

Historical, Legendary
and Topographical
GUIDE
ALONG THE
Saint Lawrence

From Montreal to Chicoutimi on the Saguenay
and to Cacouna.

BY
ALPHONSE LECLAIRE.



CONTAINING 235 ENGRAVINGS

And Seventeen Charts of the River

1906

HISTORICAL, LEGENDARY
AND
TOPOGRAPHICAL
GUIDE

—
ALONG THE SAINT LAWRENCE.

1906

Montreal



Jacques Cartier
first traveller on the Saint Lawrence—1535

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HISTORICAL, LEGENDARY AND TOPOGRAPHICAL GUIDE

ALONG THE SAINT LAWRENCE

FROM MONTREAL TO CHICOUTIMI ON THE SAGUENAY
AND TO CACOUNA.

CONTAINING
OVER 200 ENGRAVINGS

AND

SEVENTEEN CHARTS OF THE RIVER, SHOWING THE EXACT OUTLINES
OF ITS SHORES, THEIR HEIGHT; THE EXACT LOCATION OF THE
CHURCHES, TOWNS AND VILLAGES THAT BORDER IT; THE RI-
VERS AND RIVULETS THAT EMPTY INTO IT; THE CHANNEL
WITH ITS DEPTH AND THE SHOALS THAT COAT IT; THE
LIGHT-HOUSES, THEIR KIND AND FINALLY THE
BUOYS INDICATING THE CHANNEL.

BY

ALPHONSE LECLAIRE

EDITOR OF THE
REVUE CANADIENNE.



SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS ART PUBLISHING COMPANY
— MONTREAL.

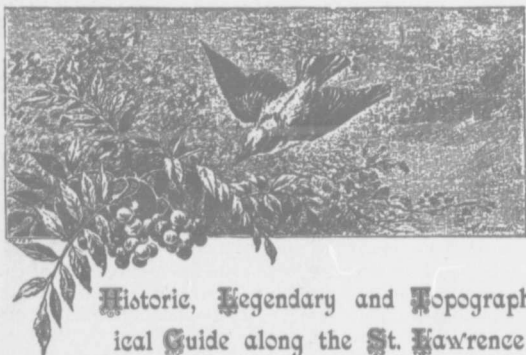
Entered according to Act of the Parliament of Canada, in the year 1906, by ALPHONSE
LECLAIRE, at the Department of Agriculture.

Dedicated to



Mr. Rodolphe Forget
president of the
Richelieu & Ontario Navigation Company

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FC
5945
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Historic, Legendary and Topographical Guide along the St. Lawrence



TRAVELLERS returning from Europe rave about the beauties of the Rhine, the Seine, and the Thames, while those who have not crossed the Ocean grow eloquent in describing the picturesque Hudson. We too often forget that, without leaving Canada, we may enjoy trips in many respects surpassing those to be made in strange lands. Though the banks of the St. Lawrence are not bordered by small towns and hamlets com-

parable with those along the older rivers of Europe, we must remember that these rivers beside our majestic stream, are mere rivulets. If the scenic effects of these smaller ones appear more

picturesque, it is because we view them at closer range. Here nature in her grandeur and sublimity appeals to us. Our river, unlike the Hudson, is not bordered by palatial residences, but its quaint villages, with their church steeples visible from afar, symbolize not only the faith and struggles of their founders, but the piety of the latter day inhabitants, who lovingly maintain and embellish the temples wherein their entrance to life was blessed, where they come to seek strength and consolation in their sorrows, and where, alas! they must bid a last farewell to those who have left them for the undiscovered country.

What we need to excite in us a livelier appreciation of our beautiful land are those guides so numerous in the Old World, who draw attention to its scenic beauties and recall the associations entwined therewith.

Last summer, with a party of friends, we made the trip from Montreal to the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Our interest was constantly roused by the parishes we passed, the mountains that loomed above us, and the many rivers whose waters flow into this inland sea. Rarely, however, could we discover even their name, while the historic events and legends which lend to the scene a glamour of poetry remained unknown to us.

As editor of *La Revue Canadienne*, my friends maintained that it was incumbent on me to supply this much felt want. Having vainly sought another, willing to undertake the task, I have resigned myself to its performance, believing, however, that one more skilled in the use of the pen might render the subject of greater interest to my compatriots, as also to the many tourists drawn hither by our beautiful climate.

We do not pretend to offer a complete history of the river, but merely such an outline as may render the trip more interesting and profitable. The tourist generally seeks rest, and will not be wearied by serious reading. Nevertheless, if he may briefly acquire a knowledge of the beauties he admires, he derives more pleasure and profit from these moments of relaxation. It also renders the delights of retrospection more vivid, and during the long winter evenings he may, with his faithful guide, re-live those pleasant summer hours; and, if his interest

be awakened, study more deeply the history of the beautiful land he has visited.

We will now embark on one of the floating palaces of the Richelieu & Ontario Navigation Co., or the good ship "Campana" of the Quebec Steamship Co. Our departure is watched over by Mary, Star of the Sea, whose statue crowns her ancient sanctuary of Notre Dame de Bon Secours. We will commit ourselves to the care of this tender mother, and ask her to bless our trip. On leaving the quay our boat passes before ST. HELEN'S ISLAND, a unique park, surrounded as it is on all sides by flowing water. Champlain so named it in honor of his young wife, Helene Boulé, who, at the time of her marriage in 1611, was not twelve years old. She came to Canada in 1620, where she remained four years, suffering much from the isolation, which, to one of the beauties of the French capital, must have been terrible indeed. Her departure was greatly regretted in Canada, where she had wrought much good.

St. Helen's Island was the last stronghold of French power in Canada. Levis indignant that the honors of war had been denied to his troops by Generay Murray, there retired with two thousand followers, all determined to sell their lives dearly. At length, moved by the earnest entreaties and formal commands of M. de Vaudreuil, who implored him to yield, and thus spare Montreal the horrors of war, he and his soldiers surrendered to the English, having first burned their country's flags amid shouts of "Vive la France."

* * *

Ere we have rounded St. Helen's Island, we perceive the beautiful church of LONGUEUIL, a truly imposing structure as viewed from the River. We owe the erection of this church (1884-1887) to the Abbé Maximilien Tassé, then parish priest.

Of the three grants which later formed the Seigneurie of Longueuil, the first was made to M. Charles Le Moyne by M. de Lauzon de la Citière on the 27th September, 1657. It became a seigneurial domain in 1668, and, in 1700, a barony, through a patent of nobility granted by Louis XIV to Charles, eldest

son of the first lord. As a defence against the incursions of the Iroquois, M. de Longueuil commenced the construction of a stone fort in 1685. This structure, completed in 1690, was a square, two-storied edifice, flanked by four round towers. It



St. Anthony's Church, Longueuil.

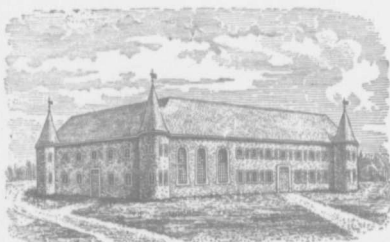
contained a chapel, where the faithful continued to assemble for their devotions until the erection of the parish church in 1724, by the Abbé Joseph Isambert, parish priest for forty-three years. This fort, known as the Château de Longueuil, stood for over a century. It was occupied by the Americans during the war of 1775, and later held as a garrison by the English, until its destruction by fire in 1792. Its ruins were demolished in 1810, and the stones used in the construction of a new church, necessitated by the increase in population. This latter was completed in 1814.

As early as 1698 Longueuil had a resident priest, boarded by M. Le Moyne, who officiated in the fort chapel. In 1724 the Baron de Longueuil presented the Fabrique with a piece of ground and a fully built presbytery. This was replaced in 1831

by the present presbytery, built on the same site, but much enlarged by donations from the family of Longueuil.

Longueuil became a municipality in 1848, and a city in 1873.

There, on the 17th November, 1837, was enacted the first scene of that stirring drama, which ended in the ruin, death or exile of so many. There, too, in 1816, was born one of its greatest heroes, Doctor J. O. Chenier, whose courage has become proverbial. "Brave as Chenier," is still a common expression among the French Canadians.



Fort of Longueuil

Longueuil was the cradle of the Community of the Sisters of the Holy Names of Jesus and Mary, who have just erected in Montreal the most beautiful convent in Canada.

* * *

Whilst reviewing the history of Longueuil, and admiring its beautiful church, our boat has brought us in sight of that of BOUCHERVILLE, around which the village clusters. Here the river's division into channels has formed several islands, of which the principal, crowned by enormous elm trees, produces from afar the effect of an immense basket of verdure. This is the Isle de Grosbois, called also Isle St. Joseph, and is occupied by a descendant of the family of DeBoucherville, who has given it his name.

Boucherville owes its name to Sieur Pierre Boucher, ennobled by the Grand Monarque, in reward for his services to the colony, especially those rendered in his capacity of Governor of Three Rivers. The Intendant Talon, in recognition of his mer-

its, granted him a seigneurial domain situated on the river, including the islands then known as Iles Percées, but now designated Iles de Boucherville.



Church of the Holy Family, Boucherville.

M. de Boucher, who was not rich, wished to devote himself to the cultivation of the soil, and gathered around him none but men of spotless reputation. His first care was the erection of a manor house, near the mouth of the little river Saint - Jean, known to-day as the Sabrevois, in honor of one of his sons-in-law, Jacques Charles Sabrevois de Bleury. He surrounded his residence by palisades, and nearby constructed the first chapel of Boucherville. Opposite, on the banks of the St. Lawrence, he raised a small redoubt, traces of which still remained a few years ago. These precautions were the more necessary in that the Iroquois, en route

for New France either to attack Ville Marie or enter the North West Country, usually came down the Richelieu to Sorel, and there ascended a brook, the outlet of a small lake between Varennes and Boucherville. Thence they descended the Sa-

brevois to the main stream, thus passing before the village. Despite all precautions, the Indians, on a dark summer night in 1695, invaded the village fell upon the sleeping inhabitants and massacred them amid scenes of horror equal to those of Lachine. Mothers, ere being themselves tortured, beheld the murder of their infants: old men were captured in flight and led into captivity: many dwellings were destroyed by fire; and when the feeble rays of dawn began to lighten this scene of woe, those who had sought refuge in the wood, returned to search amid the flames and charred remains —half clothed orphans seeking their parents, husbands vainly searching for wives, and wives deprived of husband, family and home.

This catastrophe occurred three years after the formation of the Parish of Boucherville, placed under the patronage of the Holy Family. Hitherto the sanctuary adjacent to the manor had been presided over by missionaries. The first baptism recorded in the chapel register, (that of a young Algonquin), is signed by the illustrious explorer, Father James Marquette, whose statue adorns the United States' capitol at Washington. The names of the godfather and godmother, Ignace and Marie, a son and daughter of M. Boucher, appear beside his signature. On the spot where this chapel stood, a cross, bearing the following inscription, has been raised:

ON THIS SITE
PIERRE BOUCHER
BUILT THE FIRST CHAPEL
1668

FATHER MARQUETTE
S. J.
PRESIDED AT THE FIRST BAPTISM.

THE VENERABLE...
SISTER BOURGEOIS
FOUNDED THE FIRST SCHOOL.

ON THE 24TH AUGUST, 1879,
MONSEIGNEUR TACHE
ARCH. OF ST. BONIFACE
BLESSED THIS MONUMENT
ON THE PROPERTY OF
JOSEPH BOUCHER
DE LA BROQUERIE

The wooden church built in 1670, was replaced in 1712 by one of stone; the size of this latter subsequently proving inadequate, a third church was constructed in 1810.

On the 20th June, 1843, a disastrous fire swept the village, destroying the church, the chapel of the congregation built in 1831, the convent, the school, and one hundred and forty three dwellings and out-houses, thus leaving many families shelterless. The present church rests on the foundation of that built in 1810.



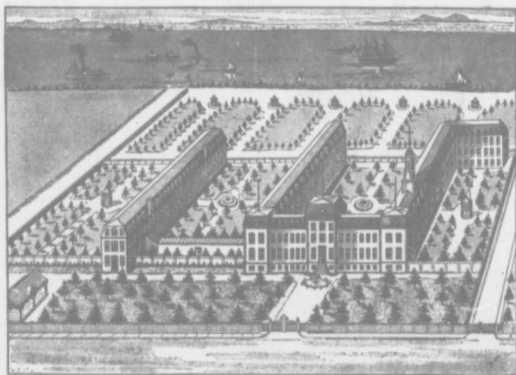
St. Francis of Assisi's Church, Longue-Pointe.

Boucherville is proud to number among its sons Sir Louis Hypolite Lafontaine, the great Canadian patriot, M. Antoine Girouard, the founder of the Colloge of St-Hyacinthe, whose statue faces the church of Boucherville, and Monseigneur Alexandre

Antonin Taché, the illustrious apostle of the North West.

The old manor, whose roof had sheltered the Jesuit Marquette, was presented some years ago to the Jesuit Fathers by Mgr. Taché. For a century it had borne the name of Chateau Sabrevois, but its present proprietors, as a token of gratitude to their generous benefactor, renamed it Villa de la Broquerie.

The extremities of this group of Boucherville Islands are almost clasped by two small promontories of the Island of Montreal. On one of these stands the Village of LONGUE-POINTE, its name descriptive of its situation. This village contains two remarkable charitable institutions, the more important, "L'Asile Saint-Jean de Dieu" is under the charge of the Sisters of Providence, and is devoted to the care of the insane. Few institu-



St. Benedict-Joseph's Asylum
Private Asylum for the Insane, Epileptics, etc. Longue-Pointe.

tions of its kind can be compared with it. The other, an older establishment, overlooks the river, and is dedicated to the treatment of the insane, epileptics and inebriates, it is rather a private asylum. It is under the control of the Brothers of Charity, and bears the name of St. Benedict Joseph's Asylum.

Longue Pointe was formed into a parish in 1724, and placed under the patronage of St. Francis of Assisi. The church now standing dates from that year, but the interior has been renovated since the fire of June 10, 1893.

To Longue Pointe we owe the inception of the Montreal College, whose vast buildings occupy so commanding a site on Mount Royal.

* * *



Church of the Holy Child Jesus.—Pointe-aux-Trembles.

On the other promontory, a short distance from the extremity of the Island of Montreal, there formerly stood a grove of aspens, which were long since destroyed by the ice and spring floods. The parish, however, still retains the name of **POINTE-AUX-TREMBLES** (Aspen Point). It has existed since 1705, under the patronage of the Infant Jesus. The chapel built at that time was, in 1705, replaced by the present church, which, however, has been restored since 1869.

Pointe-aux-Trembles was no more exempt than neighbor-

ing parishes from invasions of the Iroquois, and in 1690 and 1691 several of its inhabitants fell victims to these ruthless savages.

The Sanctuary of the Reparation built some years ago near the river front on the outskirts of a grove of maples is likely to make Pointe-aux-Trembles a celebrated resort of Pilgrims.

The channel which approaches the North shore at Longue-Pointe makes a bend at Pointe-aux-Trembles to pass to the South of a group of islands extending beyond the mouth of Rivière aux Prairies. The largest of these islands is called Isle Sainte-Thérèse. There Charles Le-Moyne was made prisoner by the Indians in July, 1665. Having imprudently surrendered himself to the pleasures of the chase, he was surprised by a band of Iroquois and led captive into their country. Despite the protests of the elders of the Tribe, his captors, won by his noble bearing and great qualities, forebore to torture or burn him, as was their wont, and in the autumn restored him in safety to his friends.

* * *



St. Ann's Church.—Varennes.

On the South side of the river, nearly opposite Isle Ste. Thérèse stands the pretty village of VARENNES, its church, dedicated to Ste. Anne, being one of the most beautiful on the banks of the St. Lawrence. Begun in 1884 it was blessed three years later by Monseigneur Fabre.

The fief of Varennes was granted on the 29th October, 1672,



WITHOUT MERCY—by Philippe Hébert.

to the Sieur de Varennes. For a long time divine service was celebrated in the seigneurial residence; then, successively, in two wooden chapels. These gave place in 1718 to a stone church, which in turn was replaced by that we now admire.

Varennes was one of the military colonies founded under Talon by seigneurial grants made to the officers of the regiment of Carignan-Sallieres, the holders being chosen from men in their respective companies. These large proprietors were first compelled to build on, and fortify their possessions. Their residences, though usually very modest, bore the pretentious appellation of forts. Excepting that of Longeuil, these forts were much alike, and have been described by the historian Charlevoix as follows. "These forts were large enclosures surrounded by palisades and redoubts. The church and the seigneurial residence were within the palisades, and the fort was sufficiently large to safeguard the women, children and animals in case of attack. One or two sentinels mounted guard day and night, and, with the aid of a few pieces of cannon, were able to overawe the Indians, warn the colonists to be on guard, and call them to the aid of the fort."

We append hereto an extract from the *Premières Saisons* of the Poet Fréchette, to which we add a rough translation.

Ce fut un temps bien rude et plein d'âpres angoisses,
Que les commencements de ces belles paroisses
Qu'on voit s'échelonner aujourd'hui sur nos bords.
Quand, du haut du vaisseau qui s'ancre dans nos ports,
Le voyageur charmé se pâme et s'extase
Au spectacle féérique et plein de poésie
Qui de tous les côtés frappe ses yeux surpris,
Il est loin, oui, bien loin de se douter du prix
Que ces bourgs populeux, ces campagnes prospères
Et leur riches moissons coûtèrent à nos pères!
Chez nous, chaque buisson pourrait dire au passant:
Ces sillons ont moins bu de sueurs que de sang.
Par quel enchaînement de luttes, de souffrance,
Nos aïeux ont conquis ce sol vierge à la France,
En y fondant son culte immortel désormais,
La France même hélas! ne le saura jamais!



WITHOUT MERCY—by Philippe Hébert.

Quels jours ensanglantés! quelle époque tragique!
Ah! ce fut une race à la trempe énergique
Que les premiers colons de ce pays naissant.
Ils vivaient sous le coup d'un qui-vive incessant:
Toujours quelque surprise, embûche, assaut, batailles!
Quelque ennemi farouche émergeant des broussailles!
Habitants égorgés, villages aux abois,
Prisonniers tout sanglants entraînés dans les bois!....

Les femmes, les enfants veillaient à tour de rôle,
Tandis que le mari, le fusil sur l'épaule,
Au pas ferme et nerveux de son cheval normand,
Semeur de l'avenir, enfonçait hardiment
Dans ce sol primitif le soc de sa charrue.
Et si, l'été suivant, l'herbe poussait plus drue
Dans quelque coin du pré, l'on jugeait du regard
Qu'un cadavre iroquois dormait là quelque part.

On gazing entranced at the fairy-like scenes and picturesque villages past which his bark carries him, the traveller is little prone to reflect on the many tribulations endured by the pioneers of this beautiful land. Each bush might say to the passer-by, "The furrows have been won less by toil than by the patriot's blood." France herself indeed will never realize by what repeated struggles and bravely endured hardships, this virgin soil was won for her, and her immortal religion therein established. What a sanguinary and tragic epoch was this! These early colonists were truly a hardy race, living as they did perpetually on the alert for some surprise, ambush, assault or battle, expecting a savage foe lurking behind each bush: their villages often reduced to the last extremity, the inhabitants murdered or dragged captives into the woods. The women and children awakened to the roll call, whilst their armed husbands, sowers of the future, sturdily planted the plough-share in this virgin soil. If, in the following spring, the grass grew more thickly in some corner of the meadow, the inference was that an Iroquois corps was somewhere beneath.

We now double Cap St. Michel, on the South shore, a promontory of the domain ceded to Monsieur de Saint-Michel on the 3rd November, 1672. At our left lie DeLorier, Bellegarde and Hartello Islands. Facing Cap St. Michel, on the opposite side of the river, is Bout de l'Ile of Montreal, where the Rivière des Prairies discharges its waters into the St. Lawrence. This river was named after a young Frenchman, who was either drowned in its waters, or, according to some accounts, lost in the neighborhood. For some time the Ottawa bore his name;

it has only been retained by that part of the river by which the Outaouais descended to Montreal.

* * *

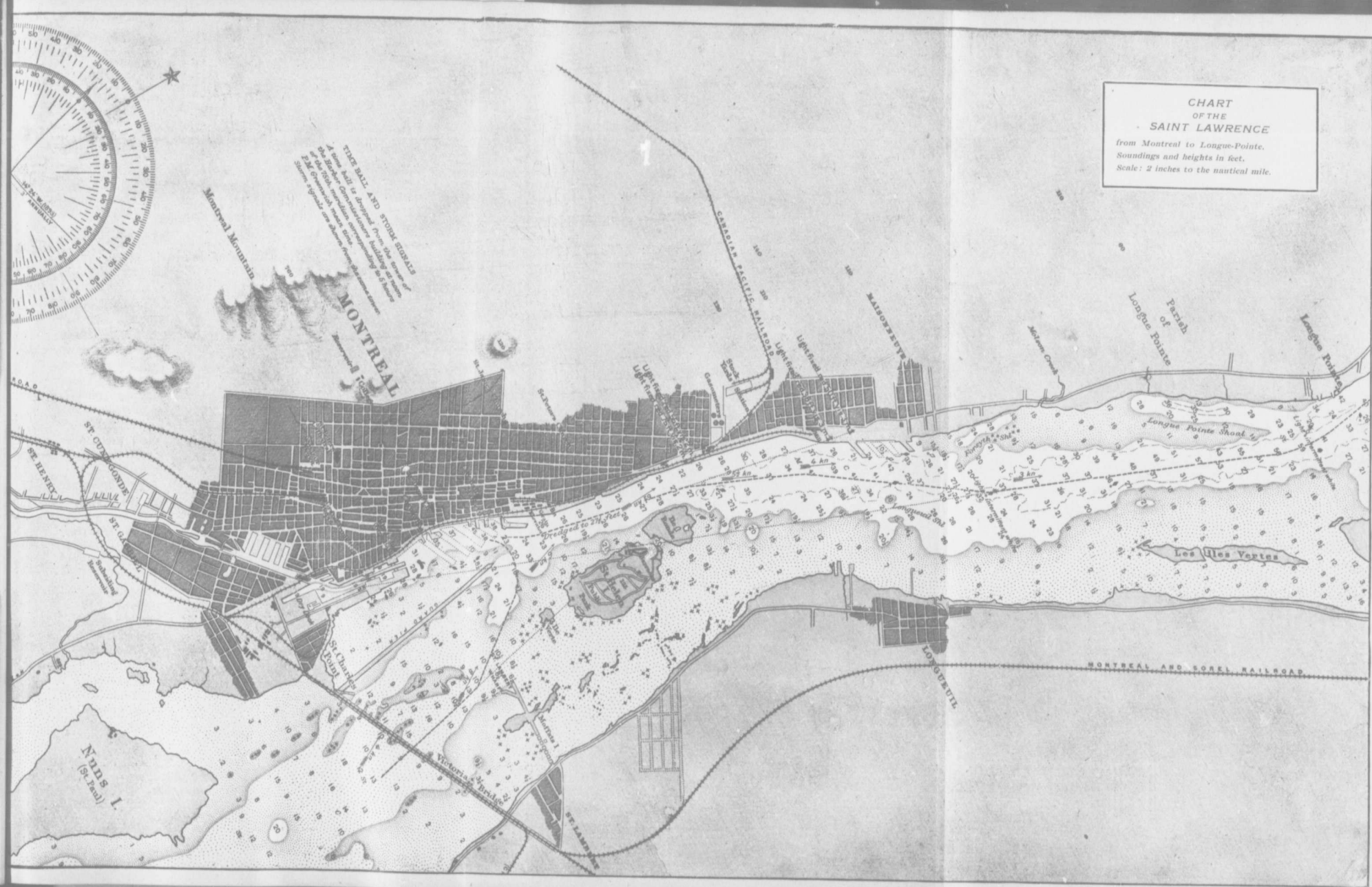
A little below the mouth of Rivière des Prairies stands the Parish of REPENTIGNY, founded in 1679, and dedicated to the Purification of the Blessed Virgin Mary. Repentigny owes its name to the nobleman to whom this fief was ceded. The parish registers having been burned, but little is known of the history of this village. The account, however, of a certain severe lesson given to the Iroquois, has been carefully preserved. In 1691 a numerous band of these savages, scattered around Repentigny and the Islands of Lake St. Peter, had wrought much havoc, practically with impunity, as a scarcity of supplies had prevented the militia from taking the field. Having sought provisions from house to house, Monsieur de Vaudreuil, with a hundred followers, started out to meet the foe. A number of Iroquois had taken possession of a house in Repentigny, whose inmates had fled. On the 7th June, the French, cautiously approaching, discovered fifteen of these savages asleep on the grass. Ere they could recover consciousness, they were all put to death, and the house was then fired. Three or four wounded Iroquois sought refuge in the wood, where, probably, they also perished. The French lost eight men, chiefly through their own haste and imprudence. The most deeply felt loss was that of François LeMoyne, Sieur de Bienville, fifth son of Charles LeMoyne. In the heat of combat he rashly approached a window and looked into the interior of the house, where the enemy were stationed. He was instantly shot.

The family of Repentigny might be cited as an example of how prolific are the French nation when transplanted to the banks of the St. Lawrence. Pierre le Gardeur, Seigneur of Repentigny, buried at Montreal on the 19th November, 1736, was the eldest of twenty-one children, eighteen sons and three daughters, issue of the marriage of Jean Baptiste Le Gardeur de Repentigny and Marguerite Nicolet.

The church now standing was rebuilt in 1850.



CHART
OF THE
SAINT LAWRENCE
from Montreal to Longue-Pointe.
Soundings and heights in feet.
Scale: 2 inches to the nautical mile.



Opposite Repentigny is a small island called Ile à la Bague (Ring Island). On the other side of the River lie the Bouchard Islands, almost five miles long by half a mile wide. One of these is called Ile Bouchard, and the second in importance Ile Marie, in honor of the heroine of Verchères.

* * *

On the South Bank, nearly opposite this Group (also called Iles de VERCHÈRES) stands the Village bearing that name. On the 29th October 1672, the Seigneurie of Verchères was ceded to the Sieur de Verchères, an officer in the regiment of Carignan-Sallières. That he might not be more exposed than his neighbors to the depredations of the Iroquois, he took the usual precaution of fortifying his possessions. The fort of Verchères has been rendered



Church of the Purification of the Blessed Virgin—Repentigny.

famous by the heroism of a child of twelve, Marie Madeleine, called Mam'zelle Madelon. One day, during the absence of her father, she held at bay a band of Iroquois, who for three days had not relaxed in their efforts to scale the palisades. All who attempted the feat were laid low by the unerring musket shots of this young Amazon. Two years later, on the 22nd October, 1692, she was surprised by fifty Iroquois when at a distance of



An Iroquois watching the Colonists by Philippe Hébert.

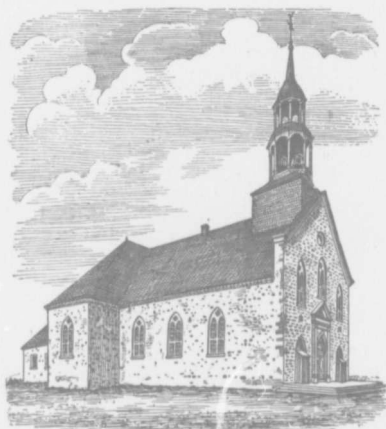
several acres from the fort. Though pursued by the balls of the savages, she gained its shelter unscathed. Her father being absent on a mission in Quebec, and her mother in Montreal, there remained in the fort but a few frenzied women, (their husbands who had been clearing the land having fallen a prey to the Indians) two timid soldiers, an old man of eighty and the two young brothers of Melle de Verchères. With these last five she arranged a plan of defence, and held the fort against the Iroquois for eight days. On the arrival, from Montreal, of a relief party of forty under Monsieur de la Monnerie, they took to flight.

Several years later this young and warlike guardian of the fort saved the life of Pierre Thomas Tardieu de La Naudière, Sieur de la Pérade and Seigneur de la Rivière Sainte Anne. While walking on the banks of the Richelieu or of St. Anne River (the exact location is unknown) she beheld him surrounded by a swarm of savage assailants. Heeding only the



St. Francis Xavier's Church, Verchères.

promptings of her own intrepid spirit, she collected a few men, hastened to his aid, and succeeded in wresting him from the hands of his foes. Her dauntless courage won the heart of Monsieur de La Naudière, who was but twenty-nine years old, and he asked her hand in marriage. In 1706 they were married and twice again, as we shall see later, she was destined to rescue him from death.



Church of St. Sulpice.

Verchères became a parish in 1722; two years later the first church was built. This was burned in 1818, and the following year witnessed the construction of the present church, restored in 1894.

* * *

On the opposite bank, a little lower than Verchères, we perceive SAINT-SULPICE, a fief of MM. Cherrier and Le Royer, who obtained it on the 17th December, 1640. Later,

this property was ceded to the Gentlemen of the Seminary of Saint Sulpice, Montreal, who erected a church in 1706, and were the parish priests until 1776. This first church served for twenty-four years, and then was replaced by the present edifice.

At the extremity of the Bouchard Islands, the channel curves toward the North Bank of the River. At our right is a number of small islands with such bizarre names as Ile aux Veaux, Ile aux rats, etc. Beyond Hurteau Island lies the village of Contrecoeur, from which we are imperceptibly receding.

CONTRECOEUR, one of the twelve grants made to officers of the regiment of Carignan, was, in October, 1672, ceded to François Antoine de Pécaudy, Sieur de Contrecoeur. He had married at Quebec, in 1667, Mademoiselle Barbe Denys de la Trinité, and in her honor the parish was dedicated to the Most Holy Trinity. A larger edifice was substituted for the wooden chapel in 1711. The present church, consecrated by Monseigneur Bourget, on the 23rd October, 1867, replaced a third, built in 1817, and destroyed by the fire of July 23rd 1863.

* * *

Our boat now approaches LAVALTRIE on the North bank of the River. Facing the village are two islands bearing the same name. Islands and village form part of the domain granted in 1672 and 1734 to Sieur Marganne de la Valtrie. The parish, founded in 1732 under the patronage of St. Anthony, at first possessed but a small chapel, which later was replaced by a church built on the river front. The rise of the waters



Church of the Holy Trinity, Contrecoeur.

having gradually encroached on the intervening land, the erection of a new church on a surer foundation had to be considered. In 1869 the beautiful edifice we now admire arose as though by magic. It was restored in 1887.



St. Anthony of Padua's Church, Lavaltrie

At Lavaltrie the river broadens considerably, attaining a width of nearly two miles. The channel here forks, and one can pass on one side or the other of a fairly large island called Ile Saint-Ours, which lies some miles below the Village we are leaving in our wake. This island derives its name from the Seigneurie of Saint Ours, to which it was joined on the 25th April, 1674, by the Comte de Frontenac. The Seigneurie itself, granted a year and a half earlier to the Sieur de Saint-Ours by the

Intendant Talon, faces the Island and extends from the St. Lawrence to the Richelieu on whose banks rises the flourishing village of Saint-Ours.

The island has created two narrow water courses, in which are engulfed the large volume of water flowing past Lavaltrie.

Below the Island the river narrows, the banks being but three quarters of a mile apart when the channel reunites at Lanoraie. A little lower it is but half a mile wide, but, as it contracts, it deepens proportionately, and in this narrow passage attains a depth of forty feet.

* * *

The Village of LANORAIE is also situated on the North Bank of the St. Lawrence. The Parish, dedicated to St. Joseph, was formed either in 1737 or 1742, the exact date is uncertain. An agreement concerning pew rent signed by Father P. B. Resche, a Franciscan, parish priest between these dates, proves that Lanoraie possessed a church at that time. Its site is said to be now submerged, the ice and spring floods having caused many landslips. The present



St. Joseph's Church, Lanoraie.

church, consecrated by Monseigneur Bourget on the 26th October, 1864, replaced another built from 1742 to 1747. It has become a shrine for pilgrims since the occurrence of a certain event, now considered miraculous. At five o'clock one morning in June, 1881, the sacristan, on opening the church, discovered the altar in flames that apparently threatened to mount from

the wainscotting of the choir to the roof. Witnesses deposed that these flames were not of the usual color. They surrounded, without touching, the statue of the Sacred Heart above the altar. On the fire being extinguished the only damage discovered was a slight blackening of the pedestal of the statue. Since that time this image of the Sacred Heart has been an object of particular devotion. By virtue of a special authorization from Leo XIII, it was crowned and carried in procession through the streets of the village by Monseigneur Fabre on the 24th July, 1882.

Lanoraie forms part of the domains of LaNoraye and Deutr , the former granted in April, 1686, to Sieur de la Noraye, and the latter to Sieur Jean Bourdon on December 1st, 1637, and on April 16th, 1647. These two domains later passed into the hands of the Honorable Ross Cuthbert.

Nearly four miles lower, the river enlarging, forms Lake St. Peter. The upper part of this lake is dotted by a group of islands, to which we shall return later.

* * *

For the present, leaving them at our left, our boat directs its course southward toward SOREL, which is built on the Northern headland formed by the mouth of the Richelieu. After the discovery of Canada, this spot was much frequented by the French, as well as by the Indians. There Jacques Cartier, when on his second voyage, left his vessel, the Emerillon, and ascended the stream in barks to Hochelaga. Champlain also passed that way in 1609, and again the year following with his allies the Hurons and Algonquins, their purpose being to ascend the Riv re aux Iroquois (now the Richelieu), and carry the war into the homes of these savages, who henceforth were the Frenchmen's implacable foe. Here Desprairies, in 1610, Desch nes, in 1620, and Pontgrav  in 1628, bartered furs with the Indians, but they were exceptions, the spot being deemed too unsafe for purposes of trade.

The Riv re aux Iroquois was the road over which these savages passed, ere dispersing throughout the Colony and perpetrating such outrages as those already related.

On their return, their artists were accustomed to depict on the tree trunks of the promontory and its environs likenesses, often sufficiently striking, of their prisoners and the victims whose scalps they had brought back. In 1637, Father Paul Lejeune found at the mouth of Rivière des Iroquois a board which had served as the transverse beam of a cross raised in the preceding year by M. Duplessis; on this the savages had painted the heads of thirty Hurons. In 1642, when engaged under Monsieur de Montmagny in the construction of Fort Richelieu, the French discovered on a tree trunk the likeness of poor Father Isaac Jogues, who, with his companions, had been captured a short time before among the islands of the lake.

This fort, which stood on the present site of Sorel, was built in the vain hope of checking the depredations of the Iroquois. Its small garrison was in turn commanded by Messrs. de Chamblou, de Semeterre and Jacques Babelin, dit Lacrapaudière, to enumerate whose many skirmishes with their savage foe would occupy more space than that at our command. This stronghold was perforce abandoned in November, 1646, and in the following March was razed by the Indians. In 1665 Monsieur de Tracy sent four companies of the Regiment of Carignan-Salière (recently arrived from France) to rebuild the fort, which was renamed in honor of the engineer, Monsieur de Sorel.

Here Murray in his progress to Montreal in the Spring of 1760 encountered the first serious obstacle placed in his path. A long chain, extending between redoubts built on two small islands, completely barred his passage. Under the direction of the village priest trenches had been dug around the church, occupying the present site of the Richelieu & Ontario Company's quays. Only after two hours severe labor was the chain raised. Lord Rollo, who had landed, intending to take possession of the fort, was compelled to abandon the enterprise, and reembarked after having wantonly burned several dwellings.

About 1785, Loyalists from the United States, who desired to continue under British rule, founded, with certain disbanded soldiers, the present Town of Sorel, which they named William Henry. The Canadians who settled among them, gradually, by

the force of their natural expansion (as in the Eastern Townships and in Eastern Ontario), became the predominant party. To-day they form the majority of the population, and the Town has long since regained its French name. The Protestants,

however, retain their stone church.



St. Peter's Church, Sorel.

Despite its commanding site, at the mouth of a river communicating with New York, Sorel would have but little importance, had not the Richelieu & Ontario Company there established their winter quarters and work-yards.

The Seigneurie of Sorel was granted to Sorel, Sieur de Saurel, on the 29th October, 1672, and was purchased by Sir Frederick Haldimand for Government purposes in 1781. Long after the cession of the Country, the English authorities continued to maintain a barracks, with its magazines,

hospital and hut for the accommodation of wounded soldiers.

The present church, dedicated to St. Peter, though commenced in 1827, was not opened to the faithful until 1835. It is of masonry, covered with cement. According to the legend, the

devil himself assisted in its construction. Truly a strange occupation for his satanic majesty, but not the only one of that nature in which he has been engaged since his pride hurled him from High Heaven. The story runs that, under the semblance of a small white horse, he was used by the Abbé Kelly, V. G., to draw to the church, stone, which had already been brought by water from Berthier. The driver had been warned not to allow the animal to drink from the stream near which he stood whilst the cart was being loaded. One day, when happily the task was near accomplishment, the man, moved by the efforts of the little horse to quench his thirst, removed the bridle. Scarcely, however, had the animal's lips touched the water than he vanished.

* * *

Facing Sorel, on the St. Lawrence, lies Ile St. Ignace, so named by Father Lejeune in honor of the founder of his Order. Behind this island lies ILE DUPAS, bearing, as do many other islands of the St. Lawrence, the name of its first patentee, Sieur Dupas, to whom it was granted in 1672. It is the largest of this group, generally designated Iles de Sorel; the other islands are little more than prairies or pastures, but it possesses a church and several flourishing institutions. With its church a legend is linked, which Monsieur Chauveau has preserved for us, and we here give a free translation which reads thus:

During his vacation, whilst returning from a party at M. Gaisson's, where I fear they had imbibed a little too freely, he heard the noise of a madly clanging bell. "This must be some ceremony," said he. I wager he had not diluted his wine with water, or perhaps some holy soul had, as a reproach to hardened sinners, made audible this knell. I incline to the former surmise, for, alas! I had great need of such a warning.

The church standing at a turn of the road appeared a mass of flame from foundation to vaulted roof. Rapidly reciting Ave Marias, and so regulating his pace that, on reaching the last gloria of the chaplet, he gained the great portal, which lay wide open as on Sundays in fine weather. Entering, he beheld no flame, save that proceeding from six large wax tapers arranged on the altar as for some ceremony. "By my faith, my boy," he has oftentimes said to me, "I shook from head to foot, not knowing but that it was my funeral service that was to be chanted." He would willingly have retraced his steps, but, without warning, the church door closed with a crash. His blood seemed to freeze within his veins as, arming himself for the worst,

GUIDE ALONG THE ST. LAWRENCE

he awaited events. The clock within the sacristy had solemnly tolled the hour of twelve, when, from the choir, he beheld a headless priest advance. "I was in the Seigneur's pew," my uncle always explains, "and could see that in place of a face there was a light, gray cloud, as of trace of smoke or incense." This strange, unknown priest was robed in a beautiful violet chasuble, such, indeed, as has rarely adorned a headless body. Having placed the chalice on the altar and opened his missal, he descended toward my uncle, and signed to him, saying, "Introibo ad altare Dei." The latter, however, moved not, and, finding his summons unheeded, the priest departed with the benign air of one both accustomed and resigned to rebuffs.

My uncle, who had been a pupil of the little seminary, well knew the responses of the Ordinary of the Mass. He was, therefore, angered with himself for having played so cowardly and disobliging a role. "I must endeavor to repair this," he forthwith resolved, "I will return to-morrow. In the meantime, however, I must find the quickest way out. I have it! From the window in the old sacristy I might perhaps reach the ground; the door behind the altar leading to it is still open. Perhaps, also, I may meet the unfortunate priest who fled through it, and come to an understanding with him. I have nothing to fear from this poor man! If one were obliged to quarrel with all who had lost their heads, things would surely be at a desperate pass. He darted away, but the door at the end of the passage was closed, and he found he must resign himself to remaining in the church until day.

The tapers were one by one extinguished, and wierd, ghostlike reflections, cast by the dying lamp, began to wander over the gray walls. The more he peirced the deep obscurity, the more menacing appeared the surrounding objects. In her frame at the farther end of the chapel, the Virgin, all heavenly beautiful and smiling by day, now wore an air of severity; the armed martyrs, glancing forbiddingly forth from their niches, for the most part presented a truly sinister front, and even the rosy, golden haired cherubim usually so sweet, had a mischievous look. The beautiful roof, its blue spangled with golden stars (the richest I ween in all our counties) was now, like a pall, of the deepest black. Above all, the most appalling sight was the ancient ship, that, suspended from the roof, cast its shadows around. These assumed the appearance of frightful objects, such as hideous, long-armed spiders, skeletons hanging from gibbets, in fact everything horrible the imagination could picture. He could hear within the church the patter of a mouse.

Then my uncle tremblingly approached the Holy Table, and poured forth heartfelt prayers for himself and for us, for the headless priest and all holy souls in purgatory, for his relations, for all good Christians, learned and unlearned, for men in all callings, even the basest, inventing, I doubt not, a thousand devotions, and fervidly vowing to become a priest and worse still, a Jesuit. So he prayed on, for himself and for all, and might, I verily believe, be kneeling there still, had not a deep sleep surprised him just before dawn. He was aghast on hearing the words, "Introibo ad altare Dei,"

greet his awakening, "but his fears quickly sped, on perceiving 'twas the voice of no headless priest, but of him whose head thought for all the parish, the curé, in fact of our day. After devoutly hearing Mass, my uncle sought him out, and within the confessional revealed all he had seen. "Tis well, my child. We must assist this suffering soul. The good God permits it. I myself would do it, had he not had recourse to your charity. I will however, be near at hand to aid you, should this prove a stratagem of the spirit of evil."

That night my uncle was brought into the church by the beadle, and ere midnight had resumed his solitary vigil. He could hear the curé, as he paced within the vestry, rapidly reciting his breviary. When the hour had come, he beheld a glimmer pass before the altar, then one of the tapers flamed up and then another.

"One may become inured to anything, and this time," said he, "I was far less afraid. Without much dismay I heard the twelve strokes sounded, and beheld the headless priest slowly enter, and again, though more timidly, sign to me to advance into the choir. As I took my place near him, the tapers seemed to burn with a brighter flame. His manner at first was confused, but soon his trembling and cavernous voice gained strength and the verses came at shorter intervals. As he took courage I too overcame my fears, delivering my responses firmly, and not shrinking when, in serving the cruets, my hands approached his."

"Then, of a sudden, the church seemed transformed, and from all its parts shone lighted tapers. The happily smiling Virgin bent graciously toward us from her frame: the little cherubim warbled merrily, and the great saints looking benignly forth on us, seemed to be conversing in a beautiful, unknown language. The vaulted roof had become transparent, and seemed rising toward the empyrean, whilst the walls, like those of the Heavenly City, became incrustated with agate, porphyry and opal. The organ pealed forth harmonies, and, at the Sanctus, sweet symphonies were heard from on high. Delicious incense, like that used at great ceremonies, was wafted I know not whence. The priest had become more agile, and his voice sonorous. At the word "Veritatis" in the last Gospel, he turned toward me, and I beheld a radiant countenance. "My child," said he, "I thank thee for thy courage. The good God will know how to reward thy faith. I now ascend to Paradise. To atone for the fault of having been thoughtless and distracted at the altar, I have, for fifty years, awaited a servitor, who, by praying with me, would thus open Heaven to me."

My uncle is unable to narrate the conclusion of this mystery. He was found by the curé in ecstasy in the middle of the choir, and for a number of days after remained delirious. Having, without interruption, finished his breviary, the curé had perplexedly gone to the aid of the poor young man, when, perceiving no signs or wonders within the church, he at first concluded that the miracle lay within the scholar's brain, but later, on learning more of the affair, vouched for its authenticity, as does my uncle, and I, too, in my turn.

Ile au Castor lies between Ile Dupas and the Northern bank of the River, and here stands picturesque little Berthierville, built on the domain ceded in 1674 to M. Berthier.

In our onward course we now pass Iles de l'Ours, de l'Aigle, de Grâce, aux Corbeaux and à la Pierre, lying at our left, and Iles du Bateau, du Moine and aux Raisins at our left, without reckoning numerous smaller islands, among which, however, we must not forget Ile Plate, one of the most interesting in the Lake, and rendered celebrated by the death of Father Anne de Nouë. Despite his sixty-three years, this devoted priest, accompanied by a Huron and two Frenchmen, left Three Rivers at the end of January, 1645, to give a mission to the soldiers quartered for the winter at Fort Richelieu. Retarded by the two young Frenchmen, who were new to the Country and unaccustomed to the use of snow-shoes, they made but six leagues the first day, being less than half the distance to be travelled. They lay down for the night in a cavity hollowed in the snow. Two hours after midnight, however, Father Nouë quitted his companions, intending to push on to the Fort, and thence send aid to the two soldiers. At first the moon shone brilliantly, but its light soon became obscured, and the Father was envelopped in whirls of snow that hid the heavens and effaced all landmarks. On reaching the Fort his companions wondered at not finding him. Messengers vainly scoured the country. Finally, however, a soldier named Caron, aided by two Hurons, discovered on Ile Plate the frozen body of the Missionary. He was kneeling near a hole he had been digging with his snow-shoes and his hands, crossed on his breast, testified that he had been praying when death mercifully ended his sufferings. The French soldier, on approaching the Father, and thus beholding him even in death in the calm attitude of prayer, his sightless eyes turned heavenward, fell prostrate on the snow, overwhelmed with awe and admiration. The remains of the brave Missionary were brought to Three Rivers and interred in the public cemetery. Père de Nouë was of noble birth, the difficulty of saving his soul at Court having determined him to enter the Society of Jesus.

The Islands of Lake St. Peter offered an excellent retreat to

the Iroquois, and there they frequently concealed themselves or formed ambuscades. Thus on the 4th August, 1642, they surprised twelve canoe loads of Hurons, in whose company were Père Jogues, Guillaume Cousture, an interpreter, and René Goupil, a young surgeon who intended to exercise his art among the Christians. They numbered in all forty-eight souls. A discharge of arquebuses forced the canoes to the shore, which had hardly been touched, when the majority of the Hurons sought refuge in the wood. A few only stood their ground, and, sustained by the French, valiantly defended themselves. Finally, however, overwhelmed by numbers, they fled, abandoning to the Iroquois René Goupil and several Hurons. Father Jogues might have followed their example, but he would not forsake the prisoners. The chief Eustache Ahatsistari and other Hurons were subsequently brought back to swell the number of captives. The last to return was Guillaume Cousture. Young and agile, he had plunged into the woods, and quickly left his enemies behind him, but, perceiving that Father Jogues had not followed him, he returned to share his captivity. Elated by their victory, the Indians immediately commenced to torture the prisoners, and Cousture, who in the melee had killed one of their chiefs, was the chief victim. They cut off his nails, crushed his fingers with their teeth and passed a sword across his hand. He bore his sufferings calmly and indifferently. The Iroquois commenced their homeward journey, loaded with booty, and each evening amused themselves after the day's fatigues by torturing their prisoners, the majority of whom were killed after long and horrible sufferings. Père Jogues for nearly a year endured agonies which often brought him near to death. He at length escaped, and returned to France. The year 1646 found him again in the New World, where he met his end at the hands of these very Iroquois.

While no longer Indian strongholds, these Isles of Sorel are still condemned to witness many an act of cruel slaughter. Though our latter day savages do not bid their guests to such fell repasts as that offered Major Schnyler in 1693, wherein the soup contained a hand, yet they ask them with pride to partake of feasts composed of their victims, the innocent snipe, plover

or wild duck. This vast sheet of shallow water, wherein large fields of rushes and other aquatic plants flourish during the summer and autumn, and these islands in which every variety of wild fruit abounds, should be a veritable Eden to the winged race. Harassed unceasingly, however, these natives of the Iles of Lake St. Peter are gradually dispersing, and the Nimrods of to-day are fortunate if, after several days effort, they secure a dozen or two of birds, though the sportsmen of forty or fifty years ago returned laden with hundreds.

* * *

Whilst reviewing the events that go to make their history, our boat, having passed the Sorel Iles, has brought us near the middle of the lake. Lake St. Peter (twenty-five miles long by nine in width) owes its present name to Champlain, the seamen of Jacques Cartier having called it Lac d'Angoulême. Its general shallowness has necessitated the construction of an artificial channel to permit the ascent to Montreal of transatlantic vessels. In 1844 an attempt was made to build one in a straight line from the outlet formed between the islands and the mainland of Sorel, but this proved impracticable, it being found necessary to follow the natural direction of the current, which, in that part of the Lake, curves considerably toward the North. The channel still in process of construction has already attained a depth of thirty-eight feet.

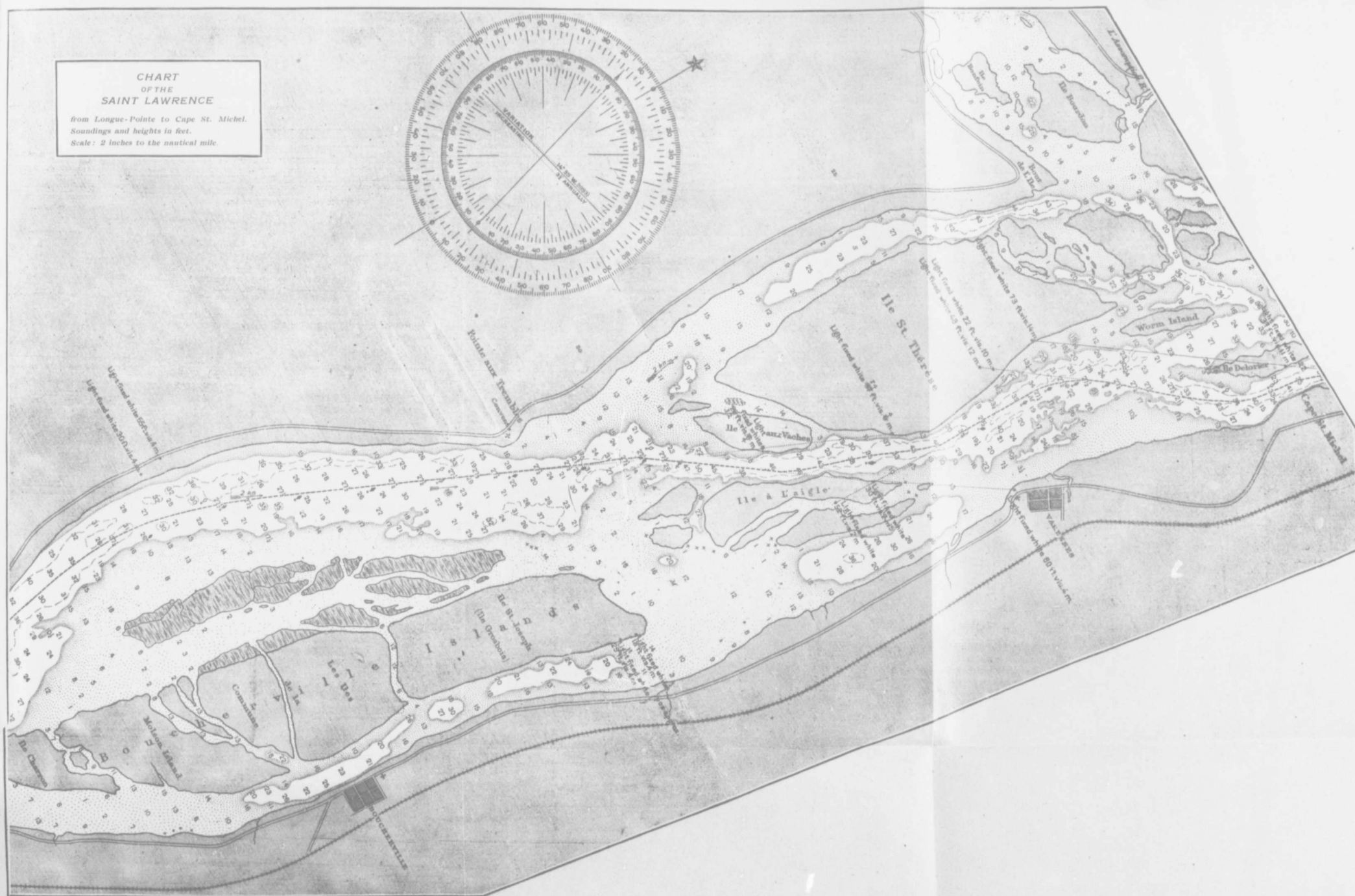
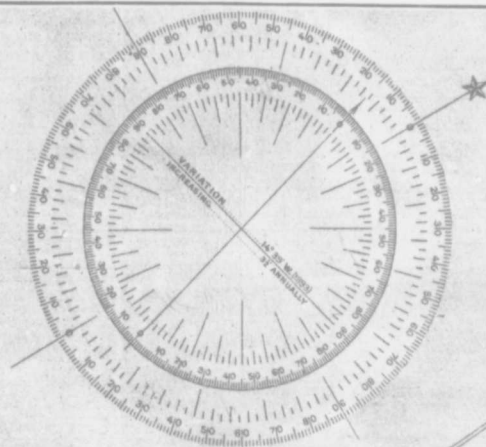
Three rivers of some importance, Rivière Maskinongé, Rivière du Loup and Rivière Machiche (designated on our chart as Rivière Anglaise) flow into Lake St. Peter on the North. Near the mouth of each of these rivers are villages or small towns bearing the same name, excepting the ancient village of Rivière du Loup, which, since its rise in rank, has been called LOUISEVILLE.

St. Francis river flows into the Lake at its South West extremity, and near the middle of a rather long island extending for some distance up the river stands the village of ST. FRANÇOIS DU LAC, an ancient borough of the Abenakis.

On the same side of the lake, but at the other extremity, Ile

CHART
OF THE
SAINT LAWRENCE

from Longue-Pointe to Cape St. Michel.
Soundings and heights in feet.
Scale: 2 inches to the nautical mile.



Moran forms a delta at the mouth of Rivière Nicolet. Opposite the inner angle of this delta, on the right bank of the River, lies the picturesque village bearing the same name.

* * *

NICOLET is chiefly remarkable for its religious and educational institutions. Its college, one of the oldest and finest in the Province of Quebec, was founded in 1803. The original building, restored and enlarged, is now a commercial academy under the direction of the Christian Brothers. The present college (erected 1827-1831), was enlarged on the celebration of its centenary in 1903. Over five thousand scholars owe their education to this establishment, among whom may be numbered nine bishops, eight hundred priests and many who have attained eminence in various professions. Nicolet also possesses a beautiful convent, presided over by the Sisters of the Assumption of the Virgin Mary, a community founded in Canada in 1853. This convent is the Mother House of the Order.

Nicolet became a bishopric in 1885, and now has a fine cathedral and imposing episcopal palace. This cathedral is the sixth church erected at Nicolet. The two first were built on the island. The third, which occupied the site of the episcopal palace, was interiorly adorned with woodwork taken from the ancient church of Notre Dame in Montreal. The fourth was never completed, its foundations having proved unsound; it nevertheless served as the first cathedral. The fifth, intended as the new cathedral, and built near the present edifice, collapsed in 1899, ere being opened to the public.

Rivière Nicolet is so named in memory of the great interpreter and explorer, Jean Nicolet. Champlain had called it Rivière Du Pont in honor of his friend, Pont Gravé, which name, however, it apparently did not long retain.

* * *

At the North Eastern extremity of the lake, as a pendant to Nicolet, stands the village appropriately designated **POINTE DU**

LAC. On this promontory, which is becoming a popular resort, stone utensils fashioned by the Algonquin have been discovered. The first parish church, dedicated to the Visitation of the Blessed Virgin Mary, was blessed in 1739. Like the great number of old Canadian parishes, it was presided over in early



Church of the Visitation, Pointe-du-Lac.

times by the Recollet Fathers, its curé, from the years 1806 to 1817 being the holy and eloquent Abbé Jacques Ladislas Joseph de Calonne, brother of the first minister of Louis XVI, whose unhappy fate had numbered him among the French Emigrés in England. Whilst officiating in that Parish, Monsieur de Calonne also acted as chaplain to the Ursulines at Three Rivers.

The presbytery, which has stood for more than one hundred and seventy years, was originally the manorial residence of the family of Godefroi de Tonnancourt, to whom the Seigneurie of Pointe du Lac was ceded on the 3rd November, 1734. The present church dates from 1843; partially destroyed by fire in 1882, its reconstruction and enlargement was commenced the same year, but not completed until 1900.

A few paces from the church is a natural park of venerable

pinces, beneath whose shade is embowered another seigneurial manor built by the family of Tonnancourt, when the accommodation of the first became inadequate. This manor, now the property of the Chartreux Monks, is for sale, they having been unable to take possession.

At the time of the invasion of Canada, a party of Bostonians entered the lower part of the Parish of Pointe du Lac, and compelled a farmer, to guide them through the woods to Three Rivers. The wily husbandman, however, found time to send a warning of their approach, and on their arrival they met with a reception, they had not bargained for.

Between Pointe du Lac and Ile Moran the River regains that importance which had been usurped by Lake St. Peter. Here, where its banks are about one mile and three-quarters apart, the river narrows and, half way to Three Rivers, is only three quarters of a mile wide and sixty feet deep.

* * *

We now approach THREE RIVERS, and will surrender our pen to Monsieur Benjamin Sulte, historiographer par excellence of this corner of Canada.

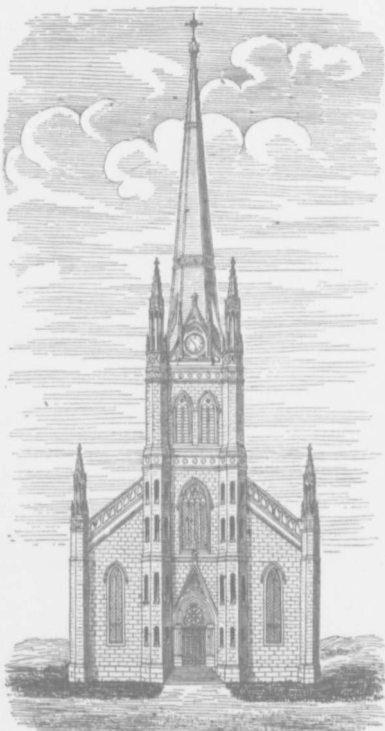
"The tide ceases at Three Rivers, and until that point is reached, ocean vessels encounter but few obstacles. On this account Champlain had, in 1603, selected it as the site for his first post, though circumstances compelled him five years later to change it to Quebec. Nevertheless, as a favorite rendez-vous of the Indian, it became the headquarters of the only trade of that period, the barter of furs. In 1634 a fort was erected, a mission of Jesuit Fathers established, and the land parcelled out among colonists. The post assumed a permanent character, having its own resident Governor who controlled the territory from Rivière Sainte-Anne de la Pérade to Berthier on the North, and from Saint-Pierre les Becquets to Sorel on the South. The Algonquin, who occupied this region, rarely showed themselves South of the River. Rivière Saint-Maurice proved a

highroad of communication with the North, whence descended savages bringing furs to exchange for articles of European manufacture. During the period from 1634 to 1665, the flotillas engaged in the Georgian Bay and Lake Superior trade, sailed from Three Rivers, and thus missionaries were enabled to penetrate further into the country. The Iroquois on the Eastern shore of Lake Ontario continually harassed these travellers from the time of their departure until their arrival in Montreal, and again on the Ottawa River. It would be impossible to enumerate the massacres perpetrated in such circumstances during this trying epoch. The "voyageurs" of Three Rivers have achieved a unique fame through their skill in the management of these expeditions, their courage displayed on every occasion, and the geographical knowledge they brought to the Colony as they penetrated into the fastnesses of the West. Their descendants continue to court similar adventures which history loves to relate, and of which legend, with all its poetical glamour, can scarcely enhance the picturesque quality. Louisiana, the Rocky Mountains and James Bay are to them but as portions of their own territory, and, by giving their own names to many localities, they have asserted a certain right of possession.

About 1654 the Outaouais from Lake Superior, en route by that river which later received their name, stopped at Montreal, thus causing a depreciation in the Three River trade. The small Town then devoted itself anew to agriculture, and the superb surrounding land was cleared. The inroads of the Iroquois retarded the colonists' progress until about 1665, when the Regiment of Carignan restored order, leaving the farmer free to follow his own bent. If France had but sent immigrants, the country would have been rapidly peopled, but matters were left to take their own course, saving that when the Iroquois interfered with the trade of Upper Canada the militia of Three Rivers was sent by superior command to overawe the savages, in the same manner as did the militia of Montreal and Quebec. The Government of Three Rivers were not troubled by the Iroquois after 1665.

Agriculture, with the Western expeditions, formed the sole occupation of these people, when, about 1710. the project of

exploiting the iron mines of that region was for the tenth time broached. Nothing was accomplished, however, until 1733, when the operations were commenced which in 1737 assumed considerable proportions. This industry did not increase the population, save by a few families employed in melting the metal. The Town itself was but a borough, each new generation having taken land in neighboring parishes and there established a homestead. Even at the present day the majority of its sons leave it to settle elsewhere, and thus, despite its natural charm and commanding geographical site, the Town remains unprogressive. Its people may be found in every section of North America, and, as has been said of the Scottish clans, the tourist may in a



Cathedral of the Assumption, Three-Rivers.

thousand different places, bring one of them to his call. This region altered little with the establishment of British rule, save in becoming the residence of English traders who were absorbed in the French population. For the people of Three Rivers the term, "Canadian," is eminently appropriate, they having retained but few traces of their European origin, save in the Norman dialect and certain inbred Norman traits. That corner of France from which they came, but of which they know so little, has stamped them with the Norman seal. Theirs is a type which will survive, everywhere recognizable by its gaiety, good nature, indifference to the future, general aptitude and love of adventure.

When, about a century ago, trade in lumber became possible, half of the population of Three Rivers repaired to the forest. This new occupation in great measure superceded the fur trade, the woodcutter's axe replacing the beaver snare and fowling piece. Spaces were cleared in the forest, new parishes sprung up, and now the Town has a frontage toward the North. Recently Grand'Mère, Shawinigan and the railway have opened up the country, and the ancient borough has become leader in an industrial movement which may completely change the old order."

At Three Rivers, for the first time in Canada, the Jewish question was agitated. Twice, in 1807 and 1808, the Town chose as its Parliamentary representative a wealthy merchant named Ezechiel Hart, but, because of his religion, he was on both occasions rejected.

The engine of the "Accomodation," the steamboat which in 1809 made the first trip from Montreal to Quebec, was constructed at Three Rivers. The boat's descent from Montreal to Three Rivers was accomplished in twenty-four hours, and from thence to Quebec in twelve more. The return trip to Montreal, however, occupied more than a week.

Monsieur Hart had a boat built in oppsition to that of Mr. Molson, which, though named the "Hart" in honor of its proprietor, proved no less 'accomodating' than its rival. Its engineer, Edward Pleau, was engaged in a love affair at Three Rivers, and, when he wished to pass the evening with his Dul-

cinia, had but to inform M. Hart that the boat needed rest to insure for himself a free indulgence in the sweet dreams of love, at the expense, be it said, of a night of waiting for the unfortunate passengers. * |

Lack of space forbids a narration of the legends associated with the forges of Saint Maurice. We may, however, refer the tourist to the entertaining account given by M. l'Abbé N. Caron in his "Deux Voyages sur le Saint Maurice."

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Opposite Three Rivers, on the South Bank, is a headland known as Doucet's Landing. It is the terminus of a junction of the Grand Trunk from Arthabaska. Boats plying summer and winter connect it with Three Rivers.

Behind this promontory stands the pretty village of SAINTE ANGELE DE LAVAL. Our geographer has confused Angèle with Angel. This is not in reality so far from the truth as might ap-



Church of Saint Angele de Laval.

pear. Sainte Angèle was indeed one of the world's angels, hidden within her convent and monastery walls.

The parish of Sainte Angèle only dates from 1860: it was consecrated by Mgr. Laflèche, then coadjutor of Mgr. Cooke, first bishop of Three Rivers. The present church was built in 1870. In the midst of the delivery of the inaugural sermon by Mgr. Laflèche, on the 18th November of that year, a severe earthquake created a panic among the assembled faithful.

Glancing again toward the North bank, the mouth of Rivière Saint Maurice attracts our attention. Two islands divide this stream, giving to it the semblance of three rivers, which accounts for the name it for some time bore, and which has clung to the town situated on the South western headland, formed by its junction with the St. Lawrence. One of these islands bears the unpoetical name of Ile aux Cochons, the other, in marked contrast being entitled Ile Bellerive. They were formerly called Ile de la Potherie and Ile St. Quentin. On the extremity of one of these islands Jacques Cartier, in returning from Hochelaga when on his second voyage to Canada, planted a cross. He had named the Saint Maurice Rivière de Fonez, and had attempted its ascent, being compelled, however, to renounce the undertaking by the obstacles he encountered.

* * *

On the promontory facing Three Rivers a magnificent group of churches and monuments may be perceived. This is CAP DE LA MADELEINE, noted for its shrine of Our Lady of the Holy Rosary. After the diocesan authorization had been obtained, the Sanctuary of the Cap received from Pius X in 1904 the signal favor of permission to crown the statuë of Our Lady of the Most Holy Rosary. The ceremony was held on the 12th October of that year amid a concourse of more than twenty thousand, among which might be distinguished His Excellency the Apostolic Delegate, seven archbishops, eight bishops, and more than three hundred priests.

Since that memorable occasion, the already numerous pilgrimages from all parts of the United States and Canada have

multiplied. The pilgrims are conveyed by steamboats of the Richelieu & Ontario Co., which land them on a quay, which, thanks to the enterprise of Senator H. Montplaisir, was built by the Government in 1887. To him also Cap de la Madeleine is indebted for the construction of a branch of the Canadian Pacific Railway, which, since 1897, has connected it with Jonction des Piles.

The Cap forms part of the domain granted, on the 20th March, 1651, to the Jesuit Order, which later, with the rest of their property, was escheated to the Crown. It derives its name from the Abbe de la Madeleine, formerly proprietor of the Cap on which stand the Village and the buildings connected with the Pilgrimage. Founded in 1660, the Parish was successively presided over by the Franciscan and Jesuit Orders, and then by secular priests. On the 7th May, 1902, it was committed to the care of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate, the pilgrims having become too numerous for the administrations of the parish priest.

The origin of the devotion to the Holy Rosary in this locality may be traced back over two centuries. With the approbation of Monseigneur de Saint Valier, it was established in May, 1694, by the Abbé Paul Vachon, Curé of the Cap from 1685 to 1729. He erected the small, slender-steeped church we behold behind the Sanctuary of the Rosary. It served as parish church until the erection of a new edifice, not wholly completed until 1903. The chapel of the Rosary dates from 1904.

Since undertaking the parochial duties, the Oblate Fathers have raised a way of the cross extending over the knoll rising between the St. Lawrence and the diminutive Rivière au Moulin; its Antonia Tower and Holy Sepulchre represent, in miniature, those of Jerusalem. Surrounding the Sanctuary is a large open place, planted with fine trees, and adorned by fifteen groups, composed, in all, of sixty, life-size statues, representing the mysteries of the rosary. This space is used at large demonstrations, and can, with ease, accomodate fifty thousand people.

Near the quay is a monument called Pont des Chapelets, raised in honor of an event that is regarded as miraculous. In

1878, when Abbe Désilets, the Vicar General, was parish priest, a decree of His Lordship, Bishop of Three Rivers, prescribed the erection of a new church, to be followed by the destruction of the ancient temple. As the stone had been prepared at St. Angèle on the other side of the River, and its transportation by boat would have proved far too costly, it was necessary to await the arrival of winter. Every Sunday after Mass a chaplet of the rosary was said to obtain the formation of an ice bridge, but, though many prayers were offered, the river remained free from ice. January and February had



Sanctuaries of Cap de la Madeleine.

passed and March was rapidly gliding away. The season of great cold was over, and further hope seemed an impossibility. It was then, however, that Monsieur Désilets vowed to the Blessed Virgin that if she would obtain an ice bridge at this advanced season, he would, with the approbation of the Ordinary, preserve the old church,

and devote it to the service of Mary under the name of Our Lady of the Most Holy Rosary, and that also, as a votive offering to Mary, he would choose as the date for consecrating the new church the feast of the Most Holy Rosary.

At length, on the 15th March, the small bay of Cap de la Madeleine became covered with a layer of snow interspersed with particles of ice which a violent wind had detached from the bank. On the morrow, which was Sunday, M. Duguay, Vicar of the parish, with the aid of a few parishoners, undertook to find a passage across the river. It was truly a daring attempt, the scattered pieces of ice being separated by spaces varying from

five to about a hundred feet, and being only united by the floating snow on a light structure of icy spangles. Confident that the Virgin of the Rosary would protect them, M. Duguay and his companions did not hesitate to essay this perilous crossing, and were rewarded, some hours later by reaching the Southern bank in safety. The night having fallen, it was considered expedient to erect beacons and pour water along the route, in order to solidify the floating snow connecting the particles of ice. Though the thirty of forty men who worked until an advanced hour were almost without light, they nevertheless met with no accident. They clearly ascertained the absence of solid ice in many spots, either by sounding with hand, foot or rod until the underlying water was reached, or by listening as it flowed noisily over the snow and reunited with the current of the river. Such was the reliance of these men in the protection of Mary that they labored on without fear amid all these perils, confidently exclaiming on beholding a light from the Presbytery, "There is no danger, M. Désilets is saying his beads." During the succeeding days "Pont des Chapelets," the name given to this ice bridge by the faithful of the Cap, was constantly traversed by wagons, bearing stone, and as soon as the requisite quantity had been transported it quickly dissolved.

The new church was erected, and the old, preserved in fulfillment of Monsieur Désilet's vow, was solemnly dedicated to Our Lady of the Most Holy Rosary. If one may credit the eye witnesses, who have judicially attested to the truth of the prodigy, the Blessed Virgin manifested her satisfaction by opening wide the eyes of the Madonna in the Sanctuary. It is only since this date that the modest chapel may properly be said to have become a shrine of pilgrimage.

The channel, which had curved toward the North as though to allow us to view Three Rivers and Cap de la Madeleine at closer range, now turns toward the South bank, to pass before the mouth of Rivière Bécancour.

* * *

As with the majority of rivers of any importance emptying

into the St. Lawrence, an isle, almost triangular in form, divides the entrance of this stream in two branches. A little above this island stands the Village of BECANCOUR, originally a borough of the Abenakis, established on a reserve ceded to Father Sébastien Râle, S. J., by Sieur de Bécancour, Baron of Portneuf, to whom the domain of Bécancour had been granted in April, 1647. The savages built a church, which they dedicated to St. Francis Xavier, and on its site is to-day planted an iron



Church of the Nativity of Our Lady Bécancour.

cross which once surmounted its steeple. The church itself was struck by lightning in August, 1757, and burned to the ground. Père Simon Pierre Gounon, the last Jesuit who presided over the mission of Bécancour, was drowned on the 3rd May, 1764, when on his way from Cap de la Madeleine, a strong North West wind having suddenly arisen and capsized his canoe. His body was found near Des-

chambault and laid to rest beneath the principal altar of its parish church. A Recollet father succeeded him as curete.

The Parish of Bécancour has been dedicated to the Nativity of Our Lady. For a long time service was held in the church belonging to the Indians. The archives having been destroyed in the fire of 1757, the precise date of its erection is unknown.

Thirty or forty years before the advent of Champlain, the fierce Amoncharonons, denizens of the Island of Montreal, having declared war against the Algonquins, of Three Rivers,

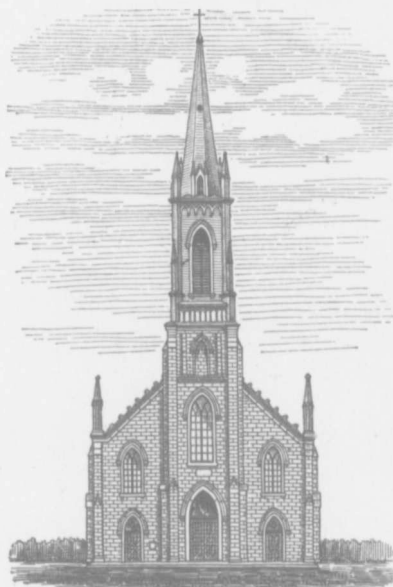
were by the latter led into an ambuscade on one of the isles lying a little above the present church of Bécancour. A number of the Algonquins had stationed themselves at the mouth of the River, where they pretended to be engaged in fishing, and when pursued by their foes led them to the isles whereon the other savages were concealed. The entire party of the Amoncharonons were massacred, and the infection resulting from the putrefaction of their corpses gave to the river the name of Rivière Puante, which it continued to bear until the cession of the domain to M. de Bécancour.

Having passed the mouth of this river, the channel redirects its course toward the Northern bank, rounding Ile Bigot and passing near the Village of Champlain. Here, where the River widens considerably, is a large bank



Church of the Visitation, Champlain.

composed of sand, clay and gravel, to which the name "Banc de Gentilly" has been given. It extends to the southern side of the mouth of Rivière Gentilly, and continues to a distance of several miles lower down. It is frequently dried up during the summer.



St. Francis Xavier's Church, Batiscan.

There is but little to distinguish the village of CHAMPLAIN, which lies on the domain ceded in 1664 to Etienne Pezard, Sieur de la Touche, and which was considerably enlarged in 1697 in favor of Madam de la Touche. The parish, founded in 1679, is dedicated to the Visitation of the Blessed Virgin.

A little more than two miles from the Village, where the river Champlain empties into the St. Lawrence, the latter rounds Pointe Champlain, thence flowing

almost in a straight line toward the North. About two and a half miles lower still is Batiscan Wharf, where the boats of the Richelieu & Ontario Co. always put in, when en route between Montreal and Quebec.

Six miles back of the wharf lies the village of ST. GENEVIEVE DE BATISCAN, on the banks of Rivière de Batiscan, whose mouth is a little more than a mile below the quay. It is a parish of some importance, its church, to be seen in the accompanying illustration, dating from 1869. Batiscan is the birthplace of Monseigneur Cloutier, Bishop of Three Rivers, whose father, Jean Cloutier perished, with several others, in a landslide that occurred in 1877. Such accidents happen frequently on the banks of Rivière Batiscan. Adjacent to the village are several wells of natural gas and many springs of mineral water.

* * *

On the South bank, nearly facing the mouth of Rivière Batiscan, we behold the picturesque village of ST. PIERRE LES BECQUETS, built on a part of that domain ceded in 1672 to Maître Romain Becquet, a Quebec notary, who sold it to M. Levrard, the latter in his turn ceding it to Charles François de La Nau-dière, castellan of Sainte-Anne de la Pérade. The parish of St. Pierre les Becquets, founded in 1693, possesses a beautiful church, and, what is rare in the rural districts of Quebec, a fine cemetery kept in admirable order.

The channel which for some time has kept near the middle of the River, now diverges toward the South, passing near Cap Levrard, where the St. Lawrence again curves to resume its course from West to East.

* * *

Opposite this cape, on the Northern bank, we perceive the mouth of Rivière Sainte-Anne, which, like the Saint-Maurice, flows into the main stream through three passages formed by Ile Sainte-Marguerite and Ile Saint-Ignace.

On the left bank of the Sainte-Anne, and facing the farther extremity of this latter isle, we discern the picturesque village of SAINTE-ANNE DE LA PERADE, charmingly perched on a little hill, one of the advance guards of the Laurentides. Ile au Large, or Sainte-Anne (on which a mill dating from 1677 may still be seen), Iles des Plaines, du Sable and others, with the two

islands already mentioned, might be likened to a parure of magnificent emeralds laid at the feet of this lovely village, whose canals, bridges, shaded streets and beautiful and imposing church make of it a miniature Canadian Venice.

Champlain had given the name of Sainte-Marie to this enchanting corner of Canada, but later, our Blessed Mother surrendered to her mother (St. Anne) the river and parish, reserving only the little neighboring fief of Sainte-Marie.

We have previously related how in 1706 the heroine of Verchères became chatelaine of Sainte-Anne de la Pérade, and mistress of that manor so charmingly situated within its shade of venerable trees, on the promontory formed at the juncture of the Sainte-Anne and the St. Lawrence, and overlooking a grand panorama of Southern shore and the picturesque village of St-Pierre les Becquets. Prosperity reigned within the domain; children had come to gladden and enliven the home; all indeed seemed to breathe of happiness, but, as elsewhere in this vale of tears that fair exotic often drooped. The uncertain bealth of M. de La Naudière allowed them only rare intervals of perfect joy. "Madelon," however, was a host in herself. We behold her, now interesting herself in the construction of a new church at St. Anne; again, pleading her husband's cause before the tribunal at Quebec, and yet again, defending him from the attack of two furious Abenakis, who, having broken the door, had succeeded in forcing their way into the house. In his impetuous onslaught upon the first, M. de La Pérade narrowly escaped a blow from a hatchet, and he would certainly have fallen beneath the tomahawk of the second had not Madam de La Pérade, rushing in, snatched the weapon, and, with a blow of it, laid its owner at her feet. She was then hastening to her husband's aid, when she was seized by four squaws, one clutching her by the throat, another grasping her hair, while their companions endeavored to throw her into the fire. Happily, at this juncture, her son Tarieu, a boy of twelve, appeared upon the scene. Catching up the first weapon at hand, he so manfully belabored the heads and arms of the squaws that they loosened their hold, turning, however, against M. de La Naudière, who was about to cleave the head of his unlucky adversary, when Madame de La Nau-

*From Cape St. Michel to St. Sulpice.
Soundings and heights in feet.
Scale: 2 inches to the nautical mile.*

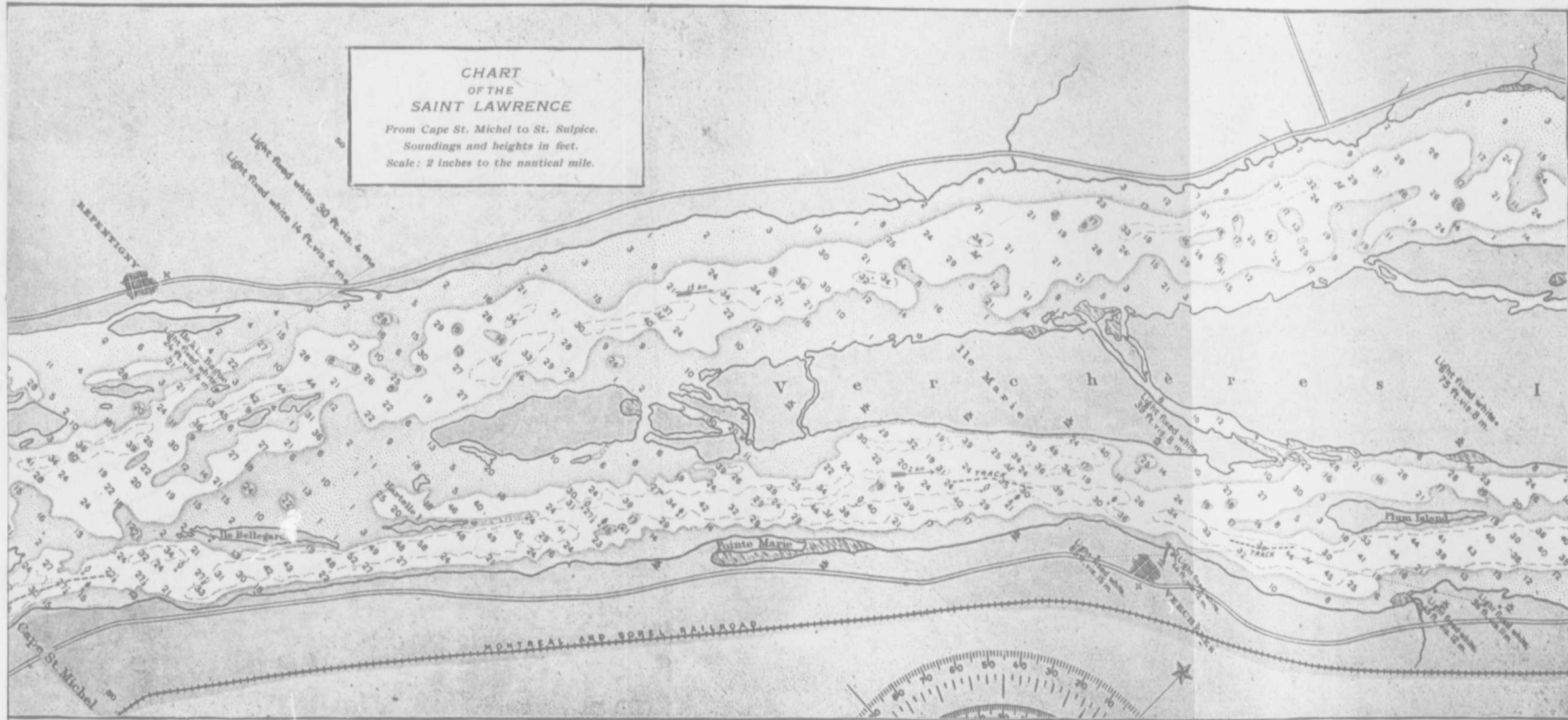


CHART
OF THE
SAINT LAWRENCE

*From Saint Sulpice to Ile St. Ours.
Soundings and heights in feet.
Scale: 2 inches to the nautical mile.*

CHART
OF THE
SAINT LAWRENCE

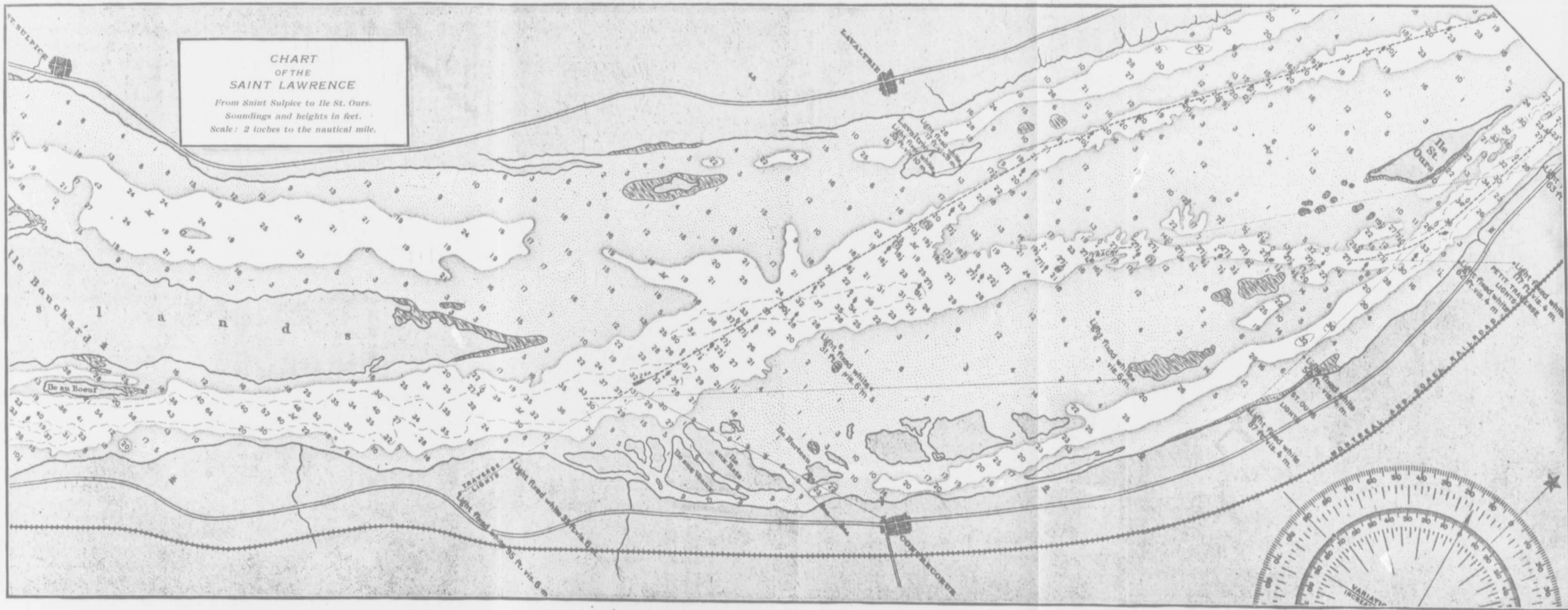
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Soundings and heights in feet.
Scale: 2 inches to the nautical mile.*



dière interposed. Having become mistress of the situation by the opportune arrival of a determined man, she pardoned the wretched creatures, who tremblingly implored her to spare their lives.

Our Canadian Jeanne D'Arc was a third time destined to save her husband's life. In describing this episode, we will follow as closely as possible the account given by Mademoiselle Marguerite de la Naudière, granddaughter of our heroine, and aunt of the Honorable Judge Baby, who died at Quebec on November 17, 1856, at the age of eighty-one.

"The Iroquois, who pardon nothing, had conceived a deadly hatred against them, because of the affronts which both (Monsieur and Madame de La Naudière) had inflicted upon them. They, therefore, never lost an opportunity, when in the neighborhood of St. Anne de la Pérade, of displaying some mark of resentment.

One day, doubtless believing that M. de La Naudière was absent and that his wife would succumb beneath a sudden attack, a strong band of these cruel savages presented themselves at the close of a September day, before the seigneurial manor, with evidently hostile intentions toward its inmates.



Church of Sainte Anne de la Pérade.

Situated but a short distance from the banks of the St. Lawrence, the residence was considerably removed from other habitations, and the grand old trees surrounding it tended to render its isolation more complete. A severe attack of ague had confined M. de La Naudière to his bed, and the only other occupants for the time being were the lady of the house herself, an old man of eighty and a young servant scarcely sixteen.

Having carefully concealed their canoes among the rushes, the chief and three of his bloodthirsty companions ran toward the house, whilst the others hastened to crouch behind the trees, there to stealthily await the result of their manoeuvre.

Madelon de Verchères had fortunately seen these wretches approaching, and well knowing their cunning, lost no time in securing the door of the dwelling and barricading it as well as possible, whilst she ordered the young girl to bring and place beside her the only two muskets available, the absent servants having taken the others.

So prepared, she awaited their approach with dauntless mien, fully determined to prevent their entrance, if at all possible.

The chief and his followers had scarcely mounted the steps at the front of the house, when, without awaiting their summons, she accosted them in their own language, which she knew well, demanding what they wished.

Somewhat taken aback at being so addressed by a woman, the chief hastened to reply with affected mildness that he had business with M. de La Naudière, having matters of importance to communicate, adding that he and his companions were suffering from hunger and thirst and that they knew M. de La Naudière would generously receive them and even distribute a little "fire water" among them.

In a firm voice that betrayed no fear, she immediately replied that her husband was just then too busy to receive them, and that they would do well to betake themselves elsewhere.

Satisfied that he had only a woman to deal with, the crafty savage, after exchanging a few low-toned words with those accompanying him, suddenly raised his voice, insolently declaring that if the door were not opened directly, he would

hew out a passage for himself, adding, "Since your husband is absent, we are the masters here."

This brave woman well knew the terrible fate in store for all should these barbarians once effect an entrance. Her husband, though he had overheard all that passed, was powerless to aid her. What then was to be done? She implored God's protection, summoned up her courage, and gave them emphatically to understand that the door would remain shut, and if they did not depart at once she would soon find effectual means to rid herself of them.

Angered at realizing that they could only succeed in their dastardly attempt by substituting force for cunning, they at once altered their tactics, first attempting to break in the door, which they only succeeded in slightly shaking. Finding themselves thus foiled, they hastily descended the steps, uttering the most horrible cries, and sprang toward one of the windows, through which they hoped to penetrate to the interior. They simultaneously discharged their muskets into the house, the bullets shattering the window panes and embedding themselves in the walls beyond. Ere her assailants had time to ascertain if their shots had taken effect, Madam de La Naudière, armed with the two muskets, threw herself with lightning-like rapidity into the embrasure of the casement and successively discharged them against two of the savages, who, surprised to perceive their shots thus unexpectedly returned, thought they had met more than their match. They hesitated, and then took to flight, carrying along with them one of their number who had been slightly wounded in the leg.

Witnessing this move, our heroine quickly reloaded her musket and emptied its contents into the enemy, whom, to her unspeakable satisfaction, she beheld, dispersing among the evening shadows, completely routed. Those who had remained in the background, on hearing the noise of firing, instinctively felt that resistance had been offered at the manor, whose owners were noted for their bravery. They therefore concluded they had better retreat without delay, and rushed with headlong speed toward the boats, where they were quickly joined by the chief and his escort. Believing that M. de La Naudière

and his followers were close at their heels, they lost no time in increasing their distance from the shore. It was, in fact, a veritable panic.

The trials of Madam de La Naudière were however yet not at an end. Hardly had she been assured of the flight of the Iroquois, when the young domestic, running to her, announced with consternation that the roof was on fire. This was the work of two savages, who, ere retiring, had shot two blazing arrows into it. Here was a new cause of fear and anxiety for this devoted wife. Had her husband but escaped from the Iroquois to become a-prey to the flames? She believed that these cunning and wicked men were merely concealed in the neighboring wood, awaiting the moment when the fire, having reached its height, they would return to exterminate the household. She did not know that they themselves were the victims of a great terror, and were fleeing with all the speed of their canoes before an imaginary foe. However, she unhesitatingly rushed into the house and, at a glance, measured the full extent of the danger menacing her husband. Already the flames were mounting higher and higher along the roof, and were about to attack the topmost beams.

Happily not a breath of air was stirring. With the aid of the young girl and the feeble efforts of the old man, of whom we have already spoken, a ladder was raised against the wall, and water was poured upon the flames. But what could two women accomplish when opposed by a devouring element, already quite beyond their control? Madam de La Naudière beheld the fire gradually gaining ground, despite her well nigh superhuman efforts to arrest its progress. It had already reached the interior, when suddenly she remembered that her husband, thus nailed to his bed of suffering, might be exposed to imminent danger. She immediately re-entered the manor, now filled with a thick cloud of smoke and through which could be heard the snapping of partly burned beams and the crackling of flames. She rushed to the room where she had left her husband but a few instants before, calling distractedly on him who having escaped the fury of the savages through her intrepidity, now seemed destined to perish in the flames. Ascertaining

that he perfectly realized his critical position she implored him to make a supreme effort to escape inevitable death by endeavoring to reach the outer air with her. "I cannot," said he, "my bodily strength has completely deserted me. My sacrifice is made, and I am willing to submit to the will of God, who, after saving me from the tomahawk, thanks to thy heroism, seems to have decreed that this shall be the last day of my life. Farewell, dear wife! leave me to my fate."

On seeing him, so calm and resigned thus awaiting the supreme moment, love suddenly armed this truly extraordinary woman with strength she had hitherto never dreamed of possessing, and raising her husband in her arms she succeeded in dragging him outside, and laying him on the grass some paces from the door. Then, physically as well as morally exhausted, she fainted by his side.

At that moment the rain, which had been threatening for some hours, began to fall in torrents, and the flames, which had not made great headway, commenced to subside. The surrounding landholders, attracted by the noise now came running in hot haste, and, thanks to their vigorous efforts, the fire was soon extinguished. Madam de La Naudière, quickly regained consciousness, hastened to her husband's side, and caused him to be tenderly carried to his bed. Some weeks later he was able to resume his ordinary duties."

One of the sons of our heroine, Charles Francis Xavier de La Naudière, after covering himself with glory on many occasions, fell by the side of M. de Beaujeu at Monongahela.

Two of the La Naudière, father and son, took a prominent part in the defence of Quebec. The son, who was severely wounded, owed his life to the devoted care of the Ursulines. Having become prisoners of war on the capitulation of Montreal, they were sent to France, but later returned to Canada. The son, Charles Tardieu de La Naudière, served the country under its new masters with no less zeal and courage than he had displayed under the old regime. At the time of the American invasion in 1775, he saved the life of Governor Carleton, who, en route to Quebec, had fallen in with a party of the enemy at Three Rivers. The Bostonians revenged themselves by de-

spoiling the farm and manor of Sainte-Anne of all such things as they could lay hands upon. M. de La Naudière was legislative counsellor. The domain passed from the possession of the family of La Naudière in 1819, when it was sold to Mr. J. Hale.

The Parish of Sainte-Anne was founded by Monseigneur de Saint-Valier in October, 1714. The present church, built in 1869, replaced another dating from 1771, before which it would appear that two others had been successively erected, for we read that Madam de La Naudière had interested herself in the construction of a second church.

The night of the 27th and 28th April, 1894, witnessed a catastrophe unique in the history of Canada. Rivière Sainte-Anne, suddenly changing its course, inundated about two hundred acres of land behind St. Casimer and Grondines. On the morrow it was ascertained that the waters in their mad haste had caused the death of four people, had submerged eight farms, completely engulfed Gorrie Mill and its out houses, razed a sugaring house and six hundred maples and carried away the bridges from St. Casimer and St. Albans, as well as two arches from that at Sainte-Anne.

During the twelve days that the river continued its ravages, the entire population gave itself up to prayer, imploring divine intervention, and finally, on the 10th of May, the waters subsided, and the work of erosion ceased.

St. Anne was the cradle of two illustrious men, Monseigneur Louis François Laflèche and Chief Justice Sir Antoine Aimé Dorion.

* * *

Turning our gaze toward the Southern bank, we discern a pretty church lying a few miles lower, above Cap à la Roche. This marks the parish of SAINT-JEAN DESCHAILLONS, founded in 1744. The village is built on the domain of Rivière du Chêne, ceded on the 25th January, 1752, to Roch de Saint-Ours, Sieur Deschaillons.

Here a most singular adventure befell a certain Brother Louis, a good and pious Franciscan, who had rendered valuable

services throughout the locality, as an architect and in other capacities. He acted as missionary at St. Jean Deschaillons, while at the same time officiating at St. Pierre les Becquets. One day the beadle, a man of great simplicity, came to complain to the father that a neighbor was destroying the grain in his field, and absolutely refused to heed his remonstrances. The father playfully said, "Ah le malheureux! Si tu le prends encore en flagrant délit, tue le." ("Ah, the wretch! If you catch him again in the act, kill him.") The following day the sinister report spread that a murder had just been committed in the village, the murderer being the beadle and his victim the grain destroyer. Justice seized upon the guilty one, who, when asked by the judge why he had killed the man, replied, "Because the curé told me to." Brother Louis was summoned to appear in court, and nothing but his own good reputation and the support of the bishop and all the clergy would have served to extricate him from this extremely awkward predicament. In 1789, Brother Louis had become superior of the Recollet order at Montreal: he died in 1813 at the age of eighty-two.

T'was at Cap à la Roche that, on the 6th November, 1640, the apothecary Gaspard Gauvault and his eight companions met their death.

Whilst still observing this same bank of the river, we pass Cape Charles, and, a little further, the mouth of Petite Rivière du Chêne. Here the bank commences to rise, reaching an elevation of eighty feet in the two miles that separate Petite and Grande Rivière du Chêne.

* * *

Somewhat above the mouth of the latter river, is a parish of recent creation. This is Sainte-Emmelie, better known as LECLERCVILLE, a happy village indeed, because as it dates from 1862, it has never known the Iroquois. It owes its existence to the fine saw-mill owned by Sir Henry Joly de Lotbinière, and to the brick-yards.

A little higher, on the opposite bank of the river, we come to the village of GRONDINES, built on a domain, one-half of which was ceded to the Duchess D'Aiguillon on the 20th March, 1638, for the nuns of the Hôtel-Dieu at Quebec, and the other half, on the 3rd November, 1672, to the poor of that hos-

pital. This domain passed later, into the hands of Moses Hart, a rich Jew of Three Rivers.

The parish of St. Charles des Grondines dates from 1680.

* * *



Church of Sainte-Emmelle, Leclercville.

On this side of the river also, the bank rises, attaining a height of ninety feet, ere reaching the little hamlet of La Chevroitière, built on the precipitous banks of the tiny river which bears the same name. Both were so named in honor of M. Chavigny de la Chevroitière, to whom the domain was granted about 1632.

* * *

Nearly opposite, on the Southern bank, the eye is caught by two slender steeples, surmounting the church of SAINT-LOUIS

DE LOTBINIERE, a village picturesquely situated at a bend of the St. Lawrence, bearing the name of Rapide du Richelieu. Several lighthouses, at short distances on both sides of the channel, indicate that navigation is unusually dangerous in this locality.

Lotbinière is built on the domain ceded in March, 1685, to the family of Lotbinière, many members of which have played distinguished parts in Canadian history. We will merely mention M. E. G. Alain Chartier de Lotbinière, who, with Papineau, Bédard and others, was an ardent Parliamentary defender of the French language.

In 1693, ten years after the foundation of the Parish, the inhabitants built a little chapel. Its accommodation later proving insufficient, the Seigneur Eustache de Lotbinière, erected a stone church in 1717, near the river bank, on a spot called "Le Domaine." Seven years after Lotbinière had its resident priest, M. J. B. Ratet, of Rouen, in Normandy. In 1750, the first church was abandoned for another, its site being some three miles further up, where the population had gradually migrated. It is to-day known as the old church, the present edifice being a mile lower. This latter, dates from 1818, but was largely restored in 1888.



St. Louis' Church.—Lotbinière.

Lotbinière is a thriving village. It glories in being the native place of M. Pamphile Le May, one of our most distinguished poets and writers of romance.

* * *

Somewhat lower, on the North bank, is the village of DESCHAMBAULT, standing on a headland of the same name.



St. Joseph's Church.—Deschambault.

Here the French guarded the army equipment when Murray was laying siege to Quebec. Twice, in the beginning of August, the English to the number of fifteen hundred, endeavored to take possession of this post, but were on both occasions repulsed with considerable loss. There also during the winter of 1775 and 1776, the unfortunate Bostonians, seeking to return home, fell by hundreds, victims

of disease, cold and privation. Their frozen corpses were interred pell-mell in a field in which the bones of the English had already been laid. For many years after, the ploughshare unearthed fragments of sabers and broken muskets.

Granted to Mademoiselle de Grande Maison in March, 1652, the domain of Deschambault passed into the hands of Jacques Alexandre de Fleury, Seigneur d'Eschambault, and Joseph

Fleury, Seigneur of La Gorgendière, both of whom were important figures in the early days of English rule. The ancient manor of the seigneurial family is in a state of perfect preservation.

The elevation on which the church of Deschambault is built was formerly known as Cap Lauzon.

* * *

Between Deschambault and Cap Santé, the river in its Northward course, describes a semicircle about six miles in diameter, the centre of which is PORTNEUF, a parish erected under the patronage of Our Lady in 1861. Within its presbytery our Canadian naturalist, the Abbé Provencher, wrote his "Flore Canadienne," and even as early as 1749, Pierre Kalm, the Swedish naturalist had, with his friend, M. de La Gallissonnière, also a scientist of distinction, come to botanize on the verdant hills and within the luxuriant forests of the Barony of Portneuf.

Strange that the Seigneurie of Portneuf should, in 1647, have been ceded to Sieur de la Potherie, when, since 1636, Pierre Robineau, a rich member of The Company of One Hundred Associates, had been established on the banks of Rivière Portneuf, where he had been drawn by the beauty of the scenery and



Our Lady's Church.—Portneuf.

the abundance of game. La Potherie, however, in 1671, ceded his rights to René Robineau, son of Pierre. The settlement prospered greatly and a manor and fine chapel had been built, when, ten years later, Louis XIV raised the fief to a barony.

We read that many of the colonists were accustomed to raise enormous watch dogs as a precaution against surprise from the Iroquois. It is related that the children of René Robineau (nine in number) amused themselves by setting these ferocious animals upon the passers-by, and that one day they severely lacerated and almost devoured an unhappy squaw. Yet, in considering how attentive their father was to the needs of his tenants, one may be justified in attributing this to accident.

* * *

Later, the population having migrated to the neighborhood of Rivière Jacques Cartier, a little lower down, a church was built on that spot known as CAP SANTE.

The tranquillity of the peaceful parish of La Sainte Famille du Cap Santé was rudely broken, in 1709, by an event which, in our day, would be thought trivial indeed, but which at the time came near causing bloodshed. Fancy, a resident of the Cape had audaciously called one of his neighbors of Deschambault bald-pated. What lent to the affair its special gravity was that the individual in question (who rejoiced in the name of Perrot) eminently merited the designation, having been shorn of his locks by the Iroquois. Perrot, whose constitution was robust, had survived the loss of his scalp. The people of Deschambault took up the matter, and it was decided that the affront could be washed out only in blood. Both sides enlisted allies among the surrounding parishes, and a day of meeting was fixed, when the Intendant, Jacques Raudot, got wind of the affair, whereupon he issued a proclamation, to be read at the church door, threatening with imprisonment and fines all those taking part therein.

This was not the only time the Intendant Raudot had to interfere in the affairs of Cap Santé. On another occasion he had to compel three of its recalcitrant parishoners to furnish the

"pain béni" in their turn. This bread would indeed seem to have played an important part in the history of the Cape for we read that one of its benefactors, Louis Motard by name, stipulated in an act of donation that, each Sunday during the remainder of his life, he be presented with a larger piece of blessed bread than the other parishioners.



Holy Family's Church.—Cap Santé.

In 1744 the Barony of Portneuf became the property of the Ursulines of Quebec as the dowry of Sister Saint-Stanislas, of the family of Robineau.

Cap Santé once turned, the River resumes its Eastward course. A little lower, and we find ourselves facing two enormous capes, which, like vigilant sentinels, guard the entrance to Rivière Jacques Cartier, the scene of so many heroic contests between the French and the English. On its precipitous banks

the vanquished army of M. de Vaudreuil bivouacked on the evening of September 14th 1759, and there, also, passed the winter. When, in the following spring, M. de Vaudreuil left Fort Jacques Cartier to go to Montreal, he garrisoned it with fifty men under the command of the Marquis d'Albergotte. The English were obliged to send a force of seven hundred, to reduce this handful of heroes, who only yielded on being prom-

ised the honors of war. Traces yet remain of the ditches dug round their fortifications.

At a short distance from the mouth of the Rivière Jacques Cartier is an immense rock, visible only at low water. It is called Roche à Jacques Cartier, being so entitled (if we may credit the vague tradition) for having once shipwrecked that great explorer.

* * *

Not far from there a long sandy headland juts into the River. On it are still to be seen some fine specimens of the oak an'd walnut, with which it was once covered, and which made of it a Paradise for the squirrels formerly seen there in large numbers. The seamen, who wintered their schooners in the pretty little bay on the Western side of the headland, named it Pointe aux Ecureuils (Squirrel Point).

Behind this promontory stand the church and village of SAINT-JEAN-BAPTISTE DES ECUREUILS, a parish founded in 1742. It was dedicated to Canada's patron saint in honor of Jean-Baptiste Toupin du Sault, made Seigneur des Ecureuils by grant of the 3rd November, 1672.

From 1795 to 1806 the parish of Ecureuils had for pastor a young priest, who, on landing at Quebec on the 26th June, 1794. was without baggage, save a breviary, a violin and a collection of canticles, these last proving small encumbrance, being merely printed in his memory. He, however, committed them to writing during the latter part of his life, when he was chaplain to the Ursulines at Quebec. A theologian, orator, singer, poet and musician, he bore the name of Jean Denis Daulé. When but twenty-eight years of age a strange adventure befell him at the foot of Cape Diamond. He was flying from the inhospitable soil of revolutionary France, and a ship had just left him on the coast of England. Absolutely lost in this strange land, the unhappy Emigré could only direct his steps at random, not knowing where he might sleep that night, or eat on the morrow. Suddenly the sound of furious galloping became audible behind him, and the poor outcast hastily withdrew from the mid-

dle of the road, to which he had hitherto kept. The horse appeared most unruly, and seemed carrying its owner to destruction. On passing the priest it swerved violently, but its owner, with a strong jerk of the bridle, pulled it up sharply. Daulé, who believed his end was near, had fallen on his knees, and, with clasped hands was supplicating God, when the horseman, jumping lightly to the ground, raised him, and then, as though he were about to stab him, thrust... a pocket-book into his breast. Ere the terrified fugitive had recovered from his stupor, this mysterious individual had returned to the saddle, set spurs to his horse, and was quickly lost amid the surrounding gloom. The pocketbook contained twenty louis

d'or and a card on which was inscribed the name of his new country. With this money Bon Père Daulé defrayed the inn



St. John the Baptist's Church.—Les Écureuils.

charges, the expenses of his journey to London, and passage to Canada.

Abbé de Calonne (whose acquaintance we made at Pointe du Lac) writing to Father Daulé on the occasion of the new year, playfully chided him about his artistic attainments. "My friend, there is one thing more I must add at the beginning of the year. I am no enemy to recreation, which is most necessary, but I do not like your violin. I have already said that its least evil is in causing a loss of time, and yours is most precious. You tell me of King David and saint Cecelia... A king!... A woman!... Well and good. But you, an apostle, a director, and charged with all the other functions of the ministry, how, amid so many duties and good works, can you find time to play the violin? Believe me, my friend, you will never play it well enough to take part in the concerts of the angels! Will it not be enough for you to join in their beautiful canticles?"

Good Father Daulé died at Ancienne Lorette on the 16th November, 1852, at the patriarchal age of eighty-six.

Though we have dwelt somewhat at length on the history of the kindly pastor of Ecureuils, we cannot forbear touching on the legend of Père Godin.

We find him, patiently seated on the bank of the Rivière Jacques Cartier, exerting all the skill of an accomplished angler in order to fulfil the behests of his better half, and catch two fine dorés for the morrow's dinner, (a day of fast). Having vainly played his line for about two hours, he had to seek shelter beneath the dilapidated roof of an old mill, called Moulin du Diable, to escape a sudden storm. Hardly had he climbed to the few unstable planks which still boasted of a roof, than he saw a small boat approaching, from which presently emerged three men wearing red shirts. They conversed in English, but he understood enough to realize that, though he did not behold the devil himself, these certainly were his emissaries; for he heard with horror of robberies committed and planned. Seeking an escape from his unenviable position, he trod on a board which, breaking, fell into the fire enkindled by the "red-shirts." Forthwith they prepared to take summary vengeance on the intruder, whose red tuque alone was visible. Well nigh mad

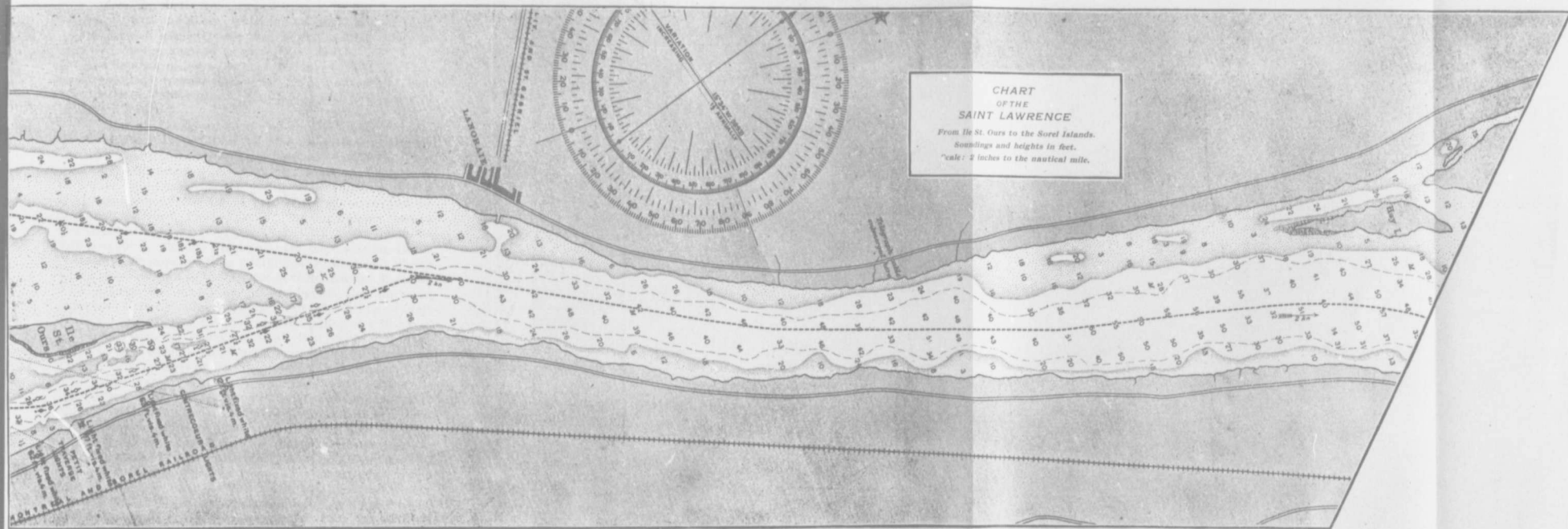


CHART
OF THE
SAINT LAWRENCE

From De St. Ours to the Sorel Islands.
Soundings and heights in feet.
Scale: 1 inch to the nautical mile.

with terror Père Godin began to yell like one possessed, throwing down beams and planks, until the brigands, in their turn, believed they had met the evil one; hastily seeking refuge in their boat they made away as rapidly as possible.

Thus the terror of Père Godin, of which he boasted as an act of extraordinary courage, henceforth freed the parish of Ecureuils from the robber-band of Cap Rouge and the ghosts of Moulin du Diable.

We will now consider an event that occurred, some two generations earlier, on the 14th July, 1760, when General Murray was contemplating the transport of his fleet to Montreal. Confined in the dungeons of the citadel, as prisoners of war were two brave Canadians from the parish of Ecureuils, Jean Godin, an ancestor of Père Godin, hero of the adventure just related, and his friend, Pierre Léveillé. Murray ordered them to be brought before him, and demanded if they could pilot his fleet without accident to Montreal. On their replying in the affirmative, he promised them a large reward with their liberty for the service, death to be the price of their treason. That day little progress was made; and at evening the fleet anchored just above Pointe-aux-Trembles, to await the return of day. The night proved calm and overcast, the falling of a fine rain tended to deaden all sound. A small boat, manned by two, might be seen flying swiftly over the water, pursued at some distance by two larger crafts, each containing eight men. Having rounded Pointe à Pagé, those in the leading boat entered the bay, steered toward its farther extremity, and brought their boat alongside amid the rushes. Landing, the two men lifted the skiff, as though it were no weight, carried it to the other side of the headland, and, having launched it, made away as rapidly as possible. We have already surmised that these two vigorous men were Murray's compulsory pilots, who, having succeeded in possessing themselves of a boat, hastened to take "French leave." Their pursuers having in turn entered the bay, and arrived at its extremity, were surprised to find nothing. Convinced, after a careful search of the futility of their quest, they made a move to re-embark, but in the meantime the water had ebbed, leaving their craft high and dry. Whilst they await-

ed its rise, our two friends, if we may believe the legend, had ample time to make their way to the little garrison of Fort Jacques Cartier.

* * *



Church of Sainte-Croix

Between Lotbinière and the village of SAINTE-CROIX, on the Southern bank of the River, stands an immense promontory formed by the inner line of that semi-circle described by the St. Lawrence, which we have already mentioned. This vast expanse, the property of Sir Henry G. Joly de Lotbinière, present governor of British Columbia, is named *Pointe Platon*. Sir Henri has here a fine residence, surrounded by forests, in which game is abundant.

The parish of Sainte-Croix, founded in 1722, is built on a fief which, since 1637, has belonged to the Ursulines of Quebec. Its name is perhaps derived from the fact that Champlain raised a cross on *Pointe Platon*; or possibly because it lies opposite the mouth of *Rivière Jacques Cartier*, which the discoverer of Canada had named *Rivière Sainte-Croix*. A first chapel, built on the river bank, was replaced in 1734 by another, also of wood, which

stood on the site of the present church. During the first fifty years of its existence, the parish of Sainte-Croix was presided over by the Recollet Fathers.

In our onward course toward Quebec, we observe that the banks are rising more and more. The slate cliffs on the South side attain an elevation of a hundred and seventy feet, whilst those opposite, of the same formation, reach a height varying from eighty to a hundred.

* * *

Somewhat lower than Sainte-Croix, on the same bank, we perceive the village of SAINT-ANTOINE DE TILLY, perched at a height of more than a hundred feet. In the time of Mgr. de Saint-Vallier, Saint-Antoine was called Villieu, after a lieutenant of the regiment of Carignan, to whom the domain had been ceded by Talon in 1672. It was sold in 1700 to Pierre Noël Le Gardeur, Sieur de Tilly, who im-



Church of Saint-Antoine de Tilly.

mediately erected a wooden chapel, which Brother Honoré Hurette, a Franciscan, the first to officiate there, placed under the patronage of Saint Anthony of Padua. A stone church was built in 1721, a short distance North of the present one. In 1759 over a thousand English soldiers entrenched themselves within its walls, and committed much havoc throughout the neighborhood. The year following the people of Saint-Antoine took the oath of allegiance, and thus regained possession of their church, as also of their dwellings, which they had abandoned, on the arrival of the English, to withdraw into the grants. The present church dates from 1788, but the facade was rebuilt and two steeples added in 1900, to celebrate the two hundredth anniversary of the foundation of Saint-Antoine de Tilly.

The church of Saint-Antoine contains several valuable pictures, taken from the collection of the Abbé Philippe Jean Louis Desjardins, a French priest whom the Revolution cast upon our shores. During the sway of Robespierre, in 1793, these pictures had been stolen from the French churches, and then sold at wretched prices. Abbé Desjardins bought a large number, presenting some to Cardinal Fesch, and bringing the remainder to Canada. Some are to be seen in the church of Saint-Michel de Bellechasse and elsewhere.

There was once a lake of considerable size behind Saint-Antoine de Tilly, but it is now completely dried up. Every spring the farmers unearth shells and quantities of tree trunks which the frost has brought to the surface, from which we may conclude that this lake was formed by a sudden giving way of the soil.

* * *

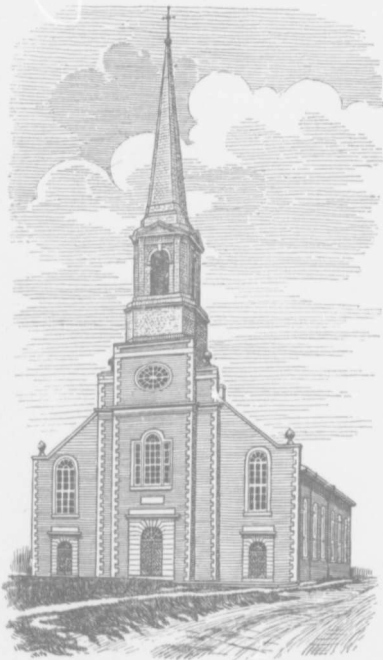
On the North bank, opposite Saint-Antoine, is the village of POINTE-AUX-TREMBLES, lying at the foot of a hill some three hundred feet in height.

The parish of Saint-François de Sales de la Pointe-aux-Trembles was founded in 1679, but it had no church until 1697. Among those who presided over the parish we may mention

Mgr. Charles François Bailly, titular bishop of Lapse and coadjutor of Quebec. He held the parish until his death, officiating with the aid of his vicars. To him the church owes its beautiful black walnut baldachin, which is so much admired.

Another curé of distinction was M. Claude Poulin de Courval, who, after having been pastor of the Church of Notre-Dame in Montreal, came to preside over that of Pointe-aux-Trembles, where he remained fifty-two years, from 1794 to 1846. He has given his name to a certain remedy known as Courvaline, which he compounded himself and which is still used.

During the siege of Quebec, Pointe-aux-Trembles was the object of a strange expedition. Several ladies having there sought refuge to avoid the dangers of the bombardment, Major Carleton, (afterward Governor of Canada under the name of Lord Dor-



St Francis of Sales Church.—Pointe-aux-Trembles

chester), was sent at the head of twelve hundred men to capture these timid individuals. The expedition was under the direction of Major Stobo, who knew the country, and probably the ladies also, as he had passed three years, as prisoner of war, at Quebec. Resistance was not long sustained: forty Indians fired upon the troops, but by 3 o'clock in the morning, they had surrounded the houses in the vicinity of the church, and were in possession of the thirteen ladies, the cause of all this display of force. They, however, treated their captives with the utmost consideration, and, as in a game, each one for that day (the 21st July, 1759) assumed the name of one of the conquerors, Madam Wolfe, Madam Carleton, Madam Stobo, and so on. Major Stobo was deputed to convey them to Quebec, and three hours later he landed them at Anse des Mères. The general caused the bombardment to be suspended until nine at night, in order to give them time to seek shelter.

Other and more serious engagements between the French and English took place around Pointe-aux-Trembles. There, on the 22nd April, 1775, Arnold and Montgomery effected their junction of forces to lay siege to Quebec. At that time they were far from surmising what the future held for them. Arnold thence dated a proclamation to the people of Levis, enjoining them to furnish neither provisions nor fuel to the garrison, which was endeavoring to subvert the liberties of humanity and especially those of that colony.

Before Pointe-aux-Trembles the heroic engagement of the "Atalante" was fought out. The frigate, being unable to elude the pursuit of three English vessels, was run aground by order of its commander on the strand of Pointe-aux-Trembles. Vanquelin having landed all the men whom he did not absolutely need, maintained, with the aid of the remainder, a desperate fight lasting about two hours, until his powder was entirely consumed and the deck of the "Atalante" heaped with the dead and wounded. Seeing that its flag remained unlowered, the other frigates continued to riddle it with bullets. Finally a canoe was dispatched from one of them, the officer who commanded it approaching the "Atalante," demanded of Vanquelin why he did not either answer their shots, or lower his flag.

Vanquelin proudly answered that if he had had more powder, he would not thus have remained silent, and that, if they wished his flag lowered they must do it themselves, as he was accustomed to lower the flags of his foes rather than his own.

* * *

About six miles farther, on the same side of the River, is SAINT-AUGUSTIN, built at an elevation of some two hundred feet. On the site of this steep declivity may be seen the house where the Canadian Historian, F. X. Garneau, was born in June, 1809.

The church formerly stood on Pointe Saint-Augustin, overlooking the River.

During the night of August 29-30, 1759, a certain Indian of the Outaouais tribe came swimming into Saint-Augustin. He had been taken prisoner during the day and chained to the bridge of one of the frigates anchored before the village. The night proved overcast: having in the friendly darkness succeeded in freeing himself from his irons, he awaited a moment when the guards were at some paces distant, and then, flinging his blanket with a great splash into the stream on the Pointe Lévis side, he noiselessly glided into the water on the other side. Whilst the English were blazing away at the white blanket, he had managed to reach the French line.

At some distance lower, on the reefs visible at low tide, the ill-fated steamboat "Montreal" was wrecked at about 5 P. M., June 22nd, 1857. Laden that day with emigrants, it was making its usual ascent from Quebec, when a cry of fire arose on board. The flames having spread from end to end, as a last resource an attempt was made to reach land. Over two hundred passengers lost their lives in attempting to swim ashore. It was indeed one of the greatest disasters the St. Lawrence has ever witnessed.

The people of ST. NICHOLAS, on the other side of the River, were helpless spectators of this terrible catastrophe.

St. Nicholas, standing at an elevation of more than a hundred

feet, is built on the Seigneurie of Lauzon, one of the largest and most beautiful in the Province of Quebec. Though the parish was founded in 1694, its first church was not built until six years later. In 1728 this edifice was replaced by one of stone, which served until 1821, when the present church was erected. The site of the first building was a little more than a mile and a half West of this last.

One Saturday evening (the 8th August, 1847), a canoe containing twenty-one of the people of Saint - Antoine de Tilly was returning from a marketing expedition at Que-



Church of Saint-Nicolas

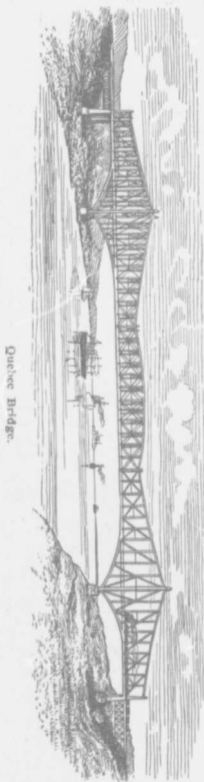
bec, when, surprised by a sudden squall a little below the church of St. Nicholas, it capsized. In the darkness eighteen of the passengers, nearly all women, were drowned.

Some miles lower, on the Northern bank, we discern the entrance to Rivière du Cap Rouge, with its cliffs a hundred and fifty feet high. Though the parish of SAINT-FELIX DU CAP ROUGE only dates from 1862, it was nevertheless the site of the first Canadian settlement, Jacques Cartier, in 1541, having built there two forts to protect his vessels, which were obliged to winter in the harbor, at the mouth of the River. He gave to this harbor the name of Charlesbourg Royal, but it was later changed to that of France Roi. Two years later Roberval caused the works built by Cartier to be repaired, and he erected a tower, two detached buildings (with rooms, kitchen, offices, well, etc.), and in the valley, on the bank of the little river, he built another tower for provisions.

For a long time vessels bound for Europe and elsewhere were loaded with wood at Cap Rouge, but trade has changed, and to-day the large quays standing at the mouth of Rivière du Cap Rouge are in ruins.

From Pointe-aux-Trembles the river its course, but also attains its greatest is narrower than at any other point in above the mouth of Rivière Claudière, it continuously contracts, and, a little depth, that of one hundred and sixty-two feet, the current running at six knots an hour.

This is the site selected for the Quebec bridge, which in many respects will be quite unique. It will have a central span of eighteen hundred feet in length, exactly ninety feet



longer than those of the bridge spanning the Forth in Scotland, which has hitherto had the largest arches in the world, two on



Church of Saint-Romuald,

the banks of five hundred feet each, and two landing spans with an aggregate length of four hundred and twenty-eight feet, giving it an entire length of near three thousand three hundred feet. This bridge will stand at a height of one hundred and fifty feet above the river at high tide, so that the largest vessels may pass beneath it, the cantilever towers will stand three hundred and sixty feet above the river. Its platform will be sufficiently wide to accommodate two railway tracks, two tramways, two roads for carriages and two others for pedestrians.

We now pass the entrance to Rivière Chaudière, remarkable for the beauti-

ful fall situated some four miles from its mouth. A little more than two miles lower is the mouth of Rivière Etchemin.

Between these two rivers, lies the Parish of SAINT-ROMUALD, the village, known also under the name of Etchemin or New Liverpool, being built on the banks of Rivière Etchemin.

As early as 1652 colonists had established themselves on that part of the Seigneurie of Lauzon, although the parish was not canonically erected until 1854.

Its first pastor, M. Sax, a virtuoso and lover of the beautiful, caused the erection of the fine church, chiefly remarkable for its beautiful frescoes painted by a distinguished artist of Munich.

Several men of war having been sunk before St. Romuald during the siege of 1759, the people of the vicinity, for a long time after, sought constantly for treasures, supposed to have been sunken with them.

* * *

Facing St. Romuald stands lofty Pointe à Pizeau, in days of yore a resort of the red skins, but now crowned by the church of Saint-Colombus of Sillery.

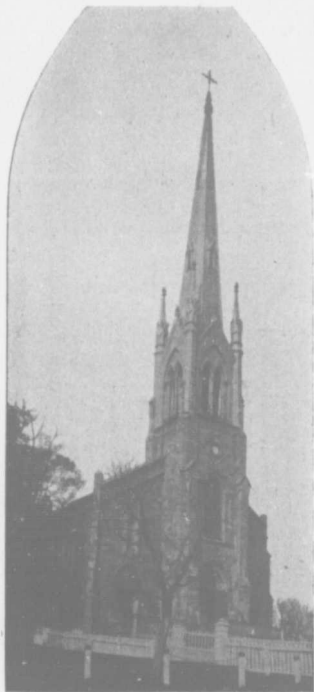
At l'Anse Saint-Michel, below Sillery, there formerly stood the residence of the venerable M. Pierre de Puiseaux, who, during the winter of 1641, extended hospitality to M. De Maisonneuve and Mademoiselle Mance, as well as to Madame de la Peltrie, who liked coming there to be nearer the Indians. This beautiful house was in its time considered a perfect gem.

A small monument is here to be seen, raised by the people of Sillery to the memory of Noël Brulard de Sillery, Chevalier de Malte, the noble founder of the institution of Sillery, and to that of Père Ennemond Massé, one of the first three Jesuits who came to Canada.

The remains of Father Massé have lain since the 12th May, 1646, beneath the choir of the modest chapel of Saint-Michel, of which nothing now remains but the foundations, standing a little South of the monument. On the other side of the road is the ancient residence of the Jesuits, its massive walls some three feet in thickness. Dating as it does from 1637, it is the oldest residence in Canada.

The Seigneury of Sillery, had been ceded to the Jesuits, on the 23rd October, 1663.

The fathers placed a colony of Hurons there, in the hope that they might thus be induced to cultivate the land. At the beginning of the last century, the Savages of Sillery took it into their heads, that the Jesuits had unlawfully taken possession of this domain, which belonged to them. They reclaimed it from the Canadian Government which held it at that time; then imagining that the governor was not doing them justice, four of their chiefs embarked on the brig "Indian" to go, and present their complaints to George IV, in person. They were very well received at Windsor Castle and right royally entertained. They forgot their trouble and returned quite satisfied.



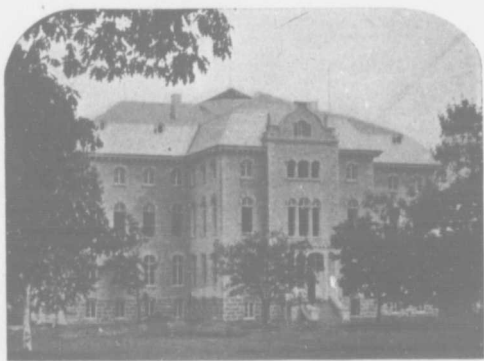
St. Columbus Church.—Sillery.

It was while working at the construction of a fort to protect the fields of these savages, near Sillery, that Brother Liegeois, S. J., met with his death, 1665. He advanced towards the woods to assure himself that no enemy lurked there; but unfortunately a small band

of Iroquois was watching him, they suddenly attacked him, felled him to the earth with a blow of an arquebuse and then cut off his head.

* * *

And now we are nearing Quebec, to which the approach, so fairylike, especially in this direction, has been admirably de-

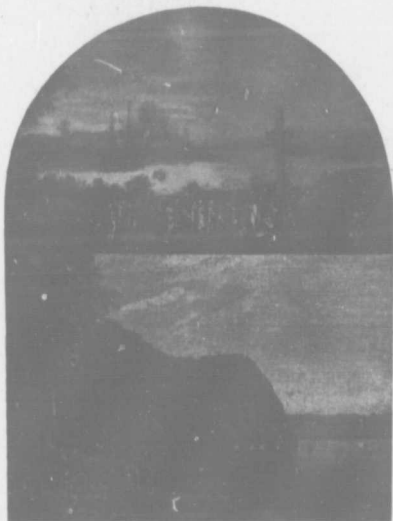


Convent, Sillery.

scribed by Honorable Chief Justice A. B. Routhier, in his splendid work entitled, "*Quebec*." As our aim is merely to furnish a guide along the St. Lawrence, we can but devote a few words to the two beautiful sister cities, Quebec and Levis, standing on opposite banks, their foundations laved by the stream. Those wishing to acquire a thorough knowledge of this cradle of the French Canadian nation, of its interesting history, curious legends and admirable topography, cannot do better

than apply to the work of Judge Routhier. Many books on Quebec have been written but none equal this in copious and exact information. Nothing is forgotten from the most recent monument to the most abandoned corner of the cemetery, and the narrator writes with such verve and charm that his book reads like the most absorbing romance.

We will now give a few views of the ancient City of Champlain, of the present City of Quebec and its environs, of Lévis, and then proceed on our voyage.



Jacques Cartier's conference with the Indians,—Cape Diamond.

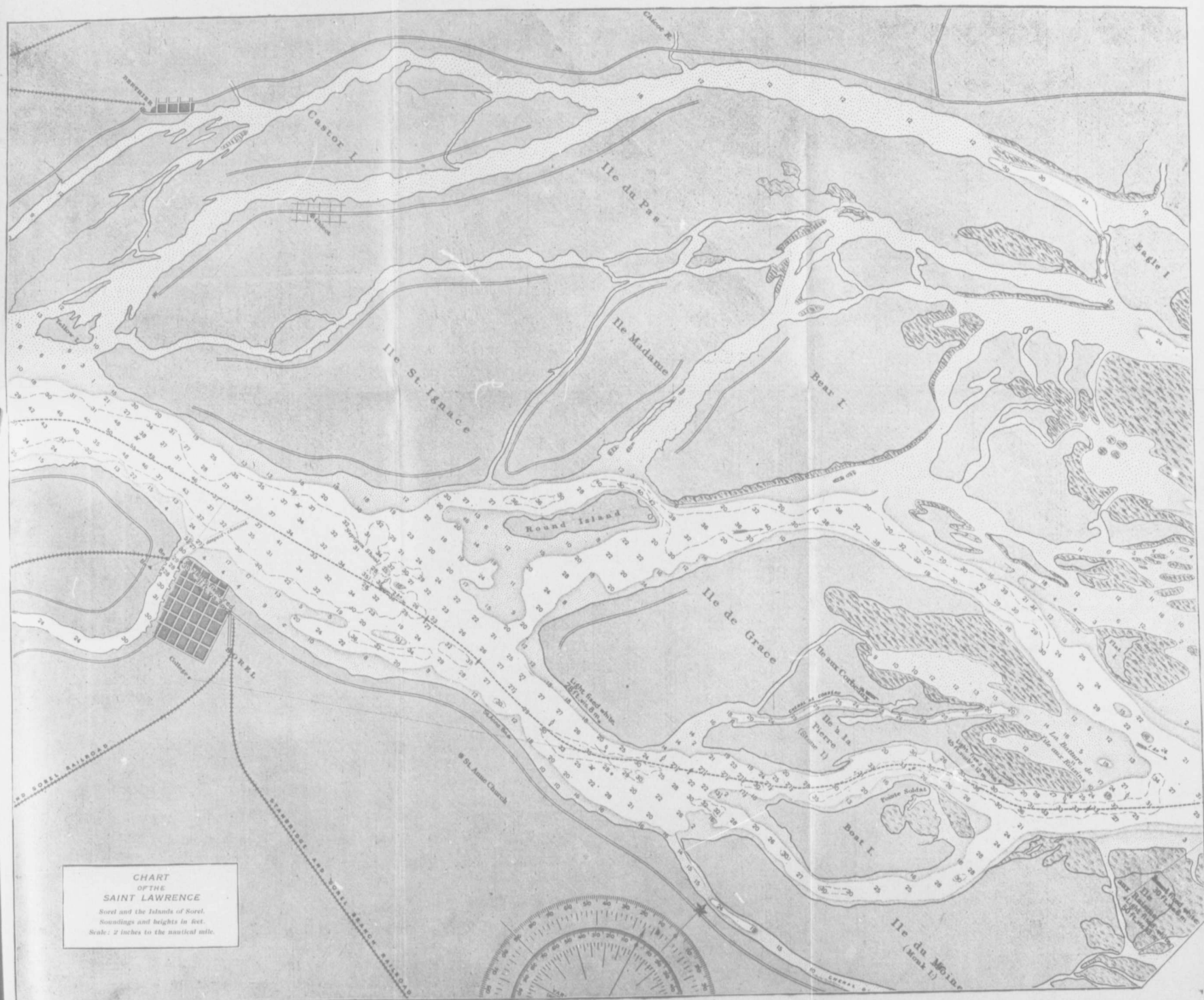
On the 3rd May of 1536, Jacques Cartier planted a cross in the midst of a large concourse of natives, and then seized their chief Donnacona, whom he brought with him to France.



The Redman's first glimpse of the white man near Cape Diamond, September 1535.



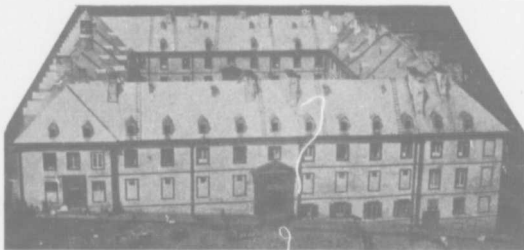
Samuel de Champlain, founder of Québec, 1608.





First dwelling in Quebec, residence of Samuel de Champlain.

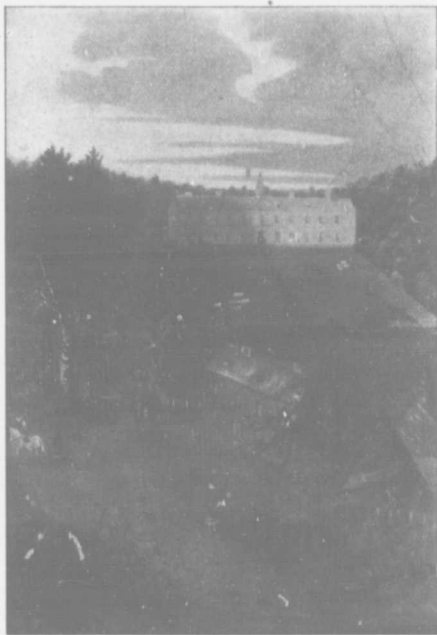
The first habitation at Quebec was built by Champlain in 1608. It consisted of a storehouse for provisions and three two-storied detached buildings, surrounded by a large ditch and a palisade. Kerth destroyed it about 1630.



Old Jesuit College.

This old Jesuit college was converted into a barracks in 1776, and was destroyed in 1895, to make way for the present town hall.

The Jesuits came to Canada in 1625, and founded their college at Quebec in 1637, a year before the establishment of Harvard University at Boston. After the taking of Quebec, the English Government refused to permit them to augment their numbers and after the death of Père Cazot in 1800 confiscated their possessions. They returned to Canada in 1842.

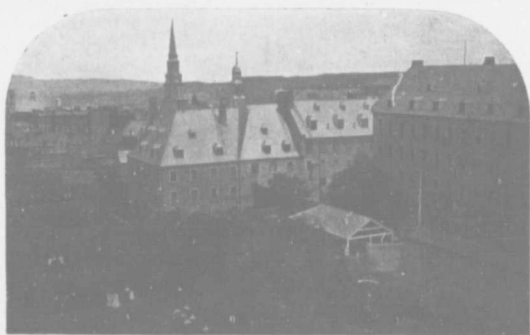


First Ursuline Convent, built in 1612, burnt down on December 13th 1632.

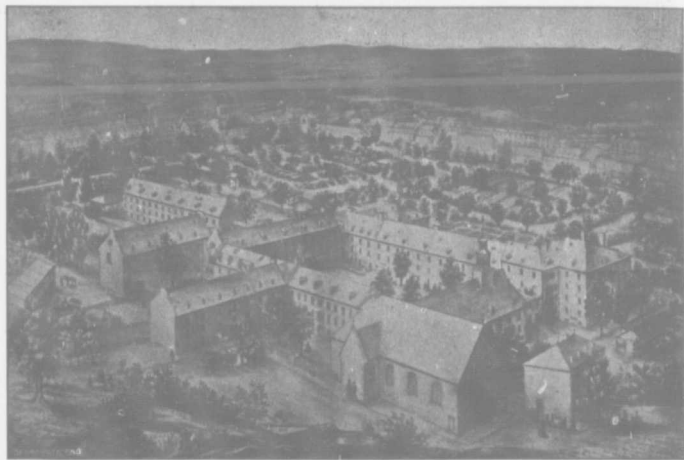


Ursuline Convent rebuilt in 1687, after the second fire, and enlarged from 1712 to 1717.—Chapel erected from 1717 to 1723.—View of the garden in 1850.—Old ash tree torn down by the wind in 1865.

The year 1639 witnessed the arrival at Quebec of Mère Marie Guyart de l'Incarnation, with two other Ursuline nuns, and Madame de la Peltrie. They founded the Convent of the Ursulines at Quebec; and it still remains the best known educational establishment for young girls in Canada.



One of the recreation grounds of the present Ursuline Monastery.



Bird's eye view of the Ursuline Monastery, taken in 1889 on the 250th anniversary of its foundation.



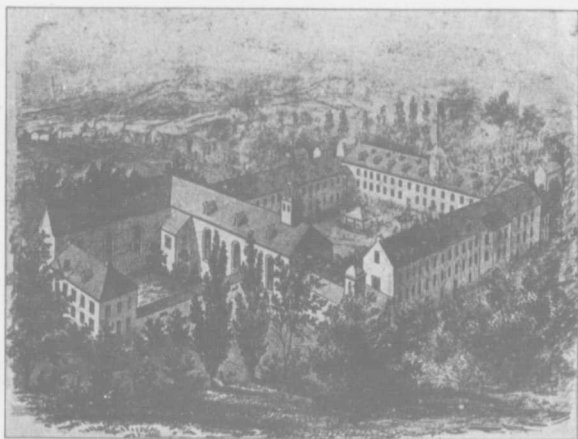
A corner of one of the recreation grounds at the Ursuline Monastery.



Bishop de Laval.

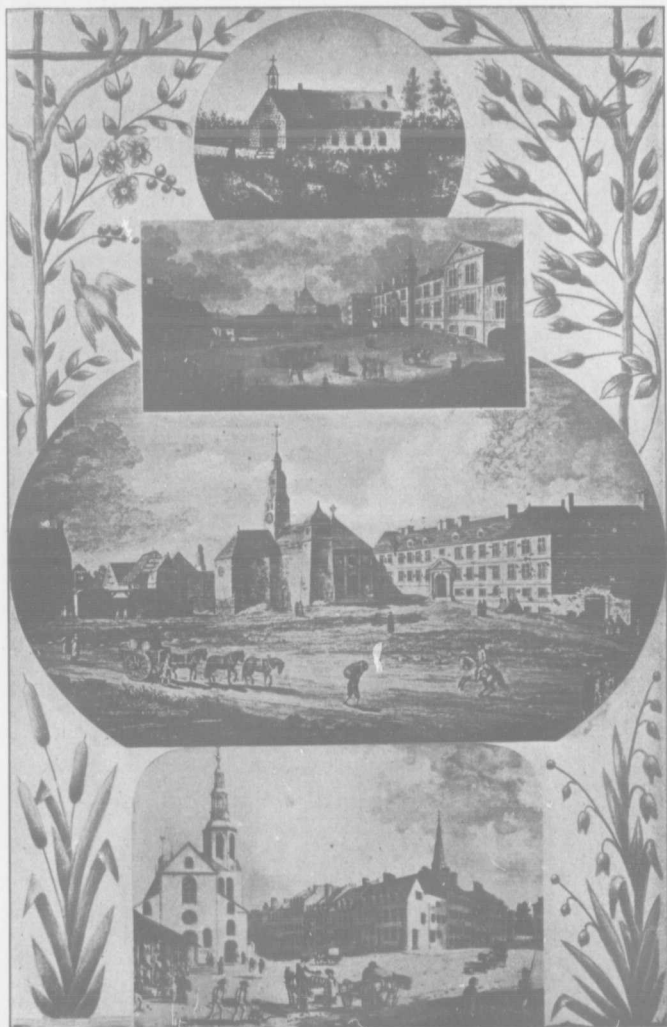
Monseigneur François de Laval-Montmorency came to Canada in 1659, as vicar-apostolic, with the title of Bishop of Pel-tree. He became the first bishop of Quebec in 1674. He died in 1708 at the Seminary of Quebec, which he had founded in 1663.

The first Recollet fathers, four in number, came to Canada with Champlain on his second voyage in 1615. Under the French government these friars presided over nearly all the Canadian parishes. The English deprived them of their possessions after the burning of their convent at Quebec in 1796.



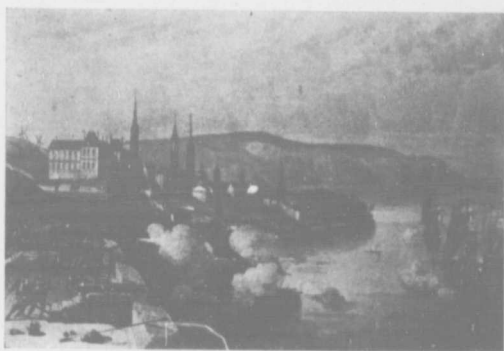
Ursulines Convent in 1759, the Chapel of which was restored by General Murray after the siege, and which was alternately used for saying mass and for the English service.

The building of the cathedral was begun in 1647: it was opened to the faithful in 1650.

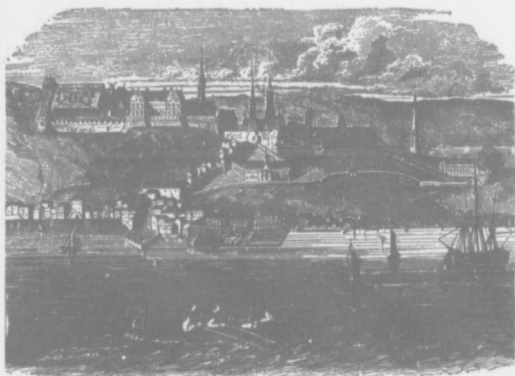


Second Reco'let Convent, the corner stone of which was laid by Talon.
 The Intendant's Palace.
 Jesuit's Church and College.
 The Cathedral in 1760.

Under French rule in Canada the intendants played an important part in the government, only the governor and the bishop being their superiors; the courts of Justice, the revenues and the police were under their control. Talon, the first intendant to come to Canada, did much to promote the country's progress.



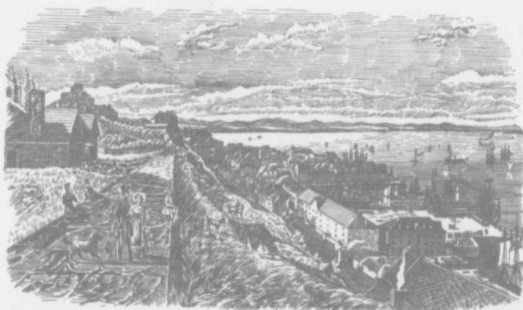
Defense of Quebec against Phipp's fleet in 1690.



Quebec in 1720.



View of the Place d'Armes and Episcopal Cathedral, Quebec, in 1832



The lower City of Quebec from the parapet of the Upper Town.—
From a sketch made by Col. Cockburn, R. E., in 1833.



Quebec from below, Aubigny church, Point Lévis. From a sketch taken in 1833,
by Col. Cockburn, R. E.



View of Esplanade and Fortification, Quebec, in 1832



Quebec from Point Lévis, view taken in 1832



Quebec from Indian Cove, view taken in 1759 by Richard Short.



Quebec from Wolfe Cove in 1759



Quebec in 1759, view taken by Capt Hervey Smith from the man-of-war Vanguard

Chateau Haldimand was built by the fanatical and suspicious Frederick Haldimand, who has left so dark a memory in Canada. He was governor from 1778 to 1785.



Chateau Haldimand, Quebec, 1784. Demolished in 1892 to give place to the Chateau Frontenac Hotel



Parliament Buildings, from 1833 to 1851.



Parliament Buildings from 1851 to 1854.

The ancient episcopal palace, transformed into a house of parliament in 1792, was enlarged in 1833 and adorned with a beautiful portico. Eighteen years later the bishop's palace was demolished, to enlarge and complete the house of legislature, which unhappily was burned three years later. The portico alone remained untouched by the flames, and to day it ornaments the Champlain Market, near the quays.



General view of Quebec taken from Levis by Captain Harvey Smyth,
General Wolfe's aid-de-camp.
The Cathedral, Jesuit's College and Recollet Church.

The seige of 1759 left Quebec's public buildings, as also its private residences, burned, demolished, or at least perforated and badly cut by bullets. Murray was obliged to repair more than five hundred houses, in order to lodge his troops.



Church of
Notre-Dame
des Victoires.

Bishop's Palace
View going up' from
Lower Town.

Bishop's Palace.
View going down
from Upper Town

Ruins of Quebec after the siege of 1759. Views taken by Richard Short.

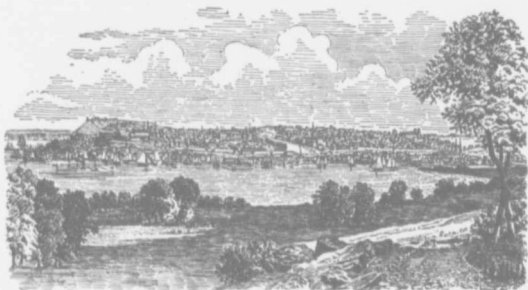


The Treasury and
the Jesuit's College.

Interior of the
Jesuit's church.

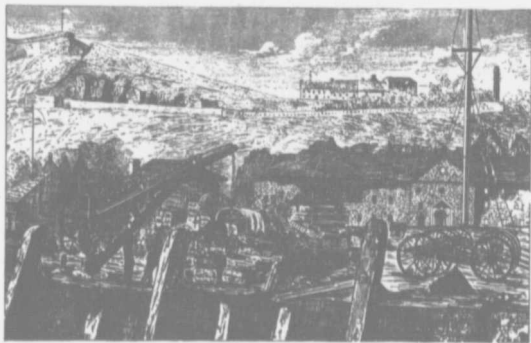
Interior of the
Recollet's church.

Ruins of Quebec after the siege of 1759. View taken by Richard Short.



Quebec, view taken from Beauport in 1851.

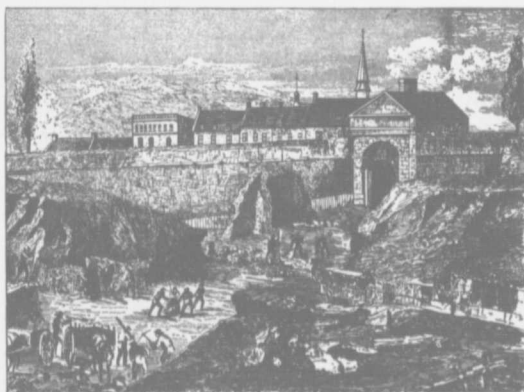
In 1871 it was resolved to do away with everything incompatible with the needs of modern activity in the ancient City of Champlain. The ancient portals, narrow and difficult to open, were replaced by fine, widely-opened gates. All that remain of these antiquities are the sketches, made of them before their destruction.



Old war materials exposed for sale on the Queen's wharf, Quebec.
From a sketch taken in 1871.



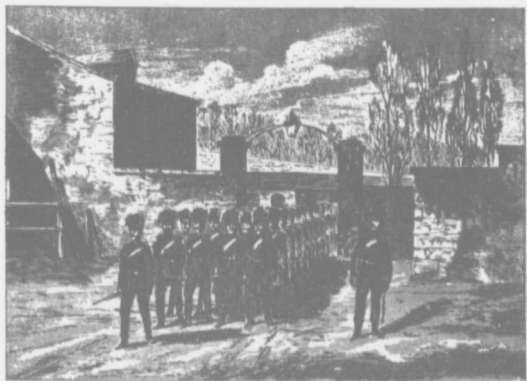
Inside of the old Saint-Louis gate, Quebec. From a sketch taken in 1871.



Demolishing old Quebec. From a sketch taken outside of the Saint-Louis gate, in 1871.



Old Prescott gate, Quebec. From a sketch taken in 1871.



The Royal engineers departing from their barracks in Quebec. From a sketch taken in 1871.



Snow lion modelled by the students in front of Laval University in 1891.

The Golden Dog on Post-Office, Quebec.

Ere visiting the modern city, let us pause an instant to review the legends of Old Quebec. That which has attracted the greatest curiosity among archaeologists, historians and tourists is the legend of *Le Chien d'Or*, its secret embodied in the sculptured form of a dog gnawing a bone, on the facade of the present post-office; the basso-relievo having been taken from the house formerly occupying that site. M. Jacques Viger, scholar and historian, claims to have discovered the origin of this legend in a certain order for quartering his troupes, presented to Philibert, a rich merchant of Quebec by Col. de Repentigny,

who, indignant at being excluded from the house, where he claimed the right to lodge with several of his soldiers, drew his



De Repentigny presenting the lodging permit to Philiberti.

sword in a moment of passion and killed his opponent. *Le Chien d'Or* would seem to symbolize the hatred and desire for vengeance felt by the family of Philibert towards his murderer.



Bigot giving orders to Cadet.

William Kirby has made this legend the groundwork of a novel, which still retains much of its popularity, despite its historical inaccuracy and the improbabilities with which it abounds. Among the characters introduced to the reader are the Intendant Bigot and his underlings, the venal Cadet, Le-Gardeur de Repentigny, the high-liver, and the coquettish and ambitious Angelique de Meloises; to whom the charming Amelie de Repentigny, sister of Le Gardeur, and her admirer, Pierre Philibert, form an admirable foil. The delightful love idyl of these latter contrasts strikingly with the sanguinary drama having its denouement in the death of Pierre's father.



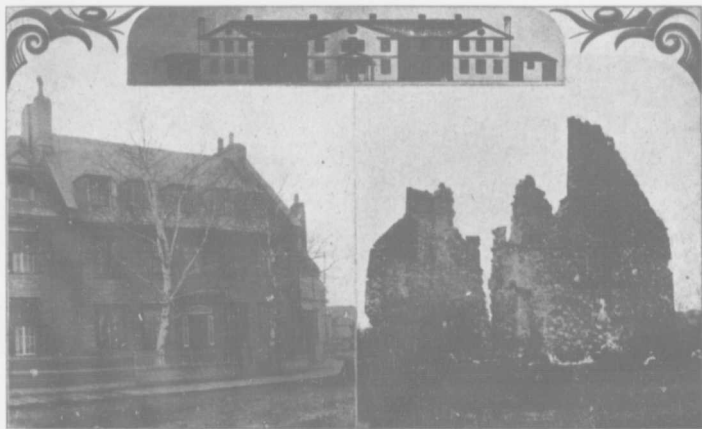
Angelique de Meloises.



Gossiping on the market place.

Whilst briefly outlining the legends of Quebec, we refer the tourist wishing ampler details to Mr. Kirby's romance, or, if he be more seriously inclined, to the admirable work of the Honorable Judge Routhier.

The ruins of Chateau Bigot, still to be seen in a bend of the Laurentides, some miles from Quebec, were the traditional scene of the many wild orgies and crimes of that intendant of dark memory. The French had called this chateau "Beauma-noir," but it was renamed "The Hermitage" by the English. The road leading to it is charming. In days of yore an added touch of the picturesque was lent by the scattered cabins of strange and mysterious hunters, like those described by M. John Lespérance in "Les Bastonnais."



Montcalm's House.

Chateau Saint Louis in 1608.

Ruins of the Hermitage.



Bigot on his way to the Hermitage.



The cheerful guests of Bigot at the Hermitage.



Following an Elk in the woods surrounding the Hermitage.

Lastly mention must not be omitted of the romantic attachment of Nelson to the beautiful Miss Simpson. Love, if we may believe the tale went near to wrecking the future of this illustrious admiral, and at the same time robbing England of her supremacy of the sea.



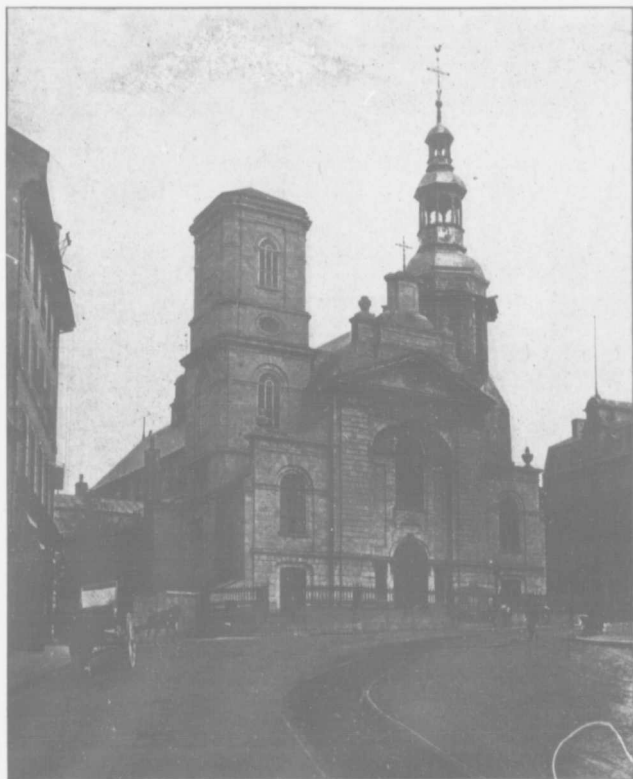
NELSON



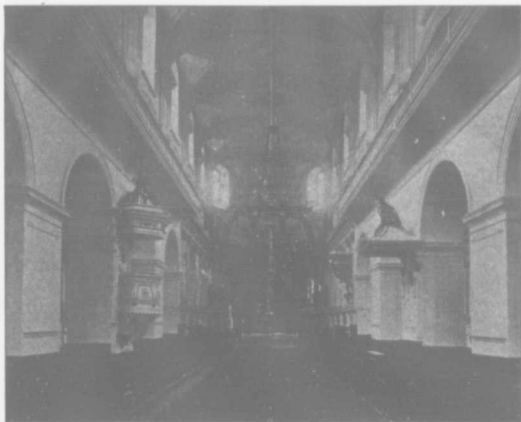
Nelson leaving Quebec



French sentinel watching over the lofty citadel of Quebec, in 1759,
during the siege by Wolfe.

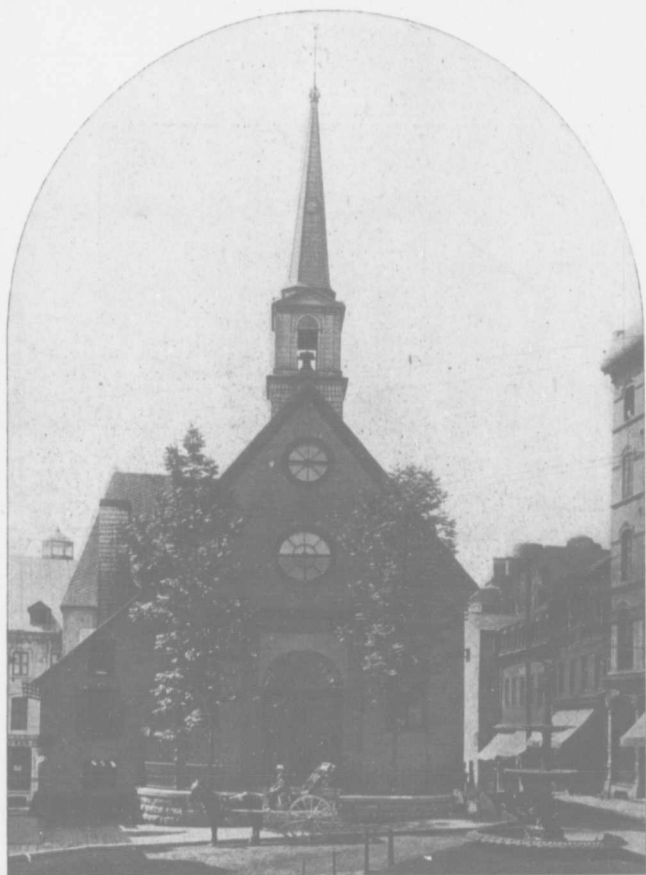


The Basilica of Quebec.



Interior of the Basilica of Quebec.

The Basilica is the ancient church which, begun in 1647, has been added to from time to time during the two centuries and a half of its existence. The facade and the lantern date from 1843. The massive pilasters of the interior have been cut out of the walls of the primitive church, when the two lateral naves were added. Originally the church had but one nave.



Our lady of Victories.

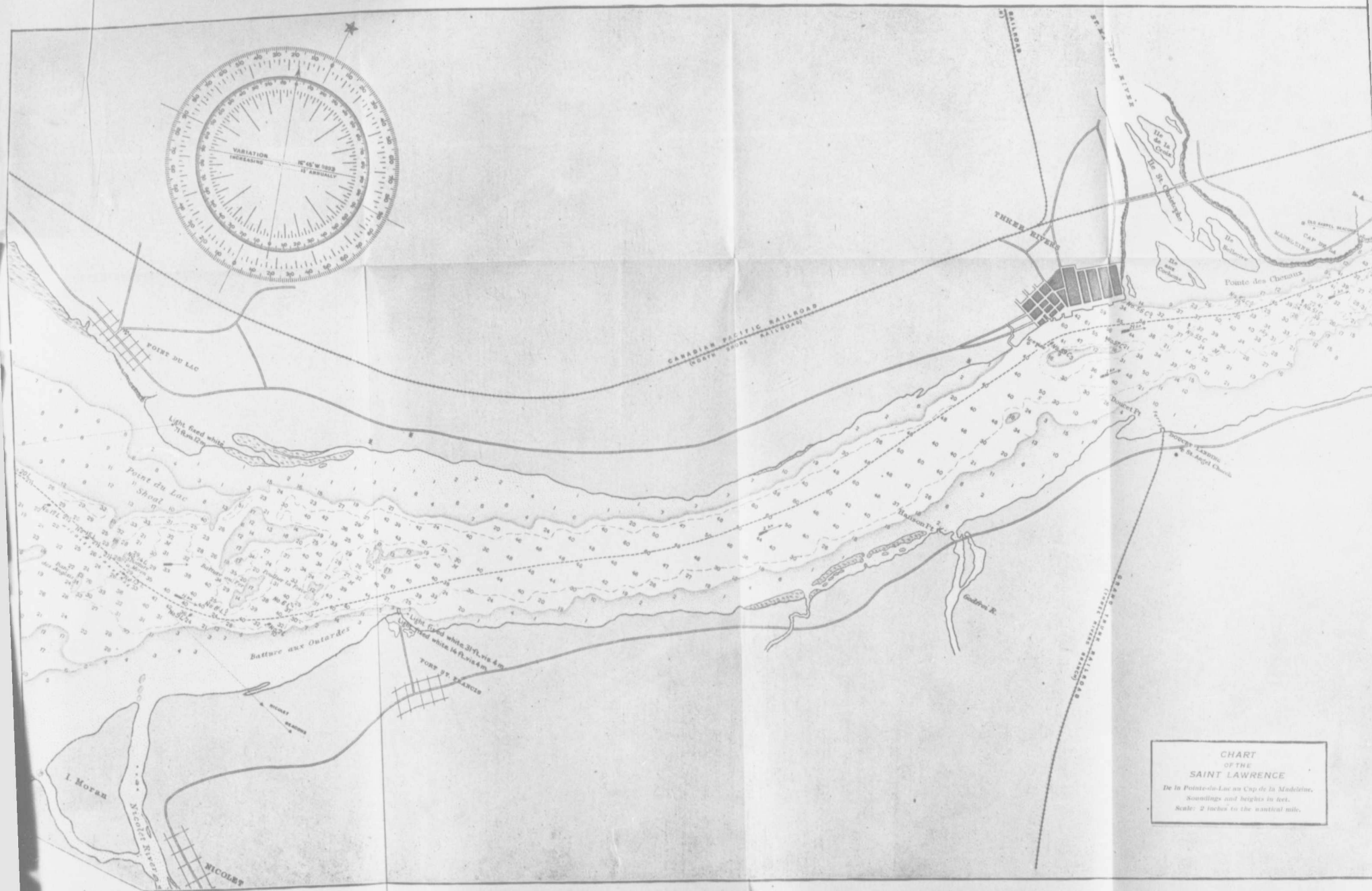
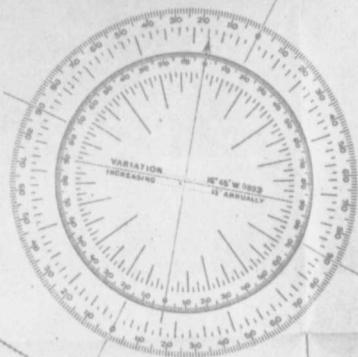
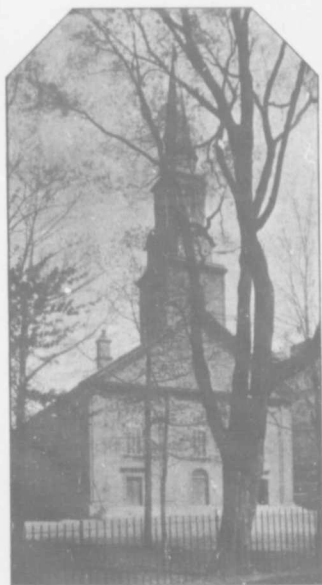


CHART
OF THE
SAINT LAWRENCE
De la Pointe-du-Lac au Cap de la Madeleine.
Soundings and heights in feet.
Scale: 2 inches to the nautical mile.

The church of Notre-Dame des Victoires, built in 1688, occupies the site where stood the "Habitation" of Champlain. Originally dedicated to the Infant Jesus, it was consecrated to Notre-Dame de Victoire in thanksgiving for the defeat of Phipps, and received its present name after tidings had been received of the destruction of Walker's fleet on Ile aux Oeufs.



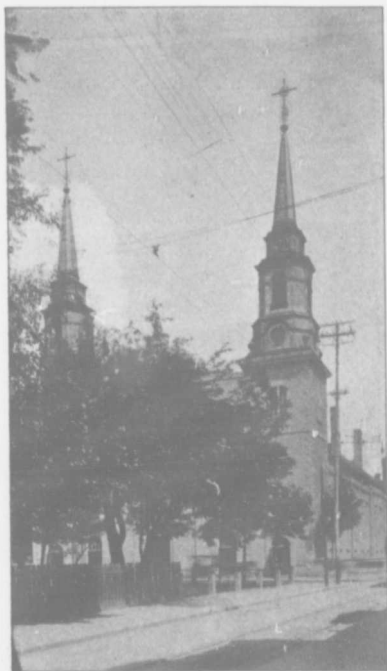
Church of Saint John-the-Baptiste, Quebec.



Anglican Cathedral.

Methodist Church. St-Mathew's Church.
Finlay Asylum

The Scotch Protestants have moreover, a church on Sainte-Ursule Street, which is called the Church of Dr. Chalmers.



Parish Church of Saint-Roch.



Parish Church of Saint Sauveur.



Christmas Night in Saint-Foy Church.
The Present Saint-Foy Church.
The Old Church.



Church of our Lady-of-the-Wayside.

A church well named, for in the Villa Manrese, an outbuilding, travellers, tired of traversing the slippery path of vice, may here find a safe retreat wherein to gain strength for the remainder of the journey. Beneath its kindly roof the greatest sorrows find consolation, and Christian charity multiplies its care for every ill of the soul.



Villa Manresa.



Interior of the Church of our Lady-of-the-Wayside.



Convent and Church of the Franciscan ladies.

Situated in the most elevated part of the City of Quebec, this church is remarkable chiefly for its interior. In his admirable work on Quebec, the Honorable Judge Routhier has devoted a splendid page to the symbolism of this Franciscan church. He omits to mention, however, that the erection of this edifice, as well as that of the monastery surrounding it, was in great measure due to the devotion and zeal of Madame Routhier. In visiting this fine monument, it is well worth a modest fee to have all the lights turned on for then only may it be seen in its full splendor.



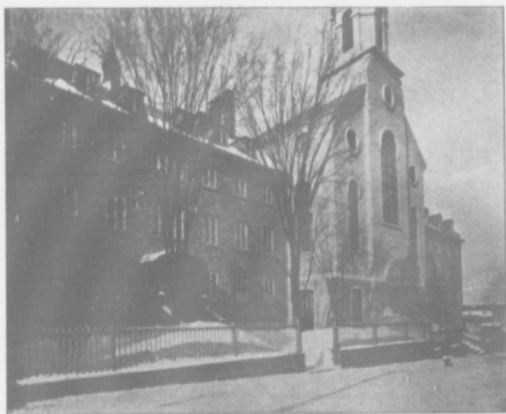
Chapel of the Men's Congregation Saint-Roch's. A fine copy of Murillo's Immaculate Conception may be seen inside.



Hotel-Dieu of the Precious Blood.



Hospital of the Sisters of Mercy.



Good Shepherd Asylum.



The General Hospital.—The Marine Hospital.



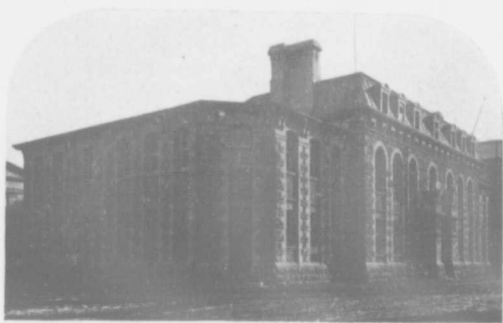
Archbishop's Palace



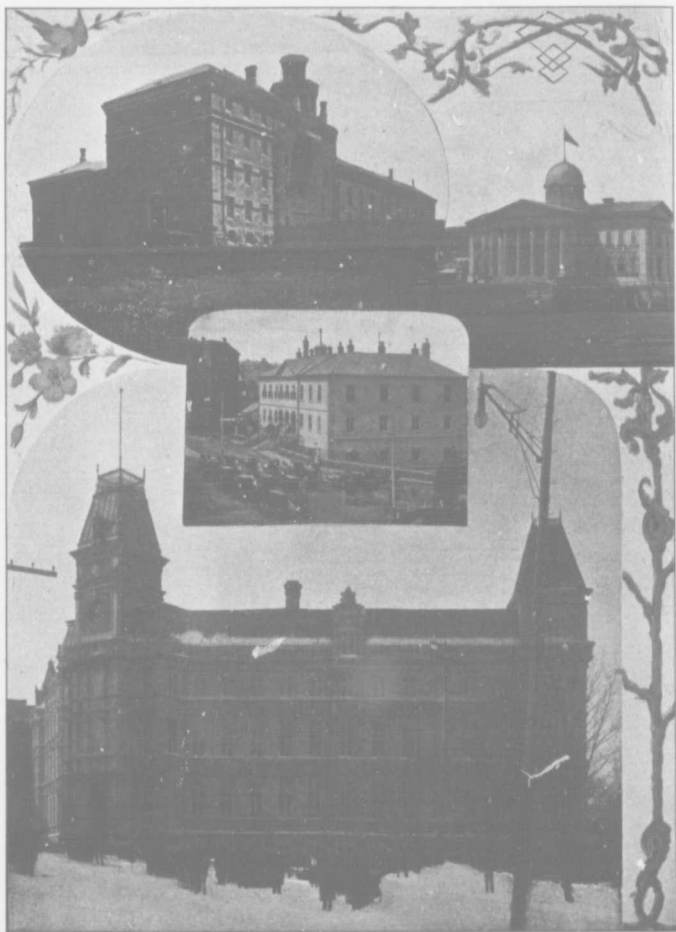
Laval University.—Grand Seminary and College.



The Skating-rink and Garrison Club-House.



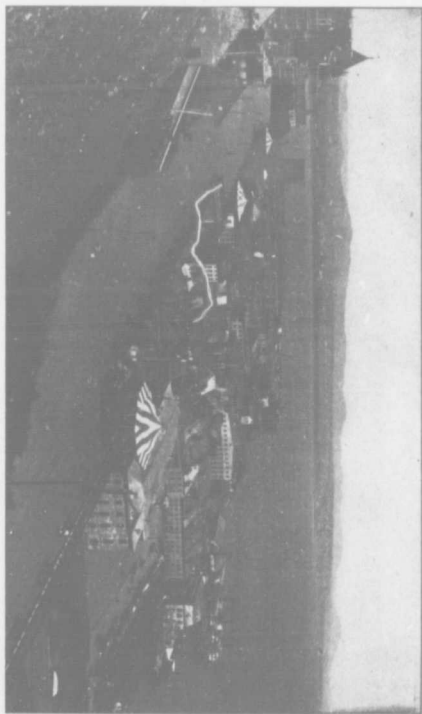
Harbour Commissioners Office.



The Prison

Old and new Court House.

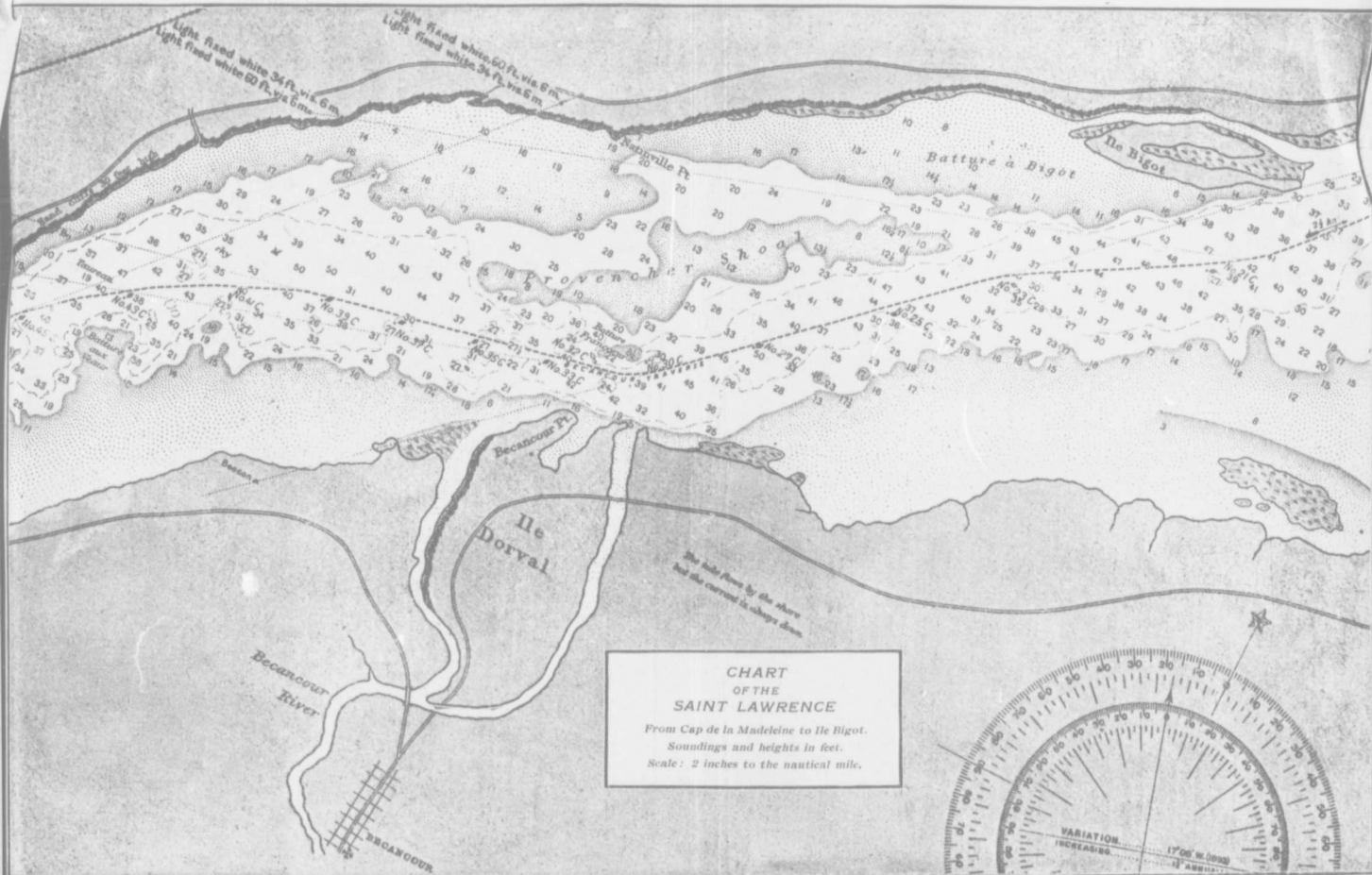
Custom House

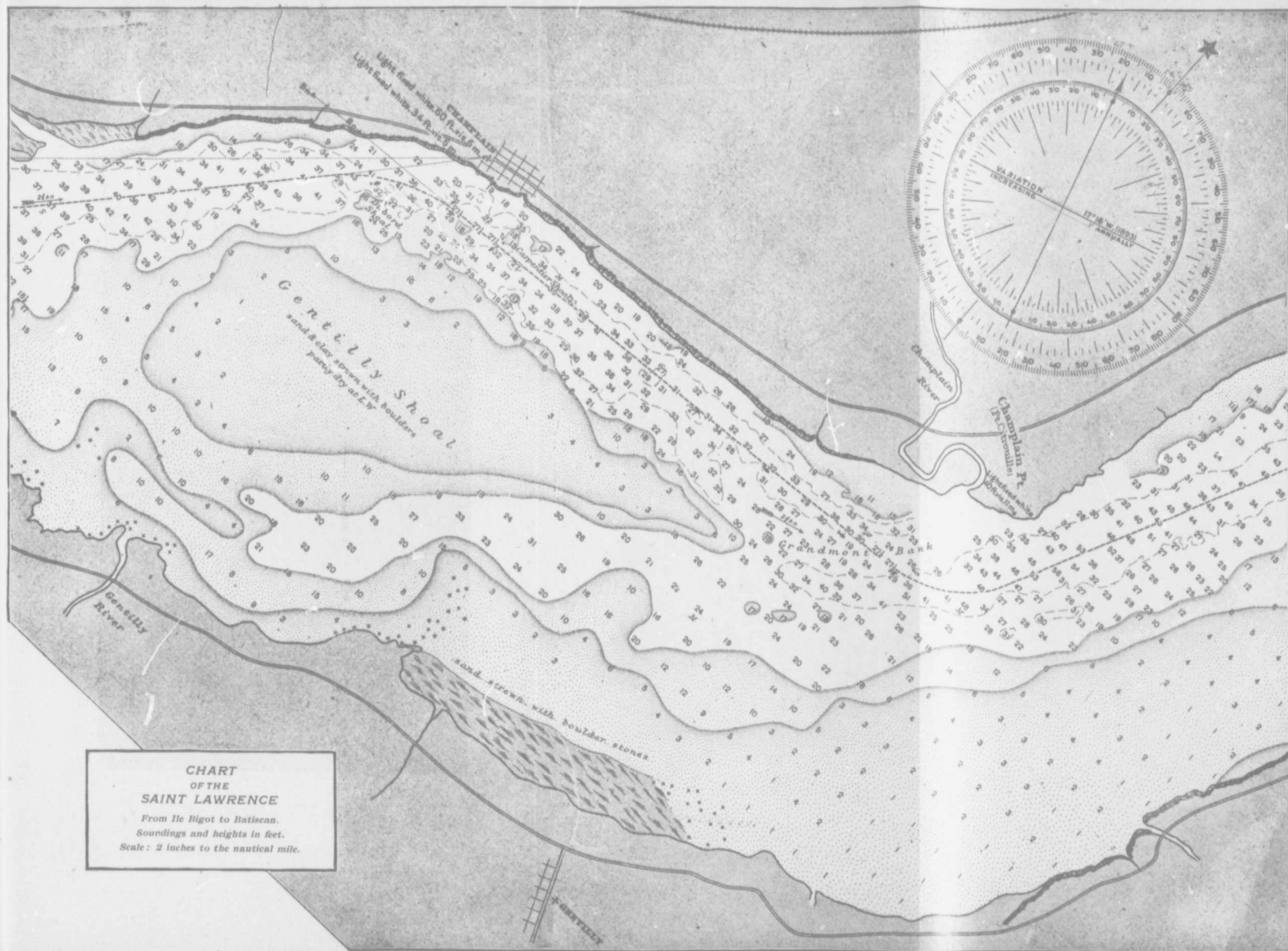


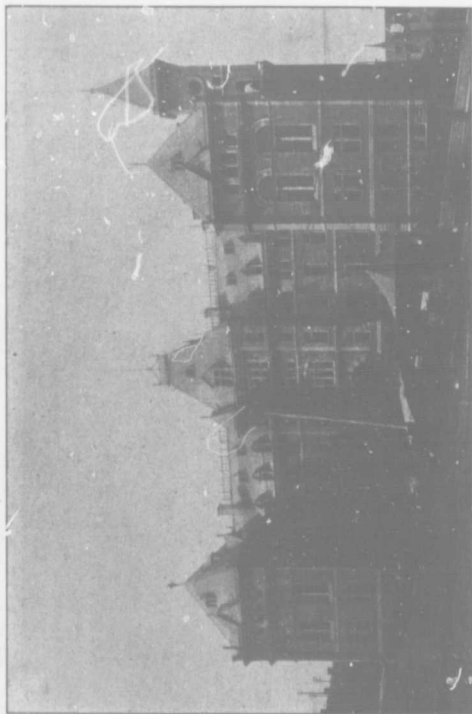
The Terrasse and Lower Town viewed from the Citadel.



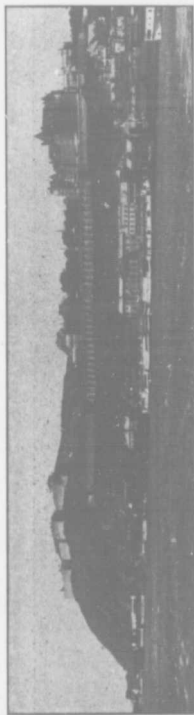
The Citadelle viewed from the Port.



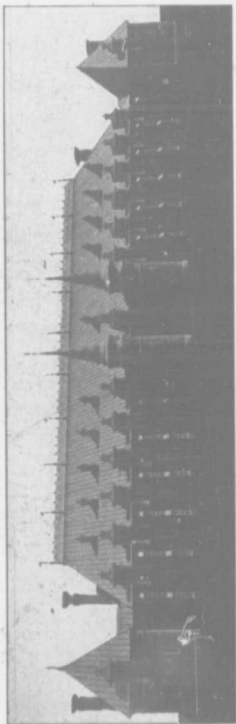




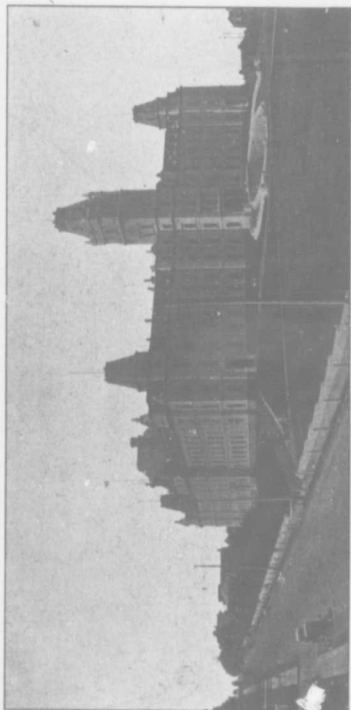
The City Hall



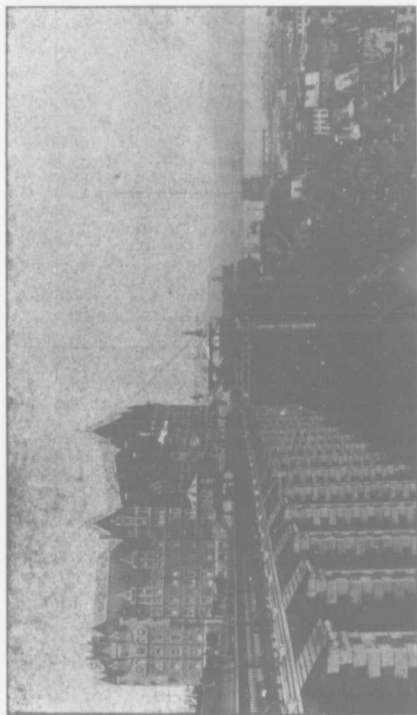
The Citadel, Dufferin Terrace and Chateau Frontenac.



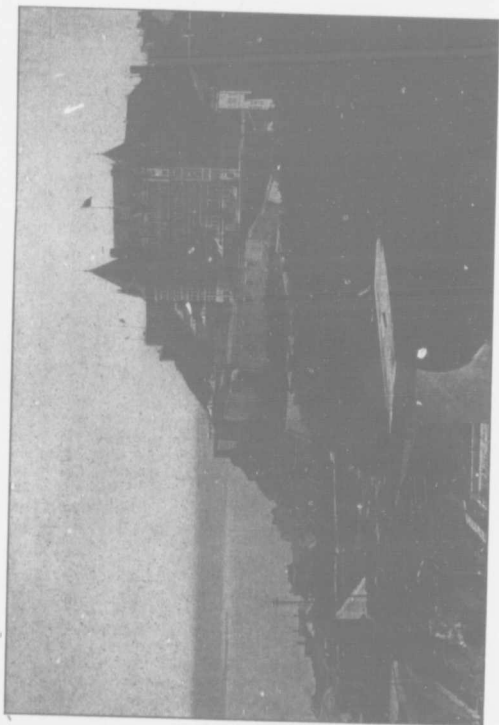
The Drill Shed



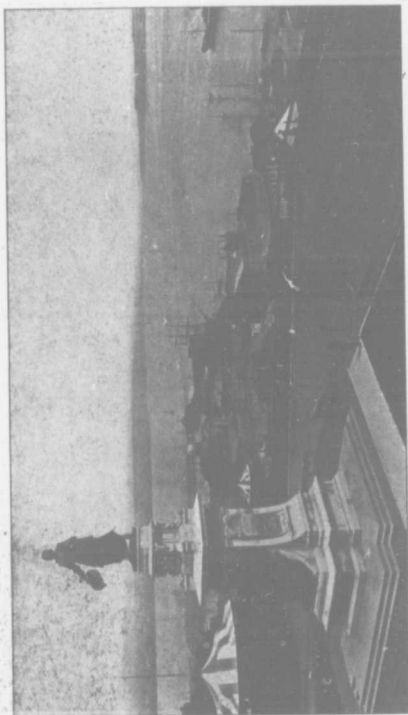
The Parliament building.



The Terrasse and Chateau Frontenac.



The Château Frontenac viewed from Laval University.



View taken from Chateau Frontenac.



Champlain's Monument.



FRONTENAC, by Philippe Hébert.
(Statue decorating the front of the Legislative Palace)



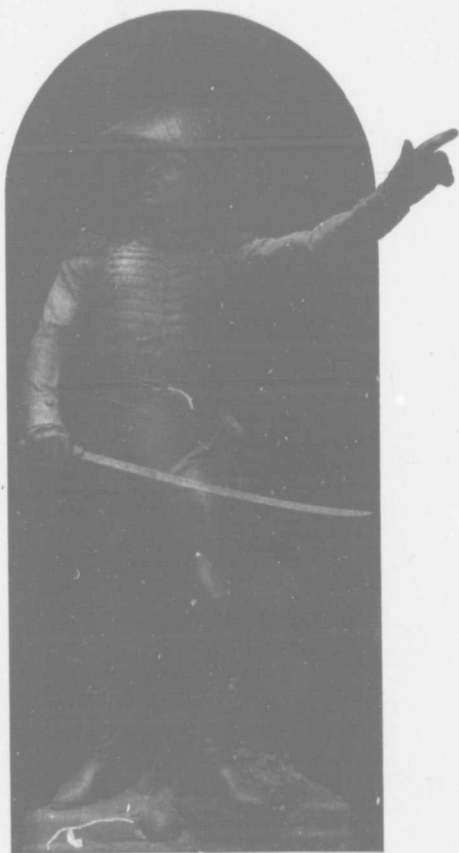
WOLFE, by Philippe Hébert.
(Statue decorating the front of the Legislative Palace.)



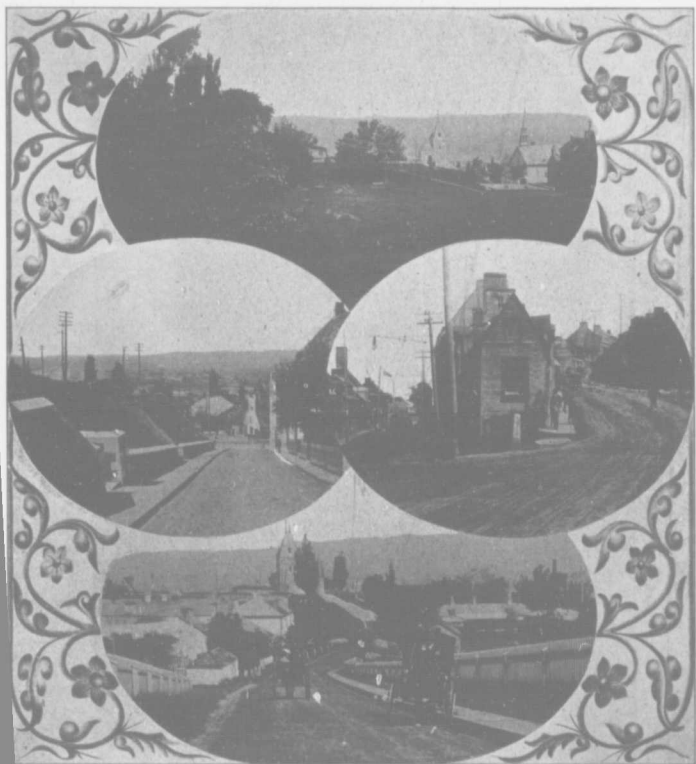
MONTCALM, by Philippe Hébert.
Statue decorating the front of the Legislative Palace.)



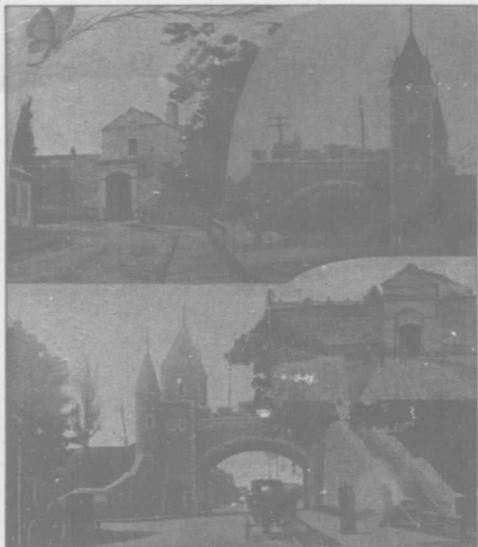
LEVIS, by Philippe Hébert.
(Statue decorating the front of the Legislative Palace.)



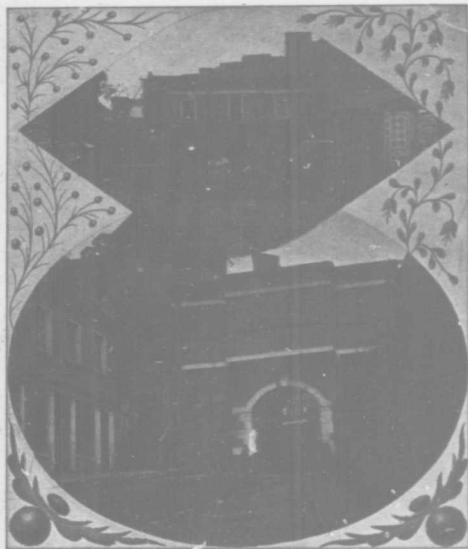
DE SALABERRY, by Philippe Hébert.



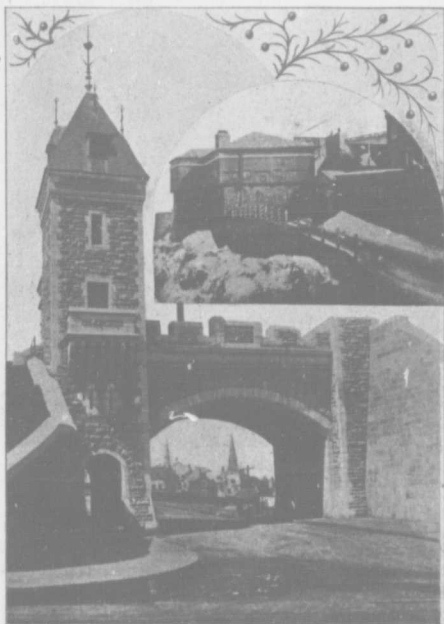
The Esplanade.
D'Auteuil street— Abraham Hill.
Citadel Hill.



Prescott Gate, old and new, viewed from both sides.

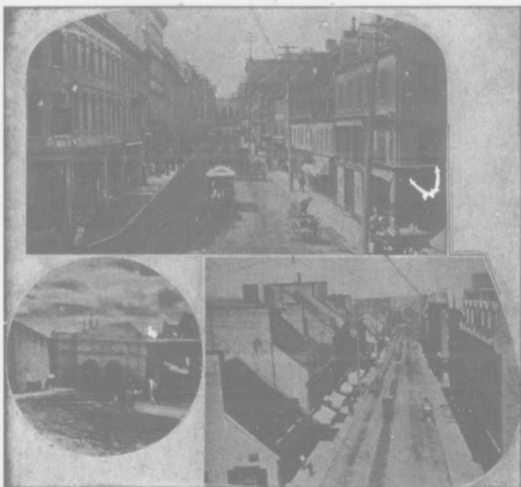


Saint-Louis Gate, old and new, seen from both sides.



Hope Gate.

Kent Gate.



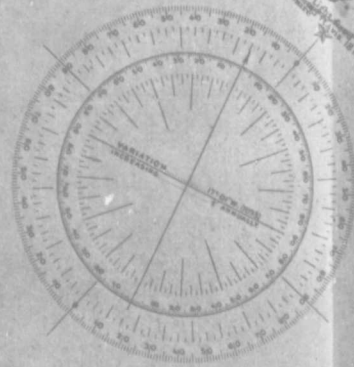
Saint-John street and the gate before its demolition, showing the famous old bakery.

Saint Jean gate was demolished a few years after its reconstruction in 1871, as it interfered with traffic on Rue Saint-Jean, the most important street in Quebec from a commercial standpoint.

Destroyed also, to make way for the auditorium is the ancient bakehouse, formerly situated directly behind Porte Saint-Jean. 'Twas one of the city's most interesting parts and tourists might constantly be seen making sketches of this relic of French Quebec. It was somewhat sunk in the ground, and it was necessary to descend two steps from the sidewalk to reach its floor.

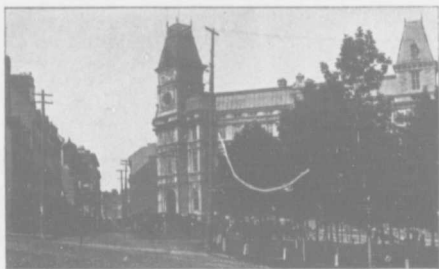


CHART
OF THE
SAINT LAWRENCE
From Batiscan to Levesville.
Soundings and heights in feet.
Scale: 2 inches to the nautical mile.





The Post-Office



Place d'Armes Square



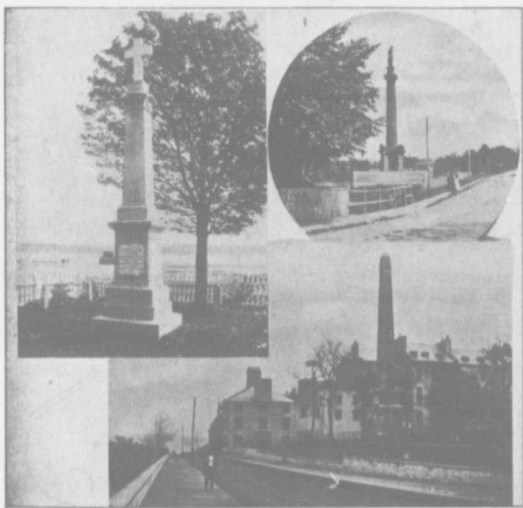
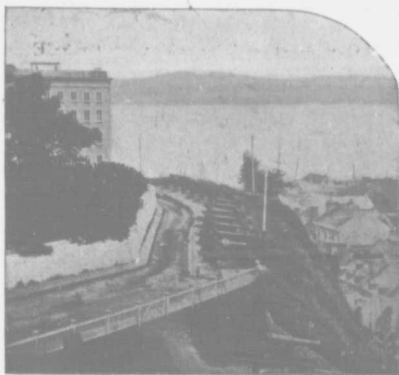
Quebec and Lake Saint-John Railway Station.



Quebec viewed from the Legislative Palace.



The Jesuit's Church Quebec.



The University Battery.

Monument of the first Missionary.

Monument erected to the memory of many brave soldiers.

Monument of Wolfe and Montcalm.

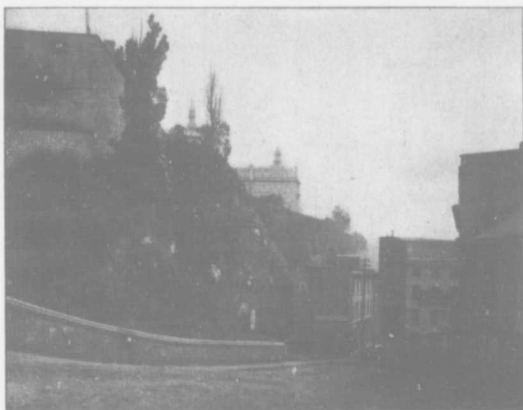


Wolfe Monument.

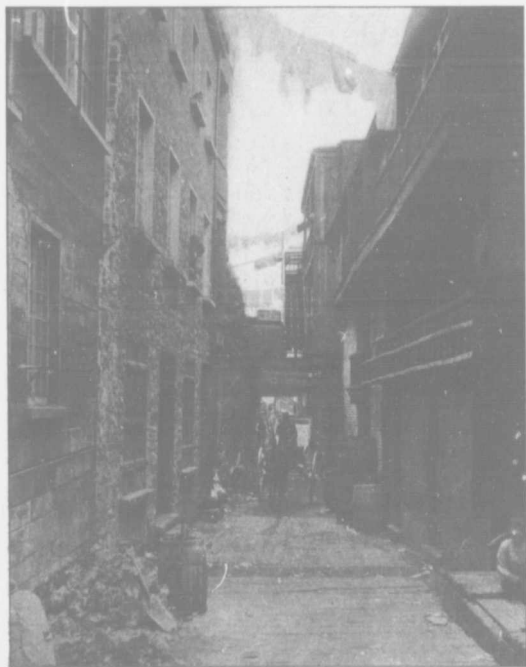
Here again while contemplating these monuments the counterparts of which can no where else be found, we refer our readers to Judge Routhier's book. In his chapter entitled "Stones that speak" he admirably brings out the symbolism of these monuments raised to honor the enemy's heroes, and explains our national dualism, and the resulting union essential to Canadian prosperity.



Church of Our Lady of the Guard.



Mountain Hill.



Sous le-Cap Street.



Saint Joseph street.

Ere continuing our trip down the St. Lawrence, let us take a bird's eye view of Levis.

"Levis," says Judge Routhier, "is one of the beauties of Quebec... one never wearies of admiring its splendid panorama. Its fine buildings are not many in number, but built as they are on a monumental pedestal, are seen at a rare elevation, admirably defined against the azure heavens."



Hospital Saint-Joseph de la Délivrance, Lévis.



Church of Notre Dame de Lévis.



Church of Saint-Joseph de Lévis.



Chapel of the Sacred Heart and a corner of the recreation grounds of the Convent of Jesus-Mary, at Saint Joseph de Levis.



Convent of Jesus-Mary at Saint-Joseph de Levis.



Convent of Notre-Dame de Lévis.



The Lévis College.



Inscription showing the spot where Montgomery fell, on the 1st of December 1775.



VERY morning, whilst the fine weather lasts, one of the beautiful boats of the Richelieu & Ontario Navigation Co., bearing the name of some place that it takes in en route, leaves Quebec for Saguenay. A more delightful excursion one could not possibly take, for nowhere is nature more imposing in its grandeur, than on this Northern coast and on the Saguenay.

Our last view of Quebec is no less magnificent than that which greeted our approach: a myriad of buildings of varied design, from which shoot forth at

intervals porticos, pediments, colonnades, spires, conical roofs, pointed gables and domes, the whole crowned by the ancient fortress perched at a height of nearly five hundred feet. Such is our parting impression of the City, which at this early hour stands forth in such magical purity of line and color.

We must not, however, remain too long entranced by the beauties we are leaving in our wake. Let us rather, casting a rapid glance toward Lévis, approach the stem of the vessel, where a view no less enchanting awaits us.

Opposite is the ISLE OF ORLEANS, mirrored in the waters, resembling a magnificent basket of verdure; the foremost villas of Beaulieu and the Church of Sainte-Pétronille seeming like flowers, white, ruddy and gold against the green background. Afar, the Montmorency Falls appear like white lace thrown before an opening in emerald tapestry, while here and there are

the churches and houses of Beauport. At our right is the high cliff, of Saint-Joseph de Lévis, which will soon completely shut off all view of Quebec; at its base, limpid and azure, lies the beautiful road over which we are about to travel.

Our boat now takes its course Southward toward the ISLAND OF ORLEANS (1), after that of Montreal, the most beautiful of the St. Lawrence Island. When Jacques Cartier discovered it, he called it Bacchus, but, in 1537, changed this name to Orleans, in honor of his patron, Francis Ist. After the Hurons had settled there in 1651, it for some time bore the name of Isle Ste-Marie, and later, in 1686, an attempt was made to call it Isle Saint-Laurent, but the name it now bears proved more popular.

The Island of Orleans, with Isle Madame and Reaux Island, formerly composed the County of Orleans, but, since the union of Canada, it has been annexed to Beaupré, and forms part of the County of Montmorency.

In 1668 it passed into the hands of Monseigneur de Laval. Having purchased it from the first patentees, who did not know its value, he donated it to the Seminary of Quebec. In April, 1675, it became the property of Maître François Berthelot, Counsellor of the Parliament of Paris, who, in exchange, gave Jesus Island and twenty-five thousand francs. The year following, by a payment of ten thousand crowns to the Exchequer, he obtained that this island should be changed into a fief, called "Comté de Saint-Laurent," and he and his male heirs acquired the title "Comte de Saint-Laurent." The population was then more than a thousand, divided into four large parishes, possessing one completed church and two others in process of construction. The heirs of Berthelot, who did not reside in the country, found it inexpedient to retain the domain, and, after some negociation, it was parcelled out into fiefs and arrière-fiefs.

(1) See Appendix at the end of this volume for the trip to Sainte-Anne de Beaupré and the Northern part of the Island of Orléans.

On the extremity of the Island nearest Quebec is the Parish of *SAINTE-PETRONILLE*, which only dates from 1872. The lower shore is much built up; and is known as "*Le Village Beaulieu*." It is much frequented in summer by excursionists from Quebec and consists chiefly of villas.

There, in days of yore, stood the fort of the Hurons. In 1651 the Jesuits purchased this site from Madame *Eléonore de Grand-Maison*, wife of *François de Chavigny*, and there placed a band of Hurons who sought protection from the Iroquois. The fort they had constructed, however, did not prevent these poor savages from falling victims to their deadly foes. On the 20th May, 1656, a band of Iroquois coming from *Tadoussac* fell upon a party of Hurons, of all ages and both sexes, working in the fields. They killed six and led the rest captives into their country, passing en route before Quebec in defiance of the French. The greater number of their unfortunate prisoners (more than sixty) were burned to death.

The Hurons continued but seven years on the Island of *Orleans*, which they abandoned to resettle nearer Quebec. What remains of that colony is at present established at *Lorette*.

Nearly midway between the extremity of the Island and the picturesque village of *Saint-Laurent*, is a small well-sheltered harbor, where vessels often anchored before setting sail for strange lands. Here may be seen a remarkable grotto which sightseers should not fail to visit. It is doubtless to this grotto that the bay owes its name "*Trou Saint-Patrice*."

* * *

We now approach the village of *SAINT-LAURENT*, which first bore the name *Saint-Paul*, but the seigneurs of the Island, desiring that one parish of their domain should be called *Saint-Laurent*, so entitled it.

Here General Wolfe landed on the 27th June, 1759. Having proceeded to the church, he found on the principal door a placard begging the English to respect the edifice. It is said that the general not only gave orders to that effect, but, at his own

expense, built the North-West portion of the old presbytery, deeming the pastor's former quarters inadequate. This good priest, Mr. F. Martel, whose politeness and amiability so charmed the general, had alone remained in the parish, its people having fled at the approach of the enemy.

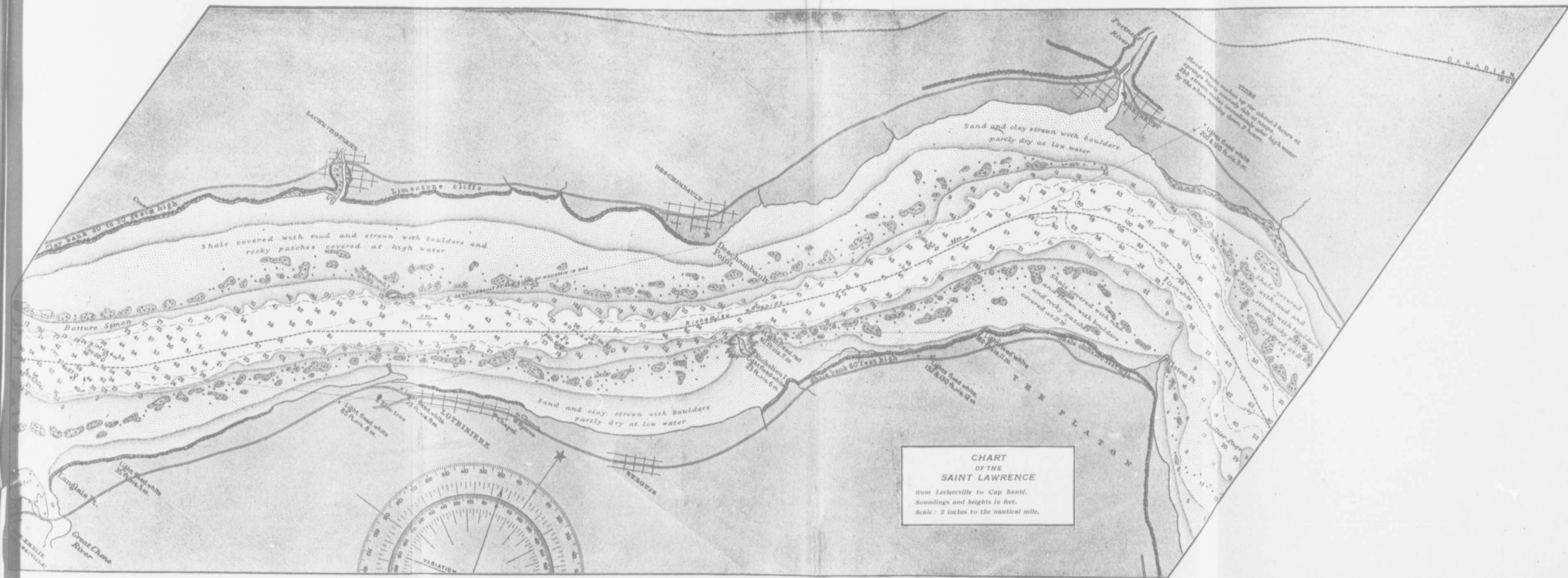
The present church is the third erected at Saint-Laurent. Begun in 1860, it was blessed by Monseigneur Baillargeon in the autumn of 1862.



Church of Saint-Laurent.

Between Saint-Laurent and the Parish of Saint-Pierre, almost in a straight line on the other side of the Island, is a road, bordered by beautiful maples, once the scene of an extraordinary ceremony of restitution. It is called "La Route des Prêtres" (The Priests' Road). Monseigneur de Saint-Vallier had presented to the church of Saint-Paul a portion of bone from the arm of Saint-Paul, the

Apostle. When the name of the parish was changed, the rector of Saint-Pierre, thinking it more befitting that the two great apostles should be honored in the same church, offered to give in exchange for this relic three bones of Saint-Clement, martyr. With the approval of Monseigneur de Saint-Vallier, the exchange was effected, but the arrangement did not please all the parishoners of Saint-Laurent, and finally one of them restored to Saint-Pierre the relic of Saint-Clement, secretly carrying



back that of Saint-Paul. This act gave rise to a serious debate, which had to be referred to the Bishop of Quebec; after deep deliberation, he ordered that the members of the two parishes should repair in solemn procession to the middle of "La Route des Prêtres," and there again exchange relics. On the day agreed the decree was obeyed to the letter. The large cross, midway between the two churches marks the exact spot where the members of the two parishes met, and thus Saint-Paul returned to dwell beneath the roof of Saint-Peter, which he has not quitted since the commencement of the eighteenth century.

Despite the beauty of its site, Saint-Laurent is a parish gradually decreasing in importance. Two of its sons, Mr. Joseph Couture, a merchant, and Mr. Louis Cinq-Mars, a pilot, have bequeathed large sums to be employed in educating the children of the parish. This accounts for the large number of priests, professional men and seamen that Saint-Laurent has given to Canada.



Church of Saint-Etienne.—Beaumont.

On the other side of the River, nearly opposite Saint-Laurent, stands the village of BEAUMONT, its church dating from 1733. The first church, presided over by the Recollet Fathers was built a year after Beaumont had been made a parish by Monseigneur de Saint-Vallier (1694). On the 3rd November, 1672, the domain of Beaumont was ceded by the Intendant Talon to Charles Couillard, Sieur des Ilets.

In 1759 the inhabitants beheld Wolf's fleet anchoring near the Island of Orleans. Two days after, June 29th, a detachment under Monckton landed before dawn, clambered up the cliff, and, after a skirmish with the troops of the colony, took possession of the church. The story runs that the English thrice unsuccessfully attempted to set fire to this edifice. Be that as it may, there is no doubt that this old temple, witness of these unhappy days, has, for nearly two centuries, withstood the ravages of time and man.

In 1840, so it is said, a certain good priest, named Louis Raby, attempted to arrogate to himself the privilege of electing the churchwardens. His parishoners, however, would not hear of such measure, and, in order to escape their wrath, he was forced to conceal himself in a closet. Since then, it would seem, the people of Beaumont have become idle disputants, ready for a quarrel in and out of season.

* * *

Glancing along the shore, we discern, some miles lower, the village of SAINT-MICHEL DE BELLECHASSE. Originally this parish bore the name of Saint-Laurent de la Durantaye, but, in 1701, eight years after its foundation, it received that by which it is now known. It is built upon the domain ceded in 1672 to Sieur Olivier Morel de la Durantaye, who passed his life in endeavoring to establish his pretensions to nobility, his vanity being flattered by the illusion.

The wooden church, as also the houses of the inhabitants who refused to surrender, were burned by Murray's soldiers

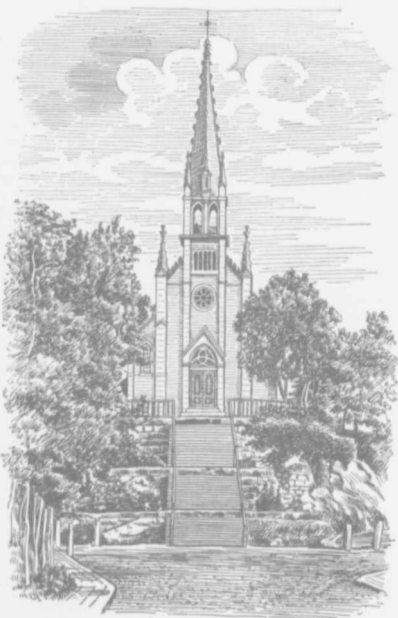
during the siege of Quebec. The clergy experienced great difficulty in calming the public mind, and making it clear to the people of Saint-Michel that, France having yielded Canada to England, it became their duty to submit. Five among them, four men and one woman, could not be made to hear reason. Let us now hear their history, as told by M. Fréchette, in the following beautiful extract from his "*Légende d'un Peuple*."

"Do you see, beside this miry road, that ruined enclosure wherein the cattle are browsing. There, ignobly interred and branded with infamy, lie five peasants, four men and one woman.

Their history is most melancholy and dates from long ago.

Like a dying soldier still grasping his carbine, Quebec had fallen, and a Bourbon had, without shame or disguise, betrayed us to England.

As a mortal blow the tidings came to these distracted people, that he, their supreme ruler had sullied his diadem by this new crime; that the King of France had said to the Saxons: "Take them, my glory needs them no longer. They may be English."



Chape of Our Lady of Lourdes.—Saint Michel.

O Lorraine, O Strasbourg, so beautiful and grand! 'Twas thus that you were made German.

From the banks of the St. Lawrence, scene of so many exploits, sixty thousand voices were raised to heaven in one great cry of love and suffering.

"Well, let it be so! We will yet be French in spite of France".

And they have kept their word. Though more than a hundred years have lapsed since this cowardly abandonment, still, beneath the English sceptre, the proud phalanx preserve untarnished their allegiance to France.

Others, however, there were, who utterly rejecting this abhorred bondage, and, after their last cartridge, impotently revolting, wrapped themselves in a sullen pride, and fearless, remorseless, defiant in the face of death, determined to carry to the tomb their eternal hate.

In vain was the papal authority invoked against them. In vain, before the eyes of these simple believers, did the priest draw terrifying pictures of the punishments reserved by God for the proud. In vain did he exhaust his bitterest menaces. Admonitions and menaces were alike unavailing.

"No," said these conquered ones, "we are French, and none have the power to sell us at auction."

At length the pulpit hurled forth its thunder, for the church, to bring these, her children, to their duty, had been reluctantly forced to strike.

There now remained but five, immovable as rocks in their proud folly. They allowed the thunder to roar above their heads, and despite all terrors and insults, sublimely misguided, refused, in their sacred ignorance, to serve any other God but France.

Old age, then death came in turn, and without priest, without cross, in a field at a turn in the road, where the brute takes its pleasure, one by one the rebels were laid.

At length but one was left, a worn-out old man, a mere shadow. Nearly a quarter of a century had passed since the harsh anathema first weighed him down. He might often be seen, pallid-lipped, leaning on his shaking staff, wandering at dusk, ghostlike, amid wind or rain, along the deserted road, now and then averting his gaze from the children who pursued him with stones, to be at length lost in the evening shadows. More than one affirmed (and here the women of the Township would cross themselves fearfully) that he had been seen at night kneeling on the accursed tombs.

One day they found him by the road-side frozen and stiff. From his hand had fallen the old rusty musket, but recently his weapon, his friend in happier days, his companion in war, his last comrade, and his supreme hope.

Again they dug into the hard black soil, and in the new-made ditch laid side by side the old French musket and the old rebel.

The people have preserved this sombre memory, and oft when passing the Village of Saint-Michel de Bellechasse at close of day, the belated angler or hunter, fearing to see some white phantom rise at the fatal cross-road, turns aside trembling.

Let it suffice to point out what may be credited to the poet's imagination. Nowhere can mention be found of the excommunication of which he speaks. These unhappy fanatics voluntarily separated themselves from the Church, and it is even related that when the priest offered to assist one at the supreme moment he repulsed him, saying: "*Va-t'en, tes mains sentent l'anglais.*" These unfortunates were interred in a field, and in 1880 the bodies were removed to an unconsecrated corner of the cemetery.

August 8th, 1806, the second church was destroyed by fire, and with it a valuable collection of twelve pictures, several by great artists, which had been bought in Paris by the Abbé Maguire.

* * *

Looking again toward the Island of Orleans, midway between Saint-Laurent and Saint-Jean, is the mouth of the tiny river Maheu, emptying into the St. Lawrence the water of a miniature lake in the centre of the Island. On the banks of this rivulet stand the ruins of the residence of Jean de Lauzon, High senechal of New France, and son of Jean de Lauzon, governor of New France. When but a few years in Canada the senechal was compelled to hasten to the relief of his brother-in-law, besieged in his house by a band of Iroquois. These latter knew him well, and would have been delighted to secure so important a prisoner, so at first, they spared him, wishing simply to exhaust his strength, but, perceiving the numbers he had slain, they at length shot and killed him; until then not one among them had dared to approach him. Six of his companions perished with him, the seventh, wounded both in the arm and shoulder, was led captive into their country by these fierce savages.

* * *

The Parish of SAINT-JEAN, commencing at the River Maheu, was so called in honor of the senechal, whose tragic death has just been related. Its first modest church, forty-five feet by

twenty, was built of wooden beams. Though begun in 1672, it had not been completed in 1684. The majority of the inhabitants of Saint-Jean being coast-traders and pilots, it was customary to say that every storm brought sorrow to some household in Saint-Jean.



St. John's Church.—Saint-Jean.

Between the years 1832 and 1845, forty-eight of these courageous navigators (mostly reliable pilots) found their tomb beneath the waves. Amid the epitaphs in the cemetery, there is scarcely a record of more than two or three, who died surrounded by their family.

* * *

On the other side of the River we perceive the church of SAINT-VALLIER. The village is built on part of the domain of the Sieur de la Durantaye, ceded by his son for the sum of thirty thousand

pounds to Monseigneur de Saint-Vallier, who donated it to the General Hospital of Quebec. About 1713 a small wooden chapel was built midway between the villages of Saint-Michel and Saint-Vallier, and for several years it served for all the inhabitants between Beaumont and Berthier.

On the 3rd May, 1722, Saint-Vallier was made a parish under the patronage of Saints Philip and James. The church, but recently replaced, stood for more than two centuries. Interiorly it was one of the finest of its time, and much of its beautiful wood-work has served to adorn the present church, opened to the faithful on the 16th November (1905).

* * *

Continuing toward the Northern extremity of the Island, we approach the charming arrière fief of Argentenay, known to-day as the Parish of SAINT FRANCOIS DE SALES.

As early as 1684 Argentenay contained thirty families, and possessed a chapel thirty feet by twenty. Saint-François was for a long time a favorite resort of hunters, Pointe aux Oignons, Pointe-à-la-Caille and the Savane au Borgne on the other side of the island being renowned in the annals



Sts. Philip and James' Church.—Saint-Vallier.

of the chase. Alas! like so many good gifts, this has been abused, and the Nimrods of our day must go farther afield to indulge their delight in slaughter.

From Saint-François the prospect is truly magnificent. On one side is the Southern shore, Isle Madame and Reaux Island, and on the other the picturesque farms of Saint-Joachim and Cape Torment, toward which the good ship of the Richelieu

& Ontario Navigation Co., now bearing us, is heading. Our distance from the Southern bank is gradually increasing: and it is becoming less and less distinct; we must quite abandon its study at Berthier which is situated almost opposite the present point in our course. We will, however, near it again when, after our trip to the Saguenay, we take the "Campana" of the Quebec Steamship Company, on our splendid voyage



Chapel on the summit of Cape Torment.

toward the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

Between the extremity of the Island of Orleans and Ile aux Coudres lies an immense shoal. Almost opposite Cape Torment, however, is a narrow passage, which will bring us to the Northern channel, formerly the only route followed by the French. It is indicated by two buoys, one red, the other black. Nowadays this channel is only used for local traffic, the ocean steamships passing by the channel on the Southern side of the River.

Cape Torment rises some eighteen hundred and fifty feet above the level of the St. Lawrence. Champlain so named it, because he always found the billows surging at its feet. As we approach we see on the very summit a little chapel, erected thirty years ago through the efforts of Monseigneur Hamel, present Proto. Apostolic and Vicar General of Quebec. In 1817 a wooden cross was planted there. When it had fallen through decay, the pupils of the Seminary of Quebec raised another, covered in tin, which, however, did not last much longer, for, on the August 5th, 1869, it was replaced by a third, twenty-five feet high, which may be seen at a distance of six miles. This last cross was blessed by Cardinal Taschereau.

As early as 1535, Cartier had heard the Indians extolling the extraordinary fertility of the beautiful plain at the foot of Cape Torment. In 1623 Champlain himself visited the natural prairies of SAINT-JOACHIM, and there garnered a large quantity of hay; the first of those yearly harvests, which have since been among the chief agricultural resources of Canada. On that first occasion more than two thousand trusses were gathered in. Marvelling at the beauty and fertility of the place, Champlain three years later laid out a fort to protect his laborers, erected a stable, sixty feet by twenty, and two detached buildings, each eighteen feet by fifteen, built of wood and clay, after the manner of those of the Norman villages. There he left eight people under the charge of a Recollet father. The little settlement only lasted two years, being then destroyed by Kirke. Later, Monseigneur de Laval purchased the domain of Beaupré, of which Saint-Joachim forms part, and there, under the name of "Grande Ferme" founded a sort of model farm. The pupils, hardened by work in the field and by the following of the chase, were of great assistance to M. de Saint-Denis, in obstructing the landing of the English on the coast of Beaupré in 1690. They obtained possession of six cannon, two of which they carried back to Saint-Joachim. The year following Monseigneur de Laval retired to Saint-Joachim, where he erected lodgings and stone buildings, of which we may yet admire the grandeur and astonishing solidity.

Until 1821 the pupils of the Quebec Seminary did not return

home for the vacations, but spent them with their professors at Saint-Joachim. The Seminary, to which Monseigneur de Laval had donated the domain of Beaupré, was substantially aided by Monseigneur Briand, to build Le Chateau Bellevue on the Petit Cap for their reception; this chateau, surrounded by beautiful trees, was indeed an ideal retreat, whose charming sylvan repasts and varied amusements are not yet forgotten. The pupils during the following year never wearied, talking of



Chapel on the Petit Cap.—Saint-Joachim.

the *Pactole* with its golden sand, the *Cabinet*, with its deliciously cool and limpid stream running down the Western side of Cape Torment, of the *Petit Moulin*, on the *Friponne*, where some prepared, delicious omelettes, whilst their companions fished for the speckled trout. *Chapelle des Hirondelles* on the river bank and *Les Sept Chutes* of *Rivière Sainte-Anne* were among

the favorite spots chosen by the joyous band issuing each morning from the chateau. Nothing, however, could equal the excursions to the summit of *Cape Torment*, where, on a clear day a most delightful view may be enjoyed, embracing the Southern shore from Kamouraska to Quebec; *Ile-aux-Coudres*, *Les Pêlerins* and the Island of Orleans from that height seem almost afloat on the waves of the beautiful St. Lawrence. At its base on the Northern side, two beautiful lakes are seen, eight hundred feet above the level of the river, and afar off, the mountains, with their lofty forest-crowned peaks, lost in the clouds.

When the pupils had increased in number, they gradually began to spend the vacations at home, and thus the Chateau Bellevue was abandoned. It has however, been put in good repair, and to-day the priests of the seminary, with certain ecclesiastics and scholars, still spend the holidays there.

Whilst we were admiring the beauties of Cape Torment and its environs, our vessel has brought us in sight of the shore, which presents a series of headlands, varying greatly in height and grandeur, but all rising abruptly from the bank. We successively pass Cap Brulé, Cap Rouge and others. At their feet stretches a path, known as "Le Chemin des Caps," which at one time was the only road connecting the various small hamlets scattered along the river bank, though often at high tide it was impassable in many places. Here and there small rivulets hurry down from the summits to mingle their waters with those of the St. Lawrence.

On september 1st, 1729, the good ship "Elephant" was lost on the shoals of Cap Brulé. It had set sail from La Rochelle in July under the command of M. de Vaudrenil, and had on board more than one hundred and fifty people, among whom were Monseigneur Dosquet, later Bishop of Quebec, his secretary, the Abbé Claude Vêrède de Saint-Poucy, M. Hocquart, on his way to administer affairs in Canada, Père Luc, a Recollet father, and many other ecclesiastics and important personages. M. Le Beau, an advocate, one of the passengers, has given an account of the shipwreck, which runs as follows:

"We were moving very slowly, making constant soundings, and in this manner passed Ile aux Lièvres and Ile au Coudre. The latter a good three leagues in length. Being then about sixteen or seventeen leagues from Quebec, our slow progress gave rise to impatience among the passengers, especially among the ecclesiastics, who were in large number, and who, it would seem, could not reach the City too quickly. Night having fallen, they learned that the ship was to be anchored; so they courteously, but urgently, entreated the Count de Vaudrenil to change his plan; at length the good-natured seigneur acceded to their request, although it must be admitted that the clear starlit night and the slight wind that had commenced to blow from

the North East, contributed somewhat to the Count's compliance, for which we almost paid with our lives.

Though the wind rapidly increased in violence, we kept to our course, and, about the middle of the night, our vessel violently struck a rock. The first frightful concussion was followed by several other shocks, sufficient to strike terror into the stoutest heart. Two anchors were quickly cast, and the sailors, without awaiting orders, swarmed into the rigging, but, despite their vigorous efforts to lower the sails, the ship broke cable, and lurching again, though less violently than at first, was thrown upon another rock the last in that channel. Thus we were unhappily stranded."

"All on board would have perished had it not been for the arrival at dawn of the king's pilot, M. de la Gorgendière, who should have met the Elephant much farther down to pilot it to Quebec. The passengers and officers were conveyed to the City, by water, while the crew were compelled to walk, taking a brief rest at Saint-Joachim, in one of the Seminary buildings. A goodly proportion of the cargo was saved. One hundred and thirty years later, Captain Lavoie, of Crane island, succeeded in raising one of the cannons of the Elephant, which he presented to the Seminary at Quebec. It is five feet eight inches in length with a diameter of thirteen inches."

About fifteen miles below Cape Torment, is another rugged promontory, Cape Maillard, so named by the people in grateful remembrance of that apostle of Cape Breton, the Reverend Father Antoine Simon Maillard. This venerable member of the Foreign Missions, had visited every part of the shore, and his periodic visits, were welcomed with tears of joy and gratitude.

A little farther off is the tiny hamlet of Saint-Francis Xavier, from which to the mouth of Petite Rivière and also ascending the stream, are numerous dwellings.

* * *

Nine miles lower, on doubling Cap de la Baie, we find ourselves within BAIE SAINT-PAUL. It is three miles in depth, and

the two capes guarding its entrance are separated by a distance of more than two miles. At its farther end we discern the mouth of Rivière du Gouffre, which falls in cascades from the mountain heights. This is a river of some importance, owing its name to the whirlpool formed by the meeting of its current with that of the St. Lawrence. In former times it was accounted fatal to all vessels, drawn within its radius, and navigators ascending and descending the river by this Northern channel, kept at a safe distance in passing Cap-aux-Corbeaux, its name of sinister import being due to the large flocks of crows believed to be awaiting there for victims to be brought them by shipwreck. The fact is that in certain gales it is unsafe to venture on the stream in a canoe, or even in a skiff.

At the extremity of the Bay stands the Village of Baie St. Paul, its church is dedicated to Saint-Peter, a parish dating from 1681.

* * *

Opposite Baie Saint-Paul we perceive ILE AUX COUDRES, so named by Cartier, from the number of hazel bushes found there. On this spot, on the 7th September, 1535, in honor of the feast of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin Mary, the first Mass was said in New France. We will now leave Abbe Casgrain, to describe this beautiful isle and the customs of the good people, who here, more than elsewhere, have preserved the ancient Canadian type.

L'Ile aux Coudres.

(Translation).

"Tis a charming isle, a sloping wilderness lying at the foot of the Laurentides, its cliff and fringing verdure gently lapped by the stream. It might be likened to a bouquet cast upon the waters.

"Here, happy and at peace, dwell a simple people, who love their ancient customs, their faith, traditions and relics, and

whose guiding pastor is like them, good of soul and sincere of heart.

"Do you see across the primitive forest the pointed spire of the steeple? It is the mystic finger of prayer, which, though resting upon the tomb yet points toward the heavens.

"When the silvery-toned bell sends forth its summons to Sunday service, enter with the throng into this holy temple, and your soul will be melted in witnessing the sincere piety of these simple people.

"Do you not regret those hospitable days, when each passer-by was bidden to stop and cross the threshold. Entering the abode of these worthy colonists, you would at any time find a place at their table, where you would but increase the good cheer, and for you would be reserved the best bed and the place of honor.

"Do you know why I love this corner of the earth as much as that parish wherein I first saw the light? 'Tis a pretty tale, a pure and golden legend."

The Arrival of Jacques Cartier.

(Translation).

"Christopher Columbus had just pierced that mystery which for so long veiled this hemisphere. The king of our wilderness, the mighty St. Lawrence still sovereignly guarded the land, having n'ere yet borne on his surface aught but the polar ices. Alone, child of the forest, wooer of the primitive, he glided through the wild flower and the virgin soil.

"One beautiful summer night, three white sails ascending the river could be discerned in the starlight. Whilst these ships from over seas were silently passing beneath the shadows of the great capes and lofty mountains, the savage Indians, sea gulls and marine monsters, startled and perplexed at this unwonted sight, sought refuge in their various retreats.

"Standing pensively in the bow of one of these vessels, was

Cartier, the great discoverer of Canada, that man of faith and genius, the kingly knight, heaven's chosen instrument.

"Beside the cross, hope's own symbol, he had come to plant the French flag."

The Mass.

(Translation).

"Dawn with her roses had strewn the sun's path ere the mariners had found a shelter, sylvan and picturesque, on the island shore.

"Feeling this new continent was Heaven's gift, they wished on that day to offer their Lord sublime homage by sacrificing the adorable Victim.

"On the summit of the hill, an altar of foliage and moss was raised on an overturned trunk. The surrounding groups of elm trees and hazel bushes, with their shady branches, formed the roof of this natural temple. The verdant strands of the creepers fell in festoons above the altar, whereon the blessed candles were embowered in wild flowers gathered by the priests and sailors, and strewn on the altar steps. From the rustic cross hung banners bearing the French arms.

"When the solemn moment had come, the priest ascended the steps, and the crew, in holiday attire, prostrated themselves, Cartier at their head.

"Our country has had many days of glory, but never more precious moments than those when this venerable and holy priest, bearing in his hand the white host, raised to heaven an appealing glance. For the first time in this new land the flesh and blood of the Lamb had been offered. The respectful throng reverently kissed the shore, and the whispering zephyrs were silenced, for this vast wilderness, consecrated by the Savior's blood, was now holy ground. American France, at that supreme moment, had received the grace of a first baptism.

"And Cartier seemed to hear from the High Heavens a mysterious chant mingling with that of the priest. 'Twas the hymn of love and praise raised by the earth and the seas in thanks-

giving for their deliverance. 'Twas the holy voice of the guardian angel praying at the cradle of the Canadian people."

At Ile aux Coudres, which had been abandoned by order of M. De Vaudreuil, the vanguard of Wolfe's fleet, under the com-

mand of Admiral Durell, cast anchor to await the arrival of the remaining ships. They disembarked their sick, and the officers whiled away the time following the chase.

Messrs. de Léry, des Rivières and de Niverville commanded a detachment of one hundred and fifty French and one hundred Indians, who were sent to assist the militia of Baie Saint - Paul in resisting the encroachments of the enemy in that locality. One day Monsieur de Niverville expressed a

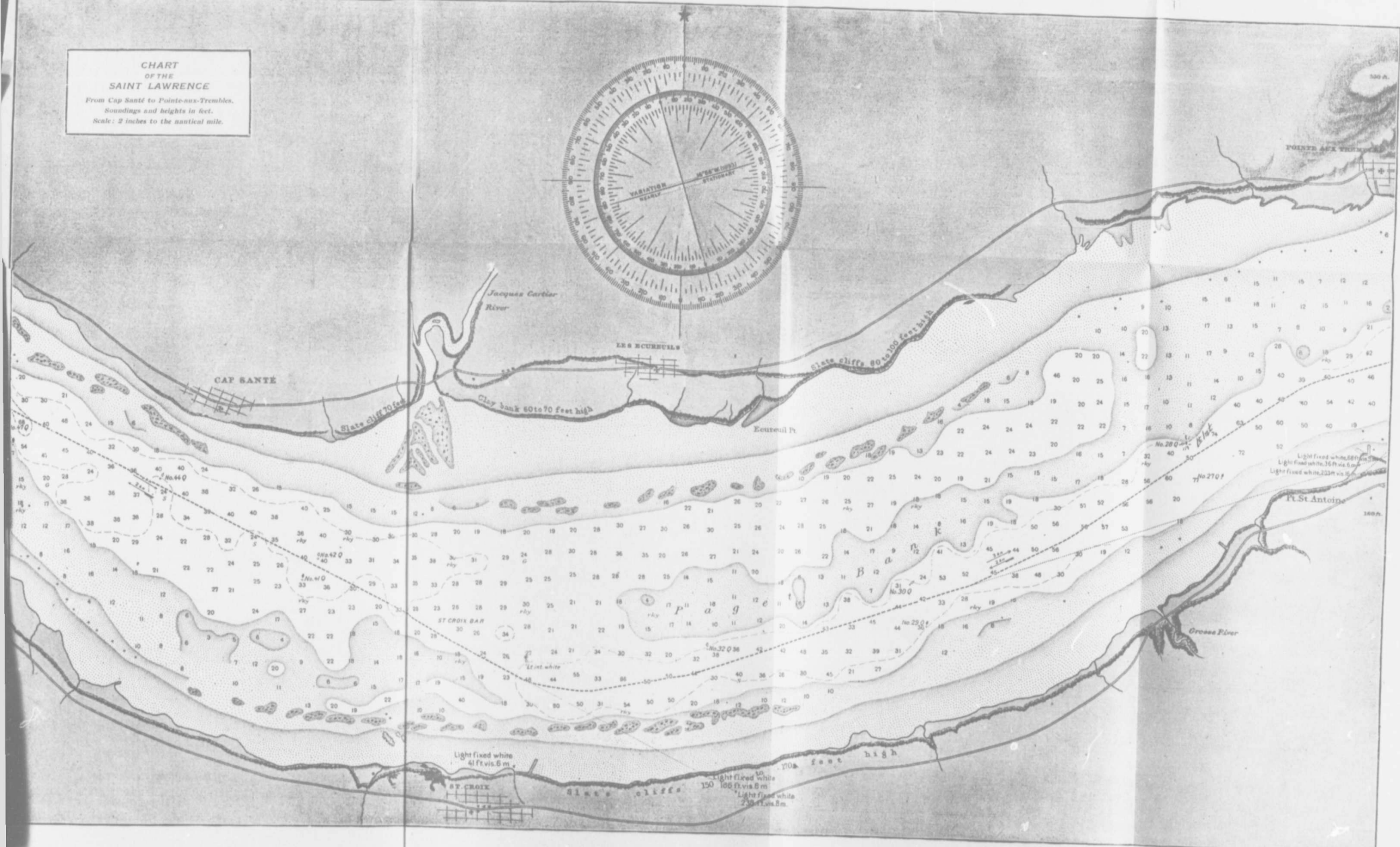
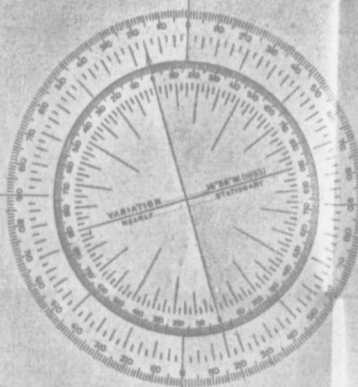


St. Louis' Church.—Ile-aux-Coudres.

desire to capture one of the enemy encamped on the Island, and from him obtain information which might prove useful to his general. Two of the inhabitants of the Island, François Savard (a man of athletic stature and strength, who had already been engaged at Carillon and Monongahela) and his friend Nicette Dufour immediately offered to make the attempt. They left

CHART
OF THE
SAINT LAWRENCE

From Cap Santé to Pointe-à-Trembles.
Soundings and heights in feet.
Scale: 2 inches to the nautical mile.



at dusk, and, crossing to the island, placed themselves in ambush at the foot of Cap à la Branche, there patiently to await daylight. Just at sunrise two horsemen appeared around the angle of a neighboring rock; it was an English officer, accompanied by a soldier, starting off on a hunting expedition. Their capture was but the work of an instant, one of our friends aiming at the soldier's head, the other at that of the officer's horse. Both fell, and, ere the officer could collect his scattered faculties, he was securely bound, gagged and placed in the bottom of the canoe. Two hours later these intrepid Canadians delivered their prisoner to Captain de Niverville, who was astonished to learn that he held the grandson of Admiral Durell. The prisoner was treated with all the consideration due his rank, and sent to Quebec, where the Marquis de Vaudreuil received him with truly paternal kindness, cheering him with the hope of a speedy release.

Emboldened by the success of this adventure, a party of Canadians and Indians laid another ambush at Pointe aux Sapins, and took several prisoners, but unfortunately one of their number, Bouliane, surnamed the Suisse, gave himself up to the English and became their spy.

The Parish of Ile aux Coudres, under the patronage of St. Louis, was founded in 1750.

Tradition has it that one of its pastors, M. Compain, was bidden by a mysterious voice to attend to the interment of Père de La Brosse, whom the people of the Island still invoke as a saint. Whilst engaged in reading at midnight April 11th, 1782, the curé heard the church bell tolling as though for a funeral. Greatly surprised, he went to ascertain who could be ringing at such an hour. He could find no one, though the bell still sent forth its knell. Then a voice addressed him: "Père de La Brosse is dead. He has just expired at Tadoussac, and this funeral knell proclaims his last sigh. To-morrow thou must repair to the lower end of the Island, where a canoe, sent in quest of thee, will bring thee to Tadoussac, where thou wilt arrange for his interment." His Mass said on the following day, M. Compain sought the appointed place. At Tadoussac we will hear what came to pass.

On leaving Baie Saint-Paul, we double Cap Saint-Joseph, nearly opposite the extremity of Ile-aux-Coudres, and approach EBOULEMENTS, a parish founded in 1732 under the patronage of the Assumption of Our Lady. The church stands at an elevation of more than twelve hundred feet, the mountains behind the village rising to a height of twenty-five hundred feet.

The territory between Eboulements and Tadoussac experienced the full violence of those earthquakes which, in 1663, caused such terror throughout that portion of Canada now forming the Province of Quebec. The shocks commenced on February 5th, and occurred twice or thrice daily until August 20th. Many geological changes took place: new lakes were formed, hills were levelled, small rivers disappeared, and great forests were uprooted. Between this point and Tadoussac many landmarks were altered, an isolated knoll some three quarters of a mile in circumference sinking beneath the waters, from which it emerged to form an island. At Larks Reef, we will be obliged to make a detour to round a shoal formed partly at that epoch, when a large wood breaking away from the mainland, glided down the rocks toward the River, where for some time the trees remained upright their green tops rising above the water.

In the month of June, M. Mazé, the Governor's secretary, and the crew of the boat bringing him from Gaspé to Quebec, saw a mountain in this neighborhood vibrate, turn partly round, and finally sink until its summit was level with the neighboring soil. Their boat also shook, heaving strangely, now raised high by the waves, and again cast down. Having never before met with such an experience, they were greatly terrified. A large vessel following the same route also witnessed the phenomenon.

It seems also incredible that during these six months not one loss of life, due to these terrible convulsions of the earth, was recorded.

This part of the country was again violently agitated in 1791 and in 1870.

From Eboulements to Saint-Irenée a series of headlands jut into the River, obliging us to describe a semi-circle to attain this latter point. Cap aux Oies is the extreme point of this projection.

SAINT-IRENEE-LES-BAINS has only of late become a summer resort, although its admirable situation in a recess among high mountains, and in view of the river, ought to have sooner attracted lovers of the beautiful in nature. To Honorable Chief Justice A. B. Routhier, Honorable Justice Joseph Lavergne and M. Rodolphe Forget, President of the Richelieu & Ontario Navigation Co., the place owes its present popularity the latter having caused the construction of the wharf where the Company's boats stop, ascending and descending the River.

On nearing the wharf we perceive the Charlevoix Hotel, built near the water-side, and the charming villa of M. Lavergne, *Les Sablons*, perched on a hillock. Athwart the birch trees and cedars on the foremost summits of the hills we see a beautiful colonnade planked by a round tower. 'Tis *Hauterive*, the residence of M. Routhier, with its chapel, the graceful roofs clearly outlined against the sky. The judge has kindly placed this chapel at the disposal of visitors during the summer months.



Hauterive, residence of Hon. Chief Justice A. B. Routhier.

On the same slope, several hundred feet to the North East, stands *Gil'Mont*, the magnificent large villa of M. Rodolphe Forget, with its pretty turrets, balconies, verandahs, and fine outbuildings. Well-kept lawns, gardens, parterres and orchards increase the beauty of its surroundings. The greenhouses and stables are built on a higher grade of the hill, and above them again is the poultry house, building two hundred feet in length. Last, on the North Eastern declivity of the heights, rises another outbuilding of *Gil'Mont*, the bathing



Gil' Mont, residence of Mr. Rodolphe Forget.

site is truly an enchanting one. All that the sea, mountains or woods can offer of the picturesque, the grand or the beautiful is here found combined in calm and rose harmony."

A good road follows the line of shore and cliff to the village, by means of a fine bridge, passing over the little river, which bubbles forth from a deep ravine shaded by resinous trees. Several irregular and closely-built houses here lie along that slope on which rises the parish church in sight of the sea. The parish was founded in 1843.

establishment, one of the most interesting features of the locality.

"Saint - Irenée - les-Bains" owes its great charm to the incomparable beauty of its scenery. Climb its hills, wander through its woods, or but glance toward any point of its horizon, and you will be enraptured.

Judge Routhier has written, "The



Gil' Mont, side view.

Continuing our route, we turn Pointe au Pic, and enter the beautiful bay of MALBAIE, its shore an enchanting region, more frequented than any other on the left bank of the St. Lawrence. Formerly it was difficult to obtain accomodation, even the most wretched, in this locality, but now the Richelieu & Ontario Navigation Co. have built a fine hotel, the *Manoir Richelieu*, where every comfort is procurable at a moderate price. It is superbly situated on an eminence overlooking the river, its fine



Manoir Richelieu.

balconies commanding magnificent prospects of varied and picturesque landscape. It is a truly ideal place to spend a few weeks' holiday, embracing as it does all the advantages of both city and country life. The walks in the neighborhood, to Grand Lac, Petit Lac, Lac Gravel, La Chute and elsewhere, are incomparable, the Scottish Highlands, Swiss Mountains and the Pyrenees offering nothing grander.

Having originally called it Rivière Plate, Champlain changed this name to Malle Baie, on noticing the constant agitation of the waters in the inner part of the bay.

The parish of Saint-Etienne de la Malbaie was founded in 1774. The Seigneurie of Malbaie was ceded by the Intendant Talon to Sieur de Comporté in 1672, but was restored to the royal domain of France on a payment of twenty thousand livres to the heirs of this patentee.

In the beginning of August, 1759, the English who doubtless had not forgotten the many ill offices done them some months earlier by the people of this locality, sent a detachment of three hundred men under Gorham, who descended upon Baie Saint-Paul, burned all the houses and barns between it and Malbaie, and then crossing the river, continued their work of devastation along the right bank.

Later, in April, 1762, General Murray, in the name of the British Government, ceded the Seigneurie of Malbaie to two English officers of the 78th Regiment of Scotch Highlanders, the Eastern portion to Malcolm Fraser, and the Western to John Nairn, who, in gratitude, named their fiefs Mount Murray and Murray Bay. These, with that of Shoolbred in Gaspésie, were the only grants made by the English Government. These new seigneurs surrounded themselves with many of the soldiers from their regiments, whose descendants anomalously bear Scotch names, though their language, manners and religion proclaim them veritable French Canadians.

After the unsuccessful expedition of Montgomery and Arnold, the English Government, at a loss how to dispose of its prisoners of war, finally resolved to lodge them at Malbaie. There they were sent under the charge of James Thompson, an old sergeant who had served under Wolfe, and who was instructed to employ them in erecting a building for their accommodation. The foundations were scarcely completed, when these improvised workmen, overcome by their longing for liberty, essayed to escape. The gathering clouds and a breeze from the East favoring their attempt, they embarked in a flat-bottomed boat, hoping to reach the opposite shore, thirty miles distant. A reward, however, having been offered by the Government, they were soon brought back to the quarters which had been prepared for them.

Malbaie is the birthplace of our Canadian Eugénie de Guérin,

Mademoiselle Laure Conan, who, since the publication of her first novel, "Angéline de Montbrun," in *La Revue Canadienne* of 1881, has taken a place in our literature, no other Canadian literary work having won a like success. Laure Conan has since published several other works, which have proved no less popular; her last romance "L'Oublié," appeared in *La Revue Canadienne* (1900) and has already reached its third edition.

* * *

Quitting the bay, we pass Cap à l'Aigle, so named by Champlain on account of the many eagles then seen there. If one may credit the elders of Malbaie, they were at one time so numerous and often so famished that they would swoop down and attack the poultry in the farm yards, regardless of the blows assailing them.

Headlands and capes continuously succeed each other along the coast to Saguenay, all varying but little from an altitude of eight hundred feet until Cap aux Chiens is reached, which rises some four hundred feet above its predecessors. Beyond this cape is a deep bay known as Baie des Rochers. On its shore is a little chapel presided over by the pastor of Saint-Siméon, a parish built on the heights, its church dating from 1874 is considered the most beautiful in the County of Charlevoix. Rivière Noire, so called from the lake where it rises (its waters appearing black) empties into the bay on its Eastern side. A short distance from the mouth of this river stands Port-aux-Quilles, taking its name from the numerous round pebbles found there. This hamlet is chiefly remarkable because it is almost exclusively populated by the Fosters and the Chamberlands, all descendants of Grd' Catherine, well known throughout the seven surrounding leagues. This woman travelled from England attired as a man, and succeeded in passing without recognition. It is only fair to state, however, that she had a mustache of her own to aid her in the deception. Wedded to James Foster, her children and grandchildren have peopled Port-aux-Quilles.

Having rounded the Larks Reef, of which we have already spoken, and crossed the mouth of the Saguenay, we enter a bay so perfectly oval in form that we might imagine it had been traced with a compass. At its extremity is a little cove named *Anse à l'Eau*, which we enter to approach the wharf where we disembark for TADOUSSAC. High rocks shelter this bay from the Northern gales, and the Larks Reef forms a bulwark against the waves raised by winds blowing across the river. Observe the beautiful sand along its shore: nowhere can finer be seen.

Tadoussac derives its name from the shape of the mountain tops surrounding it. According to Monseigneur Laflèche, it is a word derived from the tongue of the Montagnais, signifying "rounded summits."

There the French founded their first Canadian institution, and thence the Jesuit missionaries departed to convert the savages of the Saguenay and of the unknown and mysterious regions of the North.

At first view it seems strange that Tadoussac, capital of an immense kingdom, the centre around which were grouped more than twenty nations speaking different languages, the site chosen by European fleets for purposes of trade, has remained a mere hamlet, while Stadaconé and Hochelaga, founded much later, and under apparently far less favorable auspices, have become great cities. The problem may be solved by a glance at the wild hill tops surrounding it. The Indians and the fur-coated animals having disappeared, nothing remained to sustain its commerce.

Long before the coming of Cartier, Tadoussac had been a centre where the Indians assembled during the summer to exchange their produce. They traded beaver and otter skins for arrows, and deer skins for meal, maize and tobacco, brought by the Hurons.

Chauvin found a post completely established when, in 1599, he erected a wooden house having a central chimney. There he left sixteen men to winter at Tadoussac, who, however, soon learned to their cost the difference between the Canadian and French climates, and who undoubtedly, would all have perished

of cold and privation had not the Indians given them shelter in their bark cabins. As it was, eleven died. Chauvin would not allow this to discourage him, and during the two following years succeeded in building up a flourishing trade. When about to reap the reward of his enterprise, he died of a disease, contracted at Tadoussac during the preceding year.

The reputation of the post had, however, been established, and the geographers of London and Paris, comfortably seated in their armchairs, made it a City of some importance, the seat of Canadian Jurisdiction. True that in its sole house was held in 1608 the first criminal trial to take place in New France, that, of four conspirators who had planned the assassination of Champlain, and, at its door, capital punishment was first administered, the condemned being one of these would-be assassins, a Norman locksmith, named John Duval.

During the French regime a ship never ascended the river without stopping at Tadoussac.

In 1615, Père Jean Dolbeau, a Recollet father, made it the headquarters of his missions in the North: the children of Saint-Francis, however, ceded their post to those of Saint-Ignatius in 1641.

In 1628 the Kirk made Tadoussac their centre of operations. There, with great pomp, they buried their captain, Jacques Michel, a traitor and renegade like themselves, and for whom they felt the love and esteem as might be expected from men of their calibre. On returning to their vessels, a great feast was organized, during which the Indians disinterred the corpse, hung it to a tree, and at length cut it down to throw it as food to their dogs.

The terrible Iroquois, who were to be found everywhere, invaded Tadoussac in 1661, and reduced all its buildings to ashes, save the stone chapel of the Jesuits, in which, two years afterwards the fathers succeeded in reassembling the Indians; then in 1665 it was destroyed by fire.

When Monseigneur de Laval made his pastoral visit in 1668, the new church had not yet been built, and, greatly to their regret, the savages were obliged to receive their spiritual chief in a bark cabin. At length, in 1747, Père Coquart, a Jesuit mis-

sioner of Tadoussac, undertook the erection of a new chapel, which is to be seen at the present day. The Intendant Hocquart, who has been mentioned in connection with the shipwreck of the "Elephant" contributed generously by furnishing all the shingles, plank and nails necessary for the construction. It was completed on the 24th of June, 1750, the Intendant Bigot having given two hundred livres to finish the roof. Before his departure Hocquart promised the church an annuity of

three hundred livres for its maintenance.

Tadoussac had no other parish church until 1885, but the people added to the chapel the interior rude loft and the ungraceful sacristy, which tend to ruin the symmetry of this humble sanctuary, beautiful, nevertheless to the Indians, inured to the rude shelter beneath a canoe, or to a couch upon the strand.

In 1879, the chapel having fallen in to a woeful condi-

tion, and threatening to become a ruin, Mr. Thomas D. King, a Montrealer, earnestly appealed to his English compatriots to remedy the evil, and succeeded in collecting an amount sufficient to restore it to order and repair the cemetery, where, on the 7th August, 1880, a cross, eighteen feet in height, was planted. Palings have been placed around the church and cemetery, thanks to the generosity of Mr. Price.

The chapel retains that same bell whose sound gladdened the



Old chapel, and Holy Cross Church.—Tadoussac.

poor savages as early as 1647, and in the interior many other souvenirs of the past are still to be seen.

Tadoussac was the scene of the early and later events in connection with the legend of Père de La Brosse. We remember having left the Curé of Ile-aux-Coudres on the strand waiting for those who were to bring him to Tadoussac to arrange for the burial service. We will now learn what happened, for which purpose we will borrow an account received by the Abbé Casgrain from an eye witness, Jean Audet, (dit Lapointe,) a venerable old man, who died at the age of ninety-one in full possession of his memory and other faculties.

"On the eve of his death Père de La Brosse appeared in perfect health. He was a tall, robust old man of sixty-eight years, with beautiful white locks, an ascetic face, and was an eloquent preacher.

All day he had devoted himself to the cares of the ministry, hearing confessions, baptising, and praying as usual in the chapel at Tadoussac.

At nightfall Père de La Brosse went for a few hours' recreation to the house of one of the officers of the post, where he was as ever, gay and amiable. Towards nine o'clock he rose and prepared to depart. After he had wished every one good night, his manner altered, and he said in a solemn tone, "My friends, I bid you adieu, adieu till eternity, for you will never again see me alive. This very midnight I will be a corpse. At that hour you will hear the church bell tolling, warning you of my death. Come then and satisfy yourselves of the fact, but, I pray you, do not touch my body. To-morrow you must go seek M. Compain at Ile aux Coudres, he will attend to my burial, and will be awaiting you at the lower end of the Island. Do not fear to undertake this trip, no matter what the weather may be, for I answer for the safety of all making it."

We at first believed the father was joking, but his steady air of conviction and authoritative tone, soon removed all thought of doubt.

"But, father," observed one of the employees of the post, "your health seems in no way altered, and your appearance indicates no suffering. How then, with such signs of health, can you believe that your end is so near?"

"My child," replied the father, "you shall, ere day, know the truth of my words." Then he retired.

We remained stupified, not daring to credit the reality of this prophecy. Those among us with watches laid them on the table, and anxiously waited. Ten o'clock sounded, then eleven: midnight came, and at its stroke the chapel bell commenced to toll.

We rose as one man, and seized with terror, ran toward the chapel, which we entered.

By the glimmer of the sacristy lamp, we perceived within the choir the black robe of good Père de La Brosse. He lay upon the ground, motionless, his face buried in his clasped hands, which were supported by the first altar step. He was dead.

The marvellous news spread with lightning-like rapidity throughout the mission, and at daybreak the entire population, savages and civilized, invaded the chapel and its precincts, all wishing to gain a last look at the saint's body, stretched upon the choir pavement. No one, however, dared touch it. Divided between grief and wonder, they gazed, prayed and invoked, tears streaming from all eyes.

All that day the crowd moved silently within the chapel, unable to withdraw its gaze from the remains of the well-beloved missionary, with whose eloquent exhortations the sanctuary had so often rung.

The Indians remained there immovable during the space of ten hours, each with a finger placed upon his mouth, this gesture signifying that words were inadequate to express their grief.

During the morning of this day a southwestern tempest arose, so violent that the foaming waters of the river, were whitened like snow.

No one dared trust a boat on such a sea, upon perceiving which the first officer of the post said to those around him: "Are there not among you three men of spirit who will accompany me to fulfil the last wishes of our good father? Remember he declared to us, there will be no risk for those who make this trip."

A canoe manned by four was launched, and stood off from the

shore. Scarcely had it quitted the port of Tadoussac than, to the surprise of all, the waters surrounding it were calmed, and while the tempest raged all around over the whitened sea, an invisible hand hurried the canoe onward, so rapidly that at about eleven, A.M., it rounded Cap aux Oies and sighted Ile aux Coudres, where, at the lower end M. Compain was walking along the rocks with a book in his hand. When they had come within earshot, he called out to them. "Père de La Brosse is dead. You have come to bring me to give him burial." The canoe approached the bank, M. Compain entered it, and on the evening of that same day was landed at Tadoussac.

It was ascertained later that in the other missions of Père de La Brosse, at Chicoutimi, Ile Verte, Trois Pistoles, Rimouski and Baie des Chaleurs, the bells all tolled at midnight on the day of his death.

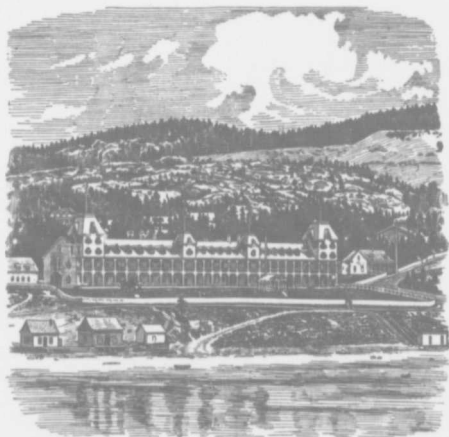
An inhabitant of Ile Verte, named Damboise, a church singer and man of good reputation, well known to M. Epiphane Lapointe, related to him how that night, when his father was returning, at about midnight, from his sugaring house, he was surprised to hear the bell ringing within the chapel of Ile Verte. He mentioned the circumstance to his neighbors, and took note of the hour, later he ascertained that the bell had tolled at the exact moment of Père de La Brosse's death.

For many years the Indians in descending and ascending the Saguenay never passed the port of Tadoussac without stopping to pray in that chapel where rested the remains of him who had to them been the veritable image of their heavenly father. They would prostrate themselves upon his tomb and, placing their mouth at a little opening which had been made in the choir pavement, would talk to him as though he were alive, with a confidence which could not fail to appeal to the all-loving heart of God. Then they would place their ear to the aperture and listen for the saint's response, believing in their guileless faith and simplicity of heart that the good father could hear them in his coffin; that he replied to their questions and transmitted their prayers to God."

There is little wonder that these good people, who had wit-

nessed the extraordinary activity and zeal of Père de La Brosse should have entwined with the events surrounding the life and death of this holy Jesuit missionary, so much of the mervellous.

An attempt was recently made to cast doubt upon the account given of the journeys and missions accomplished by him in a single year, but its truth is established by the registers of the different parishes he had visited.



Tadoussac Hotel.

The ancient chapel of Tadoussac is now used but once a year, on the feast of Sainte-Anne. On that day the successor of the Jesuit missionaries comes to say Mass for the intentions of the Intendant Hocquart, in fulfilment of a promise made by Père Coquart over two hundred and fifty years ago. The entire parish makes a point of assisting at this Mass.

Though Tadoussac has to-day quite lost its importance from

a commercial standpoint, it is now one of the most popular resorts where one may forget all the fatigue and depression of city life. Here, as at Malbaie, the Richelieu & Ontario Navigation Co. have built a magnificent hotel, where every comfort may be enjoyed. Nothing can speak more eloquently in favor of *Tadoussac Hotel* that the fact that year after year the same people and the same families return to it. What place indeed can combine greater advantages? The saline air of the St. Lawrence on one side, with the unequalled purity of that of the Saguenay on the other, would rebuild the most shattered health. Sailing, rowing, salt and fresh water fishing, walks in the woods and on the beach afford a diversity of amusement, while those seeking quiet may find many charming well-sheltered nooks along the cliffs, where they may undisturbedly meditate, read or enjoy a view incomparable for its variety and grandeur.

Since 1875 an ichthyological institution for the propagation of salmon has existed at Tadoussac, which is most interesting to visit. Each year it sends out more than a million young salmon to be distributed among the tributary rivers of the Saguenay.

* * *

The Saguenay long remained unexplored, few having courage to venture upon its waters. Roberval attempted its ascent, but nothing is known of his expedition, save that he lost one of his boats and eight mén. If, however, one may credit tradition, he himself never returned, and his grave was afterwards found by a missionary on an eminence overlooking the river. Les Fermiers du Roi under the French regime, the Hudson Bay Co. under English rule, and the Indians themselves, were all interested in preventing this region of magnificent hunting from becoming better known, and did all in their power to close it to others. It must be admitted that this unique river might well have been calculated to inspire with wonder, and often fear, those who knew it but from the terrible accounts given of it by the savages. We append a translation of the admirable description furnished by Mr. Arthur Buies.

"Rivière Saguenay flows from Lake St. John by a double channel, one arm being called La Grande Décharge, and the other La Petite Décharge. These two arms, divided by Ile Alma on leaving the Lake, reunite three leagues further on, thus commencing the wonderful river Saguenay, which from its outset rushes on in cataracts, falls and rapids for a distance of nearly twelve leagues, only commencing its normal course about seven miles above Chicoutimi, following it hence to Tadoussac, in this manner covering in its Eastward course a distance of forty leagues. Its width, varying like that of all rivers, is rarely less than a mile, while between Ha! Ha! Bay and its juncture with the St. Lawrence, it is often a mile and a half and sometimes two.

The sea rises to a place called "Terre Rompue," but which might more aptly be termed "Interrompue," as beyond it navigation is necessarily impracticable. This place is forty-eight miles from the mouth of the Saguenay, and about thirty-five from its rise in the Lake. The rapids and cascades here finally cease, after a series of wild leaps. From Terre Rompue to the St. Lawrence, the course of the Saguenay is extraordinarily rapid, and the undertow of the tide makes itself felt twelve leagues from the great river, frequently causing ships to deviate from their course.

Rivière Saguenay is an abyss, in some places a thousand feet in depth, cloven millions of years ago through the solid granite of enormous mountain piles by a terrible cataclysm, if one may credit the testimony of geology, the proofs offered by the face of the soil, indicating repeated upheavels, the deep alluvial deposits, cast as though by accident in immense masses, now raised like the bosom of the ocean in a storm, and again sinking in ravines of a hundred, two hundred or three hundred feet in depth: all this abruptly, and as it were simultaneously, without explicable cause, save that of a terrible shock from the earth's centre and the consequent unchaining of the elements.

There is no traveller who is not seized with a mysterious awe at the aspect of this sombre river, when the shadows of growing twilight lengthen upon its formidable banks: at that hour when the steamboat, laden with marvelling tourists, charmed while

TIDES
 Flood stream makes 50 minutes
 after L. W. and runs 44 hours 25 1/2
 stream makes 10 minutes after L.
 W. and runs 79 hours.

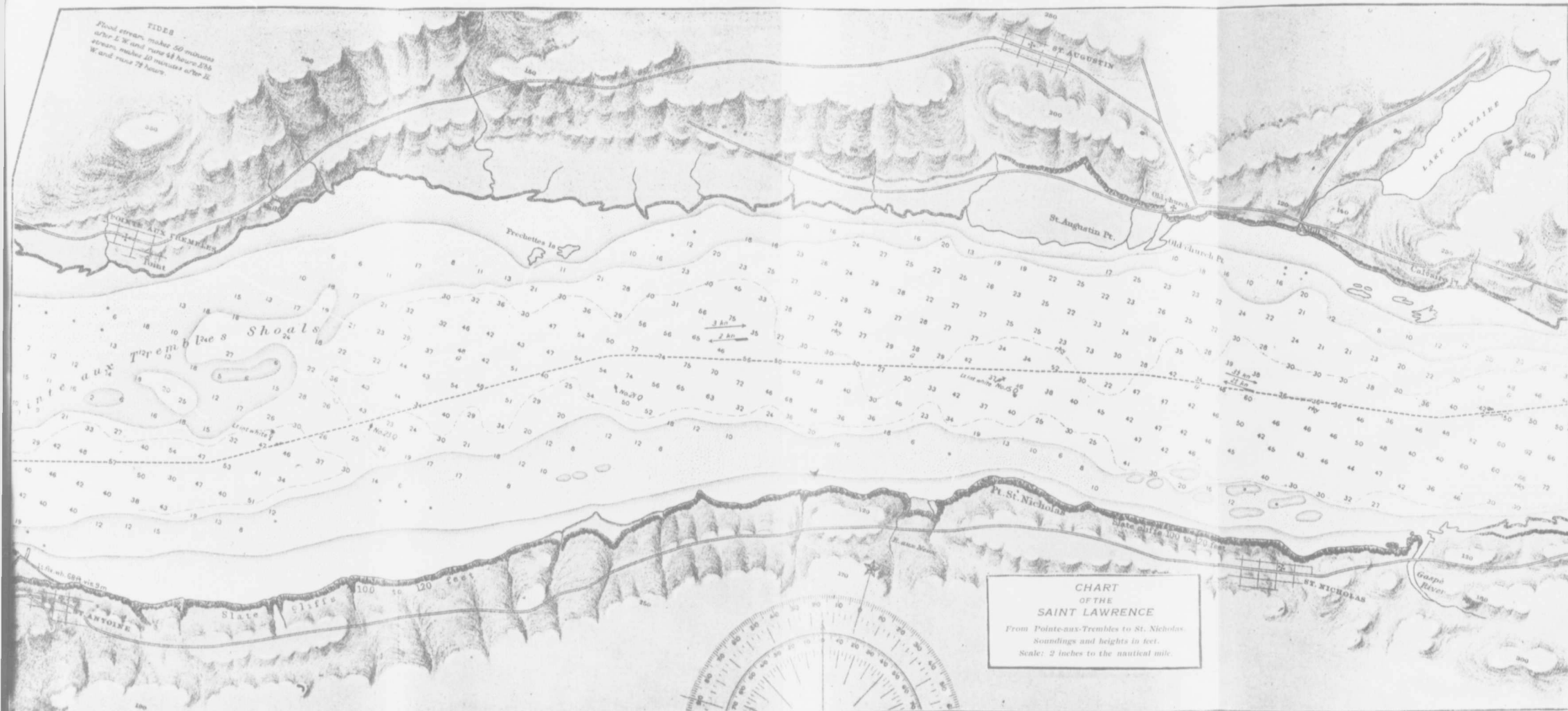


CHART
OF THE
SAINT LAWRENCE
 From Pointe-aux-Trembles to St. Nicholas.
 Soundings and heights in feet.
 Scale: 2 inches to the nautical mile.

subdued, slowly advances toward the River's entrance guarded menacingly by its massive cliffs, which cut off the last rays of day. Each tree branch, waving in the evening breeze, shadows itself afar off on the waves of the St. Lawrence.

This vast dark stream descending from the rugged summits, which yet resound with detonations of thunder, inspires in the soul a dread, to which imagination doubtless adds its horrors in marshalling forth an array of terrible visions. At sight of this well-nigh unfathomable river enclosed by mountain defiles, which seem to defy each other from opposite sides of a bottomless abyss, one might believe oneself viewing the last vestige of chaos, a final effort arrested in its course, yet chafing at non-fulfilment and still vainly waiting the patient but certain work of time, which comes to all existing things.

There would seem to have been a sort of frenzy in this corner of creation, the mountains appear scattered at random like combatants stricken standing in their places in a horrible *mêlée*. The unformed piles still retain the appearance of the cataclysm and many, many cycles must yet pass ere the scene will lose its tragic horror. Everything seems trembling from the shock, caused by the fury of the elements beaten back in their assault. Penetrating further into this chaotic transformation, one feels one's utter insignificance, and cannot repress the secret dread of being lost amid these vastnesses.

A divine hand seems to have angrily fallen on these enormous rocks, rending them asunder to make way for a furious torrent. When the Saguenay, until then unknown on the world's chart, first dashed into its unsettled channel, the recent work of whirlpools, it must have been with a noise which caused the earth to tremble afar off. It must have plunged wildly on, roaring amid the confusion of the thundering abyss, and its waters doubtless for many, many long years wore through those terrible summits ere attaining a safe and quiet level."

In the month of August, 1842, the first steamboat ("The North America") to ply on its waters, ascended the Saguenay to Chicoutimi. At sight of this "house moving upon the waters," the frightened savages took refuge in the woods, whence the

missionaries had much difficulty in inducing them to return. Since then, however, the Indians have well-nigh disappeared, while each day these waters, deep as those of the ocean, are furrowed by the beautiful boats of the Richelieu & Ontario Navigation Co., laden with tourists, eager to enjoy a scene which they cannot find elsewhere.

In 1820, M. Pascal Taché, who for many years, while engaged in trading, had traversed the Saguenay, made known the immense resources of these regions, whereupon the Government of Lord Dalhousie arranged for their exploration in a serious manner.

Twenty years later, Mr. William Price began to explore the forests of the Saguenay, and built the first saw-mill at Tadoussac, on the exact site of the present pond for the reception of salmon destined for reproduction. He lost no time in placing others at the mouths of several tributaries of the Saguenay, to Rivière Moulin, near Chicoutimi. In these venerable forests was undoubtedly to be found the finest wood for building purposes in the world. An average of seventy out of every hundred pine trees felled, were free from knots. Unhappily, however, this magnificent wood was destroyed by fire, and to-day none but fir-trees are to be found.

'Twas not without difficulty that Mr. Price obtained possession of the section of forest ceded to him, and his employees were engaged in many bitter conflicts with those serving the Hudson Bay Co., for which both parties were continually seeking recruits. The Company sought them on all sides, and even one day sent a band, none too sober, to chop the logs which Mr. Price had placed in his saw mills at Betsiamites and Rivière Noire, sixty miles below Tadoussac. Mr. Price at length succeeded in purchasing peace at the price of \$7000.

One can readily understand that under conditions such as these, Mr. Price was obliged, to choose overseers capable of exacting complete obedience. The most remarkable among these was a certain Peter McLeod, a Scotch halfbreed, a man of the most contradictory faults and virtues. According to hearsay, he was a sort of monster, that at times displayed the noblest and most beautiful qualities of man. He was proud and courageous

as a lion, supple as a tiger, malicious and cunning as a panther, and good-natured as a child. His anger knew no bounds, and would overleap all obstacles. When appeased he would become quiet as a lamb. It was well though to beware the approach of the storm, which approach was dreadful indeed. McLeod's transition from one state to the other could scarcely be marked: his anger would burst like thunder, but passed away without leaving an echo. He would often refuse his men their wages on the most frivolous pretexts, though his purse would remain open to all who chose to dip into it. He feared nothing under the sun, and was held in dread by the two or three hundred men beneath his iron hand. One day, however, a Canadian whom he had insulted, gave him a drubbing from which his limbs and muscles long tingled. On the following day he sent from his office for the individual by whom he had thus been bruised and battered. "Look here," said he, "there are \$200. You must leave at once, for no one must have power to beat Peter McLeod." "I will not go," replied the man. "I will never leave Peter McLeod." Peter kept the man, and the man the \$200. One marked trait in the character of this strange individual was that he would never suffer the weak to be abused. Unhappily, however, Peter was a confirmed inebriate, and, after nine years sway over the shanties of Mr. Price, died of alcoholic congestion. His malady lasted but a few days, during which his body became completely carbonized. His style of living was rather primitive, his bed for instance, being upon the table. He lodged in the early built portion of the old house belonging to the Price family now transformed into a beautiful manor. His memory is somewhat dimmed at the present day, but long after his death the old men who had bowed beneath his terrible yoke, spoke of Peter McLeod with a lingering hatred, strangely mingled with admiration, and of fear mixed with love. He was the inventor of the "Pitons," a certain species of paper money issued by the firm of Price, and with which its men were paid. It was circulated among all the warehouses along the Saguenay, especially in the vast warehouse of Mr. Price at Chicoutimi, who was named the king of the Saguenay. The name "Piton" was bestowed in derision of its inventor, Peter.

The boats of the Richelieu & Ontario Navigation Co. usually leave Tadoussac to ascend the Saguenay at that mysterious hour when the last rays of daylight die, when the sea is limpid and the harmonious waves, kissing the golden sand, breathe forth their song of love, and the high mountain peaks with their rounded summits looming larger at night's approach, darkly outlined against the clear sky, appear purer yet 'mid their halo of purple and gold.

Little by little night veils in black the high granite walls which on both sides border our route, and the stream itself is darkened. The profound blue of the heavens, here far deeper than elsewhere because of the extreme atmospheric purity, causes the constellations to sparkle with greater brilliancy. Now and then a ray of moonlight wandering over the heights adds one charm more to this wonderful spectacle. We are at length overwhelmed by its grandeur, and must seek restoring sleep to prepare us for the morrow's enjoyment, of another glimpse of this matchless phase of nature, when descending the river.

* * *

CHICOUTIMI is situated at the juncture of the river of that name with the Saguenay, and lies five miles below Terre Rompue, where the stream ceases to be navigable and to feel the effects of the tide. In 1879 the Government removed the rocks and excavated the banks which at low tide obstruct navigation to a distance of several miles below the Town. Despite this measure, however, the large boats of the Richelieu & Ontario Navigation Co. are still obliged to reckon with the tide on arrival and departure.

Chicoutimi is an Indian word signifying "Till here, 'tis deep."

Before 1840 the site only contained a small and ancient chapel built in 1727 by Père Laure, a Jesuit missionary, and the post of the Hudson Bay Co. A saw-mill, erected by the firm of Price, was the nucleus of the village which, in 1879, became

an incorporated town. Already, however, on the 28th May of the preceding year, Chicoutimi had been made a diocese. The cathedral, to be seen in the distance overlooking the Saguenay, presents a somewhat singular aspect, its steeple being inclined forward. It was built in this manner, the better to resist the North Western gales which often blow violently in this locality. The Town is to-day the religious, commercial and industrial centre of the regions surrounding the Saguenay and Lake Saint John.

Mr. Price has surrounded the site of the ancient chapel with a wooden enclosure and, seeking as far as possible to preserve the remains of that relic, he covered with earth the wood still sound used in its construction. The bell of that chapel was one of those which tolled spontaneously at the death of Père de La Brosse, the last Jesuit missionary who officiated within its walls.

During one of his missions at Chicoutimi Father de La Brosse very often received visits from idle stragglers, whose sojourn was anything but a subject of edification. Regretting the precious time thus lost, with these individuals, he conceived



St. Francis Xavier's Cathedral.—Chicoutimi.

the idea of getting rid of them by putting the following notice on his door:

Pour un homme occupé rien de plus ennuyeux
Que de gens désœuvrés la visite importune;
J'aimerais presque autant qu'on me crevât les yeux
Que de venir ici pour m'en procurer une!

These lines had the desired effect and delivered not only the good Father but Chicoutimi also from their disagreeable and pernicious presence.

Before the erection of Père Laure's chapel, there was another, rebuilt or restored about 1702 by Père Crepieul. It was dedicated to Saint-Francis-Xavier, who is patron of the cathedral and of the present parish.

Ere quitting Chicoutimi, we must not omit to glean some knowledge of the lives of the Jesuit missionaries in those early days among the Montagnais. It is difficult to conceive what a superhuman spirit of sacrifice and enduring faith was needed for the undertaking of such missions. Not only were innumerable perils to be encountered, but an uninterrupted martyrdom was to be faced. The following gives the substance of what Père Crepieul had to say in writing to warn his young fellow workers, destined for the Canadian missions, of all they must be prepared to endure.

"The life of a missionary among the Montagnais is a long and slow martyrdom; an almost continual exercise of patience and mortification, a life of true penance and humiliation, especially among the cabins and on the road with the savages.

1. The cabin is built of birch, supported on poles, and is surrounded by fir tree branches, with which the snow and frozen ground are covered.
2. The missionary must sit or kneel nearly all day, and is exposed in winter constantly to inhale smoke.
3. Sometimes he is overheated during the day; frequently he suffers from cold at night. He must lie down fully clothed upon the frozen earth, and sometimes upon the snow, covered by a few rough branches.
4. He must take his meals from a dish, which is seldom clean or washed, and from which the dogs have often just eaten. He may eat when there is food to be had, and when it is given to him. Sometimes the meat is only half-cooked, occasionally it is very hard, and always smoked and dried by

the chimney. Generally the chaldron is heated but once a day, and, in times of abundance twice, but this does not last long.

5. The Indians' shoes and the dogs' coats must serve as his napkins, as does their hair to the Indians and their squaws.

6. His ordinary beverage is water from some brook or pond, and sometimes melted snow, or a thick bouillon, undiluted, or mixed with snow.

7. Often his clothes, covering or stockings are scorched during the night, especially when the cabin is small and narrow. He cannot stretch himself at length, but must lie in a cramped attitude with his head upon the snow, covered by fir-tree boughs, which greatly chill the brain and causes tooth ache, etc.

8. He lies down fully clothed, and does not divest himself of his soutane or stockings, save to rid himself of the vermin, which are very plentiful among the savages, and especially among their children.

9. Often on awakening he finds himself surrounded by dogs. I myself have sometimes found as many as six, eight or ten.

10. The smoke is occasionally so violent as to bring tears to his eyes: when he lies down it seems as though salt had been thrown into them, and on awakening he can scarcely open them.

11. At the melting of the snows, when tramping upon the lakes or great river, he is so blinded by the tears which continually stream from his eyes that he cannot see to read his breviary, and sometimes has to be led by the hand. This is an experience which befell Père Silvy and Père Dalmas, as well as myself, who, on my way, could only see the end of my snow-shoes.

12. He is often disturbed by the cries and sobbing of little children, and is frequently greatly distressed by the odor from those afflicted with scrofula, with whom he is obliged to partake from the same chaldron. I passed more than eight days in the cabin of Kaouitaskouït, the greatest among the Mystassin, and slept besides his invalid son, with whom also I ate and drank from the same dish. This close contact caused me frequent nausea.

13. He is frequently reduced to drink water obtained from melting snow, which tastes of smoke and is very impure. For a space of three weeks I drank no other kind, being then among strangers in the territory of the Peekouagamy (Lake St. John). I have never seen savages more slovenly than those in all their habits. Often the meat would be full of the hair of the elk or of sand. After having thrown in a little snow, an old woman would take the fat from the chaldron in her long-nailed fingers, and then offer it for our consumption in a soiled platter. We would all drink bouillon from the same chaldron.

14. In summer, when on overland trips or on the Saguenay or the great river, he must often drink the impure water found in various pools. Once, for nearly three days, when detained by the wind, we were able to drink no other. Sometimes the wind may oblige him to take refuge in places where none at all can be found. That has been my experience on several occasions.

7

I have even been obliged to drink from pools where toads, etc., were to be seen.

15. During winter he can seldom find along the roads, be they ever so long and toilsome, a drop of water wherewith to slake his thirst.

61. He endures much from the cold and smoke ere the cabins are broken up, especially between two and three o'clock in the morning, when the weather is most bitter in winter. His shirt, saturated with perspiration, and his dampened stockings, tend to chill him, combined with the weakness from hunger, which he endures, usually receiving but a morsel of salt meat to eat ere leaving the cabin.

17. Suffering and misery are the accompanying conditions of these sad and laborious missions. "*Faciat Deus ut tū diū immoretur et immoriatur servus inutilis missionum Franciscus, S. J.*"

* * *

Facing Chicoutimi is Cap Saint-François, and just beside it stands the little village of Sainte-Anne.

Twelve miles lower, on the left bank, we discern Pointe-aux-Roches and tiny Anse au Foin, at whose farther end is the village of Saint-Fulgence, on the banks of the Rivière des Outardes. Proceeding on our course, we pass Haute Pointe, and, on turning Cape West, enter into Baie des Ha! Ha!, doubtless so named because the first French explorers to enter it took it for a continuation of the Saguenay, and were surprised to find it without outlet. It is indeed a singular bay, in width about three miles, by six in length, its waters attaining an extraordinary depth. It is occasionally called Grande Baie. The surrounding soil is very fertile, and forms the commencement of the agricultural district of the Saguenay.

* * *

At its extremity stand the two villages of SAINT-ALPHONSE and SAINT-ALEXIS. Three little water courses here empty into the bay, the largest being the Rivière à Mars. In May, 1846, the colonists, taking advantage of the heat and general atmospheric dryness, set fire to their woodpiles, but, unhappily, on

the 5th of the month, a strong North Western wind carried the fire to the forest, and in less than two hours all Saint-Alphonse and a good part of Saint-Alexis were consumed, as well as the residence, wharf and mills, the property of Mr. Price. On the following day Père Honorat, O. M. I., who, it was said, had miraculously arrested the progress of the flames, left for Quebec, where he obtained some aid, but, as there were too few remaining houses in Grande Baie to accomodate the victims of the fire, sixty women and children of tender years had to be temporally sent to Malbaie.

* * *

On leaving Ha: Ha! Bay, Cape East rises perpendicularly before us. Around its base lie enormous blocks of granite, which have been detached from the top. Several pine and birch trees have found enough vegetable soil within its crevices to take root.

A little lower, we see three small coves, which, with a miniature river, form what is called "La Descente des Femmes," from the fact that a number of squaws, who were in search of succor for their husbands and children who were perishing from hunger, passed out by this river on to the Saguenay. The banks of this small stream contain sixty acres of arable land.



Church of Saint-Alphonse.—Bagotville.

Glancing toward the other side of the Saguenay, we perceive the Tableau, presenting a smooth and polished vertical surface, some hundred feet in height, prepared, we might imagine, for some artist to here depict an episode in the Saguenay's history.

On the opposite bank is another remarkable promontory, Cape Diamond, but nothing can equal Capes Eternity and Trinity, just breaking on our view, on the right bank. These two enormous mountains descend to a depth of nearly a thousand feet beneath the waters, and rise from the abyss to a height of from fifteen hundred to eighteen hundred feet. The severe outlines of Cape Eternity, the larger of the two, have been somewhat softened by age, the young fir trees, which have taken root on its declivities, having adorned it with garlands of sombre verdure, which somewhat relieve its formidable majesty. Its twin brother has preserved all the ruggedness of its primitive nature, and faces us perpendicularly, in its triple frontage of uniform height carved from the living rock. Before the first of its summits three capes rise above each other in tiers. This triplicate gives to the cape its name. Between these two monsters, as though sheltering itself beneath their shield is a tranquil little bay, into which empty the waters of a small river, or rather brook, winding in and out among the mountains. But hark! The whistle of our boat has just been sounded. Ere now the most profound silence has reigned amid the eternal fastnesses of these sombre mountains, but at this piercing scream the echoes awake, and, set in motion, roll from valley to valley, from ravine to ravine, racing along the startled banks, now lost amid the precipices, and then resounding on the distant plains: till at length, weakened, they diminish and calmly and softly die out in the remoteness of this silent empire of colossal nature. What Lilliputians do we seem at the feet of these giants! To what poor advantage does even our splendid vessel appear! On the banks of the Saguenay the works of man, houses, hamlets, villages, all seem dwarfed.

Since the 15th September, 1881, Cape Trinity has been graced, by a beautiful statue of the Blessed Virgin, thanks to the efforts of Monsieur Thomas N. Robitaille. On the 20th of that

same month Monseigneur Dominique Racine, Second Bishop of Chicoutimi, granted an indulgence of forty days to all those who would pass before this statue reciting three Hail Marys.

Having proceeded some miles further on our course, we enter Anse Saint-Jean, a bay of some depth, situated on the same side of the river. There is now a thriving village on its bank, but the first colonists who established themselves there had much to suffer from the isolation, all avenues of communication being closed during the greater part of the year. On this account the population long remained stationary, but, since the building of a wharf and of roads behind the village, it has grown quite rapidly. The hillsides surrounding Anse Saint-Jean are very fertile. The parish was canonically established in 1861.

Still on the same side, some miles lower down, the little Saguenay empties into the great. This fair sized river extends almost to Malbaie. In former times it was one among the thousand hunting resorts known to the Indians, being also a favorite stream for salmon fishing.

In our descent we pass very near the few islands which have risen from the Saguenay's abyss: Ile Saint-Barthelemy, near the mouth of the miniature Rivière au Canard, on whose banks stand the small hamlet of Saint-Barthelemy, and a little farther off the most important, Ile Saint-Louis, almost a mile in width by two in length.

We successively pass the mouth of the Rivière Sainte-Marguerite on our left and of the Rivière Saint-Athanase on our right. We observe a series of coves, of greater or less depth, and of promontories varying in height, until, three miles from Tadoussac, on the left bank, is La Boule, its name indicative of its rounded form. It is posed on a gigantic foundation, forming a sort of headland at the extremity of a succession of rocks which rise to a height of nearly fifteen hundred feet. It projects some distance into the river, narrowing its channel and causing the waters to recede and form an eddy, against which small craft contend with difficulty. La Boule is composed of trap, such being the formation of the greater number of the Rocks of the Saguenay, proving the igneous origin of this section.

We again approach Tadoussac, whence we departed last evening. After putting in for a short time at this port, we leave — if it be before the 12th of June or after the 8th of September — to cross the St. Lawrence to Rivière du Loup; if it be between these dates, we again round Larks Reef, and return, by the route we have just followed, to Quebec.





FROM the beginning of May until the month of November, the *Campana* of the Quebec Navigation Company leaves Montreal, every fortnight on Monday afternoon for the trip down the St. Lawrence to the Gulf. All arrangements relating to the vessel are admirably planned; it is kept immaculately clean, and the table is all that can be desired. Such details are not without their importance



Captain LOUIS ROBERT DEMERS.

when one is embarking on a voyage of more than ten days in length. The *Campana* is under the command of Captain Louis-Robert Demers, an old sea-dog, as kind as he is experienced,

and attentive to the well being and security of his passengers. It is worth while seeing him as he stands upon the bridge making preparations for the squall that may menace the safety of those under his protection.

Between Montreal and Quebec the *Campana* follows the same course as the boats of the Richelieu & Ontario Navigation Co. On leaving Quebec it occasionally takes the route to the North of the Island of Orleans (1), if permitted by the tide, and does not cross to the South until nearing Pointe au Père, where the first stop is made. However, it usually proceeds by the channel which follows the Southern shore of the St. Lawrence, and from its deck we will now resume our observation of the parishes bordering this bank.

* * *

The Village of BERTHIER, which we could but dimly distinguish in the distance when directing our course toward Cape Torment, is delightfully situated on the banks of a little creek called "Trou de Berthier." It lies on the seigneurie ceded on the 26th October, 1672, by the Intendant Talon to Captain Alexandre de Berthier, of the Regiment of Carignan. Captain Berthier was a Huguenot, but was converted to the Catholic faith on his arrival at Quebec in 1665, where the ceremony of his recantation was performed in presence of Monseigneur de Laval, and Messrs. de Tracy, de Courcelles and Talon.

* * *

Ere arriving before Baie Saint-Thomas, and when nearly opposite the point of that name, we perceive GROSSE ISLE, lying at some distance from the shore. This is Canada's quarantine port for all vessels arriving from over seas. This island was purchased by the Provincial Government from the Ursulines

(1) See Appendix.

at Quebec in 1832, when the Asiatic cholera was making such ravages in Europe. Vessels ascending to Quebec had to stop at Grosse Isle, and submit to an official inspection; the sick, if there were any, were conveyed to the hospital, and the ship thoroughly fumigated before being permitted to continue its course.

Previous to 1864 all vessels without exception were compelled to submit to an examination from the Quarantine officers. To enforce obedience to this regulation, a company of soldiers, strengthened by heavy ordnance, was placed upon the Island. Any boat showing a disposition to evade this order was first reminded by a bullet, of the imprudence of courting a better-aimed discharge. The entire island was then under military control. Now, however, the red of the English soldier's uniform has been entirely superseded by the blue of the police officer under civil administration.

The cholera epidemics of 1834 and 1849 entailed much labor on the Quarantine officials, but it was nothing to that brought by the typhus of 1847, when the Irish arrived in thousands, huddled, six or seven hundred, in miserable little sailing vessels that had not proper accommodation for half their number. It is difficult to form an idea of the sufferings these poor people were called upon to endure during a passage of three and often four or five months; already weakened by the famine, from which they sought escape in flight, they were nearly all ill on arrival. Occasionally, in hope of avoiding quarantine, the captains, in ascending the river, cast the dead overboard, and these corpses were found stranded upon the shore. 'Twas labor lost, however, for the great number of their passengers had been attacked by the malady, and died by hundreds on the Island. Some notion may be gained of the horror of this dreadful epoch from the statement that seven thousand of these unfortunate victims of contagion were interred in one pit on Grosse Isle.

To-day there are good wharfs on the Island, but vessels are not obliged to stop, unless there be a case of contagion on board. Those extensive white buildings we see are the hospitals.

Lower down, and somewhat in advance of the Eastern extremity of Grosse Isle, is ILE SAINTE-MARGUERITE, which is scarcely habitable. It, however, furnishes many a supply of firewood, and is used for pasturing animals during summer. To the North and East of Ile Sainte-Marguerite are several other inhospitable islands, only one among them, ILE CANOT (hidden from our view by Ile-aux-Grues) containing sufficient arable land to support one family.

"There, at the commencement of the last century, dwelt a family, young and poor. One night, during her husband's absence, the wife was awakened by the cries of her youngest child. She rose, took it in her arms and soothed it, and then seated herself upon the bed to wait until it should fall asleep. The night was dark, and the tempest roared. Her young children slept peacefully on, and she alone remained awake amid the thunder. Her solitary life and forlorn condition, and the sad future of her large family recurred vividly to her mind; she felt her heart penetrated with grief, and gave free course to her tears. Suddenly she heard a voice thus addressing her, "Console thyself, two of thy children will be priests, and one of these two priests will be a bishop."

The mysterious prediction was accomplished, for one of the sons of this poor woman, Monseigneur Charles François Baillargeon, died archbishop of Quebec, and another, M. Etienne Baillargeon, died curé of Saint-Nicolas. A third, the Honorable Pierre Baillargeon, was senator of the Dominion of Canada."

This little narrative is borrowed from M. Pierre Georges Roy, editor of *La Revue des Recherches Historiques*, a veritable living dictionary of the history of Canada, in all its minutest details. We have often had recourse to him to verify facts, of which we were not absolutely certain, and are happy to have an opportunity of here expressing our gratitude.

* * *

On the Southern shore, near the mouth of little Rivière à la Caille is the ancient ruin of an overturned wall, bathed twice

CHART
OF THE
SAINT LAWRENCE

From St. Nicholas to Quebec.
Soundings and heights in feet.
Scale: 2 inches to the nautical mile.

TIME BALL:
A time ball is dropped from the mast on
the 1st, 15th, 30th, 45th, 60th, 75th, 90th, 105th, 120th, 135th, 150th, 165th, 180th, 195th, 210th, 225th, 240th, 255th, 270th, 285th, 300th, 315th, 330th, 345th, 360th, 375th, 390th, 405th, 420th, 435th, 450th, 465th, 480th, 495th, 510th, 525th, 540th, 555th, 570th, 585th, 600th, 615th, 630th, 645th, 660th, 675th, 690th, 705th, 720th, 735th, 750th, 765th, 780th, 795th, 810th, 825th, 840th, 855th, 870th, 885th, 900th, 915th, 930th, 945th, 960th, 975th, 990th, 1005th, 1020th, 1035th, 1050th, 1065th, 1080th, 1095th, 1110th, 1125th, 1140th, 1155th, 1170th, 1185th, 1200th, 1215th, 1230th, 1245th, 1260th, 1275th, 1290th, 1305th, 1320th, 1335th, 1350th, 1365th, 1380th, 1395th, 1410th, 1425th, 1440th, 1455th, 1470th, 1485th, 1500th, 1515th, 1530th, 1545th, 1560th, 1575th, 1590th, 1605th, 1620th, 1635th, 1650th, 1665th, 1680th, 1695th, 1710th, 1725th, 1740th, 1755th, 1770th, 1785th, 1800th, 1815th, 1830th, 1845th, 1860th, 1875th, 1890th, 1905th, 1920th, 1935th, 1950th, 1965th, 1980th, 1995th, 2010th, 2025th, 2040th, 2055th, 2070th, 2085th, 2100th, 2115th, 2130th, 2145th, 2160th, 2175th, 2190th, 2205th, 2220th, 2235th, 2250th, 2265th, 2280th, 2295th, 2310th, 2325th, 2340th, 2355th, 2370th, 2385th, 2400th, 2415th, 2430th, 2445th, 2460th, 2475th, 2490th, 2505th, 2520th, 2535th, 2550th, 2565th, 2580th, 2595th, 2610th, 2625th, 2640th, 2655th, 2670th, 2685th, 2700th, 2715th, 2730th, 2745th, 2760th, 2775th, 2790th, 2805th, 2820th, 2835th, 2850th, 2865th, 2880th, 2895th, 2910th, 2925th, 2940th, 2955th, 2970th, 2985th, 3000th, 3015th, 3030th, 3045th, 3060th, 3075th, 3090th, 3105th, 3120th, 3135th, 3150th, 3165th, 3180th, 3195th, 3210th, 3225th, 3240th, 3255th, 3270th, 3285th, 3300th, 3315th, 3330th, 3345th, 3360th, 3375th, 3390th, 3405th, 3420th, 3435th, 3450th, 3465th, 3480th, 3495th, 3510th, 3525th, 3540th, 3555th, 3570th, 3585th, 3600th, 3615th, 3630th, 3645th, 3660th, 3675th, 3690th, 3705th, 3720th, 3735th, 3750th, 3765th, 3780th, 3795th, 3810th, 3825th, 3840th, 3855th, 3870th, 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daily by the waters of the river at high tide. This is all that now remains of the old church of Saint-Thomas de la Pointe à la Caille, of which the Abbé Morel, first resident missionary of the little parish, came to take possession on the 24th August, 1679. When, nearly a hundred years later, it became necessary to build another church to fulfil the needs of the population, it was thought prudent to choose another site, about a mile distant, on the banks of Rivière du Sud, on that same spot where the beautiful large church of MONTMAGNY now excites our admiration. Little by little the village was removed, and Pointe à la Caille, where it formerly stood, at length became deserted.

The people of Saint-Thomas had a good reason to make this



St. Thomas Church.—Montmagny.

retreat, for each year, at the season of high tides and of the vernal and autumnal gales, large portions of the crags along the shore were swept away and went to enlarge the immense shoals of St. Thomas Bay. The day came when the ever encroaching tide reached the old church, and completed the work of destruction which fifty years had failed to accomplish. In 1837, the facade, the left wall and the rounded wall of the choir fell in, contributing to the general collapse which occurred in the following year. To-day Rivière à la Caille itself has almost disappeared: it is now but a little brook which only partially awakens from its lethargy during the autumnal season of heavy rain and at the melting of the snows in spring. The parish of Saint-Thomas has developed into a pretty little city, with a population of nearly five thousand souls. It has been incorporated under the name of Montmagny, in honor of the patentee to whom this beautiful domain was granted, and of which the fertile soil has won for it the name, "Le Grenier du Bas District."

A pathetic little story is entwined with the history of the old church of Saint-Thomas de la Pointe à la Caille. In the beginning of the Eighteenth Century two merchant vessels sailed from the coast of Normandy, bound for New France. On each of these ships was a Breton family, who were making the voyage in the hope of finding a new country, the eldest son of one being betrothed to the eldest daughter of the other. During almost the entire passage the vessels sailed side by side, and had prosperously entered the Gulf of St. Lawrence, when a violent storm separated them. Several weeks later, one of these ships sadly damaged and leaky anchored near Pointe à la Caille, and the passengers hastened to the little church, there to piously thank God and Mary, Star of the Sea, for having preserved them from shipwreck. They were received with open arms by the good people of Saint-Thomas, who persuaded the family from Brittany to remain some time with them. The young betrothed wandered throughout the vicinity, sad but resigned. Once, when on an excursion with her parents, she noticed, on the river bank, a rugged rock, in form somewhat like a truncated pyramid, and the thought occurred to her that there would be

an appropriate site whereon to build a votive chapel. This young girl's sorrow, giving an added charm to her beauty and to her lovely qualities of mind and heart, won for her the love of all. When the family wished to depart, their kind friends only consented on receiving the solemn promise of their speedy return. Two years, however passed, and the colonists heard nothing of the Breton family, though all still vividly remembered the charming young betrothed. One Autumn day a small bark silently approached the strand of Saint-Thomas; in less than a quarter of an hour the news had spread throughout the village that the Breton family had returned, and the entire population hastened to bid them welcome. The young girl, though changed, was still beautiful. Grief, had matured her, and she now wore the costume of a widow of some great house. She felt assured that the other vessel had been lost, and with it her fiancé. Hastening to the sanctuary where she had formerly so fervently prayed for the restoration of this beloved one, she, now resigned but unconsolated, solemnly vowed to wear until death mourning for the unfortunate young man and to consecrate the remainder of her life solely to the practice of good works. On the rock she had previously noted, she caused the erection of a small votive chapel, which was called *La Chapelle du Rocher*. On her return to Quebec she settled at *Pointe Lévis*, where she died in the odor of sanctity. For many years the grateful people spoke with gratitude of "*Mademoiselle La Veuve*."

The people of Saint-Thomas greatly loved to pray in the little chapel on the rock, but, as even the holiest and most innocent things may be misused, one day an attempt was made to make it a parish church without the sanction of the archbishop of Quebec, who was at length obliged to close the chapel. From that day it became merely an object of interest to strangers, and, no attempt being made to preserve it, it fell into a ruinous condition. It is now quite swept away, and *La Chapelle du Rocher* has become *le Rocher de la Chapelle* for the citizens of Montmagny, as well as for tourists.

The reefs of Saint-Thomas form a large elongated bay, extending to CAP SAINT-IGNACE, which name is also borne by the parish. This Cape juts into the water, forming a triangular shaped peninsula. The name, Saint-Ignace, comes from the first proprietor of the fief, who signed himself "Vincelotte Saint-Ignace."

Ere 1683 a little wooden chapel had been erected on the Cape, but so badly was it built that it stood but a short time; one in stone replaced it, which lasted until 1744. As at Saint-Thomas, this church also has become the prey of the sea, and now nought but its ruins are to be seen on the strand at low tide. To replace it temporarily, the inhabitants built a long presbytery, which served as their church also during many years, and which may yet be seen. Twenty-eight years were consumed in quarrels over the choice of a site for the new church, and Monseigneur Briand was even obliged to leave the parish without a resident pastor for eight years. At length in 1772, it was decided to build a church on the same spot where stands the present edifice. Peace, however, had scarcely been restored, when, in October, 1781, the bishop was obliged to close the church and recall the curé, as the result of a scandal caused by a drunkard named Antoine Gerbert, who, during Mass, struck up a drinking song, and continued it to the end without interruption from the congregation. The interdict was raised nine months later, through the prayers and tears of the Christian women of the Parish. We must not fail to add, however, that since then matters have greatly changed, and the Parish of the Cape is now a model one.

This church, whose erection involved so much trouble, was lengthened in 1824, and again in 1854, to satisfy the needs of the increasing population, attaining a length of one hundred and sixty feet, quite out of proportion to its width of forty. It became an object of ridicule to strangers, and the people of the Cape, thus goaded, decided, in 1877, to build the vast edifice we now admire, to whose erection the majority of the faithful contributed from higher motives as well. The work, nevertheless, was not commenced until three years later; the new church was not thrown open for another year, nor was it entirely com-

pleted until 1885. On Sunday (the 14th of December), five years later, a large portion of this beautiful church was destroyed by fire. The people of the Cape did not allow this to discourage them, and before another year restored the edifice.

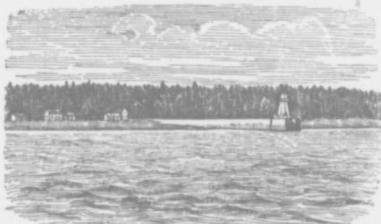
The Abbé Pierre Viau, one of the curés of Cape Saint-Ignace, who also presided over the Parish of Ile aux Grues, received young Beaulargeon, of Ile au Canot, the destined archbishop of Quebec, and educated him.

Legend has preserved the memory of a venerable elm, yet to be seen, some forty years ago, at Anse-à-Gilles. In its trunk a niche had been hollowed out, wherein was placed a statue of the Blessed Virgin. Here the people loved to come and invoke Mary, especially when they were burdened with difficulties. No one knows the exact date of the foundation of this new species of sanctuary, but tradition places it at about 1711. Then a powerful fleet ascending the river and a numerous army descending by the lakes intended to unite their forces and overwhelm the already exhausted colony. There was general consternation; to fight seemed impossible, but to surrender without striking a blow was repugnant to Canadian pride. God alone could save the country; all hearts turned to Mary, and everywhere, in their churches and families, and beneath the shade of their great trees, the people united to invoke her who is called "Help of Christians." Prayer triumphed: Walker's fleet was dashed to pieces on Ile aux Oeufs and the army of Nicholson was decimated by sickness. Gradually the tree enlarged, and the bark closed over the statue, whose form alone could be discerned; finally the weight of years laid low this veteran of the primitive forest, which had for so long braved the fury of the elements. Nothing now remains but its memory, embalmed by devotion to our well beloved Mother.

* * *

We read in the registers of Cape Saint-Ignace that, toward the end of January, in the year 1844, a solid ice bridge formed between the Cape and CRANE ISLAND, an unprecedented phenomenon, and one that has never been repeated. This curiosity

drew crowds from all the parishes between Lévis and Rimouski, and on certain days, more than fifty sleighs passed over it, filled with visitors to the Islanders. The ice broke up about the 16th March, and it was none too soon, for the inhabitants of the Island, whose hospitality was proverbial, had exhausted their provisions, which sufficient for themselves, could ill bear the inroads made by this host of unexpected friends, coming at a season when they were accustomed to see no one. A few days more, and the ice bridge might have proved an Egyptian plague to Crane Island.



Crane Island Lighthouse.

Situated on outer end of pier, 1½ miles from West point of the Island. It is a white octagonal wood building with red iron lantern, showing a white light which obscures for 4 seconds in every ½ minute.

This island, like its neighbors the Goose Islands, was once the property of Charles Jacques Huault de Montmagny, second governor of Quebec, but it has since changed hands many times. In 1775, the seigneur of Crane Island was Louis Lienard Villemonble de Beaujeu, a brother of the hero of Monongahela. His manor stood on the exact site of the present

residence and outbuildings of the Family of McPherson Le Moine, the present proprietor. They may be seen from our boat, at a short distance from the lighthouse of Crane islands, which stands on Pointe-aux-Pins. The village is built on the Northern side of the Island. The Parish of Saint-Antoine de l'Île aux Grues was founded in 1683, being formed of but three families; fifteen persons in all. This island is the birthplace of the Abbé Charles François Painchaud, the founder of the college of Sainte-Anne de la Pocatière, in the cemetery of which parish he has rested for fifty-three years.

A legend has been handed down, (a sort of Canadian Iron Mask), concerning a prisoner said to have been held in a stone house built on one of the deserted islands of the Sainte-Marguerite group, lying behind Crane island. The jailor was a person of distinction, and the story runs that Madame or Made-moiselle de Granville, the wife or sister of the Seigneur of Iles Sainte-Marguerite, was the captive of brotherly love on this uninhabitable island. Was it some infirmity they desired to hide? We will never know now. The manor and its occupants always remained a mystery.

* * *

A track of marshy land, covered at high tide, separates Crane island from GOOSE ISLAND. Montmagny sold this island to Jean Baptiste Moyen, who established himself there with his family. All was prospering with him, when one day ('twas the feast of Corpus Christi in the year



Church of Notre-Dame de Bonsecours.—L'Islet.

1655) a band of Iroquois surprised him at home when all his servants were in the fields. Moyen and his wife were killed, and their two little daughters, Marie and Elizabeth, aged respectively six and fourteen years, with a friend, Geneviève Mocart, were led into captivity. The two latter were pupils of the Ursulines at Quebec, and it is easy to imagine the general consternation caused by the news of their kidnapping. Providence, however, watched over them, and soon after the Indian chief,

Grande Armée, proposed to exchange them for some Iroquois whom the French had taken prisoners in the neighborhood of Montreal. Needless to say, the offer was accepted, and the children were set at liberty. One of the Demoiselles Moyen later married the brave and illustrious Lambert Closse, who himself at length fell victim to these terrible barbarians.

The large and small Goose islands, which are separated by a small river, are now the property of the Hôtel-Dieu Nuns at Quebec.



L'Islet de Bellechasse Lighthouse.

White square wooden building, red roof, and dwelling attached.
White light visible $5\frac{1}{2}$ seconds, eclipsed 3 seconds.

* * *

Opposite the Eastern extremity of the small Goose island stands L'ISLET, a village built on the domain of Islet Saint-Jean, ceded on the 17th May, 1677, to Mademoiselle Geneviève Couillard. A beautiful walk, bordered by trees, leads to the

wharf, on the Eastern side of which a rock rises some forty feet above the sea. It is about four arpents in length by one hundred and fifty feet in width. At one time it was surrounded by the waters of the River, and formed a small island, in french *islet*, pronounced by the people *islette*. From that is derived the name of the domain and of the parish founded in 1679 and dedicated to Notre-Dame de Bonsecours. In 1700 the colonists built their first chapel, which contained but eleven pews. Twenty-one years later it became necessary to erect another, and it was built on the same site as the present church. This latter dates from 1758, but has been much enlarged and embellished in the meantime.

* * *

We pass the mouth of the Rivière Trois Saumons and the Rivière Port-Joli ere arriving at the village of SAINT-JEAN

PORT-JOLI, built on the domain of the same name, which was ceded in May, 1677, to Noël Langlois, and which later became the property of the family of de Gaspé. Its name is indicative of its delightful situation, but it owes its fame chiefly to the charming tales told by M. Philippe Aubert de Gaspé in "*Les Anciens Canadiens*" and in "*Les Mémoires.*" To these we refer all who desire a better acquaintance with this picturesque vil-



Church of Saint Jean Port Joli.

lage. The present church, dating from 1779, owes its erection to the efforts of the Abbé J. Hingan, who was entitled Curé de l'Islet et de Saint-Jean Port-Joli. It replaced a little wooden chapel built in 1756 on a site donated by the Sieur Ignace Aubert de Gaspé.

* * *

Almost in a straight line with Goose islands, in front of



Stone Pillar lighthouse.

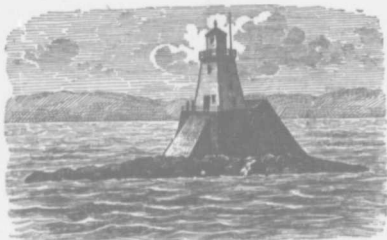
A grey circular stone tower surmounted by a red metal lantern, showing a white light revolving every 30 seconds.

Saint-Jean Port-Joli are three little islands, or, more properly speaking, rocks. Two of them are named the PILLARS, the one nearest us, which is quite sterile, is called the *Stone Pillar*, and the other, ever green like the isle of Calypso, is called the *Wood Pillar*. On the third, "la Roche Avignon" of our Canadian navigators, (*Algernon Rock*) is still seen the stern of the ill-fated *Canadian*, a

vessel of the Allan Line which was wrecked in 1856. The eddy caused by its debris may be plainly discerned. While the steamer was ascending the River, it seems that the pilot, Léon Roy, fell asleep upon the bridge. Suddenly the watch raised the cry of rocks ahead; the pilot was roused, and starting up, commanded: "Hard to starboard," when, unfortunately, he should have issued quite a contrary order. The ship obeyed the touch of the helm, and rose on the rock, from which it was

found impossible to dislodge it. The cargo was saved in part, and the vessel was cut in two, the prow being conveyed to Quebec. Worthy Captain Demers, to whom I owe these details, told me that once he was piloting a sailing ship to Quebec in company with several other vessels. Suddenly the watch on board the *Fitzhenry* signalled, "Scow right ahead." Joseph Mercier, an old and experienced pilot, in charge of that vessel, instantly understood; he gave the necessary order, and his vessel, just grazed the rocks without sustaining injury.

Accidents were of constant occurrence at this point in ascending the river, Goose island forming a barrier in its descent. They have ceased, however, since the Government has placed lighthouses on *Algernon Rock* and on the *Stone Pillar*.



Algernon Rock Lighthouse.

A white square wood building surmounted by an iron lantern with red roof, placed on a black cribwork pier. A continuous white fixed light.

Further still from the shore, toward the middle of the

river, is a long reef, called *ILE AUX LOUPS MARINS*. At low tide it is an immense tract, dear to the followers of the chase, but the rising of the waters leaves them but two havens of refuge. One of these is named *La Butte Chatigny*, and is covered with a delightful thicket; the other is a mere tongue of sand. There, however, sportsmen have built cabins, and it is called *Refuge des Chasseurs*. One naturally wonders why these Nimrods have chosen to place their huts on this arid knoll, instead of upon the verdant isle, especially made, one might think, to shelter them from the sun's rays, and conceal them from their

game. On putting the question to the people of the locality, they answer that Butte Chatigny is accursed, and that appalling sounds proceed therefrom.

According to tradition (M. de Gaspé vouches for its truth), there once lived at Port Joli two comrades, whose friendship excited great wonder, for one, Pierre Jean, of reputed Acadian origin, was a sort of brute, physically and morally repulsive, while the other, named Chatigny, was a handsome, fair young man, whose countenance was an index to his worth. Polite and obliging, he was beloved by all, while Pierre Jean was as universally shunned and feared. The latter was endowed with extraordinary strength, which he delighted to parade. One Sunday after Vespers, he laughingly cried to Chatigny in his Acadian patois, "Si étions un homme Chatigny, renvoyons cette pierre que j'allions lancer contre toi," ("If thou art a man, Chatigny, send back the rock I am going to throw to thee"), and raised an enormous rock above his head. Chatigny retired fifteen paces, and then replied, "Envoie, je suis prêt à la recevoir," ("Send it, I am ready to receive it"). The stone fell at the latter's feet. This unexpected display of prowess by a man whose prodigious strength had hitherto remained unknown was hailed with acclamation by the spectators. Pierre Jean was cut to the quick, but, feigning pleasure at his friend's success, complimented him with the others.

Several days later, the two companions left to hunt on the Shoal *aux Loups Marins*. Pierre Jean returned alone, but, as he explained the absence of Chatigny in a plausible manner, no one was uneasy. Nine days later, however, when at supper, he mockingly remarked, "Si Chatigny avions de cette bouillie, en mangions furiusement," ("If Chatigny had any of this boiled beef, he would eat it ravenously"). On hearing these words, Chatigny's relations became alarmed, and on the following day two of them left for the Shoal, where a moving sight awaited them, for there they found the unfortunate Chatigny crouched beneath a fir tree, and giving scarcely a sigh of life. A little brandy revived him sufficiently to enable him to say, "Si Pierre Jean eut entendu mes lamentations, il n'aurait jamais eu le coeur de me laisser, moi, son ami d'enfance, mourir de faim. O

mon Dieu! quel fut mon désespoir quand à mon retour de la chasse je vis qu'il avait mis seul à flot une chaloupe que nos forces réunies avaient eu peine à monter sur la plage, et qu'il était parti. Je pénétrai alors son cruel dessein: mais dites-lui que je lui pardonne." ("If Pierre Jean had heard my lamentations, he would not have had the heart to leave me, the friend of his childhood, to die of hunger. O my God! What was my despair, when, on returning from the chase, I found he had succeeded in floating a chaloupe, that, with our united efforts, we were hardly able to draw up on the beach, and that he had left. I then fathomed his cruel purpose; but tell him that I forgive him"). He then expired.

'Tis thus that Butte de Chatigny derives its name, and that is why plaintive sighs and despairing cries, which strike terror into the bravest hearts, are said to be heard after sunset.



Church of Saint-Roch des Aulnaies.

* * *

After passing a series of promontories, which project further

and further, we round Pointe Saint-Roch, the most advanced in the river. On the opposite side, we see the village of SAINT-ROCH DES AULNAIS, built on the domain of that name, ceded on the 1st April, 1656, to Nicholas Juchereau de Saint-Denis. The parish, founded in May, 1722, was long presided over by the missionaries who were in charge of all the parishes and missions from Saint-Thomas to Kamouraska. The Abbé Casgrain has given an account of the rounds of these missionaries, of which we give the following translated extract:

"The river was the only road of communication between one domain and another, and the missionary was obliged to travel in a bark canoe, when visiting his flocks scattered along the bank. He always brought his portable chapel with him, for in many places there were neither sacred vessels nor ornaments for divine service, which he celebrated in private houses. A companion always accompanied him on these trips, to aid at the oar and to assist in carrying the luggage indispensable for the journey. Were he called to visit the sick in winter, he was compelled to pass over the intervening distance on snow shoes, following the shore, sometimes covered six feet deep in snow. Nothing could stop him, neither the icy wind, the thaw, the rain falling in torrents, lashing his face or drenching him to the bone, nor the snow storms enveloping him in their whirlwinds, which almost suffocated him and prevented him from seeing more than ten paces in advance. From time to time he would seat himself to recover breath beneath the shelter of a rock or a clump of trees, or within an Indian encampment. He was happy indeed when he could obtain a night's rest beneath the hospitable roof of some good colonist. As soon as he was perceived in the distance, the door would be thrown wide open, and the master of the house would advance with a beaming countenance and an air of the most profound respect. The mother of the family, surrounded by her children, would throw herself on her knees to receive his patriarchal benediction. Then all would press round him and assist in relieving him of his burden and in removing his travel-stained garments. The fire would be made up that he might warm his benumbed limbs, the table set, and a meal prepared, frugal indeed, but lovingly served. If

he had been warned that the sufferer who sought his aid was not in such imminent danger as to oblige him to travel by night, the best room and bed would be reserved for the good missionary, who, ere daybreak, would resume his way, accompanied by the blessings of the happy family. The regular mission visits took place twice a year."

* * *

Saint - Roch lies at one extremity of a cove called Baie Sainte - Anne, which extends to Pointe Ouelle, some nine miles distant. Midway between these points, stands SAINTE-ANNE DE LA POCATIERE, chiefly remarkable for its beautiful college, founded by the Abbé Charles François Painchaud, of whom we have already spoken.

The fief of La Pocatière was ceded by the Intendant Talon in October, 1672, to Marie Anne Juchereau, widow of François Pallot de la Combe Pocatière, a retired captain of the regiment of Carignan. This accounts both for the name of the fief and the choice of the patron of the parish, which was founded about 1715. It at first bore the name of Sainte-Anne de la Grande Anse, and did not until some time later take that by which it is now known.



Church of Sainte-Anne de la Pocatière.

After burning Baie Saint-Paul and Malbaie, Gorham descended on Sainte-Anne, which village received practically the same treatment as did several others. From Sainte-Anne and Saint-Roch, M. de Beaujeu, of Crane island, obtained the majority of the Canadian recruits with whose aid he fought the Bostonians. The non-success of his enterprise is well known.

In 1814 there arrived at Sainte-Anne that pastor who was to transform the parish (which though a hundred years old was nevertheless behindhand in many matters) into one of the most beautiful in the Province of Quebec. Curé Painchaud was then thirty-two years of age, and was highly gifted in every respect. His first impression was one of discouragement, and he besought the bishop to send him elsewhere. As, Monseigneur Plessis refused to heed his request, he resigned himself and set resolutely to work. Soon his presbytery became too small to accomodate all the poor and ailing whom he brought into it. The cures he effected, especially during the epidemic of cholera in 1832 drew around him such multitudes that he was obliged to announce in the neighboring parishes that he could only care for those who were too poor to pay a doctor.

Finding the parish school inadequate, he undertook the erection of a college, notwithstanding his meagre resources and the opposition of several of his parishoners. Throwing himself into the work, he felled the trees which covered the site whereon they were to build. Always at the head of his workmen, whom he inspired by his example, he was to be seen in the forest cutting the wood for the framework or in the fields drawing stone for the masonry. He knew so well how to sustain the courage of his fellow laborers that on the 23rd September, 1829, fifteen months after the laying of the first stone, he solemnly inaugurated the college of Sainte-Anne de la Pocatière, which has given to the clergy more than three hundred priests and to the liberal professions a great number of distinguished men. To-day a school of agriculture is attached to the college.

M. Painchaud joined to his sacerdotal qualities a rare amiability and geniality of character, which won for him the friendship of the most distinguished members of society, English as well as French. He was possessed of such a wonderful voice

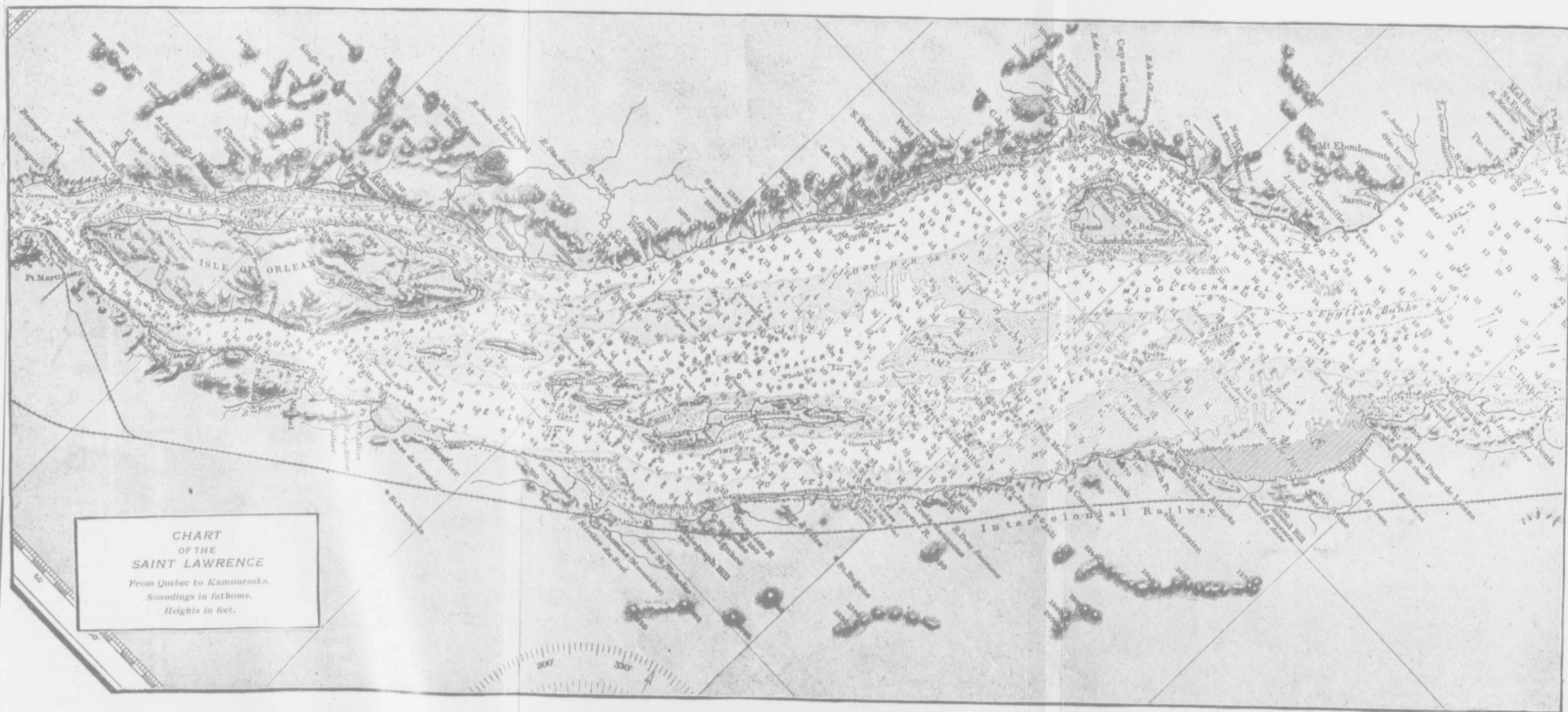


CHART
OF THE
SAINT LAWRENCE

From Quebec to Kamouraska.
Soundings in fathoms.
Heights in feet.

that the people came from leagues around to hear him chant a Preface or a Pater. During Holy Week great numbers would come to listen to the Lamentations which he intoned in such a manner as to move even those who knew least of the language in which he rendered these sublime and prophetic appeals of Isaiah and Jeremiah. If he passed a Sunday at Quebec, 'twas always he who celebrated office in the cathedral, which on such occasions was invariably thronged.

He died on the 9th February, 1838, and, according to his instruction, was buried in the shadow of the church of his beloved Crane island. Some years ago, the old pupils of the college of Sainte-Anne de la Pocatière built a chapel on the slope of the mountain behind the college, where, on the 15th June, 1891, they brought the remains of its founder. This sanctuary has become a resort of pilgrims, and is known as Chapelle Painchaud. The present parish church dates from 1845, having replaced that begun in 1795, but which M. Painchaud found still incomplete when he was named curé of Sainte-Anne.

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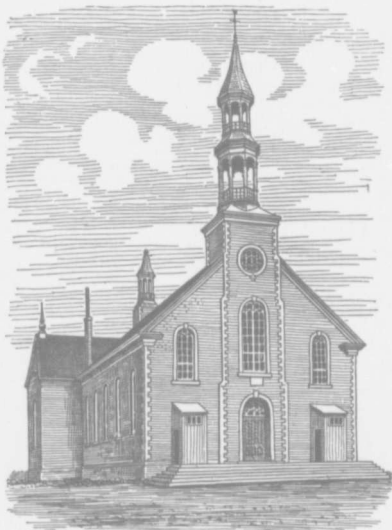
We have already mentioned that Pointe Ouelle lies at the other extremity of Baie Sainte-Anne. On this side of the Pointe, Rivière Ouelle empties into the St. Lawrence. In one of the bends of this winding stream, not far from its mouth, stands the village of RIVIERE-OUELLE, so named in honor of M. Louis Houël, who, with Champlain, was instrumental in bringing the Recollet fathers to Canada. The domain bearing this name was ceded in 1672 to Jean-Baptiste Deschamps, Sieur de La Bouteillerie, and enlarged, in 1750, in favor of Dame Genevière de Ramzay, widow of the Sieur de Boishebert, a son of the first seigneur.

A wooden chapel was built in 1684 on a site donated by M. de La Bouteillerie, and dedicated to Notre-Dame de Liesse. The present church dates from 1877, having replaced a wooden structure erected by Abbé Bernard de Roqueleyne, who succeeded worthy Curé de Francheville, of whom we will speak later. In 1905 the steeple to be seen in the accompanying illus-

tration was replaced by a beautiful spire, of which the present pastor was the architect.

At Rivière Ouelle, Phipps received a foretaste of that reception which awaited him at Quebec. The fleet having cast anchor

opposite the mouth of Rivière Ouelle, M. de Francheville, the parish priest, a man of great courage and presence of mind, placed himself at the head of his parishoners, whom he posted in a hollow on the outskirts of the wood, (which then covered Pointe à la Rivière Ouelle), and under shelter of the bank. Thus ambushed they silently awaited the enemy's approach. Soon several long boats, filled with soldiers, put off from the vessel, and were rapidly steered toward the shore. Their occupants landed, without even suspecting that



Church of Notre-Dame de Liesse.—Rivière Ouelle

their arrival had been seen, when suddenly a cry "Fire!" rang out. 'Twas the voice of the curé. A hail of balls fell upon the unhappy Bostonians, of whom a good number were killed, and still more wounded. Panic stricken, they hastily re-embarked, and placed themselves as quickly as possible beyond the range

of that leaden shower which ceased not to fall. The women and children had remained alone in the village, ready, at the alarm, to take refuge in the woods with such of their property they could take with them. One may well imagine their joy on hearing of the skirmish, the surprise, the terror of the Bostonians and their shameful flight. Following their curé, the men, women and children all betook themselves to the humble chapel of Notre-Dame de Liesse, whose roof soon re-echoed with the canticles of rejoicing raised by the pious and brave population of Rivière Ouelle.

On visiting the interior of the church of Rivière Ouelle, which has just been renovated, one may see an old picture, now relegated to a corner, which, though possessing little artistic merit, recalls a most touching incident. One fine December night a missionary of the Society of Jesus and several Indians were wending their way along the Southern bank of the St. Lawrence on snow shoes. Suddenly the chief of the little band signed to the others to stop, as some one was in the neighborhood. "Thou art mistaken, comrade," said the father, "The noise thou hast just heard is but that of a tree snapped by the frost." "My brother," replied the Indian smilingly, and in a low tone, "if thou shouldst see me take thy breviary and try to read it, thou wouldst laugh at me. I do not wish to laugh at thee, because thou wearest the black robe; but I tell thee that thou dost not know the voices of the wood, and that the noise thou has just heard is certainly that of a human voice. Follow me at a distance, whilst I go to see what is happening down there." As they silently advanced, they perceived at the extremity of a clearing an extraordinary light, and, rising from the ground, a phantom form, vague and undefined. The apparition vanished, and in its place they saw a young man, clothed in military uniform, kneeling at the foot of a tree. His hands were joined, and he was gazing intently toward the heavens as though absorbed in the contemplation of some mysterious and invisible object. Two corpses, in military attire, lay beside him. One was that of an old, white-haired man, reclining against the trunk of a maple tree, his hands still clasping a book that seemed about to escape from his grasp. His head

had fallen upon his right shoulder, and a bluish circle surrounded his half-closed eyes, from which a last tear had fallen, and still remained upon his livid cheek. Despite the ravages of death there was nothing horrible in the sight of his face, for on his lips still lingered the traces of a smile, proving that that supreme hope which faith alone can inspire had gladdened his last hour. On perceiving the missionary, the young man ran to him, crying, "My father! my father! 'Twas Providence that sent you, for without you I would have shared the fate of my unfortunate companions." He then fainted. After the travellers had given him all the care his condition called for, they dug a grave in the snow, wherein they laid the two bodies. The missionary recited a prayer above this icy tomb, and with his knife traced a rude cross upon the tree.

The life led by our ancestors was one of severe toil. Many among them were descendants of noble houses, while others belonged to families most respected in the locality whence they came. They bore the hardships of their lot cheerfully, for they were among those who realized that their true Fatherland lay beyond the stars. When the traveller spent with cold and fatigue, craved admittance at their door, he would always be assured of a cordial welcome.

We again find our travellers beneath the roof of one of these good people of Rivière Ouelle. All had crowded around the young officer, eager to hear the extraordinary adventure that had befallen him. The exquisite polish of his manners proclaimed his perfect breeding, while his extreme pallor spoke eloquently of the privations and sufferings he had undergone. His account was as follows:

"About a month ago, with my father, a soldier and an Indian guide, I left the country of the Abenakis. We were charged with important dispatches for the Governor of the colony. When for several days we had pursued our journey through the forest without mishap, overcome by fatigue, one night we lighted our fire near an Indian cemetery. Our guide seated himself some paces before me, and seemed buried in profound meditation. He was a man of herculean strength and gigantic stature; the plumes nodding above his head still further increased his

height, while his ferocious features and black and menacing eyes, his tomahawk and the long knife but half hidden beneath



French Canadian cabin in early days.

the trophy of scalps that floated from his belt, all contributed to give him a strange and sanguinary appearance.

During the course of the day, we had encountered two Iroquois following the track of an elk, and our guide seemed to fear a surprise. I proposed to extinguish our fire, to avoid attracting attention, but he replied, "Does not my brother hear the howling of the Wolves? If he would rather be devoured by them than receive a blow from the hand of an Iroquois, he may extinguish it." Notwithstanding his disquieting words, overcome by fatigue, I fell into a troubled sleep. Suddenly, I awakened, and saw a shadow approaching our guide from behind, who, leaning against the post of an Indian tomb, was lost in profound slumber. It was an Iroquois! He held a long knife with which he was about to strike his victim, when the latter awoke. A terrible cry rang out, and the two savages rolled on the snow. I seized my musket, but did not dare to fire for fear of wounding our guide, who, however, soon had the advantage of his adversary. He had scarcely risen, grasping a bleeding scalp, when a ball struck him full in the chest. Another quickly avenged the death of our Abenakis, but we were left without a guide, having but a compass to aid our inexperience.

Several days later, while plodding painfully on amid a severe storm, a tree nearly crushed us in its fall. My father was seriously wounded in the head, and lost the little compass in the snow. While endeavoring to dress his wound, I could not prevent the tears streaming from my eyes at sight of this white-haired old man, bearing his sufferings with so much fortitude. Perceiving them, he said to me, "My son, remember that thou art a soldier. If death comes to us, it will find us on the road of honor. Moreover, nothing happens without the will of God. Let us then resign ourselves beforehand with courage and resignation."

We went on for two days more in spite of the intense cold, when my father could walk no further. His wound had become inflamed and a violent fever seized him. To fill up the measure of our misfortunes, our tinder had become wet, and it was impossible to have a fire. Despite my warnings, our soldier, overcome by fatigue and hunger, had slept, and was frozen. My father conjured me to abandon him and escape death, but I would not. He expired slowly, after having read a passage from the

Imitation of Christ, which you saw in his hands, and having given me a little golden cross, saying, "Always carry this little cross in remembrance of me. It will teach thee to live faithful to thy country and to thy God. I received it from thy poor mother. O, if thou shouldst ever see her again, tell her I died thinking of her and of my God." He also made me promise that, if I escaped death, I would present a picture as a votive offering to the first church I should visit.

I remained kneeling, completely overwhelmed, beside the corpse of my father. Dreams! Illusions! I had seen the flow-ers of life fall petal by petal, swept away by the storm. Glory! happiness! the future! Those angels of the heart that but lately had chanted their mysterious concerts in my soul had flown away. Then, recollecting the vow my father had inspired me to make, with all the ardor of despair I invoked the Virgin, "Con-soler of the afflicted," when suddenly she appeared to me, and said, "Behold, my son, I come to you because you have called me. Already the succour I send you is near..." You know the rest.

The votive offering was hung in the church of Rivière Ouelle. Later the news spread, from across the seas, that a young of-ficer who had been miraculously saved from death, had aban-doned a brilliant future, and consecrated himself to God with-in a cloister.

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On leaving Rivière Ouelle, we pass Pointe aux Iroquois, its name recalling the legend of La Jongleuse. Fearing we have somewhat spoiled the legend of "Le Tableau de la Rivière Ouelle" by giving it in the brief form our space permits, we will not make a similar attempt with this latter, but will refer our readers to the admirable account given by the Abbé H. R. Casgrain.

On Pointe aux Orignaux, a little lower down, stands the wharf of the Village of SAINT-DENIS, situated above Cap au Diable. This Cape advances for some distance into the river, and forms the Western extremity of the Baie de Kamouraska. The

parish of Saint-Denis, formed of portions of those of Rivière Ouelle and Kamouraska, was founded in 1833 by Monseigneur Joseph Signay, Thirteenth Bishop and First Metropolitan of Quebec. It has progressed rapidly, and already two other parishes have grown from it, those of Notre-Dame du Mont Carmel and Saint-Philippe de Néri.



Church of Saint-Denis de la Boutellerie

The Honorable J. C. Chapais, a deputy, minister and senator, both under Confederation and before, was, it may be said, the founder of Saint-Denis. Before its foundation, he had made it his residence, remaining there until his death in 1885. His sons now continue the work he inaugurated. It was, in fact, through the efforts of M. Chapais, assisted by M. Ed. A. Barnard, that the first industrial school for dairy-work, to be established in North

America, was founded at Saint-Denis in 1881. One of his sons, M. J. C. Chapais, jr., is still its guiding spirit. It gave an impulse to that branch of agriculture which is now the most popular industrial pursuit in the Province of Quebec.

We may add that the Parish of Saint-Denis is an intellectual and religious centre. It has already given twenty-six priests to the clergy, an equal number of religious and several of our best

known writers. Suffice it to cite the names of the Honorable Thomas Chapais, his brother, M. J. C. Chapais, Dr. N. A. Dionne and M. C. A. Dionne.

The Abbé Edouard Guertier was the first resident parish priest of Saint-Denis, where he officiated from the year 1841 to 1856. Under him the present church was erected, replacing a wooden chapel built the year of the foundation of the parish. Its interior has been restored since the fire of 1886. Abbé Guertier has left an enduring memory as organizer of "La Société de la Croix" in the Eastern part of the Province of Quebec. The members of this society received a black wooden cross, on which they swore to abstain from alcoholic stimulants. This cross was given in place of honor in their homes, and was placed on their graves after death.

The large cross to be seen between Pointe aux Orignaux and Cap au Diable was raised in memory of the founder of this Society.

A branch of the Intercolonial Railway leaves Rivière Ouelle for the Saint-Denis wharf, from which a boat crosses to Sainte-Irénée and Malbaie.



Saint Louis' Church.—Kamouraska.

At the other extremity of Baie de KAMOURASKA, stands the charming village of that name, at one time the most fashionable of summer resorts. Since the steamboats have facilitated communication, it has somewhat lost its supremacy. Nevertheless the picturesque villas scattered along the heights west of the village are always occupied during the summer. From the windows of these delightful residences, one may enjoy a magnificent view of the river. The little islands dotted here

and there are favorite rendez-vous for bathing and fishing.

Kamouraska is an Algonquin word which means, "There are rushes on the brink of the water." This is especially true in the bay.

The parish was founded in March, 1722, under the patronage of Saint-Louis, in honor of Louis Joseph de la Durantaye, to whom the domain was ceded in July, 1674.

The first church

was built in 1727, on a strip of land which he had donated, and which lies a mile lower than the site of the present church, built in 1793. It was enlarged in 1883, and in 1901 it assumed its present condition.

Ere continuing our voyage, it might not be amiss to cast a rapid glance over the census made of the parishes we have just passed under the administration of Monseigneur de Laval. In 1683, Kamouraska had but one inhabitant: la Bouteillerie (La Rivière Ouelle) contained eight families or sixty inhabit-



Kamouraska lighthouse

White square wooden building with dwelling attached. Iron lantern and dwelling roofs red. White light revolving every 1 minute. It is situated at 260 yards from N. E. end of Grande Isle de Kamouraska, 160 yards from waters edge

ants: La Combe (Sainte-Anne de la Pocatière) five families, or forty inhabitants. As has already been mentioned, a single missionary, M. l'Abbé Thomas Joseph Moral, officiated along the entire bank.

* * *

On Pointe SAINT-ANDRÉ, several miles lower, stands the village of that name, built on the domain ceded in 1696 to Sieur de Granville et Lachenaye. It was formed into a parish in 1791, in which year, also, the present church was erected.

Directly opposite are the group of rocks known as Les Pèlerins, remarkable for the curious mirage effects they produce. Seen from the bank, they seem to change form from hour to hour.

* * *



Church of Saint-André.

Having passed Notre-Dame du Portage, a new parish dating from 1856, we arrive at Pointe de la Rivière du Loup, a popular summer resort. Two fair-sized hotels and several boarding houses render a sojourn there easy and agreeable. The Government has built a fine wharf, at which the boats of the Richelieu & Ontario Navigation Co. stop daily.

Behind Pointe de la Rivière du Loup, built on a hill which

rises to a height of more than three hundred feet, is the charming little city of FRASERVILLE, the largest east of Quebec, from which it is one hundred and fifteen miles distant. It is situated on the banks of Rivière du Loup, which, at that point, forms many picturesque falls and cascades. At Fraserville one may enjoy a view to a distance of twenty miles around, embracing also Ile aux Lièvres, Ile Blanche, Ile Verte, the Brandy Pot, les Pêlerins, and even les Iles de Kamouraska, with, as a background, the broken ridges of the Laurentides. The six steeples of the surrounding parishes, and the numerous steamboats and other craft that furrow the waters of



Saint Patrick's Church —Fraserville.

the St. Lawrence give life to this admirable scene.

- Formerly known as Village de la Rivière du Loup, Fraser-

ville was so entitled on its incorporation as a city in 1874. It owes this name to one of the oldest families in the place, now proprietor of the domain.

Fraserville possesses a beautiful church, built in 1884, to replace one which a disastrous fire had completely destroyed in February of that year. Its interior especially merits the attention of tourists, having been designed by our eminent artist, M. Napoléon Bourassa. A little chapel dedicated to Sainte-Anne is used by the people of the Pointe during summer.

Fraserville has also three Protestant churches, which belong to different sects.

* * *

Opposite Fraserville is a little isle, designated as BRANDY POT, because of a spring there gushing forth, which, though perfectly good and pure, is of the color of brandy. Despite its limited area, this island has a remarkable history.

There anchored in 1740 the king's ship, the *Rubis*, with one hundred and sixty sick on board. The crew had become too enfeebled to manage the ship, and the commander, M. de la Saussaye, was obliged to dispatch a boat to Quebec, with a request to M. Hocquart to send him sailors that he might continue his voyage. Monseigneur de l'Auberivière, on his way to take possession of the episcopal see of Quebec, was a passenger. He cared for the sick with admirable devotion during the entire crossing, without being affected by the contagion. Unhappily, the fever attacked him the day after his arrival (the 13th August), and on the morning of the 20th he died.

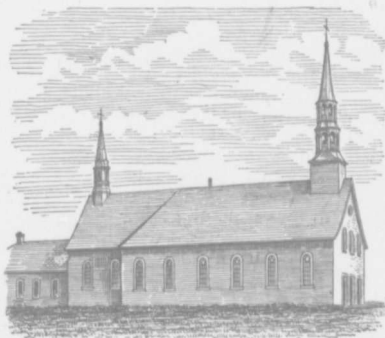
Toward the close of November, 1835, the *Endeavour* was wrecked on this island. The fifteen men who formed her crew were able to gain land, but they would undoubtedly have perished of cold and hunger, had not a pilot from Rivière du Loup, named Joseph Pelletier, seen their signals. He did not hesitate to go to their relief, and brought them safely back, despite the perils inseparable from such an attempt at that season of the year. The merchants of Quebec, in testimony of their esteem for this act of heroism, presented him with a gold medal, which

may now be seen in the numismatic museum of Laval University at Quebec.

Behind Brandy Pot lies a long, narrow island, to which Champlain, on its discovery in 1608, gave the name of Ile aux Lièvres (Hares), doubtless because of the number of these animals that he saw there.

* * *

Several miles below Pointe de la Rivière du Loup is the vil-



St. George's church. -Cacouna.

lage of CACOUNA, one of the most popular summer resorts on the Southern bank of the St. Lawrence. It may be said that the entire shore between Rivière du Loup and Cacouna is bordered by villas, of which several are truly magnificent. Ere the Pointe had been peopled, a large hotel, the St. Lawrence Hall, had been built at Cacouna, with accomodation for five hundred. At

the Eastern extremity of the village, there was once an Indian settlement, which the red-skins have long since abandoned.

Cacouna is an Indian word, signifying, "There where there are porcupines."

The place can be reached, either by the boat from Rivière du Loup, six miles distant, or by the Intercolonial Railway whose station is two miles away. This difficulty of access retards the

progress of the resort, but during the summer months the population is doubled.

In 1810, a first chapel was opened at Cacouna, the parish being canonically founded fifteen years later, under the patronage of Saint-George. The present church dates from 1848, having been restored and consecrated in 1897. It is chiefly remarkable for its beautiful windows and its rich interior sculpturing.

There are two Protestant churches at Cacouna, which are only used during summer.

The little Isle of Cacouna, opposite the village, is much frequented in summer.



APPENDIX

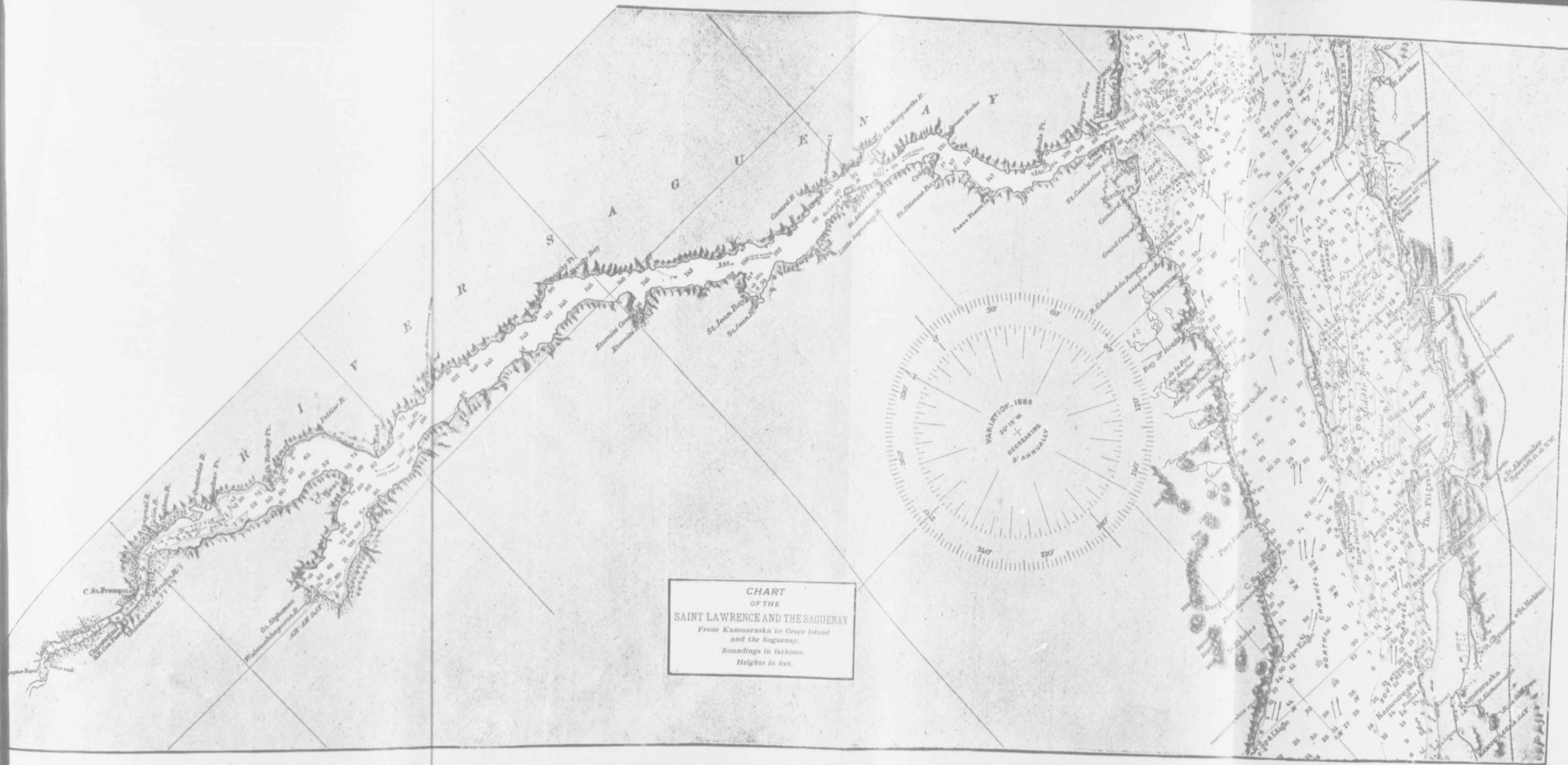
FROM QUEBEC TO SAINTE - ANNE DE BEAUPRE



THE devotion to Sainte-Anne dates from the early years of the Colony, when it was introduced by Breton sailors who had been miraculously preserved from shipwrecked. In remembrance of their good and well-beloved Sainte-Anne d'Auray, they had made a vow to raise a sanctuary to her in New France, in fulfilment of which they built a little chapel on the shore of Beau-pré. Since its erection this modest sanctuary had become a shrine of pilgrimage, to which even the Indians resorted from all parts of Canada. From year to year the number of pilgrims has increased, and now averages two hundred thousand annually. The *Beaupré*, one of the large and most comfortable boats of the Richelieu & Ontario Navigation Co. is especially chartered to transport them from Montreal to Sainte-Anne. They come, not only from every portion of Canada, but in large numbers from the United States also.

On returning from the pilgrimage, the *Beaupré* generally stops at Quebec, but in its descent it passes before the City, directing its course toward the Northern shore of the Island of Orleans.

In approaching this Northern shore, our attention is immediately attracted by the magnificent Gothic church of BEAUFORT. The seigneurie of this name was the first patent granted



by The Company of One Hundred Associates, after it had taken possession of its domain in Canada. It was ceded in 1634 to a certain Robert Giffard, passing later into the possession of the family of Juchereau Duchesnay, and being finally sold by authority of justice in 1844, for eight thousand three hundred louis.

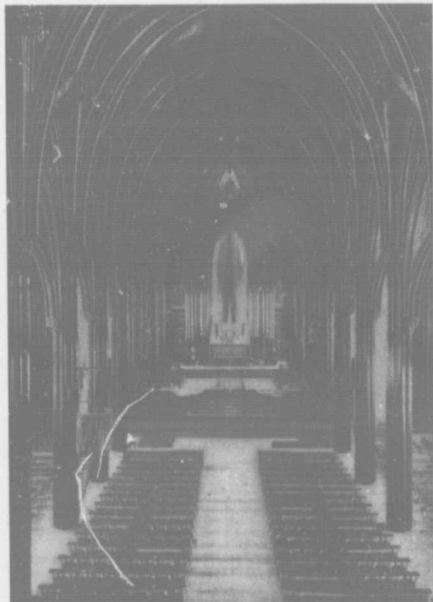
The parish was founded in 1674, under the patronage of "the Nativity of our Lady."

Beauport is remarkable for its fine asylum for the insane, established in 1845 by three physicians of Quebec, Doctors Joseph Morin, Joseph Charles Frémont and James Douglass. It was at first given temporary quarters in the large stables belonging to Col. B. C. A. Gagy, which were arranged for the purpose. The year 1850 beheld the erection of the present edifice, to which the central cupola was added thirteen years later. In 1854 and again in 1875, the Asylum was partially destroyed by fire. On the second oc-



Church of the Nativity of Our Lady.—Beauport.

casion the conflagration was started by one of the patients, and twenty of the unfortunate inmates lost their lives.



Interior of Beauport's church.

Beauport was on several occasions a battle ground between the French and English. In 1775 it suffered from depredations committed by the Americans, but the following year

the inhabitants were indemnified for their loss by the Government of Sir Guy Carleton, who always acted justly towards the Canadians.

* * *

At a short distance we see the beautiful MONTMORENCY FALLS, leaping from a height of two hundred and forty feet. Alas ! that industrialism should threaten to mar even this magnificent view. The Montmorency river is not one of great importance, but, rushing with great velocity to the ledge of a perpendicular rock, it forms in its fall a large sheet of water, milky white, resembling snow. On reaching the bottom, it lies in great billowy masses of foam, on which the brilliant, prismatic tints of sunlight produce an effect of almost inconceivable beauty.

The River, the Falls and the Village of Montmorency all owe their name to Duc Henri II de Montmorency, who was Viceroy



Beauport Asylum.

of New France from the year 1620 to 1625. The parish, dedicated to Saint-Gregory, only dates from 1890.



Montmorency Falls.

On the 31st July, 1759, this neighborhood was the scene of a famous battle, wherein the French, with but ten cannon, repulsed the forces of General Wolfe, who attacked their trenches with one hundred and eighteen pieces of ordnance, and inflicted on them a loss of nearly six thousand men.

* * *

Almost facing Montmorency, on the Island of Orleans, stands the church of SAINT - PIERRE. This parish was canonically founded in 1679, and for forty years had for pastor the venerable Bishop D'Esglis, who acted as coadjutor of Monseigneur

Briand under the title of Bishop of Douglée. Named successor to Monseigneur Briand after the latter's resignation, he was the first bishop of Canadian birth.

One of the early curés was M. De Francheville, of whom we heard when at Rivière Ouelle. He also was a Canadian. Born at Quebec in 1651, he received his education at the Jesuit College in that City. He was a friend and fellow-student of the brave and illustrious explorer Joliette. The church wherein M. De Francheville officiated was built of wooden beams, covered in stucco.

* * *

The cliffs, which have been somewhat lower since our departure from Quebec, attain their former altitude below Montmorency. On the heights we see the church of the parish of L'ANGE GARDIEN, which dates from 1669. Somewhat farther off we discern CHATEAU RICHER, one of the oldest parishes in Canada, founded in 1661 under the patronage of the Visitation of our Lady.



Church of Sainte-Famille.—Island of Orleans.

* * *

Almost equi-distant from this latter place and Sainte-Anne de Beaupré, on the Island of Orleans, stands the Village of SAINTE-FAMILLE (Holy Family), which was made a parish

by Monseigneur de Laval the same year as was Château Richer. Its first church, built in 1676, though of stone, had but a miserable thatched roof, for which, ten years later, a covering of

planks was substituted. The parish of La Sainte-Famille now possesses a beautiful convent, owned by the Sisters of the "Congrégation de Notre-Dame." This beautiful institution was founded at a rather heavy price, for the two first sisters to be sent there, Soeur de l'Assomption (Mademoiselle Marie Barbier) and Soeur Sainte-Anne (Mademoiselle Marie Anne Vêrand) nearly perished of cold and misery.



Basilica of Ste Ann of Beaupré.

* * *

We now reach the end of our trip; our boat has left us on the quay leading to the village. Our at-

tention is first attracted by the beautiful basilica, erected in 1876 by the grateful people of Canada. More than two hundred and fifty years ago, Monseigneur de Laval and the Venerable Marie de l'Incarnation recounted the favors Sainte-Anne had showered on those who came to invoke her in her humble primitive sanctuary. That she has not ceased since to generously

bestow her benefits is attested by the numerous gifts and votive offerings with which the basilica is filled.

As early as 1658 the chapel had become insufficient to accommodate the families that had grouped around it, and as the river threatened to engulf it, the erection of a new church was all the more necessary, and it was accordingly commenced on a site facing that of the basilica. Menaced in its turn by the waters, this new church was never thrown open to the faithful, even though a miracle had in some sort consecrated its foundations. A poor infirm man, named Louis Guimond, who grieved that he could not work like his neighbors, had endeavored to lay at least three of its small stones, when he was suddenly cured.

In 1662 another humble church was built, of wooden beams. It stood near the spot where to-day is seen the Fountain column.

Finally, fourteen years later, the people of Beauré, encouraged by Monseigneur de Laval, decided to erect a stone church, of which the commemorative chapel occupied the transept.

It alone was spared when, in 1759, acting under orders from Wolfe, Alexander Montgomery, brother of the general of



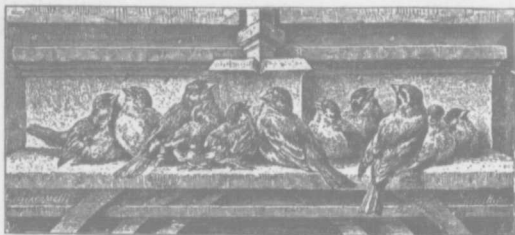
Scala Sancta of Ste Ann of Beauré.

that name, who was destined to perish beneath the walls of Quebec, ravaged the entire Northern shore.

It stood for two hundred years, falling into ruins after the construction of the basilica. Despite their desire for its preservation, the people were obliged to demolish it, contenting themselves with raising the present commemorative chapel on its foundations, in which work they as much as possible availed themselves of its material and ancient furniture.

Within the basilica and its outbuildings are many souvenirs and remarkable works of art, the description of which, however, does not lie within our province. A special guide exists, giving all the desired information regarding pilgrimages to "La Bonne Sainte-Anne de Beaupré."





Explanation of Charts

Black buoys are indicated by a small round figure surmounted by a black lozenge.

Red buoys by the outlines of the same figure.

Descending the river red buoys are left to port and black buoys to star-board.

Small black triangular figures followed by the letters: Bn. signify: Beacon.

C. is for clay—M. mud,—S. sand,—ST. stone,—RKY. rocky.

Arrows point out the direction of currents, Kn. preceded by a number gives the swiftness of the current.

From Quebec down the nature of the light-houses is indicated thus: F. fixed,—Fl. flashing,—F. Fl. fixed and flashing,—Rev. revolving,—Int. intermittent,—Alt. alternately red and white,—r. red,—w. white,—g. green,—b. blue,—sec. sector,—lights without abbreviation for color are always white.

The visibility of the lights is given for an elevation of 15 feet above the level of the sea and is indicated by the figures placed after the letters denoting the character of the light.

(F. B.) indicates: fog bell.—(F. G.) fog gun.—(F. H.) fog horn.—(F. T.) fog trumpet.—(F. W.) fog whistle.—(F. B.) fog bomb.—(S. F. B.) submarine fog bell.

An arrow without feathers indicates the *Ebb*, with one side of its feathers the *Flood*



List of Charts

1. Montreal to Longue-Pointe.
2. Longue-Pointe to Cap Saint-Michel.
3. Cap Saint-Michel to Saint-Sulpice.
4. Saint-Sulpice to Ile Saint-Ours.
5. Ile Saint-Ours to Sorel islands.
6. Sorel islands and western part of lake St. Peter.
7. Lake St. Peter.
8. Pointe-du-Lac to Cap de la Madeleine.
9. Cap de la Madeleine to Ile Bigot.
10. Ile Bigot to Batiscan.
11. Batiscan to Leclercville.
12. Leclercville to Cap Santé.
13. Cap Santé to Pointe-aux-Trembles.
14. Pointe-aux-Trembles to Saint-Nicolas.
15. Saint-Nicolas to Quebec.
16. Quebec to Kamouraska.
17. Kamouraska to Green Island and the Saguenay.





Contents

Algernon Rock	218
Baie Saint-Paul	172
Beaumont	162
Beauport	240
Bécancourt	43
Berthier	206
Berthierville	30
Brandy Pot	237
Boucherville	5
Cacouna	238
Cap de la Madeleine	40
Cap Rouge	73
Cap Santé	60
Cap Saint-Ignace	212
Cap Saint-Michel	15
Cape Torment	169
Champlain	46
Château Richer	245
Chicoutimi	196
Crane Island	213
Deschambault	58
Fraserville	235
Goose Island	215
Grosse Isle	206
Ile aux Coudres	173
Ile aux Loups-Marins	219
Ile Canot	208
Ile Dupas	27
Islands of Lake St. Peter	30
Isle of Orleans	157
Kamouraska	234

GUIDE ALONG THE ST. LAWRENCE

La Chevrotière	56
Lake St. Peter	32
L'Ange-Gardien	245
Lanorale	23
Lavaltrie	21
Leclercville	55
Les Ecureuils	62
Lévis	152
L'Islet	216
Longueuil	3
Longue-Pointe	9
Lotbinière	57
Montmagny	208
Montmorency	243
Murray Bay (Malbale)	181
Nicolet	33
Pointe-aux-Trembles	10
Pointe-aux-Trembles, comté de Portneuf	68
Pointe du Lac	33
Portneuf	59
Québec	77
Repentigny	16
Rivière Ouelle	225
River Maheu	165
Saguenay	191
Saint-Alexis	200
Saint-Alphonse	200
Saint-André	235
Sainte-Angèle de Laval	39
Sainte-Anne de Beaupré	246
Sainte-Anne de la Pérade	47
Sainte-Anne de la Pocatière	223
Saint-Antoine de Tilly	67
Saint-Augustin	71
Sainte-Croix	66
Saint-Denis	231
Sainte-Famille	245
Saint-François de Sales	167
Sainte-Geneviève de Batiscan	47
St. Helen's Island	3
Saint-Irénée-les-Bains	179
Saint-Jean, Isle of Orleans	165

GUIDE ALONG THE ST. LAWRENCE

Saint-Jean-Deschaillons	54
Saint-Jean-Port-Joli	217
Saint-Laurent	159
Saint-Michel de Bellechasse	162
Saint-Nicolas	72
Sainte-Pétronille	159
Saint-Pierre	244
Saint-Pierre-les-Becquets	47
Saint-Roch-des-Aulnaies	222
Saint-Romuald	75
Saint-Sulpice	20
Saint-Vallier	166
Sillery	75
Screl	24
Tadoussac	183
Three-Rivers	35
The Pillars	218
Varennnes	11
Verchères	17



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