural Steps*; the bed of the river is there formed on a considerable angle of depression, having on either side, banks of stratum, presenting the form of natural steps, and surmounted by woods.

When the river St. Lawrence is frozen below the falls, the level ice becomes a support, on which the

freezing spray descends as sleet; it there remains, and gradually enlarges its base and its height, assuming an irregularly conical form, its dimensions thus continually enlarging become, towards the close of the winter, stupendous; its greatest height in each season necessarily varies much, as the quantity of spray of which it is formed, depends on the degree in which the water producing that spray is copious; it has not been observed higher than one hundred and twenty-six feet, which altitude it attained in 1829—the whole of the preceding season had been unusually humid. The face of the cone next the fall, presents a stalactical structure, not apparent elsewhere, and there occasioned by the dashing of water against it, which freezing in its descent, assumes the form which characterizes it under such circumstances. The whole cone is slightly yet very perceptibly tinged with an earthy hue, which it can only have derived from infinitely comminuted portions of the bed of the Montmorency attached by the torrent, and conveyed into the atmosphere with the spray. The formation of this cone may suggest some explanation of the mode in which glacières have been formed, it is manifest that were the supply of frozen spray never interrupted by an increase of temperature, as it annually is, it would be incessant, and the dimensions of the cone would accordingly increase. It is also plain, that if the cone, instead of resting on its horizontal base, were supported on an inclined plane, its increasing weight, and enlarging bulk would at length urge its descent to lower levels, the part thus deposited would, by the like process, receive continued accessions from above, and having thus acquired permanence, (as a frozen mass apparently undiminished, because continually renewed) our

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cone would thus become a *glacière*. Now, on lofty mountains the vapours which are congealed within the region of perpetual frost, are by those summits continually attracted thither, and there congealed and accumulated, the inclined planes on which they alight, become inadequate to the support of their mass and weight, they descend to lower levels, they occupy the vale below, whence they never are removed, being incessantly renewed from the same permanent source of supply, by the same unalterable process, as rapidly as any portion of them yields to the temperature below, or even more rapidly in cases where they are observed to be increasing.

The lover of picturesque scenery will easily be induced to loitre on the road between Montmorency and St. Ann, in the course of which many pretty studies may be made; the cottages are white, which are well relieved by the steep banks and graceful trees growing to a considerable height. In the fall of the year the beauty of this road on a clear sunny day is quite dazzling; the variety and brilliancy of our American foliage must be seen to be appreciated—nothing in Europe can vie with it. The first sight of an American forest in all its splendor, can only be compared to what the mind, in her most poetic vein, would depict an eastern scene to be, or to the tint in which Martin the celebrated painter of Belshazzar's feast, would be likely to colour a scene in Paradise. In this season of the year the sides of the road are enlivened by groups of Canadians of both sexes, who are employed hackling or beating flax, of which, almost without exception, a sufficient quantity is raised on every farm for the consumption of the family, and it is a circumstance which cannot fail to strike the observing stranger that by far the greater part of the country popula-

tion, male and female, is clothed especially on working days in garments of home-spun woollen cloth or coarse linen. English broad cloth and Irish linens being reserved for Sundays and fête days or festive meetings; and even on these occasions the use of these luxuries are confined to particular parishes, and more commonly seen in the Montreal district than below Quebec, who, having less intercourse with strangers, retain more of their primitive manners and dress.

The ruin of Chateau Richer, though only that of a square building, belonging to the Seminary, is interesting not only as an historical relic, but as a picturesque one, being one of the very few ruins in this country. Canada must wait some ages before she can become a land of recollections and poetry; to make her amends for these associations, she has few wants to complain of. Though she cannot boast of the elegance and refinements of Europe, she can say, in this happy land wretchedness and want are not known. The environs of Chateau Richer, as the favourite resort of snipe shooters, are much celebrated, few places in the country affording a greater abundance of that game.

The falls of La Puce are two miles beyond Chateau Richer, which the traveller must not omit to see, as they are well worth his attention, and may be seen in half an hour without any difficulty.

If the traveller should pass this road on a fine Sunday, he will have an excellent opportunity of seeing the population in their best attire; if he arrives at the pretty village church of St. Ann, situated on the left of the road, under lofty banks, about the time of morning service, when he will find the environs crowded with one-horse calèches, the horse fastened to one of the posts that for this

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purpose are always planted near the church. The church is generally so crowded, that groups of the *habitants* are to be seen outside and covering the steps on their knees; every person is respectably dressed, the men mostly in grey cloth, the manufacture of their own fire side, as above noticed.— This scene alone bespeaks not only of the wants of life being amply supplied, but the numerous carriages clearly show that the substantial comforts are not scantily enjoyed by this happy race. The village churches in Lower Canada are generally six miles asunder, and the Canadians who are particularly zealous in their religious duties, are sure to attend from the most remote cottage in the parish, either on foot or in their neighbour's calêch.

The road continues enlivened by the appearance of numerous and cleanly cottages on either side, till it reaches the village of St. Ann; two miles beyond which, and on the river of that name, accommodations may be procured both comfortable and cleanly, and where he is sure to meet with civility and kindness. If pressed for time he may here procure a horse to ride to the falls of St. Ann, a distance only of three miles; this road ascends a part of the mountain which rises here, from this ascent he has fine and extensive views of Quebec and the surrounding country; he proceeds ascending till he reaches a level spot which continues a mile and a half over a very rough path through a forest, when he suddenly descends and finds himself enclosed in a valley of rocks and trees, through the centre of which rushes the river St. Ann till it forces itself through a narrow chasm of the rocks, when at an angle of forty-five degrees, it continues tumbling and roaring to the river below. The writer of this description would compare it to the falls of Trenton, though

they are on a more extensive scale—after descending some rocks, the traveller has a magnificent view of the cataract, as it hurries past. The diversified appearance of the rocks and trees of this sequestered spot will richly reward the lover of romantic scenery.

At one period of the year numerous and immense flights of pigeons visit Canada, when the population make a furious war against them both by guns and nets; they supply the inhabitants with a material part of their subsistence, and are sold in the market at Quebec remarkably cheap, often as low as a shilling per dozen, and sometimes even at a less rate. It appears that the pigeon prefers the loftiest and most leafless trees to settle on. In addition to the natural beauty of St. Ann and its environs, the process by which the inhabitants take the pigeons is worth remarking. Upon the loftiest tree, long bare poles are slantingly fixed; small pieces of wood are placed transversely across this pole, upon which the birds crowd; below, in ambush, the sportsman with a long gun enfilades the whole length of the pole, and when he fires, few if any escape—innumerable poles are prepared at St. Ann for this purpose. The other method they have of taking them is by nets, by which means they are enabled to preserve them alive, and kill them occasionally for their own use, or for the market, when it has ceased to be glutted with them. Behind Madame Fontane's this sport may be seen in perfection. The nets, which are very large, are placed at the end of an avenue of trees, (for it appears the pigeons choose an avenue to fly down) opposite a large tree, upon erect poles two nets are suspended, one facing the avenue, the other the tree, another is placed over them, which is fixed at one end, and supported by pulleys and

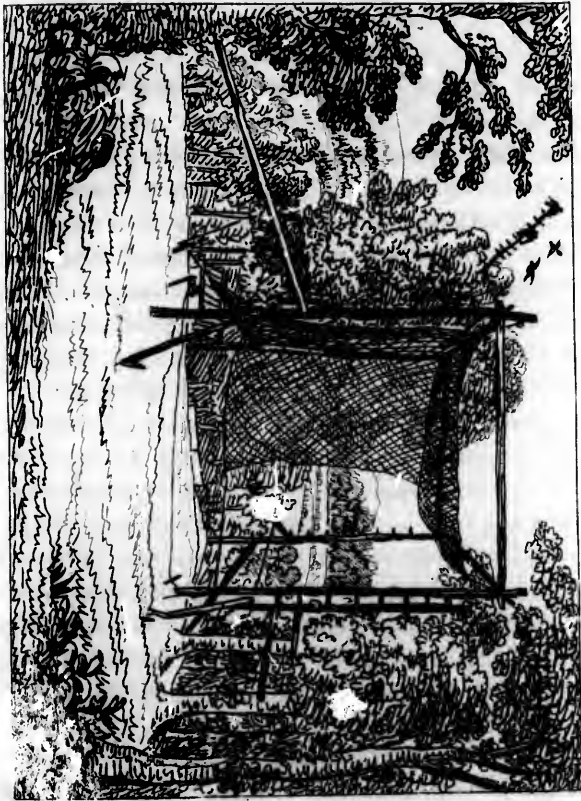


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two perpendicular poles at the opposite; a man is hid in a small covered house under the tree, with a rope leading from the pullies in his hand—directly the pigeons fly against the perpendicular nets, he pulls the rope, when the top net immediately falls and encloses the whole flock; by this process vast numbers are taken.

The following day an excursion may be made to the falls of St. Ferréole passing through a new settlement; the descent here is rather fatiguing, but the falls have been visited by Lady Dalhousie and several of our fair countrywomen. The view will more than compensate for the fatigue. On his return to St. Ann's, he should, if he has time, visit the Priest's farm called St. Joseph, to admire the scenery, and on the third day return to Quebec.

Another pleasant excursion may be made to the bridge of Jacques Cartier, twenty-seven miles from Quebec, which is a pleasant drive. The river and rock scenery at Jacques Cartier is picturesque, and in the season you may enjoy very good salmon fishing close by the house at which you put up. Return to Quebec by the banks of the St. Lawrence, passing the villages of Point de Tremble and Cap Rouge—the whole way forms a diversified and pleasing ride.

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THE FALLS OF SAINT ANN.

(ANOTHER ACCOUNT.)

Among the romantic spots in the vicinity of Quebec, there is one of surpassing beauty and grandeur which, compared with many others, is far from being generally known. It is not so easy of access as Montmorency, the Chaudière, Three Falls, Lake St. Charles, and other favourite places of resort, but a visit to it amply compensates for the fatigue of the journey, by affording a view of a scene unsurpassed, it is said by many who have travelled in each quarter of the globe, by any of nature's magnificent works. The tourist on a visit to Quebec—and many of the inhabitants of the city themselves—possibly may read with interest some further particulars respecting this spot; which are now offered for their perusal.—

The parish of *Ste. Anne du Nord* is situated on the north shore of the St. Lawrence, nineteen or twenty miles below Quebec, and may be reached by land in about three hours; those who prefer an aquatic excursion may engage the use of a pilot boat and, starting with the ebb tide, will make the voyage in four or five hours, or in much less time if the wind be favourable. In going by water, however, a visit to the Church of "*La Bonne Ste. Anne*" must be abandoned, and thus an object of some interest is lost. The Church of *Ste. Anne*, as most of the inhabitants of Quebec are aware, has long been celebrated for the miraculous cures said to have been effected on visitors to its shrine, of which its sacred walls now bear evidence, in the shape of crutches and other helps to suffering humanity, left there by the lame and the halt who, by their faith in the power of the Saint, were enabled to dispense with the unsightly appendages their infirmities had obliged them to carry, up to the happy moment of their visiting this holy edifice. Having gratified his curiosity with an inspection of the Church, the Tourist will then proceed on his journey and in a short time will arrive at the toll-bridge on the river St. Ann's, where very good accommodation may be had at a house kept by a man of the name of Bacon; here, if the best plan has been followed, of starting from town at five or six o'clock in the evening, quarters will be taken for the night. In the morning, while breakfast is preparing, a stroll across the bridge will place before the admirer of nature's splendor an extended view of the St. Lawrence, with Cape Tourment frowning in the distance; and along the little river of St. Ann's, interspersed as it is with "rapids," numbers of delightful spots meet the eye; if the visitor be an angler, he may before and for a short time after sunrise kill a few fine trout and, occasionally, we are informed, one of those noblest of fish, a salmon. After breakfasting on new laid eggs, fresh cream and other luxuries rarely found in the smoky city, a guide is engaged and, on foot, you set out for the principal attraction, the Falls of *Ste. Anne*. The distance from the house is about two miles and a half through a rather wearisome path principally in the woods, but on arriving at the falls every fatigue is forgotten in the rapture with which the awfully grand and imposing scene is witnessed. Any attempt to

describe it must be a failure. Coming from the southward the river St. Anne breaks into strong "rapids," many of which may be said to be little falls in themselves, until it arrives near the brink of a tremendous gulph where it breaks into three distinct branches, each flowing with fearful rapidity through a canal worn in the solid rock as smooth as polished marble. The largest of these natural canals is not much more than seven or eight feet broad, but is of great depth, and from the rude bridge (three small trees) thrown across it, a steady head is required to look below at the water foaming and boiling apparently with rage at the narrow limits in which it is confined. This principal stream falls into an immense cauldron formed by the continual action of the water, and thence, being joined by the other two smaller falls, each of which first attracts attention when looked at, takes another fearful leap, in a broader sheet, into a second cauldron, whence it again emerges boiling, dashing and foaming with a deafening noise, into a narrow, circuitous channel bounded on each side by a precipice of immense height and almost perpendicular. In this confined space the river rushes on with inconceivable fury for a number of yards until, turning a corner, it finds a wider channel and then flows on as placid as a lake, forgetful of the turmoil of the scene above. From almost numberless points may these magnificent falls be witnessed, presenting a continual variety of grand and imposing views. It would appear that nature in forming this romantic spot, was in her most fanciful mood. The "natural steps" at Montmorency attract much attention, but here, at the Falls of St. Ann, the steps by which access from one part to another is obtained, are almost innumerable, and in ascending either of the flights a new object of wonder is sure to cause an exclamation of delight. Looking up in one place, a solid wall of granite, a hundred feet in height, fashioned as if by human hands, meets the eye, while close to your feet you will perceive a small but very deep hole perforated perfectly circular, and the sides highly polished, by a small stream that formerly fell into it. Of these curiosities there are several, one of them of gigantic dimensions, showing that the main body of the river must, at a remote period, have been diverted from its course by some convulsion of nature. In visiting this varied scene time slips unconsciously away and the visitor is surprised at the information that he has been for hours on the spot, and he unwillingly turns his way homeward, consoling himself with a determination again to visit the falls.

The above conveys a very faint idea—if it does any idea at all—of the "Falls of St. Ann." No one who has visited them can ever efface the picture from the mind; those who have not, would do well to avail themselves of the first opportunity, if they be desirous of witnessing one of the most picturesque water falls—the most wonderful hardly excepting Niagara—on this continent.

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*Ceremony of Laying the First Stone of the
MONUMENT to WOLFE and MONTCALM, on
the 20th November, 1827.*

Shortly before eleven o'clock in the morning, the troops in garrison, marched from their respective barracks, and formed a line on the street which separates the upper from the lower garden of the Chateau, their right resting on the foot of the Citadel glacis, and their left nearly opposite to the Chateau, they then opened their ranks, and facing inwards, formed a lane.

The Grand Lodge of Masons, with the Right Worshipful Grand Master, (Claude Dénécheau, Esq.) the Merchants and Freres du Canada, the Sussex, and the St. Andrews Lodges, the officers composing the Grand Lodge and the Brethren being in full Masonic Costume, walked in procession to the Chateau, preceded by the band of the 66th regiment, playing the Masonic March, and passing through the court entered the garden, and lined the avenues to the spot where preparations had been made for the purpose which called their attendance.

The Countess of Dalhousie shortly after made her appearance in the garden, with the Hon. Lady Hill, the Hon. Mrs. Gore, Mrs. Sewell, and a large party of fashionables, and passed through the lines of Masons to the platform of the battery; almost at the same moment His Excellency the Governor in Chief, accompanied by the Lord Bishop of Quebec,

and the Chief Justice, the Committee of Superintendence, and many other gentlemen, and attended by the Officers of the General and Personal Staff, having passed through the lane formed by the troops, entered the garden by the gate facing the spot selected for the site of the Monument, and descending the steps, joined the Countess of Dalhousie, whom he conducted, accompanied by her Ladyship's friends to a situation commanding a view of the ceremonies to take place.

Every thing being now in readiness, His Excellency placed himself in front of the Stone and spoke as follows.

Gentlemen of the Committee, we are assembled upon an occasion most interesting to this country —if possible more so to this city—We are met to lay the Foundation of a Column in honor of two illustrious men, whose deeds and whose fall have immortalized their own names, and placed Quebec in the rank of cities famous in the history of the world.

Before, however, we touch the first stone, let us implore the blessing of Almighty God upon our intended work.

The Rev. Dr. Mills, Chaplain to the Forces, then offered up the following

PRAYER.

O Almighty Lord of Heaven and Earth! without whose blessing no work of man can prosper, look down, we beseech thee, with an eye of favour upon this our undertaking. We know, O Lord! that, unless thou buildest the fabric, their labour is but lost that build it; and therefore we humbly pray, that this Column, which we are about to erect in honour of those distinguished warriors, whose names it is destined to bear, may transmit their fame to

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distant ages, uninjured by flood or by flame, unscathed by the thunder's rending bolt, or the mining shock of the earthquake. May no assault of foreign foe, no dangerous division within our walls, loosen one stone from the structure; but may it long—long rear its head in simple majesty, the brightest gem and ornament of our city.

It hath pleased thee, O Lord! in thy good providence, in a great degree to tranquillize the world: there is a great calm in the universe: thou hast said to the desolating tide of human warfare—"Peace, be still; hereto shalt thou come, but no further, and here shall thy proud waves be stayed!" We pray, O Lord!—most humbly and heartily do we pray,—that this happy state of things may continue and abound more and more, till—every source of discord dried up—every jarring interest harmonized—the heavenly influence of the glorious gospel—that charter of love and mercy to the whole human race—be universally felt and acknowledged; till the glad strain of "Peace on earth, good will toward men," which ushered in the nativity of the Saviour, find a ready echo in every bosom; and the blessed time at length arrive, when the sword shall be turned into the plough-share, and the spear into the pruning-hook—when nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more.—But of this hour—now seen afar off only in indistinct vision, knoweth no man: in the mean time, O Lord! the wrath of man shall praise thee, while the remainder of wrath it is—and will be—thy province to restrain.

Meanwhile also, O Lord! we humbly hope and trust, that we are not forbidden to pray, even amidst all the pomp and glitter of military parade, by which we are surrounded, in behalf of these our

brethren—with an anxious concern for their honour as Soldiers, while we feel for their salvation as men—that the great examples of the illustrious dead, whom we this day hold out as patterns for their imitation, may now and ever be regarded by them with an ardent desire to emulate their worth. Yes! Soldiers, Friends, Brethren! we implore the God of Armies, that should the battle once more be set in array against you, you may—each of you—buckle on your harness, in humble—yet well-grounded—confidence in the divine protection, with no terrors of an evil conscience to appal you in the hour of peril—no besetting sin to unnerve your arm, and render it powerless in the conflict. Thus prepared—thus strengthened with might by the spirit in the inner man—should you fall, my brethren, you will fall in glory; you will look forward, with the eye of faith, beyond the grave, to a brighter crown—a fairer wreath than Monarchs can bestow; and this faith, triumphant over death and all its agonies, will enable you, more than any thing else, to evince, even amidst the severest struggles of expiring nature, the same heroic resignation, the same loyal devotedness to your King, and glowing attachment to your country, which blazed forth—like the Sun's last flash before its setting—with such unextinguishable lustre, in the breasts of these departed warriors.

Grant, O Lord!—of thine infinite mercy grant—that each, wherever duty calls them, may be the genuine feelings of British Soldiers; that their patriotism, their loyalty, and their valour, may be founded upon religion as the best and surest basis: and, with these feelings deeply rooted in our own breasts, let us pray for our country—all great and glorious as she is—assured that they that love her shall prosper. Peace be within her walls, and plen-

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teousness within her palaces. For our brethren and companions' sakes, we will wish her prosperity. And seeking—and not seeking only, but striving to do her good, and to advance her glory by every means in our power, do thou, O God! prosper the work of our hands upon us: O prosper thou our handy-work! Amen and Amen.

This emphatick prayer concluded—His Lordship thus addressed the Masonic Brethren:—

“ Right Worshipful Grand Master and Worshipful Brethren of the Grand Lodge, I crave your assistance in performing Masonic Ceremonies and honors on this occasion.”

The R. W. Grand Master, supported by the R. W. D. G. M. Oliva on his right, and P. D. G. M. Thompson on his left, with two Grand Deacons took his station on the east side of the foundation. The R. W. the Grand Masters and R. W. the Grand Chaplain placed themselves on the opposite sides; then the Corner Stone was lowered and laid with the usual Masonic ceremony—the Grand Master, supported as above described, advanced towards His Lordship to give the Three Mystic Strokes, on the Stone. During this part of the ceremony, the R. W. Grand Master repeated the following short prayer:

“ May this undertaking prosper, with the Blessing of Almighty God.”

The part of the ceremony which now followed derived peculiar interest from the presence of Mr. James Thompson, one of the few survivors (supposed to be the only man in Canada) of that gallant army which served under Wolfe on the memorable 13th of September, 1759. This venerable Mason in the

95th year of his age,* walked with the party which accompanied the Earl, and stood near his Lordship, leaning on the arm of Captain Young of the 79th Highlanders, the officer whose pencil produced the chaste and appropriate design, which has been adopted for the Monument. His Lordship called upon the patriarch to assist in the ceremony in these words:

Mr. Thompson—we honour you here as the companion in arms and a venerable living witness of the fall of Wolfe, do us also the favour to bear witness on this occasion by the mallet in your hand.—Mr. Thompson then, with a firm hand, gave the three Mystic strokes with the mallet on the stone.—The following appropriate prayer was then pronounced by Dr. Harkness, the Provincial Grand Chaplain.

Most Gracious God! We adore thee as the Great Architect of Nature. In the beginning thou laidest the foundations of the earth—the arches of heaven are the workmanship of thy hand,—and by thee was the spirit of man formed within him.—Thou makest the clouds thy chariot—thou walkest

* This Veteran has since paid the debt of nature; he died on Wednesday the 25th of August, 1830, in the 95th year of his age. Mr J. Thompson was for along period, Overseer of works, in the Engineer Dep. of this Garrison. He was born at Tain in Scotland, and came to this country in General Wolfe's army, and was at the capture of Louisburg, and in the sanguinary but unsuccessful affair at Beauport. His memory enabled him at all times to relate many of the adventures of the different engagements which preceded the fall of Quebec. He also took part in the defence of this city against the attacks of the American Generals, Arnold and Montgomery, in December 1775. As a soldier, he was intrepid; as a servant of the King, he was strictly faithful. To these qualities he added many of the domestic virtues. He reared a numerous family, and his sons are now all in situations of trust and honor. On the 27th his remains were conveyed to the grave with military honors and attended by a numerous concourse of civilians. The Band and firing party were furnished by the 15th Regt. the senior corps in Garrison, which by a singular coincidence happens to be one of those which formed the Army under General Wolfe.

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upon the wings of the wind—thou waterest the hills from thy chambers,—and the earth is satisfied with the fruit of thy works. Thou causest grass to grow for the use of cattle, and herb for the service of man. Thou hast appointed the moon her seasons, and the sun knoweth his going down. O Lord, how manifold and wondrous are thy works!—in wisdom hast thou made them all. The earth is full of thy riches. Though thou dwellest on high in light inaccessible and full of glory,—yet we rejoice to think that thou humblest thyself to behold every thing that is done in this lower world. And we fervently and earnestly pray that thou wouldest now look down with a propitious and approving eye on the present undertaking of thy humble servants. May the Public Monument, the foundation stone of which has now been laid, go on and prosper, and when finished, may it completely answer the laudable designs of those by whom it is undertaken and promoted. We intreat thee, O Lord, to give each of us grace, that we may be enabled in our respective spheres, to emulate the virtues of those great and brave and good men, the memory of whose heroic deeds this column is intended to perpetuate. Enable us more and more to cherish and cultivate the genuine spirit of christian benevolence, which is ever ready to pity the objects of misery, and relieve subjects of distress—which ever fills the heart with the tenderest sympathy and the warmest compassion,—and which ever disposes us to regard our fellow-creatures with the purest sentiments of affection and the sincerest dispositions to promote their welfare and happiness.—Whatever diversity of religious sentiment may be found to exist among us, may we all be united in this grand essential of the religion of Jesus, “charity towards all men.” And

may all our hopes of future happiness be built upon
 "the foundation of the Apostles and Prophets,
 Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner stone."

Grant, O most merciful Father! these the sincere
 desires of our hearts, for the sake of Jesus Christ,
 our Lord and Redeemer. Amen.

Then Captain Melhuish, of the Royal Engineers
 having deposited Gold, Silver, and Copper Coins of
 the present Reign, in a cavity prepared on the
 upper face of the stone for their reception, the
 pieces were covered by a brass plate, bearing the
 following inscription, which was rivetted to the
 stone.

HUNC LAPIDEM
 MONUMENTI IN MEMORIAM
 VIRORUM ILLUSTRUM
 WOLFE ET MONTCALM,
 FUNDAMENTUM
 P. C.

GEORGIUS COMES DE DALHOUSIE,
 IN SEPTENTRIONALIS AMERICÆ PARTIBUS
 AD BRITANNOS PERTINENTIBUS
 SUMMAM RERUM ADMINISTRANS;
 OPUS PER MULTOS ANNOS PRÆTERMISSUM,
 (QUID DUCI EGREGIO CONVENIENTIUS?)
 AUCTORITATE PROMOVENS; EXEMPLEO STIMULANS,
 MUNIFICENTIÀ FOVENS.
 Die Novembris XVâ.
 A. S. MDCCCXXVII.
 GEORGIO IV BRITANNIARUM REGE.

The plan and elevation of the monument were
 then presented to the Countess of Dalhousie.

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The ceremony concluded by the troops, under the command of Colonel Nicol, firing a *feu de joie*, after which they presented arms, the bands playing *God save the King*. After the third volley, three hearty British cheers were given, and the troops in returning to the barracks passed his Lordship in review order on the Place d'armes.

The inscription on the brass plate, has been since engraved on a Marble Tablet, but from some mistake the person employed has neglected to make the alterations necessary to adapt it to its new situation, and the stone has, in consequence, not been put up.

At the time the Monument was first set on foot, a Gold Medal, offered as a prize to the person who should produce the best inscription, was awarded to J. C. Fisher, Esq. L.L.D. Editor of the Quebec Gazette by Authority, whose composition was generally admired by scholars, for the Classic purity of its style.—It is as follows:—

WOLFE. ——— MONTCALM.

MORTEM. VIRTUS. COMMUNEM.

FAMAM. HISTORIA.

MONUMENTUM. POSTERITAS.

DEDIT.

A. S. 1827.

This is intended, it is believed, to be placed on the front of the Monument, whilst the longer inscription, when the necessary corrections are made, will be placed on the part which is towards the upper garden.

For the information of the Ladies, and of those who do not understand the Latin language, translations of the two inscriptions are subjoined.

The first may be thus translated into English:—

THIS FOUNDATION STONE
OF A MONUMENT IN MEMORY OF
THE ILLUSTRIOUS MEN,
WOLFE AND MONTCALM,
WAS LAID BY
GEORGE EARL OF DALHOUSIE,
GOVERNOR IN CHIEF OVER ALL THE BRITISH
PROVINCES IN NORTH AMERICA,
A WORK NEGLECTED FOR MANY YEARS.
(WHAT IS THERE MORE WORTHY OF A GALLANT GENERAL!)
HE PROMOTED BY HIS INFLUENCE, ENCOURAGED BY HIS
EXAMPLE, AND FAVORED BY HIS MUNIFICENCE.

15th November, 1827.

GEORGE IV. REIGNING KING OF GREAT BRITAIN.

And the following may be taken as a translation of that by Dr. Fisher, the word "Communem" signifying "common to both," being rendered by the word "common."

MILITARY VIRTUE GAVE THEM A COMMON DEATH,
HISTORY A COMMON FAME,
POSTERITY A COMMON MONUMENT.

PART



ERRATA.

- Page 9, line 1.—Instead of "*Surairsale*," read—*Succursale*.
Page 13.—The sentence commencing with "*The traveller*," and ending with "*temple*," should be a Parenthesis.
Page 16, line 1.—Instead of "*a pass*," read—you pass.
Page 17, line 9.—Instead of "*across*," read—cross.
Page 18, line 7.—Instead of "*3,300,000 livres*," read—30,000,000 livres.
Do. 18, line 8.—Instead of "*2,400,000*," read—24,000,000.

HOPE CATES, QUEBEC.



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MILITARY VIRTUE GAVE THEM A COMMON DEATH,
HISTORY A COMMON FAME,
POSTERITY A COMMON MONUMENT.

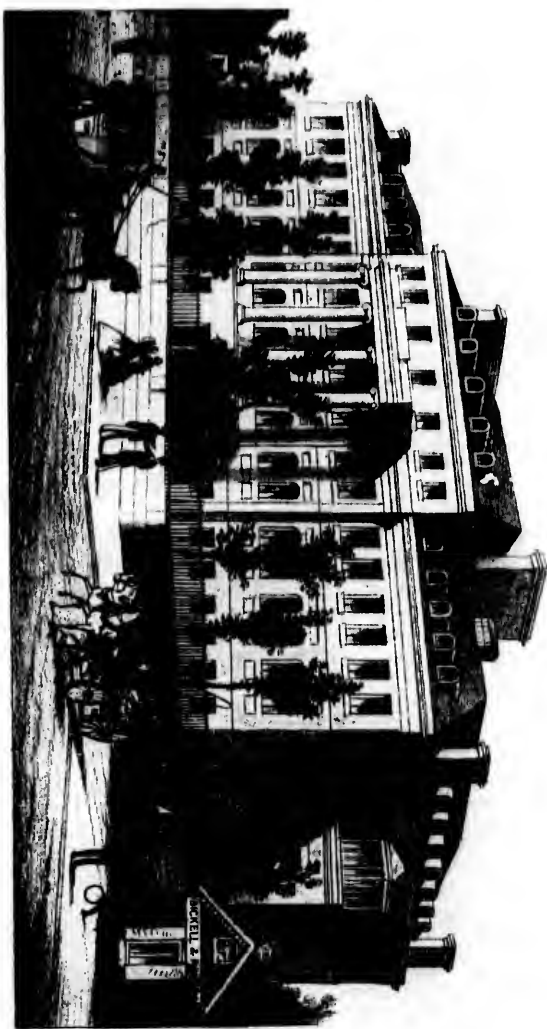
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PART OF FORTIFICATIONS BETWEEN PALACE AND HOPE GATES, QUEBEC.



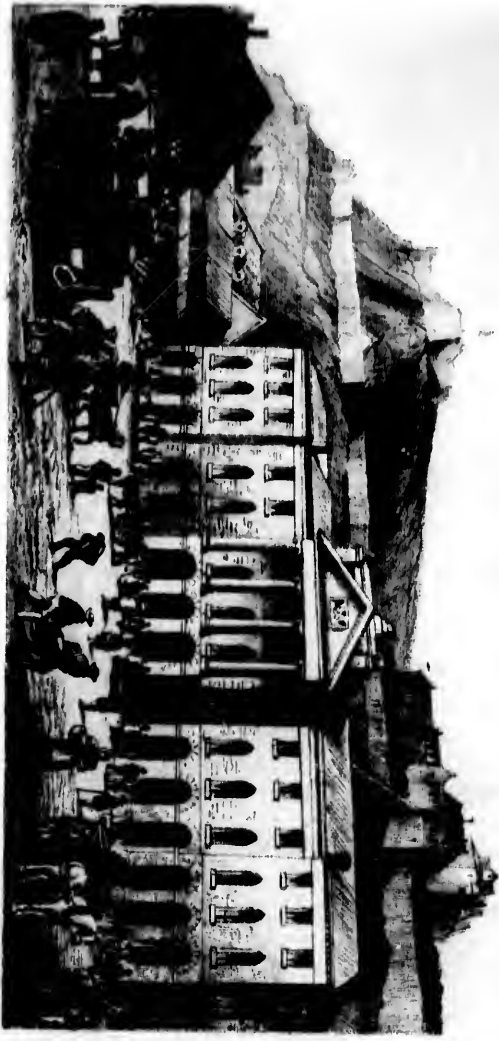
MARINE HOSPITAL, QUEBEC.



MARINE HOSPITAL, QUEBEC.

MARKET, LOWER TOWN, QUEBEC.

MARKET, LOWER TOWN, QUEBEC.



VIEW DOWN THE ST. LAWRENCE, FROM BELOW THE CITADEL, QUEBEC.

VIEW DOWN THE ST. LAWRENCE, FROM BELOW THE CITADEL, QUEBEC.



