

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

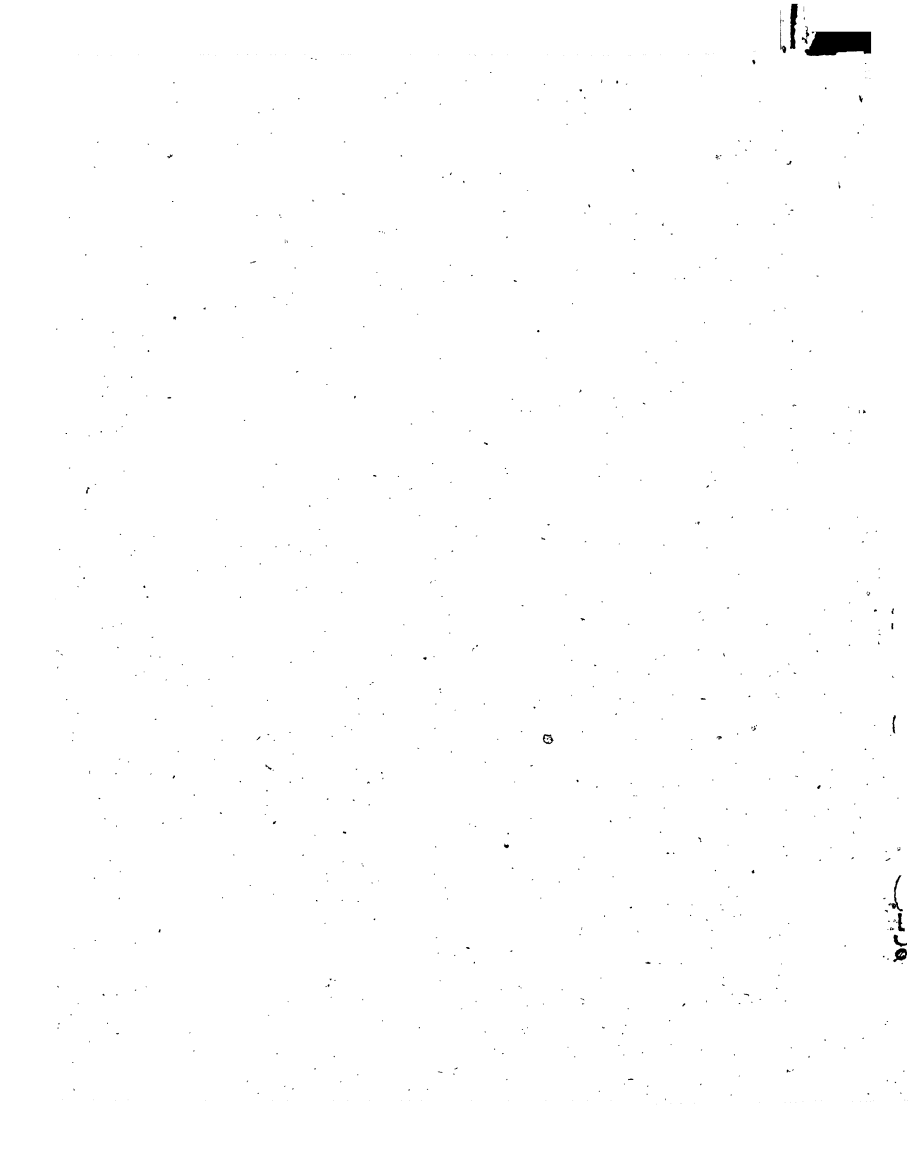
L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion
along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la
distorsion le long de la marge intérieure
- Blank leaves added during restoration may appear
within the text. Whenever possible, these have
been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées
lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte,
mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont
pas été filmées.
- Additional comments: /
Commentaires supplémentaires:

- Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur
 - Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées
 - Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
 - Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
 - Pages detached/
Pages détachées
 - Showthrough/
Transparence
 - Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression
 - Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue
 - Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index
- Title on header taken from: /
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:
- Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison
 - Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison
 - Masthead /
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below /
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	14X	18X	22X	26X	30X
		✓			
12X	16X	20X	24X	28X	32X



THE
LEGENDARY LORE

OF THE
LOWER ST. LAWRENCE,

BY J. M. LEMOINE.



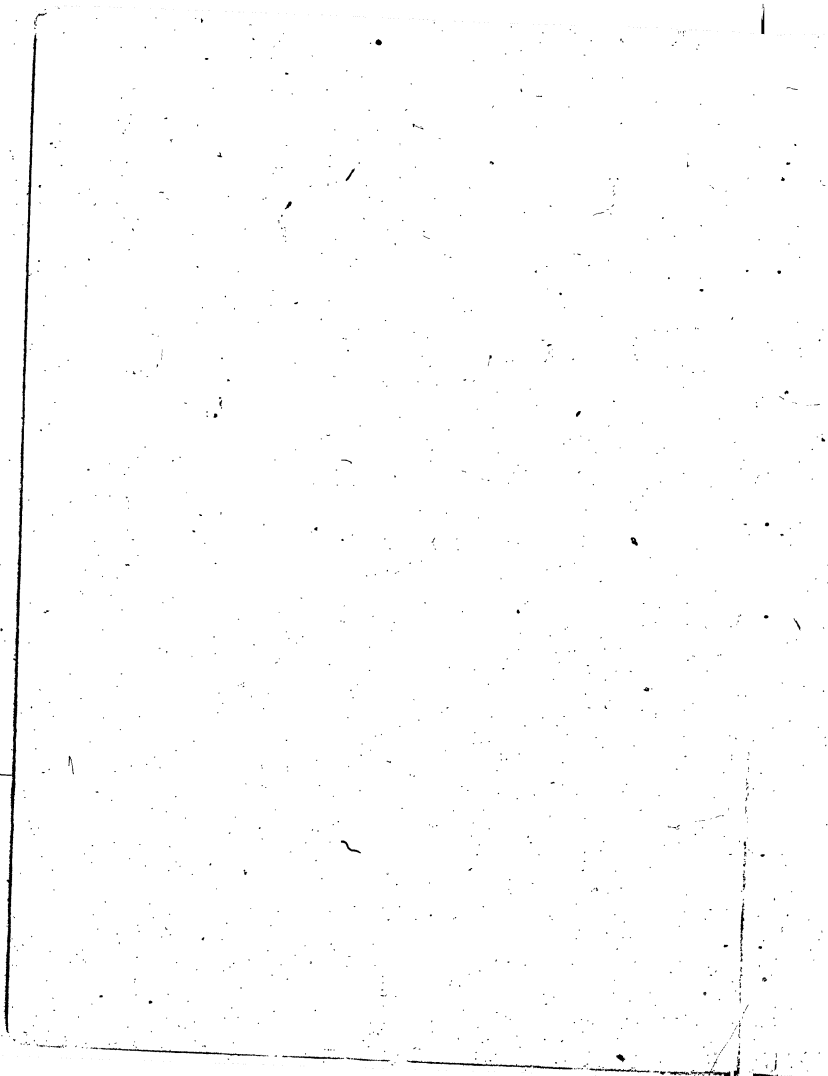
QUEBEC :
PRINTED AT THE "MERCURY" NEWSPAPER OFFICE,
13, Fabrique street.

1862.

P 844.89

L544 ll





867

THE
LEGENDARY LORE
OF THE
LOWER ST. LAWRENCE,

BY J. M. LEMOINE.



QUEBEC :
PRINTED AT THE "MERCURY" NEWSPAPER OFFICE,
13, Fabrique street.

1862.

FC
2756
L45

THE LEGENDARY LORE OF THE ST. LAWRENCE.

Methinks the spirits of the brave,
Who on thy banks have found a grave,
Still linger loath to fly ;
And on the moanings of the gale,
Strange shapes ride forth all cold and pale,
Unseen by heedless eye.

Oft in mine ears hath darkly rung,
Their solemn requiem softly sung,
Mysterious, deep and chill ;
And dying oft, come back again
In sweet, unearthly, ghostly strain,
The mournful night winds o'er the hill.

K. K. K.

The shores and islands of our mighty river, in addition to the interest they awaken as important sources of commercial and agricultural wealth, are invested with no ordinary attraction for the naturalist, the antiquarian, the historian and even the tourist in quest of pleasure or of health.

BIRD ROCKS.

One of the first objects which meets the eye at the entrance of the gulf, is the "Bird Isles,

58570

two rocks, elevated above the water, upwards of one hundred feet: their flattened summits, whose circumference exceed not, each, three hundred paces, exhibit a resplendent whiteness, produced by the quantity of ordure, with which they are covered, from immense flocks of birds, which in summer, take possession of the apertures in their perpendicular cliffs, where they form their nests and produce their young. When alarmed, they hover above the rocks, and overshadow their tops by their numbers. The abundance of their eggs affords to the inhabitants of the neighbouring coast, a material supply of food." So wrote Heriot in 1807. They had, however, been carefully noted and described by the Jesuits, as far back as 1632. Father Paul Lejeune calls these rocks, *Les Colombiers*, (dove cotes,) from the myriads of water fowl which resort to them in the summer months: at the period when he wrote, "birds were so plentiful there, that a boat could be loaded with their eggs in a few hours, and persons ascending the rocks, were liable to be prostrated to the ground, by the clapping of the wings of these feathered denizens."

Dr. Hy. Bryant, of Boston, who visited these rocks on the 21st June, 1860, for ornithological purposes, thus describes them:—"They are two in number, called the Great Bird or Gannet Rock, and the Little or North Bird; they are about three quarters of a mile apart, the water between them very shoal, showing that, at no very distant epoch they formed a

single island. They are composed entirely of a soft, reddish-brown sandstone, the strata of which are very regular and nearly horizontal, dipping very slightly to the S. W. The North Bird is much the smallest, and though the base is more accessible, the summit cannot, I believe, be reached, at least, I was unable to do so; it is the most irregular in its outline, presenting many enormous detached fragments, and is divided in one place into two separate islands at high water; the northerly one several times higher than broad, so as to present the appearance of a huge rocky pillar. Gannet Rock is a quarter of a mile in its longest diameter from S. W. to N. E. The highest point of the rock is at the northerly end, where, according to the chart it is 140 feet high, and from which it gradually slopes to the southerly end, where it is from 80 to 100.

"The sides are nearly vertical, the summit in many places overhanging. There are two beaches at its base, on the southerly and westerly sides, the most westerly one comparatively smooth and composed of rounded stones. The easterly one, on the contrary, is very rough and covered by irregular blocks, many of large size and still angular, showing that they have but recently fallen from the cliffs above. This beach is very difficult to land on, but the other presents no great difficulty in ordinary weather; the top of the rock cannot however, be reached from either of them. The only spot from which at present the ascent

can be made, is the rocky point between the two beaches ; this has probably, from the yielding nature of the rock, altered materially since Audubon's visit ; at present, it would be impossible to haul a boat up from want of space. The landing is very difficult at all times, as it is necessary to jump from a boat, thrown about by the surf, on to the inclined surface of the ledge, rendered slippery by the fuci which cover it, and bounded towards the rock by a nearly vertical face. The landing once effected, the first part of the ascent is comparatively easy, being over large fragments and broad ledges, but the upper part is both difficult and dangerous, as in some places the face of the rock is vertical for eight or ten feet and the projecting ledges very narrow, and the rock itself so soft that it cannot be trusted to, and in addition rendered slippery by the constant trickling from above and the excrements of the birds that cover it in every direction.

" Since Audubon's time the fishery, which was carried on extensively in the neighborhood of Bryon Island, has failed, or at least is less productive than on the North shore, and I am inclined to think that at present the birds are but little disturbed, and that consequently their number particularly of the Guillemots, has much increased. There was no appearance of any recent visit on the top of the rock, and though after making the ascent it was obvious that others had preceded us, still the traces were so faint that it was several

hours before we succeeded in finding the landing-place. The birds breeding there, at the time of our visit, were Gannets, Puffins, three species of Guillemots, Razor-billed Auks, and Kittiwakes. These birds are all mentioned by Audubon, with the exception of Brännich's Guillemot confounded by him with the common species. No other breeding-place on our shore is so remarkable at once for the number and variety of the species occupying it.

"Of the seven species mentioned, I am not aware that three, namely, the Kittiwake and the Bridled and Brännich's Guillemot, are known to breed at any other place south of the Straits of Belle Isle; of the remaining four, two, the Foolish Guillemot and Razor-billed Auk, are found at many other places and in large numbers; the Puffin in much greater abundance on the North shore, particularly at the Perroquet Islands, near Mingan and Bras D'Or; the Gannet at only two other points in the Gulf, at Percé Rock near Gaspé, which is perhaps even more remarkable than Gannet Rock, but is at present inaccessible; and at Gannet Rock near Mingan, which will soon be deserted by those birds in consequence of the depredations of the fisherman."

Egg Island is memorable on account of the shipwreck and total destruction of the (English) Armada which, under Admiral Walker, in 1711, attempted the invasion of Canada.

THE PERROQUET ISLANDS, MINGAN.

"The Perroquet Rocks at the entrance of the

the Straits of Belle Isle have recently acquired an unenviable notoriety, on account of the wreck of the Steamer Clyde on the 8th September, 1857, and of that of the North Briton, one of the Edmondston Allan line on the 7 November 1861; they form part of the group known as the Mingan Islands, extending down the Channel North of Anticosti from opposite Long Point to the Watscheeshoo Harbor. They are about 454 miles distant from Quebec—18 miles NNW from Anticosti—six miles from the mainland at Long Point, and some nine miles west from the harbor of Mingan, also on the mainland. The distance between them and the sandy spit which here extends across the Mingan channel is very short; and the vicinity of the islands, in a storm from the south-east, is a perfect cauldron of heavy seas and baffling races. These dangerous rocks, although standing up like a cluster of huge flower-pots from the water, are almost totally hidden in darker weather from the vessels driven towards them from the sea, as they are over-shadowed by the highlands on shore and the larger islands near. The melancholy interest which attaches to them as the scene of so many wrecks, throws into shade that pertaining to their natural features. They consist of horizontal layers of limestone piled one on top of the other, larger at the summit than below, and continually fretted away all around their base by the action of tides and waves, and stand there like desolate watchers for some storm-driven craft. The

myriads of puffins, or sea-parrots (pretty little web-footed birds about the size of pigeons, and marked with variegated colors, hard to kill and tough to eat) that burrow up among the angelica roots—the only vegetation there—scarcely redeem the desolate aspect of the place.

“The disaster of the Glasgow steamer was said to have arisen from the want of a light-house on the south-west point of Anticosti. That want has since been supplied, and another cause must be sought to account for the North Briton’s mishap.

“Further along, about six miles down the coast, which can be easily travelled on the clear sandy beach, is the Hudson’s Bay Company’s Post, at the mouth of the famous salmon river Mingan. It consists of two dwelling houses of moderate size, outhouse, and storehouses of capacious dimensions. The Company’s agent now residing there is Mr. J. Anderson, a Chief Factor from the Mackenzie River district, and the leader of one of the exploring parties who went in search of Sir John Franklin. His devotion and zeal, and the importance of his labors, are spoken of in high terms by Mr. John Richardson. He penetrated to Montreal Island, and verified and confirmed the first practical tidings of the fate of that devoted band which the late Sir John Franklin led through perils and trials harder to bear than the brunt of battle.”

ANTICOSTI—THE GRANICUS.

In mid channel, lies an island renown-

ed in the annals of marine disaster and tragical shipwrecks, Anticosti,—that barrier thrown directly in the path of ships, with its rocky, inaccessible shores; Anticosti, for many a long year the Island home of the Pirate of the St. Lawrence, Gamache, the bold, and cruel wrecker—

“ A man of loneliness and mystery.”

one of those fiendish spirits, whom Byron and Fennimore Cooper delighted to delineate. Curious fossils and petrifications strew the beach, and met with minute attention from Sir William Logan, the Provincial Geologist of Canada, who explored the place in 1843. Recently a party of American *savants* have visited the spot, to scrutinize closely the rocks of this ill-favored coast.

One of the most painfully memorable shipwrecks which took place at the east end of Anticosti, was that of the Brig *Granicus*, stranded there in a snow storm during the fall of 1828. Amongst the living witnesses of the *Granicus* tragedy, can be mentioned Capt. Jesse Armstrong, Harbor Master at Quebec, who having sailed from that port on the 24th Oct., 1828, for the West Indies, was in company with the *Granicus* and a dozen other vessels, at Pointe des Monts a few days before the accident which befel those vessels; the greatest number were cast ashore, some were never heard of afterwards. The passengers and crew of the *Granicus*, safely arrived on land, to meet a more hideous and lingering fate.

All perished during the ensuing winter: and when the Government schooner called at the Island in the spring following to stock the light house with provisions, &c., the decayed remains of these unfortunate men were discovered in a rude hut. *They had literally starved to death:* in a pot over a fire place, was found human flesh, revealing the awful fact, that in their last extremity they had resorted to this horrible mode of prolonging life. Amongst the passengers, there was a Montreal lady and her two children.

SHIP HEAD.

Several neighboring objects are well worthy of note. Close to the redoubted reefs of Cap Rosier, formerly stood "Ship Head" or "The Old Woman," as mariners called it—a fantastic boulder surrounded by deep water and looming out in calm weather so as to resemble at times a large ship under sail—a veritable phantom ship; hundreds have been deceived by the optical illusion. This well known land mark has however disappeared and toppled over from its base into deep water; yet a strange configuration of rock still exists near the shore to which the name of "The Old Man" is given.

PLATEAU ISLAND.

A few miles from Ship head, is Plateau Island, which appears to have been, in the time of the French, a resting place for the morse and seal, but merely retains at present

of all its primitive occupants, clouds of sea, surf ducks, gulls and other water fowl.

THE GENIUS OF PERCÉ ROCK.

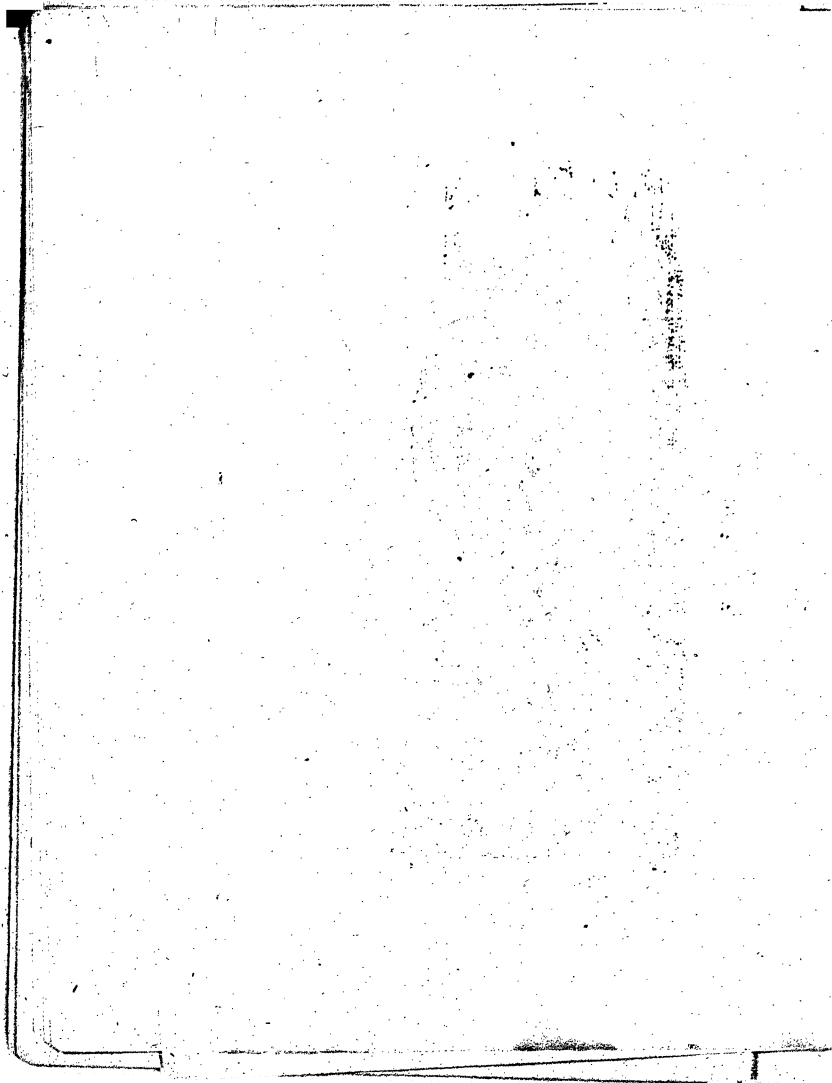
In the distance one discerns the fanciful rock called Percé Rock, § so often described. At present it is chiefly remarkable as being the breeding place of the gannet, the gull and the cormorant: the white plumage of the gull contrasts agreeably with the verdure which clothes its summit, inaccessible to man.

A romantic story is told by the fishermen residing at Percé, about a phantom having been seen during a storm on the Percé Rock. It is known as "Le Genie de l'Île Percé," the date of its existence runs beyond the memory of man. It seems difficult to imagine that any living thing, save the snowy gannet, the black cormorant or the silvery gull, should ever have sought a footing on this lofty rock. A German novelist might have considered it a fitting throne for the storm-king, wherefrom rejoicing, he might look defiance at the northern blast. It is likely that the foundation for this legend is about as substantial as, but no more so than, the one which attaches to a point near La Magdeleine, and known to the Canadian *navigateurs* as "Le Brailard de la Magdeleine." It refers, I believe, to some awful shipwreck, which took place, *before the St.*

§ A detailed account of this Rock will be found in *l'Ornithologie du Canada*, by the same writer



PERCÉ ROCK.



Lawrence was lit and buoyed. A father and mother, amongst crowds of others, here found a watery grave. Their infant son, by some miraculous interposition of his guardian angel, (as a pious old resident informed me,) was safely washed ashore. Whether in this case the guardian angel assumed the form of a Newfoundland dog, or the more orthodox appearance of a winged cherub, tradition has failed to say; the darling boy was safely landed on the pebbly beach, and soon made it vocal with his grief and moans for the loss of his best friends. His infant wailings, blended with the swelling storm, struck the ear of some belated fisherman whose boat was passing the entrance of the river. Hence the name "Le Braillard de la Magdeleine;" the noise is still heard in stormy weather, and may be very naturally explained, either by the action of the surf rolling into hollow caverns along the Gaspé coast, and which has astonished all observers, or by shelving rocks over which the waves moan like an unquiet spirit. It would be doing an injustice to my venerable and pious *cicerone*, were I to conceal the fact that she admitted, albeit hesitatingly, that the moanings of the "Braillard" might be caused by the action of high winds on two large pines which overhang a neighboring cape, and whose trunks grate ominously on one another. Alas! alas! for the marvellous! Gentle reader, you have your choice of these explanations. When our Canadian Mon-

teil, L'Abbé Ferland,* shall have completed his patient and laborious researches about the primitive times of Canada, one will be able to determine the exact amount of truth and fiction which form the component elements of the legends of the St. Lawrence.*

*The *Soirées Canadiennes* for October, 1861, contain the following passage :—

“ We are, says l'abbé Ferland, opposite the River Magdeleine, famous in the chronicles of the country, for ghost stories connected with it.

Where is the Canadian sailor, familiar with this coast, who has not heard of the plaintive sounds and doleful cries uttered by the *Brailard de la Magdeleine*? Where would you find a native seaman who would consent to spend a few days, by himself in this locality, wherein a troubled spirit seeks to make known the torments it endures? Is it the soul of a shipwrecked mariner asking for christian burial for its bones, or imploring the prayers of the church for its repose? Is it the voice of the murderer condemned to expiate his crime on the very spot which witnessed its commission? . . . For it is well known that Gaspé wreckers have not always contented themselves with robbery and pillage, but have sometimes sought concealment and impunity by making away with victims,—convinced, that the tomb is silent and reveals not its secrets. Or else, is this the celebrated Devil's Land mentioned by the cosmographer

CAPE D'ESPOIR.

Cape D'Espoir, where English vessels met with an awful fate, would also furnish a most harrowing tale, wherein truth would appear still more strange than fiction. It is said that fragments of the vessels were driven by the surf on rocks, several feet over the level of the sea: so violent was the storm. The spirits of the departed are said to be still seen by the mariners at dusk, flitting about the shores; likely, some of those *Ignes fatui*, which in former days led to the inhabitants of the Island of Orleans receiving

Thevet, where according to him, Roberval (in 1542) abandoned his niece la Demoyselle Marguerite with her lover and with her old Norman Duenna. The ancient chronicler places this land somewhere, in the Gulf of the St. Lawrence, and relates that after the death of her two companions the Lady Marguerite, had to contend with devils, who under the disguise of white bears, tried to frighten her with their claws and their growls. On this legendary topic, Thevet might have found a match in one of our sailors, who certainly knew aught of the Lady Marguerite, but was particularly well posted in all matters referring to the *Brailard de la Magdeleine*. He felt ill at ease in this neighborhood and whistled for wind, were it even contrary: anything to him seemed preferable to remaining in the vicinity of the *Brailard*. (Log of the schooner Sarah, during her trip from Quebec to Gaspé in 1836.)

from the farmers of the south shore of the St. Lawrence, the unenviable name of " Sorciers de l'Île d'Orléans," which they retain to this day, says Professor La Rue, of the Laval University. Who can tell however, whether sorcerers were not as abundant in those days, as they were in the time of Robert Burton, according to whom, they were " common enough in every village and have commonly St. Catherine's wheel printed in the roof of their mouth, or in some other part about them" a most useful trade mark, as another writer observes whereby to distinguish the real from the counterfeit article. It is to be hoped the enterprising founder of Bowenville, has excluded from his flourishing settlement at the West end of the Island, all such characters.

RED ISLAND REEF—CAPT. BRULOTTE.

The tourist is requested to cast a glance, as he passes, on that treacherous ledge, called Red Island Reef, so dreaded by inward bound vessels. One of the first who suffered from it was Emery De Caen, who in 1629 on his way to Quebec, then in possession of the English, got his vessel aground on it, in attempting to weather Pointe aux Alouettes. Amongst many memorable disasters, a singular shipwreck occurred there in September, 1846, that of the brigantine Gaspé Packet, owned and commanded by Capt. Brulotte, of Pointe Levi. The reader is aware of the origin of this name : it was called after Henri DeLevis, Duc de Ventadour, a lincal descendant, by the

by, of the Israelite Jacob. A family picture, as one of our historians quaintly tells us, commemorated his patriarchal descent in a manner, no doubt, very gratifying to the family pride.* This old sea dog had for forty years, scanned every creek and shore of the St. Lawrence, from Gaspé to Quebec : he went under the familiar name of the *Doyen des Caboteurs*. Good seaman-ship, honesty, careful and temperate habits, had secured him a large share of public patronage in the way of passengers and freight, ere those magnificent steamships, the *Napoleon III* and *Lady Head* had engrossed this lucrative line of business. Many were the good qualities of the Captain of the *Gaspé Packet* : he had but one fault, a perverse habit of swearing at his crew, on any trivial occasion ; to this might be added another peculiarity which had called forth from his men many unkind remarks. A total abstainer, in theory and practice, Capt. Brulotte had, at an early period of his career,

* "The Levi family pretended having sprung from the patriarch Jacob, by his son Levi. On this point it is related that in a Chapel belonging to the family a painting was exposed representing the Holy Virgin and a member of the Levi family with his hat in his hand. Two inscriptions explained the scene. "Couvrez vous, mon cousin," said the Virgin. "C'est mon plaisir, ma cousine," replies the descendant of Levi. (Cours d'Histoire du Canada, par l'Abbé Ferland, Vol. 1, p. 1, 214.

inaugurated with his usual earnestness of purpose, the principles of total abstinence amongst his crew. In heavy fall weather, when the rigging was stiff with ice, it was a common occurrence to see the worthy Captain stationed amidships, with a kettle of hot tea, ministering to the wants of his sailors after coming down the rigging or taking in sail, a poor substitute for Jamaica rum, as shivering Jack would slyly observe ; and still Dr. Kane's polar experience shows that in extreme cold, warm tea or coffee has decidedly the advantage over ardent spirits, as a heat generating agent. Capitaine Brulotte, peace to his ashes ! was the most careful of commanders. Right well, can the writer, then a passenger in the Gaspé Packet recall to memory, his honest weather beaten features when he paced the deck of his brigantine in 1843, with his marine glass under his arm, and sporting his venerable pea-jacket, a warm friend during many a north-easter, blending in his person the principles of Neal Dow and the good nature of Captain Cuttle.

WRECK OF THE GASPE' PACKET.

The Gaspé Packet had left Percé, with a full cargo ; a brisk easterly wind, gradually freshening into a gale, made the old brigantine fly over the billows like a sea bird. The wind was increasing fast, and as it was the 20th September, the autumnal equinox could not be far off. The mate, on passing Percé Rock had noted the sea fowl clustering in crowds and uttering their loud and discordant clamour on the lofty ledge, as the brigantine

scudded by : a sure presage of an impending storm as he had observed to the captain. Onward came the good ship, until the roaring of the tempest in the rigging, made it necessary to shorten sail ; the main sail and the fore topsail were double reefed accordingly, and every thing was going on smoothly ; the night was dark, it was true, but the wind being fair it was merely necessary to head the ship for Quebec, and forty-eight hours more would see the Gaspé Packet, in its snug harbor. Early next morning the unmistakeable tokens of the coming storm were observed. A drizzly rain drenched every one to the skin ; drifting clouds and the piercing cry of the petrel bade the old mariner to prepare : it was the equinoctial gale, which came howling over the great deep. Presently the sharp voice of the commander was heard, ordering a sailor to go on the bowsprit and clue down some of the tackle which had got loose ; after some fruitless efforts, he informed the master, he could not perform his task on account of the violence of the wind : the captain, with an oath, ordered him to come and take the helm, and sprang forward to secure the tackle. While so engaged and whilst bending over the bowsprit, he was struck by a huge wave which submerged the bow of the Brigantine and the next minute he was seen on the crest of a billow, uttering loud cries for help. The Gaspé Packet was immediately hove to ; an attempt made to lower a boat, but it was swamped and broke a-drift. Carried onward by the relentless storm

on went the old Brigantine leaving her trusty commander to his awful fate. After a few struggles, he sank to his long rest ; despair seems to have taken possession of the minds of all on board. Old Brulotte had ever been the soul and leading spirit of the Gaspé Packet ; as ill luck would have it, he had shipped a new crew of very incompetent hands. The shades of evening were closing in ; the weather, hazy and wet, but the wind was still fair ; alas ! for a stout heart and careful eye to pilot the forlorn bark, on her homeward course ! The mate was so awe-struck by the suddenness of the catastrophe, that he very nigh lost his reason : he retired helplessly to the cabin, to pray ; a sailor was placed at the wheel and onward sped the brave vessel. Old Brulotte seems to have had a crew, however well grounded in temperance principles, very superstitious and totally devoid of that self reliance and nautical knowledge for which Canadian *Caboteurs* are so conspicuous. Terror is contagious, and as soon as darkness descended on the troubled waters, down came the steersman and at his heels the *cook*, vowing that a black object, (probably a petrel or cormorant) which they were certain was the captain's ghost, had passed over the brig. One sailor alone seems to have been free from these vain fears, but not being familiar with the coast, he found he was quite bewildered by the rain and darkness and allowed the Gaspé Packet to take her own course, merely keeping her head straight. A few hours

had thus passed, during which some heavy seas struck the vessel, drenching and sweeping her deck and flowing profusely in the cabin, where the mate and rest of the crew were engaged in prayer, when, without a moment's warning a terrific crash was heard and the foremast went overboard: the vessel had struck on Red Island reef: the roar of the surf and the dim outline of the land soon revealed the awful fact. From that moment hope seems to have fled from the breasts of all the crew, except from the sailor who had charge of the wheel. The brigantine had not been stranded many minutes, when a huge wave washed over the deck, inundating the cabin which was rapidly filling. The intrepid steersman rushed below and heard the voices of his fellow men requesting him to join in a vow to *La Bonne Ste. Anne*, the patron-saint of mariners, for their deliverance from immediate death. Whatever may have been his faith in that supreme moment, the brave seaman, considered it as a part of his duty to do his utmost to *help* himself, and knowing that the vessel would go to pieces in a very few minutes, he seized hold of one of the hatches, tied himself to it and watching for a coming wave, he allowed himself, to float over the side of the ship. Awful must have been his sufferings during that dreadful night. The ebbing tide, in spite of the wind, floated his frail raft towards the north shore of the St. Lawrence and the returning flood then drifted it to the opposite side of the river, where

he was discovered the ensuing morning. Life seemed extinct but some kind-hearted Canadians, after a great deal of exertion, restored the sufferer to consciousness: he was delirious for several days and much emaciated and weak with suffering; he lingered until the following spring, when he died. He alone of all the crew of the Gaspé Packet escaped to relate the details of one of the many shipwrecks which have rendered Red Island reef an object of terror to seafaring men.

“L'ISLET AU MASSACRE.”

In the neighborhood of Bic harbour, there exists a small island. For a couple of centuries back it has been known as *l'Islet au Massacre*, Massacre Island. A deed of blood marks the spot: tradition and history furnish the details of the horrible scene. It seems to have occurred thus: Two hundred Micmac Indians were camping there for the night: the canoes had been beached: a neighboring recess or cavern in the lofty rocks which bound the coast, offered an apparently secure asylum to the warriors, their wives and children. Wrapped in sleep, the *Red skins* quietly awaited the return of day to resume their journey: they slept, but not their lynx-eyed enemy, the Iroquois: from afar, he had scented his prey. During the still hours of night, his noiseless step had compassed the slumbering foe. Laden with birch-bark, fagots and other combustible materials, the Iroquois noiselessly surround

the cavern ;—the fagots are piled around it ;—the torch is applied. Hark! the fiendish and well-known war-whoop! The Micmacs, terror stricken, seize their arms, and are preparing to sell dearly their lives, when the lambent flames, and the scorching heat, leave them but one alternative, that of rushing from their lurking place. More fortunate than Pelissier's roasting Arabs, they have at least one egress ; wild despair nerves their hearts : men, women and children crowd through the narrow passage, amidst the flames ; but at the same instant a shower of poisoned arrows mows them down : the human hyena is on his prey ; a few flourishes of the tomahawk from the Iroquois warrior, and the silence of death soon pervades the narrow abode. Now for the trophies : the scalping takes some time,—history mentions but *five* out of the two hundred victims, who escaped with their lives. The blanched bones of the Micmac warriors, strewed the grotto, and could be seen until some years back. This dark deed, still vivid by tradition in the minds of the Ristigouche settlers, is mentioned in Jacques Cartier's narrative.*

* Jacques Cartier obtained his information from Donnacona, the old *Sachem* of Stadacona, and speaks thus :

“ Et fut par le dit Donnacona montré au dit Capitaine les peaux de cinq têtes d'hommes estendues sur des bois, comme peaux de parchemins ; et nous dit que c'étaient des

It is also the subject of a delightful *legende* by M. J. C. Taché, in the *Soirées Canadiennes*.

LA BAIE DES ROCHERS, AND ITS RAVENS.

On the north shore of the St. Lawrence, eight leagues below Murray Bay, is a very lofty cape at a place called *La Baie des Rochers*. On its summit, on which the foot of man never trod, there has existed since time immemorial, in the fissure of the rock, a raven's nest. The surface is an inclined plane, discernible at a distance by the ordure deposited there by the ravens who are daily seen going in and out. It is said on the coast that the first Missionaries of Canada observed it and took a note of it. The late Mr. Nairne,

Toudamans de devers le Su, qui leur menaient continuellement la guerre. "Outre nous fut dit qu'il y a deux ans passés les dits *Toudamans* (Iroquois) les vinrent assailler jusqu'au dedans le dit fleuve, à une isle qui est le travers du Saguenay, où, ils étaient à passer la nuit, tendant aller à Honguedo (Gaspé) leur mener guerre, avec environ deux cents personnes, tant hommes, femmes qu'enfants, lesquels furent surpris en dormant, dedans un fort qu'ils avaient fait, ou mirent les dits *Toudamans*, le feu, et comme ils sortaient, les tuèrent tous reserve *cing*, qui s'échappèrent. De laquelle détrousse, se plaignant encore fort, nous montrant qu'ils en auraient vengeance."

Jacques Cartier's Second Voyage, Cl. IX.

Seigneur of Murray Bay, informed the writer, that through two old residents of Murray Bay worthy of belief, he had been able himself to trace it back upward of one hundred and fifty years, from their recollections and from those of their fathers. Ravens are quite common in all the Laurentian chain of mountains. The same gentleman has often stated to the writer that the hoarse-croakings of these birds, were a frequent source of amusement to him, although a cause of terror to some of his uninitiated friends, from Quebec, when he travelled in their company through the land route to the Saguenay. One pass in the mountains, the highest and most rugged of all, hewn through perpendicular rocks fifteen hundred feet high, was constantly tenanted by these sable visitors: hovering out of sight, their dismal voice sounded most unearthly. Further particulars will be found in the *Ornithologie du Canada*.

Leaving the tourist to notice several spots interesting for their natural beauty, or hallowed by historical souvenirs of the early times of the colony, I shall next mention *Pointe aux Iroquois*, *Cap au Diable*, and *Rivière Ouelle* (or "*Houel*") as it was formerly called) all of which possess their separate legends.

CAP AU DIABLE—RIVIERE OUELLE.

Rivière Ouelle was in the 17th century the scene of one of those barbarous tragedies in which the *Iroquois* took a particular delight. The place is called after *Madame Houel*.

the lady of a French *Controleur General*; she was captured with her little son, on their trip from Quebec to Rivière Ouelle: the stirring tale is brilliantly related in one of the "*Legendes Canadiennes*" recently published by the Abbé Casgrain, a young clergyman of Quebec. The Abbé has certainly succeeded in investing Rivière Ouelle, his native parish, with a romantic interest for all lovers of the chronicles of the past. No one who has glanced at the striking *tableaux* representing the career of the Ghoul of the St. Lawrence, (who after all was but a diabolical old Iroquois Squaw), but will admit that this legend is one of the most attractive of the many which cluster round Canada's glorious river. None will leave Rivière Ouelle, without visiting the *three curious and inexplicable snow shoe tracks* deeply incrustated in the solid rock on the beach. Although the tide is doing its utmost to efface those foot-prints, still they are very visible at present. But another singular impression on those same rocks has recently become obliterated: it was the marks of the anterior part of two human feet and hands. Similar snow shoe tracks are apparent, I am told, on the banks of the Jacques Cartier River, thirty miles above Quebec, a spot both beautiful and attractive on account of its scenery, and of its being a celebrated salmon estuary, endeared to the disciples of Isaac Walton, by many a glorious "nibble."

GOOSE AND CRANE ISLAND.

But to return to the Lower St. Lawrence, several miles higher up than Riviere Ouelle, the tourist discovers the verdant beaches of Goose Island, a spot most graphically sketched by the Jesuits in 1663, as being then the inviolate sanctum* and breeding ground of millions of ducks and teal "whose loud voices made the whole island resound, in the summer season, but who kept a profound silence during the spring and summer of 1663, owing to the frightful and continuous earthquakes, which caused the soil to roll and quake to such a degree that Church steeples would bend and kiss the earth and then rise up again!!" • This last feat from its novelty, must have been particularly attractive to witness, from a baloon for instance, or from the deck of a ship, from any where in fact except from old mother Earth.

Goose Island is united to Crane Island by a belt of swampy ground, four miles long: this marsh is covered by the tide in the spring and fall only. M. de Montmagny, then Governor of the colony, obtained from the Company of New France, the grant of Crane Island and of the two Islands (Petite and Grosse Ile aux Oies) which bear the same name, as a shooting ground. The Iroquois, in 1655, made a descent on Goose Island, and murdered M. Moyen and his wife; his children were carried off as prisoners.

* Relations des Jesuites.

An efficient Game Law would in a few years restore it to what it was formerly : *

* It is really curious to note the care taken both under French and English rule, to protect the game, in these *preserves*. No less than two Ordinances were passed, one in 1731, and the other in 1769, to assure to the Seigneurs of Crane Island the exclusive privilege and right of shooting, granted them by their original title deed.

—Gilles Hocquart.

* Sur les plaintes qui nous ont été portées par le Sieur de Touville aide Major des Troupes, seigneur des Isles aux Oyes, aux Grues, au Canot, Ste. Marguerite et la Grosse Isle, que plusieurs particuliers tant de cette ville, que des d : isle et des côtes voisines s'ingerent de chasser dans les d : isle, quoique qu'il n'y ait que le *Seigneur qui ait le privilege à lui accordé par ses titres*, à quoi il nous aurait requis de pourvoir, nous faisons très expresses defenses à toutes personnes de chasser dans l'étendue des d : isles et Seigneuries sous quelque pretexte que ce soit, sans la permission du Sieur de Touville et à peine de 10 livres d'amende contre les contrevenants, et de confiscation de leurs armes et canots au profit du dit Seigneur : et sera la presente Ordonnance lue, publiée et affichée en la manière accoutumée. Mandons, &c.

Fait à Québec, le 20 Mars, 1731.

(Signé) HOQUART.

(Archives de la Province—Registre des Ordonnances, Folio 70 Recto.

the best shooting ground in the country, for snipe, woodcock, ducks, teal, and all the other beach birds of which Governor Boucher, the illustrious ancestor of the Boucher family, wrote in 1663 from his capital (Three Rivers) such glowing accounts to his friends at the court of Louis XIV. Some years back, a magnificent swan was shot on these swamps and presented to the Governor General, by D. McPherson, Esq., the proprietor of these Islands. Not only are Goose and Crane Islands a land of promise for the sportsman and the naturalist, they also have their wild legends of love and jealousy. I shall merely mention one instance.

More than a century back a French officer left old for New France, as it was then

By His Excellency, Guy Carleton, Captain General and Governor in Chief of the Province of Quebec, Brigadier General of His Majesty's armies, &c., &c., &c.

Taking into consideration the representations which have been made to us by the Sieur De Longueil, Seigneur of Crane and Goose Islands, Canoe and Ste. Marguerite Islands, and also Grosse Isle, that by his title, he has the exclusive right to shoot on these said Islands—that notwithstanding several persons both from the city and neighbouring parishes and even the inhabitants of these Islands, attempt to shoot there without leave, destroying the hay on the beaches—and catching the young ducks that they find there, thereby de-

called. This gentleman obtained the grant of a Fief or Seignior, comprising a group of islands called the Ste. Marguerite Islands, to which he subsequently added the two Goose Islands and Crane Island originally granted to M. de Montmagny in 1646 : The extent of such a domain supposes rank and importance in the Seigneur, who

minishing their numbers considerably for the next hunting season, and also removing each year a quantity of thatching grass, also using as fire wood the timber on those islands, we hereby expressly forbid that any person either from Quebec, or from the neighboring seigneuries, and likewise—that any of the inhabitants of these Islands, under whatever pretence, do shoot on these Islands or any portion thereof without the express permission of the Sieur de Longueil, under pain of legal punishment. We also forbid them to remove the young ducks, to carry away the thatching grass, to destroy the meadow hay, or burn the timber on the said Islands without the leave of the said Sieur de Longueil, and the said Sieur de Longueil may have this ordonnance published in the neighboring parishes.

Done at Quebec, 28th July, 1769.

(Signed,)

GUY CARLETON.

Reg I. Foi et Hommages,

Folio 226.

Modern legislation has rendered these ordonances unnecessary by including 'Beaches' within the provisions of the agriculture act.

chose for his manorial residence, one of the most picturesque, but also one of the most secluded islands of the group, and thereon built not a crenelated tower, not a baronial castle of the middle ages, but a plain, massive stone house,—a prison, as it proved subsequently, either for himself or for his son; tradition has failed to elucidate this point. There, for many a long year, far from the eyes of men, a solitary prisoner was immured. His keeper, perhaps his friend, his relative, for aught that can be stated to the contrary,—was a woman, a woman of rank and wealth. The prisoner, it was said, was insane. The question was often asked, “Was he born so, or if not, what produced or led to his insanity? Were there no Lunatic Asylums in France fit to receive him? The replies to these queries are likely to remain for ever amongst the unfathomed secrets of the past. Dark surmises were circulated. Who was this new *Masque de Fer*? Why was he immured between four massive walls, with no sweet sounds to beguile captivity’s lonely hours, save the voice of the pitiless north easterly storm or the monotonous murmur of the waves on the granite rock wherein he was entombed, in a living grave? The name of the fair occupant of the Manor was Madame or Made-moiselle de Granville.* The prisoner was

* His patent runs thus:—“To the Sieur de Granville.

her brother : susterly love made her his jailor :
—she said so.

Years rolled on : the poor captive died, and
" Perhaps, in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire,
Hands, that the rod of Empire might have
swayed,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre."

The Manorial residence of the Seigneurs was removed to the neighboring Island, where it has for half a century and more, been in the possession of the McPherson family. McPherson's

" Louis de Buade, &c.

" Jean Bochart, &c.

"On the petition presented to us by the Sieur de Granville, Lieutenant of a company of the detachment of Marines of New France, where he is married and settled, praying that we would grant him a new title for a tract of land, situate near Goose Island and Crane Islands, called the Ste. Marguerite Islands, together with three small islands on the south side thereof, and the beaches adjacent to the said Islands, which had already been granted to him about thirty two years ago by Mr. Talon, then intendant in this country, the title-deed of which is lost ;

" We "

(" 5th Nov., 1698.")

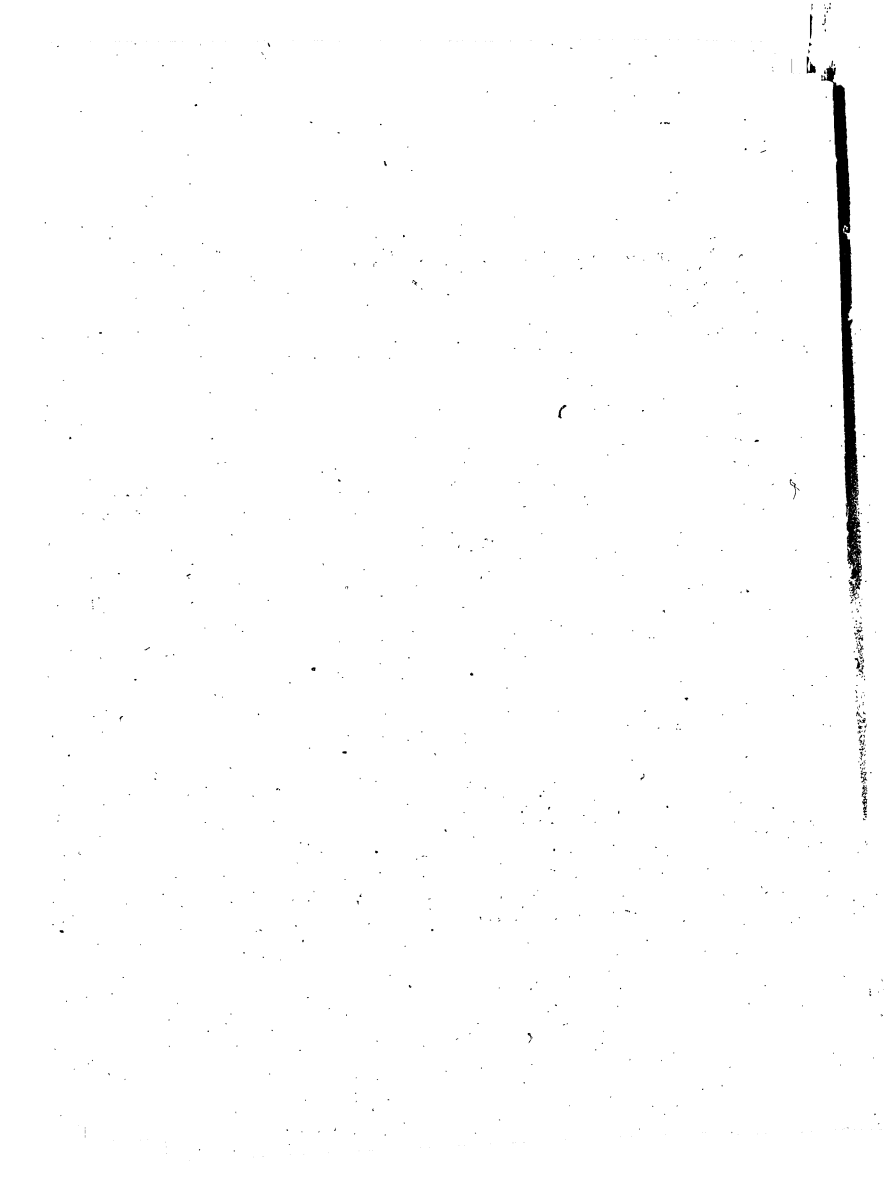
A Mr. de Granville (an officer in the Regiment of Carignan) had had a concession of Island du Portage in 1672—it does not appear whether this is the same man or not.

house and McPherson's shoal are equally well known to the mariner. The ruins of Madame DeGranville's grim old house were standing until recently. The legend is fresh in the memory of the oldest inhabitants of Goose Island; but on the spot where it stood, unfortunately for the lovers of legendary lore there has been erected a substantial modern structure. It required great efforts to disjoint the masonry of the old walls.

— Who will rescue from oblivion this historical legend, ere it sinks in the shadow of the past, embodying its outlines in a brilliant narrative, throbbing with the pulse of life. Have we no Landors, no Martineaus, no Frederika Bremers, amongst us?

SPENCER GRANGE, near Quebec
March, 1862.

BALLOON
SUNSHINE



“ THE ORNITHOLOGY OF CANADA,

By J. M. LeMoine,

—Second Edition.—

(*In French*), with the English, French and Latin names of the Birds—In two volumes.”

This small work will be found valuable to identify the Birds of the country ; it contains a synopsis of their habits, and a variety of amusing and interesting information, in classic French ; will also be found an agreeable book to learn the French language, and has been liberally patronised by the Lennoxville College, the Laval University—the Montreal and Quebec Normal schools, Colleges of Ste. Therese, Ste. Anne, Nicolet, the Ursulines and General Hospital Convents, &c.

For sale by

J. & O. CREMAZIE,

P. SINCLAIR,

MIDDLETON & DAWSON,

Quebec.

J. B. ROLLAND & FILS,

Montreal.