

Picturesque Quebec

James MacPherson Le Moine

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PICTURESQUE QUEBEC

BY

J. M. LEMOINE

TO THE CITIZENS OF QUEBEC

THIS VOLUME IS

Respectfully Inscribed

BY THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE

This volume, purporting to be a sequel to "QUEBEC PAST AND PRESENT," published in 1876, is intended to complete the history of the city. New and interesting details will be found in these pages, about the locality, where Samuel de Champlain located his settlement in 1608, together with a rapid glance at incidents, sights, objects, edifices, city gates and other improvements, both ancient and modern, which an antiquarian's ramble round the streets, squares, promenades, monuments, public and private edifices, &c., may disclose. It will, it is hoped, be found a copious repository of historical, topographical, legendary, industrial and antiquarian lore--garnered not without some trouble from authorities difficult of access to the general reader. May it prove not merely a faithful mirror of the past, but also an authentic record of the present!

THE SKETCH OF THE ENVIRONS OF QUEBEC will take the tourist or student of history beyond the ramparts of Old Stadacona, to the memorable area--the Plains of Abraham--where, one century back and more, took place the hard-fought duel which caused the collapse of French power in the New World, established British rule on our shores, and hastened the birth of the great Commonwealth founded by George Washington, by removing from the British Provinces, south of us, the counterpoise of French dominion. More than once French Canada had threatened the New England Settlements; more than once it had acted like a barrier to the expansion and consolidation of the conquering Anglo-Saxon race.

THE ENVIRONS OF QUEBEC are, indeed, classic soil, trodden by the footsteps of many of the most remarkable men in American History: Cartier, Champlain, Phipps, d'Iberville, Laval, Frontenac, La Galissonnere, Wolfe, Montcalm, Levis, Amherst, Murray, Guy Carleton, Nelson, Cook, Bougainville, Jervis, Montgomery, Arnold, DeSalaberry, Brock and others. Here, in early times, on the shore of the majestic St. Lawrence, stood the wigwam and canoe of the marauding savage; here, was heard the clang of French sabre and Scotch claymore in deadly encounter--the din of battle on the tented field; here,--but no further--had surged the wave of American invasion; here, have bivouaced on more than one gory battle-

field, the gay warrior from the banks of the Seine, the staunch musketeers of Old England, the unerring riflemen of New York, Massachusetts and Rhode Island. Another spot calculated to interest us is the vast expanse from the Plains to Cap Rouge, round by Ste. Foye to the city, for which I intend to use its former more general name, Sillery: the ground is not new for us, as its annals and country seats furnished, in 1865, materials for sketches, published that year under the title of *Maple Leaves*. These sketches having long since disappeared from book-stores, at the request of several enlightened patrons, I re-publish from them some selections, with anecdotes and annotations. Several other sites round Quebec--Beauport, Charlesbourg, the Falls of Montmorency and of the Chaudiere, Chateau Bigot, Lorette and its Hurons--will, of necessity, find a resting place in this repertory of Quebec history, which closes a labour of love, the series of works on Canada, commenced by me in 1861.

In order to enhance the usefulness of this work, extensive and varied historical matter has been included in the appendix for reference.

To my many friends, whose notes and advice have been so freely placed at my disposal, I return my grateful thanks.

J. M. LEMOINE.
SPENCER GRANGE, December, 1881.

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The description of ASYLE CHAMPETRE was written by Dr. P. Bender, the biographer of Joseph Perrault, the founder of ASYLE CHAMPETRE.

PICTURESQUE QUEBEC

CHAPTER 1.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF QUEBEC.

Quebec, founded by Samuel de Champlain, in 1608, has certainly much to recommend her, by her monuments, her historical memories and her scenery, to the traveller--the scholar--the historian. The wintering of the venturesome Jacques Cartier on the banks of the St. Charles in 1535-6, by its remoteness, is an incident of interest, not only to Canadians, but also to every denizen of America. It takes one back to an era nearly

coeval with the discovery of the continent by Columbus--much anterior to the foundation of Jamestown, in 1607--anterior to that of St Augustine, in Florida. Quebec, has, then, a right to call herself an old, a very old, city of the west.

The colonization of Canada, or, as it was formerly called, New France, was undertaken by French merchants engaged in the fur trade, close on whose steps followed a host of devoted missionaries who found, in the forests of this new and attractive country, ample scope for the exercise of their religious enthusiasm. It was at Quebec that these Christian heroes landed, from hence they started for the forest primeval, the bearers of the olive branch of Christianity, an unfailling token of civilization.

A fatal mistake committed at the outset by the French commanders, in taking sides in the Indian wars, more than once brought the incipient colony to the verge of ruin. During these periods, scores of devoted missionaries fell under the scalping knife or suffered incredible tortures amongst the merciless savages whom they had come to reclaim. Indian massacres became so frequent, so appalling, that on several occasions the French thought seriously of giving up the colony forever. The rivalry between France and England, added to the hardships and dangers of the few hardy colonists established at Quebec. Its environs, the shores of its noble river, more than once became the battle-field of European armies. These are periods of strife, happily gone by, we hope, forever.

In his "Pioneers of France in the New World," the gifted Francis Parkman mournfully reviews the vanished glories of old France in her former vast dominions in America:--

"The French dominion is a memory of the past; and when we evoke its departed shades, they rise upon us from their graves in strange romantic guise. Again their ghostly camp-fires seem to burn, and the fitful light is cast around on lord and vassal and black robed priest, mingled with wild forms of savage warriors, knit in close fellowship on the same stern errand. A boundless vision grows upon us: an untamed continent, vast wastes of forest verdure, mountains silent in primeval sleep; river, lake, and glimmering pool; wilderness oceans mingling with the sky. Such was the domain which France conquered for civilization. Plumed helmets gleamed in the shade of its forests; priestly vestments in its dens and fastnesses of ancient barbarism. Men steeped in antique learning, pale with the close breath of the cloister, here spent the noon and evening of their lives, ruled savage hordes with a mild, parental sway, and stood serene before the direst shapes of death. Men of a courtly nurture, heirs to the polish of a far-reaching ancestry, here, with their dauntless hardihood, put to shame the boldest sons of toil."

Of all this mighty empire of the past, Quebec was the undisputed capital, the fortress, the keystone.

It would be a curious study to place in juxtaposition the impressions produced on Tourists by the view of Quebec and its environs--from the era of Jacques Cartier, the discoverer of Canada, down to that of the Earl of Dufferin, one of its truest friends.

Champlain, La Potherie, La Houtan, Le Beau, Du Creux (Creuxius), Peter Kalm, Knox, Silliman, Ampere, Mrs. Moodie, Dickens, Lever, Anthony Trollope, Sala, Thoreau, Warburton, Marmier, Capt. Butler, Sir Charles Dilke, Henry Ward Beecher, have all left their impressions of the rocky

citadel: let us gaze on a few of their vivid pictures.

"The scenic beauty of Quebec has been the theme of general eulogy. The majestic appearance of Cape Diamond and the fortifications, the cupolas and minarets, like those of an eastern city, blazing and sparkling in the sun, the loveliness of the panorama, the noble basin, like a sheet of purest silver, in which might ride with safety a hundred sail of the line, the graceful meandering of the river St. Charles, the numerous village spires on either side of the St. Lawrence, the fertile fields dotted with innumerable cottages, the abode of a rich and moral peasantry,--the distant falls of Montmorency,--the park like scenery of Point Levis,--the beautiful Isle of Orleans,--and more distant still, the frowning Cape Tourmente, and the lofty range of purple mountains of the most picturesque form, which, without exaggeration, is scarcely to be surpassed in any part of the world." (Hawkins' Picture of Quebec.)

"Quebec recalls Angouleme to my mind: in the upper city, stairways, narrow streets, ancient houses on the verge of the cliff; in the lower city, the new fortunes, commerce, workmen;--in both, many shops and much activity." (M. Sand.)

"Take mountain and plain, sinuous river, and broad, tranquil waters, stately ship and tiny boat, gentle hill and shady valley, bold headland and rich, fruitful fields, frowning battlement and cheerful villa, glittering dome and rural spire, flowery garden and sombre forest,--group them all into the choicest picture of ideal beauty your fancy can create; arch it over with a cloudless sky, light it up with a radiant sun, and lest the sheen should be too dazzling, hang a veil of lighted haze over all, to soften the lines and perfect the repose, --you will then have seen Quebec on this September morning." (Eliot Warburton.)

"I rubbed my eyes to be sure I was in the nineteenth century, and not entering one of those portals which sometimes adorn the frontispiece of old black-letter volumes. I thought it would be a good place to read Froissart's Chronicles. It was such a reminiscence of the Middle Ages as Scott's Novels.

"Too much has not been said about the scenery of Quebec. The fortifications of Cape Diamond are omnipresent. You travel ten, twenty, thirty miles up or down the river's banks, you ramble fifteen miles among the hills on either side, and then, when you have long since forgotten them, perchance slept on them by the way, at a turn of the road or of your body, there they are still with their geometry against the sky....

"No wonder if Jacques Cartier's pilot exclaimed in Norman-French Que bec! ("What a peak!") when he saw this cape, as some suppose. Every modern traveller uses a similar expression....

"The view from Cape Diamond has been compared by European travellers with the most remarkable views of a similar kind in Europe, such as those from Edinburgh Castle, Gibraltar, Cintra, and others, and preferred by many. A main peculiarity in this, compared with other views which I have beheld, is that it is from the ramparts of a fortified city, and not from a solitary and majestic river cape alone that this view is obtained.... I still remember the harbour far beneath me, sparkling like silver in the sun,--the answering headlands

of Point Levis on the south-east,--the frowning Cape Tourmente abruptly bounding the seaward view in the north-east,--the villages of Lorette and Charlesbourg on the north,--and farther west, the distant Val Cartier, sparkling with white cottages, hardly removed by distance through the clear air,--not to mention a few blue mountains along the horizon in that direction. You look out from the ramparts of the citadel beyond the frontiers of civilization. Yonder small group of hills, according to the guide-book, forms the portals of the wilds which are trodden only by the feet of the Indian hunters as far as Hudson's Bay." (Thoreau).

Mrs. Moodie (Susannah Strickland), in her sketches of Canadian life, graphically delineates her trip from Grosse Isle to Quebec, and the appearance of the city itself from the river:--

"On the 22nd of September (1832), the anchor was weighed, and we bade a long farewell to Grosse Isle. As our vessel struck into mid-channel, I cast a last lingering look at the beautiful shore we were leaving. Cradled in the arms of the St. Lawrence, and basking in the bright rays of the morning sun, the island and its sister group looked like a second Eden just emerged from the waters of chaos. The day was warm, and the cloudless heavens of that peculiar azure tint which gives to the Canadian skies and waters a brilliancy unknown in more northern latitudes. The air was pure and elastic; the sun shone out with uncommon splendour, lighting up the changing woods with a rich mellow colouring, composed of a thousand brilliant and vivid dyes. The mighty river rolled flashing and sparkling onward, impelled by a strong breeze that tipped its short rolling surges with a crest of snowy foam.

"Never shall I forget that short voyage from Grosse Isle to Quebec. What wonderful combinations of beauty and grandeur and power, at every winding of that noble river!

"Every perception of my mind became absorbed into the one sense of seeing, when, upon rounding Point Levis, we cast anchor before Quebec. What a scene! Can the world produce another? Edinburgh had been the beau ideal to me of all that was beautiful in nature--a vision of the Northern Highlands had haunted my dreams across the Atlantic; but all these past recollections faded before the present of Quebec. Nature has ransacked all our grandest elements to form this astonishing panorama. There, frowns the cloud-capped mountain, and below, the cataract foams and thunders; woods and rock and river combine to lend their aid in making the picture perfect, and worthy of its Divine originator. The precipitous bank upon which the city lies piled, reflected in the still, deep waters at its base, greatly enhances the romantic beauty of the situation. The mellow and serene glow of the autumn day harmonized so perfectly with the solemn grandeur of the scene around me, and sank so silently and deeply into my soul, that my spirit fell prostrate before it, and I melted involuntarily into tears."

Such the poetic visions which were awakened in the poetic mind of the brilliant author of "Roughing it, in the Bush." Charles Dickens also had his say in this matter, on his visit to Quebec, in May 1842, where he was the guest of the President of the Literary and Historical Society, Dr. John Charlton Fisher:--

"The impression made upon the visitor by this Gibraltar of America,

its giddy heights, its citadel suspended, as it were, in the air; its picturesque steep streets and frowning gateways; and the splendid views which burst upon the eye at every turn, is at once unique and lasting. It is a place not to be forgotten or mixed up in the mind with other places, or altered for a moment in the crowd of scenes a traveller can recall. Apart from the realities of this most picturesque city, there are associations clustering about it which would make a desert rich in interest. The dangerous precipice along whose rocky front Wolfe and his brave companions climbed to glory; the Plains of Abraham, where he received his mortal wound; the fortress so chivalrously defended by Montcalm; and his soldier's grave, dug for him when yet alive, by the bursting of a shell, are not the least among them, or among the gallant incidents of history. That is a noble monument too, and worthy of two great nations, which perpetuates the memory of both brave Generals, and on which their names are jointly written.

"The city is rich in public institutions and in Catholic churches and charities, but it is mainly in the prospect from the site of the Old Government House and from the Citadel, that its surpassing beauty lies. The exquisite expanse of country, rich in field and forest, mountain-heights and water, which lies stretched out before the view, with miles of Canadian villages, glancing in long white streaks, like veins along the landscape; the motley crowd of gables, roofs and chimney tops in the old hilly town immediately at hand; the beautiful St. Lawrence sparkling and flashing in the sunlight; and the tiny ships below the rock from which you gaze, whose distant rigging looks like spiders' webs against the light, while casks and barrels on their decks dwindle into toys, and busy mariners become so many puppets; all this framed by a sunken window [1] in the fortress and looked at from the shadowed room within, forms one of the brightest and most enchanting pictures that the eye can rest upon." (Dickens' *American Notes*.)

A distinguished French *litterateur*, fresh from the sunny banks of the Seine, thus discourses anent the Ancient capital; we translate:--

"Few cities," says M. Marmier, [2] "offer as many striking contrasts as Quebec, a fortress and a commercial city together, built upon the summit of a rock as the nest of an eagle, while her vessels are everywhere wrinkling the face of the ocean; an American city inhabited by French colonists, governed by England, and garrisoned with Scotch regiments; [3] a city of the middle ages by most of its ancient institutions, while it is submitted to all the combinations of modern constitutional government; an European city by its civilization and its habits of refinement, and still close by, the remnants of the Indian tribes and the barren mountains of the north, a city of about the same latitude as Paris, while successively combining the torrid climate of southern regions with the severities of an hyperborean winter; a city at the same time Catholic and Protestant, where the labours of our (French) missions are still uninterrupted alongside of the undertakings of the Bible Society, and where the Jesuits driven out of our own country (France) find a place of refuge under the aegis of British Puritanism!"

An American tourist thus epitomises the sights:--

"As the seat of French power in America until 1759, the great fortress of English rule in British America, and the key of the St. Lawrence,

Quebec must possess interest of no ordinary character for well-informed tourists. To the traveller, there are innumerable points and items vastly interesting and curious--the citadel and forts of Cape Diamond, with their impregnable ramparts that rival Gibraltar in strength and endurance against siege, the old walls of the city and their gates each of which has its legend of war and bloody assault and repulse, the plains of Abraham, every foot of which is commemorated with blood and battle; Wolfe's monument, where the gallant and brave soldier died with a shout of victory on his lips, the Martello towers, with their subterranean communications with the citadel; the antique churches, paintings, and all their paraphernalia, treasures, and curiosities that are religiously preserved therein, the falls of Montmorency, the natural steps. Montcalm's house, and a thousand other relics of the mysterious past that has hallowed these with all the mystic interest that attaches to antiquity, great deeds, and beautiful memories. To see all these, a tourist requires at least two days' time, and surely no one who pretends to be a traveller, in these days of rapid transit will fail to visit Quebec, the best city, the most hospitable place, and richer in its wealth of rare sights and grand old memorials. French peculiarities and English oddities, than any other city on this broad continent."

"Leaving the citadel, we are once more in the European Middle ages. Gates and posterns, cranky steps that lead up to lofty, gabled houses, with sharp French roofs of burnished tin, like those of Liege; processions of the Host; altars decked with flowers; statues of the Virgin; sabots, blouses, and the scarlet of the British lines-man,--all these are seen in narrow streets and markets that are graced with many a Cotentin lace cap, and all within forty miles of the down-east, Yankee state of Maine. It is not far from New England to Old France.... There has been no dying out of the race among the French Canadians. They number twenty times the thousand that they did 100 years ago. The American soil has left physical type, religion, language, and laws absolutely untouched. They herd together in their rambling villages, dance to the fiddle after Mass on Sundays,--as gayly as once did their Norman sires,--and keep up the fleur-de-lys and the memory of Montcalm. More French than the French are the Lower Canada habitans. The pulse-beat of the continent finds no echo here."--(Sir Charles Dilke.)

In the rosy days of his budding fame, the gifted Henry Ward Beecher discoursed as follows of the Rock City [4]:--

"Curious old Quebec!--of all the cities on the continent of America, the quaintest.... It is a populated cliff. It is a mighty rock, scarped and graded, and made to hold houses and castles which, by a proper natural law, ought to slide off from its back, like an ungirded load from a camel's back. But they stick. At the foot of the rocks, the space of several streets in width has been stolen from the river.... We landed....

"Away we went, climbing the steep streets at a canter with little horses hardly bigger than flies, with an aptitude for climbing perpendicular walls. It was strange to enter a walled city through low and gloomy gates, on this continent of America. Here was a small bit of mediaeval Europe perched upon a rock, and dried for keeping, in this north-east corner of America, a curiosity that has not its equal, in its kind, on this side of the ocean....

"We rode about as if we were in a picture-book, taming over a new leaf at each street!... The place should always be kept old. Let people go somewhere else for modern improvements. It is a shame, when Quebec placed herself far out of the way, up in the very neighbourhood of Hudson's Bay, that it should be hunted and harassed with new-fangled notions, and that all the charming inconveniences and irregularities of narrow and tortuous streets, that so delight a traveller's eyes, should be altered to suit the fantastic notions of modern people....

"Our stay in Quebec was too short by far. But it was long enough to make it certain that we shall come back again. A summer in Canada would form one of the most delightful holidays that we can imagine. We mean to prove our sincerity by our conduct. And then, if it is not all that our imagination promises, we will write again and confess."

Professor Benjamin Silliman discourses thus:--

"A seat of ancient dominion--now hoary with the lapse of more than two centuries--formerly the seat of a French empire in the west--lost and won by the blood of gallant armies, and of illustrious commanders--throned on a rock, and defended by all the proud defiance of war! Who could approach such a city without emotion? Who in Canada has not longed to cast his eyes on the water-girt rocks and towers of Quebec."--(Silliman's *Tour in Canada*, 1819.)

Charles Lever has left a curious glimpse of Quebec from Diamond Harbour, as seen, by his incomparable Irish Gil Blas, Mr. Cornelius Cregan, the appreciated lodger of Madam Thomas John Davis at the "Hotel Davis."

"As viewed from Diamond Harbour, a more striking city than Quebec is seldom seen. The great rock rising above the Lower Town, and crowned with its batteries, all bristling with guns, seemed to my eyes the very realization of impregnability. I looked upon the ship that lay tranquilly on the water below, and whose decks were thronged with blue-jackets--to the Highlander who paced his short path as sentry, some hundred feet high upon the wall of the fortress, and I thought to myself with such defenders as these that standard yonder need never carry any other banner. The whole view is panoramic, the bending of the river shuts out the channel by which you have made your approach, giving the semblance of a lake, on whose surface vessels of every nation lie at anchor, some with the sails hung out to dry, gracefully drooping from the taper spars; others refitting again for sea, and loading the huge pine-trunks moored as vast rafts to the stern. There were people everywhere, all was motion, life and activity. Jolly-boats with twenty oars, man-of-war gigs bounding rapidly past them with eight; canoes skimming by without a ripple, and seemingly without impulse, till you caught sight of the lounging figure, who lay at full length in the stern, and whose red features were scarce distinguishable from the copper-coloured bark of his boat. Some moved upon the rafts, and even upon single trunks of trees, as, separated from the mass, they floated down on the swift current, boat-hook in hand to catch at the first object chance might offer them. The quays and the streets leading down to them were all thronged, and as you cast your eye upwards, here and there above the tall roofs might be seen the winding of stairs that lead to the Upper Town, alike dark with the moving tide of men. On every embrasure and gallery, on every terrace and platform, it was the same. Never did I behold such a human tide.

"Now there was something amazingly inspiring in all this, particularly when coming from the solitude and monotony of a long voyage. [5] The very voice that ye-hoed; the hoarse challenge of the sentinels on the rock; the busy hum of the town--made delicious music to my ear; and I could have stood and leaned over the bulwark for hours, to gaze at the scene. I own no higher interest invested the picture--for I was ignorant of Wolfe. I had never heard of Montcalm--the plains of "Abraham" were to me but grassy slopes, and "nothing more." It was the life and stir,--the tide of that human ocean, on which I longed myself to be a swimmer--these were what charmed me. Nor was the deck of the old "Hampden" inactive all the while, although seldom attracting much of my notice: soldiers were mustering, knapsacks packing, rolls calling, belts buffing, and coats brushing on all sides; men grumbling, sergeants cursing; officers swearing; half-dressed invalids popping up their heads out of hatchways, answering to wrong names, and doctors ordering them down again with many an anathema: soldiers in the way of sailors, and sailors always hauling at something that interfered with the inspection-drill: every one in the wrong place, and each cursing his neighbour for stupidity. At last the shore-boats boarded us, as if our confusion wanted anything to increase it. Red-faced harbour-masters shook hands with the skipper and pilot, and disappeared into the "round-house" to discuss grog and the gales. Officers from the garrison came out to welcome their friends--for it was the second battalion we had on board of a regiment whose first had been some years in Canada;--and then what a rush of inquiries were exchanged. "How is the Duke?"--"All quiet in England"--"No sign of war in Europe!"--"Are the 8th come home!"--"Where is Forbes?"--"Has Davern sold out?" with a mass of such small interests as engage men who live in coteries." (Confessions of Con. Cregan, Chap XIII.)

There are yet among the living in Quebec many who can recall the good olden times when our garrison contained two regiments and more of the red-coated soldiers of England, at the beck of the "Iron Duke"--_him_ of Waterloo.

A Haligonian tourist thus writes:--

"HALIFAX, N. S., 1880.--I reached Halifax on the Saturday after leaving Quebec.....Nothing was wanting to make my impressions of Quebec perfect, but a little more time to widen, deepen and strengthen the friendships made; alas! to be severed (for a time) so soon. I went expecting to see a city perched on a rock and inhabited by the descendants of a conquered race with a chasm between them and every Englishman in the Dominion. In place of this, I found the city more picturesque, more odd, more grand, than I had ever imagined, and peopled by a race who, if conquered in 1759, have had sweet revenge ever since, by making a conquest of every stranger who has entered Quebec--through his higher nature. It is no wonder that Quebec has such a story of song and adventure. There is romance in the river and tragedy on the hill, and while the memory of Wolfe and Montcalm is green, the city will be the Mecca of the Dominion. But keep the hand of the Goth--the practical man--from touching the old historic landmarks of the city. A curse has been pronounced on those who remove their neighbours' landmark, but what shall be said of those who remove the landmarks which separate century from century and period from period." (J. T. Bulmer.)

The following affords a good specimen of Capt W. F Butler's pictorial

style:--

"Spring breaks late over the province of Quebec--that portion of America known to our fathers as Lower Canada, and of old to the subjects of the Grand Monarque as the kingdom of New France. But when the young trees begin to open their leafy lids after the long sleep of winter, they do it quickly. The snow is not all gone before the maple trees are all green--the maple, that most beautiful of trees! Well has Canada made the symbol of her new nationality that tree whose green gives the spring its earliest freshness, whose autumn-dying tints are richer than the clouds of sunset, whose life-stream is sweeter than honey, and whose branches are drowsy through the long summer with the scent and the hum of bee and flower! Still the long line of the Canadas admits of a varied spring. When the trees are green at Lake St. Clair, they are scarcely budding at Kingston, they are leafless at Montreal, and Quebec is white with snow. Even between Montreal and Quebec, a short night's steaming, there exists a difference of ten days in the opening of the summer. But late as comes the summer to Quebec, it comes in its loveliest and most enticing form, as though it wished to atone for its long delay in banishing from such a landscape the cold tyranny of winter. And with what loveliness does the whole face of plain, river, lake and mountain turn from the iron clasp of icy winter to kiss the balmy lips of returning summer, and to welcome his bridal gifts of sun and shower! The trees open their leafy lids to look at him--the brooks and streamlets break forth into songs of gladness--"the birch tree," as the old Saxon said," becomes beautiful in its branches, and rustles sweetly in its leafy summit, moved to and fro by the breath of heaven"--the lakes uncover their sweet faces, and their mimic shores steal down in quiet evenings to bathe themselves in the transparent waters--far into the depths of the great forest speeds the glad message of returning glory, and graceful fern, and soft velvet moss, and white wax-like lily peep forth to cover rock and fallen tree and wreck of last year's autumn in one great sea of foliage. There are many landscapes which can never be painted, photographed, or described, but which the mind carries away instinctively to look at again and again in the after-time--these are the celebrated views of the world, and they are not easy to find. From the Queen's rampart, on the citadel of Quebec, the eye sweeps over a greater diversity of landscape than is probably to be found in any one spot in the universe. Blue mountain, far-stretching river, foaming cascade, the white sails of ocean ships, the black trunks of many-sized guns, the pointed roofs, the white village nestling amidst its fields of green, the great isle in mid-channel, the many shades of colour from deep blue pine-wood to yellowing corn-field--in what other spot on the earth's broad bosom lie grouped together in a single glance so many of these "things of beauty" which the eye loves to feast on and to place in memory as joys for ever?" (_The Great Lone Land._)

Let us complete this mosaic of descriptions and literary gems, borrowed from English, French and American writers, by a sparkling tableau of the historic memories of Quebec, traced by a French Canadian litterateur, the Honourable P. J. O. Chauveau:--

"History is everywhere--around us, beneath us; from the depths of yonder valleys, from the top of that mountain, history rises up and presents itself to our notice, exclaiming: 'Behold me!'

"Beneath us, among the capricious meanders of the River St. Charles,

the Cahir-Coubat of Jacques Cartier, is the very place where he first planted the cross and held his first conference with the _Seigneur Donnacona_. Here, very near to us, beneath a venerable elm tree, which, with much regret, we saw cut down, tradition states that Champlain first raised his tent. From the very spot on which we now stand, Count de Frontenac returned to Admiral Phipps that proud answer, as he said, _from the mouth of his cannon_, which will always remain recorded by history. Under these ramparts are spread the plains on which fell Wolfe and where, in the following year, the Chevalier de Levis and General Murray fought that other battle, in memory of which the citizens of Quebec are erecting (in 1854) a monument. Before us, on the heights of Beauport, the souvenir of battles not less heroic, recall to our remembrance the names of Longueuil, St. Helene, and Juchereau Duchesnay. Below us, at the foot of that tower on which floats the British flag, Montgomery and his soldiers all fell, swept by the grape-shot of a single gun pointed by a Canadian artilleryman.

"On the other hand, under that projecting rock, now crowned with the guns of old England, the intrepid Dambourges, sword in hand, drove Arnold and his men from the houses in which they had established themselves. History is then everywhere around us. She rises as well from these ramparts, replete with daring deeds, as from those illustrious plains equally celebrated for feats of arms, and she again exclaims: 'Here I am!'"

CHAPTER II.

_QUEBEC FOUNDED, JULY 3, 1608.

Fancy borne on the outspread wings of memory occasionally loves to soar o'er the dull, prosaic present, far away into the haunted, dream-land of a hazy but hopeful past.

Let us recall one year, in the revolving cycle of time--one day above all days--for dwellers in Champlain's eyry keep pre-eminently sacred that auspicious 3rd of July, 1608, when his trusty little band, in all twenty-eight, founded the city destined soon to be the great Louis's proud forta-lice,--the Queen city of the French western world.

On that memorable July day, would you, kind reader, like to ascend the lofty slope of Cape Diamond, at the hour when the orb of light is shedding his fierce, meridian rays on the verdant shores and glancing waters below, and watch with bated breath the gradually increasing gap in the primeval forest, which busy French axes are cleaving in order to locate the residence--"L'ABITATION"--of a loved commander, Samuel de Champlain?

Or else would you, in your partiality for the cool of the evening, prefer from the dizzy summit, where now stands our citadel, to gaze--which would be more romantic--over the silent strand at your feet, pregnant with a mighty future, at the mystic hour of eve, when the pale beams of Diana will lend incomparable witchery to this novel scene. Few indeed the objects denoting the unwelcome arrival of Europeans in this forest home of the red man: the _prise de possession_ by the grasping outer barbarian--for such Champlain must have appeared to the descendants of king

Donnacona. In the stream, the ripple of the majestic St. Lawrence caresses the dark, indistinct hull of an armed bark: in Indian parlance, a "big canoe [6] with wings"; on an adjoining height waves languidly with the last breath of the breeze the lily standard of old France; on the shore, a cross recently raised: emblems for us of the past and of the present: State and Church linked together.

Such the objects discernible amid the hoary oaks, nodding pines, and green hemlocks, below Cape Diamond, on that eventful 3rd of July, 1608.

THE DWELLING OF CHAMPLAIN.

"Above the point of the Island of Orleans," says Parkman, "a constriction of the vast channel narrows it to a mile; on one hand, the green heights of Point Levi; on the other, the cliffs of Quebec. Here, a small stream, the St. Charles, enters the St. Lawrence, and in the angle betwixt them rises the promontory, on two sides a natural fortress. Land among the walnut-trees that formed a belt between the cliffs and the St. Lawrence. Climb the steep height, now bearing aloft its ponderous load of churches, convents, dwellings, ramparts, and batteries,--there was an accessible point, a rough passage, gullied downward where Prescott Gate (in 1871) opened on the Lower Town. Mount to the highest summit, Cape Diamond, [7] now zig-zagged with warlike masonry. Then the fierce sun fell on the bald, baking rocks, with its crisped mosses and parched lichens. Two centuries and-a-half have quickened the solitude with swarming life, covered the deep bosom of the river with barge and steamer and gliding sail, and reared cities and villages on the site of forests; but nothing can destroy the surpassing grandeur of the scene.

"Grasp the savin anchored in the fissure, lean over the brink of the precipice, and look downward, a little to the left, on the belt of woods which covers the strand between the water and the base of the cliffs. Here a gang of axe-men are at work, and Point Levi and Orleans echo the crash of falling trees.

"These axe-men were pioneers of an advancing host,--advancing, it is true, with feeble and uncertain progress: priests, soldiers, peasants, feudal scutcheons, royal insignia. Not the Middle Age, but engendered of it by the stronger life of modern centralization; sharply stamped with parental likeness, heir to parental weakness and parental force.

"A few weeks passed, and a pile of wooden buildings rose on the brink of the St. Lawrence, on or near the site of the market-place of the Lower Town of Quebec. The pencil of Champlain, always regardless of proportion and perspective, has preserved its semblance. A strong wooden wall, surmounted by a gallery loop-holed for musketry, enclosed three buildings, containing quarters for himself and his men, together with a court-yard, from one side of which rose a tall dove-cot, like a belfry. A moat surrounded the whole, and two or three small cannon were planted on salient platforms towards the river. There was a large magazine near at hand, and a part of the adjacent ground was laid out as a garden."
(Pioneers of France in the New World, p. 301.)

CHIEF DONNACONA.

On the 14th of September, 1535, under the head "Shipping News, Port of Quebec," history might jot down some startling items of marine

intelligence; the arrival from sea of three armed vessels--the "Grande Hermine," the "Petite Hermine," and the "Emerillon." One would imagine their entrance in port must have awakened as much curiosity among the startled denizens of Stadacona--the Hurons of 1535--as did the anchoring in our harbour, in August, 1861, of Capt. Vine Hall's leviathan, the "Great Eastern." Were the French fleet the first European keels which furrowed the Laurentian tide under Cape Diamond? We like to think so. Let the Basques make good their assumed priority: let them produce their logbook, not merely for the latitude of Newfoundland or Tadoussac, but also an undisputed entry therein, for the spot where, a century later, Samuel de Champlain lived, loved, and died. Had the advent of the St. Malo vikings been heralded by watchful swift-footed retainers to swarthy king Donnacona, the ruler of the populous town of Stadacona, and a redoubtable agouhanna of the Huron nation? 'Tis not unlikely.

An entry occurs in the diary of Jacques Cartier, commander of the flagship "Grande Hermine," to the effect that Donnacona, escorted by twelve canoes, had met the foreign craft several miles lower than Quebec, where he had parleyed with his fellow-countrymen, Taiguragny and Domagaya, kidnapped the year previous at Gaspé and just brought back by Cartier from France; that, dismissing ten of his twelve canoes, the agouhanna had invited and received the French commander in his canoe of state, harangued him, and readily accepted from him a collation of bread and wine, which the captain of the "Grande Hermine" (thoughtful host) had brought with him.

The meeting over, Donnacona steered for home; and Jacques Cartier ordered his boats to be manned and ascended the river to seek for a safe anchorage for his ships. He soon found what he sought, entered then the river Saint Charles, by him called the St. Croix, landed, crossed the meadows, climbed the rocks, and threaded the forest. On his return, when he and his party were rowing for the ships, they had to stand another harangue from the bank, from an old chief, surrounded by men, boys and some merry squaws, to whom they gave as presents glass beads, &c., when they regained their vessels.

What took place at the interview between the French commander and the Huron potentate? What were the thoughts, hopes, fears of the grim chieftain on that fateful September day which brought in across the Atlantic the first wave of foreign invasion--the outer barbarian to his forest abode?

One would fain depict king Donnacona roaming, solitary and sad; mayhap, on the ethereal heights of Cape Diamond, watching, with feelings not unmingled with alarm, the onward course of the French ships--to him phantoms of ill-omen careering over the dreary waters--until their white shrouds gradually disappeared under the shadow of the waving pines and far-spreading oaks which then clad the green banks of the lurking, tortuous St Charles.

Chief Donnacona, beware! O beware!

CHAPTER III.

THE "ANCIENT CAPITAL."

QUEBEC--ITS HIGHWAYS AND BY-WAYS, EDIFICES, MONUMENTS, CITIZENS,
LEGENDS, CHRONICLES, AND ANTIQUITIES.

"I pray you, let us satisfy our eyes
With the memorials and the things of fame
That do renown this city."--(Shakespeare.)

What a field here for investigation? Has not each thoroughfare its distinctive feature--its saintly, heathenish, courtly, national, heroic, perhaps burlesque, name? Its peculiar origin? traceable sometimes to a dim--a forgotten past; sometimes to the utilitarian present time. What curious vistas are unfolded in the birth of its edifices--public and private--alive with the memories of their clerical, bellicose, agricultural or mercantile founders? How much mysterious glamour does not relentless time shed over them in its unceasing march? How many vicissitudes do they undergo before giving way to modern progress, the exigencies of commerce, the wants or whims of new masters? The edifices, did we say? Their origin, their progress, their decay, nay, their demolition by the modern iconoclast--have they no teachings? How many phases in the art of the builder and engineer, from the high-peaked Norman cottage to the ponderous, drowsy Mansard roof--from Champlain's picket fort to the modern citadel of Quebec--from our primitive legislative meeting-house to our stately Parliament Buildings on the Grande Allee?

The streets and by-ways of famous old world cities have found chroniclers, in some instances of rare ability: Timbs, Howitt, Augustus Sala, Longfellow, &c. Why should not those of our own land obtain a passing notice?

Is there on American soil a single city intersected by such quaint, tortuous, legend-loving streets as old Quebec? Is there a town retaining more unmistakable vestiges of its rude beginnings--of its pristine, narrow, Indian-haunted, forest paths?

Our streets and lanes bear witness to our dual origin: Champlain, Richelieu, Buade streets, by their names proclaim the veneration our fathers had for the memory of men who had watched over the infancy of the colony, whilst the mystic, saintly nomenclature of others exhibited the attachment of the early dwellers in Quebec to the hallowed old Roman faith which presided at their natal hour.

One also finds here and there, in the names of certain thoroughfares, traces of the sojourn within our walls of popular Governors, famous Viceroy, long since gathered to their fathers, some of whose ashes mingle in our cemeteries with the dust of our forefathers--[8] Champlain, Frontenac, Mesy, De Callieres, De Vaudreuil, De la Jonquiere, Ramsay, Carleton, Hope, Dalhousie, Richmond and Aylmer.

A student of history, in the signboards affixed to street corners, loves to light on the names of men whose memories are fragrant for deeds of heroism, devotedness, patriotism or learning. Breboeuf, Champlain, Dollard, Ferland, Garneau, Christie, Turgeon, Plessis, and many others of blameless and exemplary life--each has his street. We know of a worthy and learned old antiquary whose lore and advice has been more than once placed at our disposal in unravelling the tangled skein on which we are engaged, who rejoices that his native city, unlike some of the proud capitals of Europe, is free from vulgar names, such as "Tire-Boudin," "P--t--au D----le," in gay Paris, and "Crutched Friars," "Pall-Mall," and "Mary-le-bone," in great London.

In fact, does not history meet you at every turn? Every nook, every lane, every square, nay, even the stones and rocks, have a story to tell--a record to unfold--a tale to whisper of savage or civilized warfare--a memento to thrill the patriot--a legend of romance or of death--war, famine, fires, earthquakes, land and snow-slides, riot?

Is it not to be apprehended that in time the inmates of such a city might become saturated with the overpowering atmosphere of this romantic past--fall a prey to an overweening love of old memories--become indifferent, and deadened to the feelings and requirements of the present? This does not necessarily follow. We are, nevertheless, inclined to believe that outward objects may act powerfully on one's inner nature: that the haunts and homes of men are not entirely foreign to the thoughts, pursuits and impulses, good or bad, of their inmates.

Active, cultured, bustling, progressive citizens, we would fain connect with streets and localities partaking of that character, just as we associate cheerful abodes with sunshine, and repulsive dwellings with dank, perennial shadows.

Mr. N. Legendre, in a small work intituled "Les Echos de Quebec," has graphically delineated the leading features of several of our thoroughfares:--

"In a large city each street has its peculiar feature. Such a street is sacred to commerce--a private residence in it would appear out of place. Such another is devoted to unpretending dwellings: the modest grocery shop of the corner looks conscious of being there on sufferance only. Here resides the well-to-do--the successful merchant; further, much further on, dwell the lowly--the poor. Between both points there exists a kind of neutral territory, uniting the habitations of both classes. Some of the inmates, when calling, wear kid gloves, whilst others go visiting in their shirt sleeves. The same individual will even indulge in a cigar or light an ordinary clay pipe, according as his course is east or west. All this is so marked, so apparent, that it suffices to settle in your mind the street or ward to which an individual belongs. The ways of each street vary. Here, in front of a well-polished door, stands a showy, emblazoned carriage, drawn by thoroughbreds; mark how subdued the tints of the livery are. There is, however, something distingue about it, and people hurrying past assume a respectful bearing.

"In the next street, the carriage standing at the door is just as rich, but its panelling is more gaudy--more striking in colour are the horses--more glitter--more profusion about the silver harness mountings. Though the livery has more eclat, there seems to be less distance between the social status of the groom and that of his master.

"Walk on further--the private carriage has merged into the public conveyance; still further, and you find but the plain caleche.

"Finally, every kind of vehicle having disappeared, the house-doors are left ajar; the inmates like to fraternise in the street. On fine evenings the footpath gets strewed with chairs and benches, occupied by men smoking--women chatting al fresco unreservedly--laughing that loud laugh which says, "I don't care who hears me." Passers-by exchange a remark, children play at foot-ball, while the house-dog,

exulting in the enjoyment of sweet liberty, gambols in the very midst of the happy crowd. These are good streets. One travels over them cheerfully and gaily. An atmosphere of rowdyism, theft, wantonness, hovers over some thoroughfares. Dread and disgust accompany him who saunters over them. Their gates and doorways seem dark--full of pitfalls. Iron shutters, thick doors with deep gashes, indicate the turbulent nature of their inhabitants. Rude men on the sidepaths stare you out of countenance, or make strange signs--a kind of occult telegraphy, which makes your flesh creep. To guard against an unseen foe, you take to the centre of the street--nasty and muddy though it should be,--for there you fancy yourself safe from the blow of a skull-cracker, hurled by an unseen hand on watch under a gateway. The police make themselves conspicuous here by their absence; 'tis a fit spot for midnight murder and robbery--unprovoked, unpunished. Honest tradesmen may reside here, but not from choice; they are bound to ignore street rows; lending a helping hand to a victim would cause them to receive, on the morrow, a notice to quit.

"Be on your guard, if necessity brings you, after nightfall, to this unhallowed ground. Danger hovers over, under, round your footsteps. If an urchin plays a trick on you at a street corner, heed him not. Try and catch him, he will disappear to return with a reinforcement of rougs, prepared to avenge his pretended wrongs by violence to your person and injury to your purse.

"Should a drunken man hustle you as he passes, do not mind him: it may end in a scuffle, out of which you will emerge bruised and with rifled pockets.

"We dare not tell you to yield to fear, but be prudent. Though prudence may be akin to fear, you never more required all your wits about you. It is very unlikely you will ever select this road again, though it should be a short cut. Such are some of the dangerous streets in their main features. There are thoroughfares, on the other hand, to which fancy lends imaginary charms; the street in which you live, for instance. You think it better, more agreeable. Each object it contains becomes familiar, nay cherished by you--the houses, their doors, their gables. The very air seems more genial. A fellowship springs up between you and your threshold--your land. You get to believe they know you as you know them--softening influences--sweet emanations of 'Home.'"--_Translation._

THE UPPER TOWN.

The Upper Town in 1608, with its grand oaks, its walnut trees, its majestic elms, when it formed part of the primeval forest, must have been a locality abounding in game. If Champlain, his brother-in-law, Boulle, as well as his other friends of the Lower Town, [9] had been less eager in hunting other inhabitants of the forest infinitely more dreaded (the Iroquois), instead of simply making mention of the foxes which prowled about the residency (_l'abitation_), they would have noted down some of the hunting raids which were probably made on the wooded declivities of Cape Diamond and in the thickets of the Coteau Sainte Genevieve, more especially when scurvy or the dearth of provisions rendered indispensable the use of fresh meats. We should have heard of grouse, woodcock, hares, beavers, foxes, caribou, bears, &c., at that period, as the probable denizens of the mounts and valleys of ancient Stadacona.

In 1617 the chase had doubtless to give way to tillage of the soil, when the first resident of the Upper Town, the apothecary Louis Hebert, established his hearth and home there.

"He presently," (1617) says Abbe Ferland, "commenced to grub up and clear the ground on the site on which the Roman Catholic cathedral and the Seminary adjoining now stand, and that portion of the upper town which extends from St. Famille Street up to the Hotel-Dieu. He constructed a house and a mill near that part of St. Joseph Street where it received St. Francois and St. Xavier Streets. These edifices appear to have been the first which were erected in the locality now occupied by the upper town."

At that period there could have existed none other than narrow paths, irregular avenues following the sinuosities of the forest. In the course of time these narrow paths were levelled and widened. Champlain and Sir David Kirkk bothered themselves very little with improving highways. Overseers of roads and Grand-Voyers were not then dreamed of in La Nouvelle France: those blessed institutions, macadamized [10] roads, date for us from 1841.

One of the first projects of Governor de Montmagny, after having fortified the place, was to prepare a plan for a city, to lay out, widen and straighten the streets, assuredly not without need. Had he further extended this useful reform, our Municipal Council to-day would have been spared a great amount of vexation, and the public in general much annoyance. On the 17th November, 1623, a roadway or ascent leading to the upper town had been effected, less dangerous than that which had previously existed.

"As late as 1682, as appears by an authentic record (proces-verbal) of the conflagration, this steep road was but fourteen feet wide. It was built of branches, covered with earth. Having been rendered unserviceable by the fire, the inhabitants had it widened six feet, as they had to travel three miles, after the conflagration, to enter the upper town by another hill."--(T. B. Bedard.)

In the summer season, our forefathers journeyed by water, generally in birch-bark canoes. In winter they had recourse to snow-shoes.

To what year can we fix the advent of wheeled vehicles? We have been unable to discover.

The first horse presented by the inhabitants to the Governor of the colony arrived from France on the 25th June, 1647. [11] Did His Excellency use him as a saddle horse only? or, on the occasion of a New Year's day, when he went to pay his respects to the Jesuit Fathers, and to the good ladies of the Ursulines, to present, with the compliments of the season, the usual New Year's gifts, was he driven in a cariole, and in the summer season in a caleche? Here, again, is a nut to crack for commentators. [12]

Although there were horned cattle at Quebec in 1623, oxen for the purpose of ploughing the land were first used on the 27th April, 1628.

"Some animals--cows, sheep, swine, &c.--had been imported as early as 1608. In 1623, it is recorded that two thousand bundles of fodder were brought from the pasture grounds at Cap Tourmente to Quebec for winter use."--(Miles.)

On the 16th of July, 1665, [13] a French ship brought twelve horses. These were doubtless the "mounts" of the brilliant staff of the Marquis de Tracy, Viceroy. These dashing military followers of Colonel de Salieres, this *_jeunesse doree_* of the Marquis de Tracy, mounted on these twelve French chargers, which the aborigines named "the moose-deer (*_originaux_*) of Europe," doubtless cut a great figure at Quebec. Did there exist *_Tandems_*, driving clubs, in 1665? *_Quien sabe?_* A garrison life in 1665-7 and its amusements must have been much what it was one century later, when the "divine" Emily Montague [14] was corresponding with her dear "Colonel Rivers," from her Sillery abode in 1766; she then, amongst the vehicles in use, mentions, *_caleches_*. [15]

They were not all saints such as Paul Dupuy, [16] the patriarchal seigneur of *_Ile-aux-Oies_*, these military swells of Colonel de Salieres! Major Lafradiere, for instance, might have vied with the most outrageous rake in the *_Guards_* of Queen Victoria who served in the colony two centuries later.

If there were at Quebec twelve horses for the use of gentlemen, they were doubtless not suffered to remain idle in their stables. The rugged paths of the upper town were levelled and widened; the public highway ceased to be reserved for pedestrians only. This is what we wanted to arrive at.

In reality, the streets of Quebec grew rapidly into importance in 1665. Improvements effected during the administration of the Chevalier de Montmagny had been highly appreciated. The early French had their *_Saint Louis (Grande Allee), Saint Anne, Richelieu, D'Aiguillon, Saint John, streets_*, to do honour to their Master, Louis XIII.; his Queen the beautiful Anne of Austria; his astute Premier the Cardinal of Richelieu; his pious niece la Duchesse D'Aiguillon; his land surveyor and engineer Jehan or Jean Bourdon. This last functionary had landed at Quebec on the 8th August, 1634, with a Norman priest, the Abbe Jean LeSueur de Saint-Sauveur, who left his surname (St. Sauveur) to the populous municipality adjoining St. Roch suburbs. [17]

In the last and in the present century, St. Louis Street was inhabited by many eminent persons. Chief Justice Sewell resided in the stately old mansion, up to June 1881 occupied as the Lieutenant-Governor's offices; this eminent jurist died in 1839. "One bright, frosty evening of January 1832," says Mr. Chauveau, "at the close of a numerously attended public meeting held at the Ottawa Hotel, to protest against the arrest of Messrs. Tracy, editor of the *_Vindicator_*, and Duvernay, editor of the *_Minerve_*, the good citizens of Quebec, usually so pacific, rushed in a noisy procession, led by a dozen students wearing tri-coloured ribbons in their button-holes, and sang the *_Marseillaise_* and the *_Parisienne_* under the windows of the Chief Justice, whose ear was little accustomed to such a concert." The ermined sage, 'tis said, was so startled, that he made sure a revolution was breaking out.

"Among the fiery, youthful leaders, the loudest in their patriotic outburst, there was one who would then have been much surprised had any one predicted that after being President of the Legislative Council, Prime Minister of the Canadas, and knighted by H. R. H. the Prince of Wales in person, he would one day, as Lieutenant-Governor, enter in state this same former residence of Chief Justice Sewell, whilst the cannon of Britain would roar a welcome, the flag of England stream over his head, and a British regiment present arms to him." Such, however, has been the fate of Sir Narcissus Fortunatus Belleau.

The mansion of M. de Lotbiniere, in St. Louis street, was the residence of Madame Pean, the chere amie of M. Bigot the Intendant. The late Judge Elmsley resided there about the year 1813; Government subsequently purchased it to serve as an officers' barracks. Nearly opposite the old Court-House (burned in 1872), stands the "Kent House," in which His Royal Highness the late Duke of Kent resided in summer, 1791-3. [18] No. 42 St. Louis Street is the house [19] which belonged to the cooper, Francois Gobert; it now has become historical. In it were deposited the remains of General Montgomery on the 31st December, 1775. This summer it is leased by Louis Gonzague Baillarge, Esq., the proprietor, to Widow Pigott, whose late husband was in the "B" Battery.

In the street sacred to Louis XIII., St. Louis street, Messrs. Brown [20] & Gilmer established, in 1764, [21] their printing office for the Quebec Gazette, "two doors higher up than the Secretary's Office," wherever this latter may have stood. The Gazette office was subsequently removed to Parloir Street, and eventually settled down for many a long year at the corner of Mountain Hill, half-way up, facing Break-Neck steps--the house was, with many others, removed in 1850 to widen Mountain Street. According to a tradition published in the Gazette of the 2nd May, 1848, the prospectus of this paper had, it would appear, been printed in the printing office of Benjamin Franklin.

This venerable sheet, which had existed one hundred and ten years, when it was merged, in 1874, by purchase of the copyright, into the Morning Chronicle, in its early days, was nearly the sole exponent of the wants--of the gossip (in prose and in verse)--and of the daily events of Quebec. As such, though, from the standard of to-day, it may seem quaint and puny, still it does not appear an untruthful mirror of social life in the ancient capital. Its centenary number of June, 1864, with the files of the Gazette for 1783, have furnished the scholar author of the "Prophecy of Merlin," John S. Reade, with material for an excellent sketch of this pioneer of Canadian journalism, of which our space will permit us to give but some short extracts:--

"The first number of the Quebec Gazette, judged by the fac-simile before me, was a very unpretending production. It consists of four folio pages, two columns to each page, with the exception of the 'Printer's Address to the Public,' which takes up the full width of the page, and is written in French and English, the matter in both languages being the same, with the exception of a Masonic advertisement, which is in English only. In the address, accuracy, freedom and impartiality are promised in the conduct of the paper. The design of the publishers includes 'a view of foreign affairs and political transactions from which a judgment may be formed of the interests and connections of the several powers of Europe'; and care is to be taken 'to collect the transactions and occurrences of our mother-country, and to introduce every remarkable event, uncommon debates, extraordinary performance and interesting turn of affairs that shall be thought to merit the notice of the reader as matter of entertainment, or that can be of service to the publick as inhabitants of an English colony.' Attention is also to be given to the affairs of the American colonies and West India Islands; and, in the absence of foreign intelligence, the reader is to be presented with 'such originals, in prose and verse, as will please the fancy and instruct the judgment. And,' the address continues, 'here we beg leave to observe that we shall have nothing so much at heart as the support of virtue and morality and the noble cause of liberty. The refined

amusements of literature and the pleasing veins of well-pointed wit shall also be considered as necessary to the collection; interspersed with other chosen pieces and curious essays extracted from the most celebrated authors; so that, blending philosophy with politicks, history, &c., the youth of both sexes will be improved, and persons of all ranks agreeably and usefully entertained.'

"As an inducement to advertisers, it is held out that the circulation of the Gazette will extend, not only through the British colonies, but also through the West India Islands and the trading ports of Great Britain and Ireland. The address very sensibly concludes with the following remarks, which, however, cast a shade over the rather tedious prolegomena: 'Our intention to please the whole, without offence to any individual, will be better evinced by our practice than by writing volumes on this subject. This one thing we beg may be believed, that party prejudice or private scandal will never find a place in this paper.'

"With this large promise began the first Canadian newspaper on the 21st of June, 1764.

"The news in the first number is all foreign. There are despatches from Riga, St. Petersburg, Rome, Hermanstadt, Dantzic, Vienna, Florence and Utrecht, the dates ranging from the 8th of March to the 11th of April. There are also items of news from New York, bearing date the 3rd, and from Philadelphia the 7th of May. News-collecting was then a slow process, by land as well as by sea.

"Of the despatches, the following is of historical importance: 'London, March 10th. It is said that a scheme of taxation of our American colonies has for some time been in agitation, that it had been previously debated in the Parliament whether they had power to lay a tax on colonies which had no representative in Parliament and determined in the affirmative,' etc. The occasional insertion of a dash instead of a name, or the wary mention of a 'certain great leader' or 'a certain great personage' tell a simple tale of the jealousy with which the press was then regarded both in England and on the continent. The prosecution of Smollett, Cave, Wilkes and others were still fresh in the minds of printers and writers.

"Another despatch informs the readers of the Gazette of an arret lately issued for the banishment of the Jesuits from France, and another of a deputation of journeymen silk weavers who waited on the King at St. James with a petition setting forth their grievances from the clandestine importation of French silk, to which His Majesty graciously replied, promising to have the matter properly laid before Parliament.

"An extract from a letter from Virginia gives an account of some Indian outrages, and there is some other intelligence of a similar nature. The other news is of a like temporary interest.

"I have already mentioned a masonic advertisement. I now give it in full:

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN,

That on Sunday, the 24th, being the Festival of St. Jhon (sic), such strange BRĒTHREN who may have a desire of joining the Merchants

Lodge, No. 1, Quebec, may obtain Liberty, by applying to Miles Prenties, at the Sun, in St. John Street, who has Tickets, Price Five Shillings, for that Day.

"One thing is evident, that a printing establishment of 1764 had to be supplied with abundance of italics and capitals to meet the exigencies of the typographic fashion of the time.

"Of the two remaining advertisements, one is an order of the Collector of Customs for the prevention of composition for duties and the other gives a list of 'an assortment of goods,' 'just imported from London, and to be sold at the lowest prices by John Baird, in the upper part of Mr. Henry Morin's house at the entry of the Cul de Sac'--an assortment which is very comprehensive, ranging from leather breeches to frying-pans. From this and subsequent trade advertisements we are able to gather some not unimportant information as to the manner of living of the citizens of Quebec in those days." [22]

William Brown was succeeded in the editorship and proprietorship of this venerable sheet by his nephew, Samuel Neilson, the elder brother of John Neilson, who for years was the trusted member for the County of Quebec; as widely known as a journalist--a legislator--in 1822 our worthy ambassador to England--as he was respected as a patriot.

Samuel Neilson had died in 1793;--his young brother and protege, John, born at Dornald, in Scotland, in 1776, being, in 1793, a minor, the Gazette was conducted by the late Rev. Dr. Alex. Sparks, his guardian, until 1796. When John Neilson became of full age, he assumed the direction of the paper for more than half a century, either in his own name or in that of his son Samuel. Hon. John Neilson closed his long and spotless career, at his country seat (Dornald), at Cap Rouge, on the 1st February, 1848, aged 71 years. Who has not heard of the Nestor of the Canadian Press, honest John Neilson? May his memory ever remain bright and fragrant--a beacon to guide those treading the intricate paths of Journalism--a shining light to generations yet unborn!

In a pretty rustic cemetery, the site of which was presented by himself to the Presbyterian Church of Valcartier, near Quebec, were laid, on the 4th February, 1848, the remains of this patriotic man--escorted by citizens of every origin, after an eloquent address had been delivered by the Rev. Dr. John Cook, the present pastor of St Andrew's Church.

The Literary and Historical Society of Quebec is indebted to his son John Neilson, of Dornald, for a precious relic, the iron lever of the first Press used at Quebec in 1764--precious, indeed, as a souvenir of Canadian Journalism.

There are indeed many Scotch names associated with the Quebec Press. Space precludes us from enlarging more on this subject. In alluding to notable Quebec Journalists we are bound to name Daniel Wilkie, LL.D., the editor of the Quebec Star,--a literary gazette--in 1818--still better remembered as the esteemed instructor of Quebec youth for forty years.

Dr. Wilkie was born at Tollcross, in Scotland, in 1777, one year later than John Neilson: he settled in Quebec in 1803, and died here on the 10th May, 1851. His pupils had the following truthful words inscribed on the monument they erected to their patron in Mount Hermon cemetery:

"He was a learned scholar

And indefatigable student of philosophy and letters,
An able and successful instructor of youth,
Of genuine uprightness and guileless simplicity
A devout, benevolent and public spirited man."

The Abbe Vignal resided at the corner of St. Louis and Parloir street, previous to joining the *_Sulpiciens_*. In October, 1661, he was roasted alive and partly eaten by the Mohawks at Isle a la Pierre, *_la Prairie de la Magdeleine_*, near Montreal. In our day, the judicial and parliamentary heads, and the Bar have monopolized the street. In it have resided at various times, Sir N. F. Belleau, Chief Justice Duval, the Judges Taschereau, Tessier, Bosse, Caron, Routhier; Hon. H. L. Langevin, P. Pelletier, M.P.; Messrs. Bosse, Baby, Alleyn, Languedoc, Tessier, Chouinard, Hamel, Gauthier, Bradley, Dunbar, *_cum multis aliis_*, some of whose rustic clients are as early birds as those in the days of Horace, and scruple not to wake up their trusted advisers, "*_sub galli cantum_*." [23]

St. Louis street legal luminaries are careful not to endanger their hard-earned reputations by delivering their consultations with the oracular, Solon-like gravity of the barristers who flourished in the palmy days of Hortensius or Justinian. 'Twould be an anachronism. The traditional fee, however, is rarely omitted. A busy day, indeed, in this neighborhood, watched over by the shades of Louis XIII., St. Louis street, is, in each year, the 1st of September, when the close of the sultry midsummer vacation brings round "the first day of term," then

"Grave gowmsmen, full of thought, to 'chambers hie,
From court to court, perplexed, attorneys fly;
... each! Quick scouring to and thro',
And wishing he could cut himself in two
That he two places at a time might reach,
So he could charge his six and eightpence each."
--(*_The Bar, a Poem_*, 1825.)

Matters judicial, legal, financial, etc., have much changed--we are inclined to say improved--in Canada, especially for the Judges. "I will not say," writes the satirical La Hontan, "that justice is more chaste and disinterested here than in France; but, at least, if she is sold, she is sold cheaper. We do not pass through the clutches of advocates, the talons of attorneys and the claws of clerks. These vermin do not infest Canada yet. Everybody pleads his own cause. Our Themis is prompt, and she does not bristle with fees, costs and charges. The judges have only four hundred francs a year--a great temptation to look for law in the bottom of the suitor's purse. Four hundred francs! Not enough to buy a cap and gown, so these gentry never wear them." [24] Justice is not now sold, either in Quebec or elsewhere, but judges, on the other hand, viz., in Ottawa, receive, not "four hundred francs," but thirty-five thousand francs (\$7,000) a year, and have "enough to buy a cap and a gown," yea, and a brilliant red one, to boot. *_Voila un progres_*.

On an old plan, in our possession, of the Cape and Mount Carmel, showing the whereabouts of lots and the names of their proprietors, drawn by Le Maitre Lamorille, a royal surveyor, bearing date 20th May, 1756, and duly sanctioned by the French Intendant Bigot on the 23rd January, 1759, can be seen at Mont Carmel, St. Louis street, a lot marked "No. 16, M. Pean." [25]

M. Pean, Town Major of Quebec, a trusted confederate of the Intendant

Bigot, the proprietor of this land, was the husband of the beautiful Angelique de Meloises, the *_inamorata_* of the voluptuous and munificent Intendant. In her youth she had been a pupil of the Ursuline nuns. In his *_Reminiscences of Quebec_*, 2nd edition republished in 1859, Col. Cockburn thus alludes to this St. Louis street house (now Dominion property and occupied by Lt.-Col. Forest and Lt.-Col. D'Orsonnes). "It sometimes happened in those days, when a gentleman possessed a very handsome wife, that the husband was sent to take charge of a distant post, where he was sure to make his fortune. Bigot's *_chere amie_* was Madame P---- in consequence of which as a matter of course, Mr. P---- became prodigiously wealthy. Bigot had a house that stood where the officers barracks in St Louis street, now (1851) stands. One New Year's Day he presented this house to Madame P---- as a New Year's gift."

Mr. Kirby, in his "*_Chien d'Or_*," a historical novel of rare Merit, thus recalls this house--"The family mansion of the des Meloises was a tall and rather pretentious edifice overlooking the fashionable rue St Louis where it still stands, old and melancholy as if mourning over its departed splendors. Few eyes look up now-a-days to its broad facade. It was otherwise when the beautiful Angelique de Meloises sat of summer evenings on the balcony, surrounded by a bevy of Quebec's fairest daughters, who loved to haunt her windows where they could see and be seen to the best advantage exchanging salutations, smiles and repartees with the gay young officers and gallants who rode or walked along its lively thoroughfare."

The novelist has selected this historic house for the meeting of the lovers, on Christmas Eve 1748. Here Le Gardeur de Repentigny, the loyal and devoted cavalier was to meet the fascinating, but luckless Cleopatra of St Louis street a century ago and more.

"As Le Gardeur spoke, adds Mr. Kirby; a strain of heavenly harmony arose from the chapel of the Convent of the Ursulines, where they were celebrating midnight service for the safety of New France. Amid the sweet voices that floated up on the notes of the pealing organ was clearly distinguished that of Mere St. Borgia, the aunt of Angelique, who led the choir of nuns. In trills and cadences of divine melody, the voice of Mere St. Borgia rose higher and higher, like a spirit mounting the skies. The words were indistinct, but Angelique knew them by heart. She had visited her aunt in the convent, and had learned the new hymn composed by her for the solemn occasion. As they listened with quiet awe to the supplicating strain, Angelique repeated to Le Gardeur the words of the hymn as it was sung by the choir of nuns:--

Soutenez, grande Reine,

Notre pauvre pays!
Il est votre domaine,
Faites fleurir nos lis!
L'Anglais sur nos frontieres,
Porte ses etandards
Exaucez nos prieres
Protegez nos remparts!"

"The hymn ceased. Both stood mute until the watchman cried the hour in the silent street."

We shall not follow further the beautiful but heartless Cleopatra through her deadly schemes of conquest, or in her flight after the Intendant.

Sixteen years after the departure of the Court beauty, on a dark, stormy winter morning, the 31st December, 1775, a loud note of alarm awoke at dawn from their slumbers the demure denizens of St. Louis street. It was the captain of the guard, Captain Malcolm Fraser, [26] formerly of Fraser's Highlanders (78th), but now of the 84th Royal Emigrants, Col. Allan McLean--who, on going his rounds between 4 and 5 in the morning, had passed the guard at St. Louis gate, and had noticed flashes like lightning on the heights without the works. Convinced it was for an attack, he sent notice to all the guards, and ran down St. Louis street, calling "Turn out" as loud and as often as he could. The alarm soon caught the quick ear of the General (Guy Carleton) and the picquet at the Recollets Convent was instantly turned out. Captain Fraser's alarm was timely. Before eight o'clock on that memorable December morning, Benedict Arnold had been wounded, routed at the Sault au Matelot barricade, and 427 of his daring men taken prisoners of war, whilst the Commander-in-Chief, Brigadier-General Richard Montgomery and thirteen followers were lying dead in their snowy shrouds at Pres-de-Ville. The rest had taken flight.

The saddest sight ever witnessed in St. Louis street was that which heralded to its awe-struck denizens the issue of the momentous conflict on the adjoining heights in Sept. 1759.

In the paper read by the writer before the Literary and Historical Society of Quebec, on the 3rd of December, 1879, the mournful appearance of the French hero, Montcalm, is thus described:--

"The morning of the 13th September, 1759, has dawned; an astounding rumour fills the air; the citizens of Quebec repeat with bated breath: _Wolfe's army is at the gates of the city._

"Hark! What means this deafening roar of artillery--this hissing of shot and shell--these rolling, murderous volleys of musketry in the direction of the heights of Abraham?

"Hark! to these loud cheers--British cheers mixed with the discordant yells of those savage warriors, Fraser's Highlanders! The fate of a continent has just been decided. The genius of William Pitt has triumphed, though victory was bought at a dear price.

"Here comes from St. Louis gate [27] on his way to the Chateau, pale, but dauntless--on a black charger--supported by two grenadiers, one on each side of his horse, a General officer wearing the uniform which won at Fontenoy, won at Laufeldt, as well as at the Monongahela [28] and at Carillon. [29] A bloody trail crimsons the _Grande Allee_, St. Louis street, on that gloomy September day. My friends, 'tis the life-blood of a hero. Drop in reverential silence, on the moistened earth, a sympathetic tear; France's chivalrous leader, the victor of many battle-fields, has returned from his last campaign.

"_Oh! mon Dieu! mon Dieu! Le Marquis est tue,_" is repeated by female voices as the death-stricken but intrepid general glides past, to which he courteously replies, trying to quiet their fears, 'that he was not seriously hurt, and not to distress themselves on his account.' '_Ce n'est rien! ce n'est rien! ne vous affligez pas pour moi, mes bonnes amies._'

"You have all heard the account of the death-bed scene--of his tender solicitude for the good name of France--of his dying injunctions to de Ramesay, the King's lieutenant in charge of the Quebec Garrison, and

to the Colonel of the Roussillon Regiment. 'Gentlemen, to your keeping I commend the honour of France. Endeavour to secure the retreat of my army to-night beyond Cape Rouge. As for myself, I shall pass the night with God, and prepare for death.'

"At nine o'clock in the evening of that 14th of September, 1759, a funeral cortege, issuing from the castle, winds its way through the dark and obstructed streets to the little church of the Ursulines. With the heavy tread of the coffin-bearers keeps time the measured footsteps of the military escort. De Ramesay and the other officers of the garrison following to their resting-place the lifeless remains of their illustrious commander-in-chief. No martial pomp was displayed around that humble bier, but the hero who had afforded at his dying hour the sublime spectacle of a Christian yielding up his soul to God in the most admirable sentiments of faith and resignation, was not laid in unconsecrated ground. No burial rite could be more solemn than that hurried evening service performed by torchlight under the dilapidated roof of a sacred asylum, where the soil had been first laid bare by one of the rude engines of war--a bombshell. The grave tones of the priests murmuring the *Libera me, Domine* were responded to by the sighs and tears of consecrated virgins, henceforth the guardians of the precious deposit, which, but for inevitable fate, would have been reserved to honour some proud mausoleum. With gloomy forebodings and bitter thoughts de Ramesay and his companions in arms withdrew in silence.

"A few citizens had gathered in, and among the rest one led by the hand his little daughter, who, looking into the grave, saw and remembered, more than three fourths of a century later, the rough wooden box, which was all the ruined city could afford to enclose the remains of her defender.

"The skull of the Marquis of Montcalm, exhumed in the presence of the Rev. Abbe Maguire, almoner, in 1833, many here present, I am sure, have seen in a casket, reverently exposed in the room of the present almoner of the Ursuline Convent."

SOCIETY UNDER EARLY ENGLISH RULE.

Under the sway of the English Government, Canada soon recovered her wonted gaiety, and the social condition of the country, following on so large an admixture of a different nationality, is a subject stimulating inquiry. We cannot do better than have recourse again to Mr. Reade's graphic pen in an article on "British Canada in the Last Century," contributed to the *New Dominion Monthly*, and suggested by the *Quebec Gazette* of 1783, the *St. Louis Street* journal above quoted:--

"If there were nothing left to the enquirer but the single advertisement of John Baird, which appeared in the first number of the *Quebec Gazette*, as the basis of information, he might, with a moderate power of inductiveness, construct a very fair account of the mode of living pursued at Quebec a hundred years ago. But the fact is he is overwhelmed with *data*, and his chief difficulty is to choose with discrimination. There is certainly ample evidence to show that the inhabitants of the ancient capital did not stint themselves in the luxuries of their day and generation. The amount of wine which they consumed was something enormous, nor are we wanting in proof that it was used among the better classes to an extent which public opinion

would not allow at the present day. A correspondent, more inclined to sobriety than his fellow citizens, after complimenting Quebec society for its politeness and hospitality--in which qualities it still excels--finds fault with the social custom by which 'men are excited and provoked by healths and rounds of toasts to fuddle themselves in as indecent a manner as if they were in a tavern or in the most unpolished company.' In connection with this state of affairs it may be interesting to give the prices of different wines at that period: Fine Old Red Port was sold at 17 shillings a dozen, Claret at 12s., Priniac at 17s.; Muscat at 24s., Modena at 27s., Malaga at 17s.; Lisbon at 17s.; Fyall at 15s.

"Mr. Simon Fraser, perhaps one of those converted Jacobites who scaled the height of Quebec, in 1759, turned civilian, gives us the price of tea: Single Green tea is 13s. a pound, Best Hyson, 25s; Bohea, 6/6d. Pity that tea was so dear and wine so cheap! Bread was very cheap, and large quantities of wheat were exported--whereas now Lower Canada has to import the most of its cereals. Great attention was paid to dress, and though no sumptuary laws were in force, the principle on which they were founded was still remembered, and attire bespoke the position of the wearer. The articles and styles advertised by drapers and tailors are, of course, in accordance with the manufacture and fashion of the time. The lists of dry goods and fancy goods are very full, but to those engaged in the business now the antique nomenclature might be puzzling. Irish linen was sold at from 1/6 to 7/0 per yard, and Irish sheeting at from 1/6 to 2/6. We are not told the prices of tammies or durants, romals or molletons, cades or shalloons, but we are always carefully informed that they may be had at the lowest prices. Pains are also taken, in many instances, to indicate the previous experience of the advertisers. Thus tailors and mantua-makers generally 'hail from' London. Mr. Hanna, the watch-maker, whose time-keepers still tick attestation to his industry and popularity, is proud to have learned his trade by the banks of the Liffey. Mr. Bennie, tailor and habit-maker, from Edinburgh, 'begs leave to inform the public that all gentlemen and ladies who will be so good as to favour him with their custom may depend upon being faithfully served on the shortest notice and in the newest fashion for ready money or short credit, on the most reasonable terms.' There were peruke-makers in those days and they seem to have thriven well in Quebec, if we may judge by their advertised sales of real estate. Jewellers also seem to have had plenty to do, as they advertise occasionally for assistants instead of customers. Furriers, hatters, _couturieres_ and shoemakers also present their claims to public favour, so that there was no lack of provision for the wants of the outer man.

"From the general tone and nature of the advertisements it is easily inferred that the society of Quebec soon after the conquest was gay and luxurious. We are not surprised when we find that a theatrical company found it worth their while to take up their abode there. Among the pieces played we find Home's 'Douglas' and Otway's 'Venice Preserved.' The doors were opened at five o'clock and the entertainment began at half-past six! The frequenters of the 'Thespian Theatre' were a select and privileged class, and only subscribers were admitted. Private theatricals were much in vogue; and, indeed, there was every variety of amusement which climate could allow or suggest, or the lovers of frolic devise. Nor were bards wanting to celebrate these festivities, witness the following extract from a 'carioling song:'

"Not all the fragrance of the spring,
Nor all the tuneful birds that sing,
Can to the _Plains_ the ladies bring,
So soon as carioling.

"Nor Venus with the winged Loves,
Drawn by her sparrows or her doves,
So gracefully or swiftly moves,
As ladies carioling,"

"Another poet, whose mind was evidently less healthily braced by outdoor exercise, gives us a very different picture of the recreations of the period. It occurs in the course of an essay in versification called 'Evening.'

"Now minuets o'er, the country dance is formed
See every little female passion rise,
By jealousy, by pride, by envy warmed,
See Adam's child the child of Eve despise.

"With turned-up nose Belinda Chloe eyes,
Chloe Myrtila with contempt surveys,
"What! with that creature dance!" Cleora cries,
"That vulgar wretch! I faint--unlace my stays.

* * * * *

"Now meet in groups the philosophic band,
Not in the porch, like those of ancient Greece,
But where the best Madeira is at hand
From thought the younger students to release

"For Hoyle's disciples hold it as a rule
That youth for knowledge should full dearly pay,
Wherefore to make young cubs the fitter tool
Presuming sense by Lethean drafts they slay.

* * * * *

"With all the fury of a tempest torn,
With execrations horrible to hear,
By all the wrath of disappointment borne,
The cards, their garments, hair, the losers tear.'

"The winner's unfeeling composure is described in another verse, and

"Now dissipation reigns in varied forms
Now riot in the bowl the senses steeps,
Whilst nature's child, secure from passion's storms,
With tranquil mind in sweet oblivion sleeps.'

"It is to be hoped, for the honour of the ladies and gentlemen of old Quebec, that 'Asmodeus' was under the malign influence of envy, hatred and all uncharitableness when he wrote those cynical verses. If he wrote the truth we cannot be too thankful that the Chloes and Cleoras are dead and buried.

"Who was Miss Hannah MacCulloch? She _was_ a young lady once; and, if

we may believe her panegyrist, was a beauty in her day. The acrostic in her honor is anonymous, and occasion is taken in the course of it to almost mention some other young ladies by the way of making a climax of her charms. The poet seems to have been inspired by indignation at the insinuations of 'Asmodeus,' for he begins thus.

"Muses, how oft does Satire's vengeful gall
Invoke your powers to aid its bitter sting,'

and then he prefers his own claims to the favor of the Nine

"Sure you will rather listen to my call,
Since beauty and Quebec's fair nymphs I sing'

"It seems his petition was heard, for he forthwith begins his laudation:

"Henceforth Diana in Miss S--ps--n see,
As noble and majestic is her air,
Nor can fair Venus, W--lc--s, vie with thee,
Nor all her heavenly charms with thine compare.

"Around the B--ch--rs Juno's glory plays,
Her power and charms in them attract our praise
Minerva, who with beauty's queen did vie
And patronized all the finer arts,
Crowned the McN--ls with her divinity,
Crowned them the queens of beauty and of hearts.

"Unto fair F--m--n now I turn my song,
Lovely in all she says, in all she does,
Lo! to her toilet see each goddess throng,
One cannot all, but each a charm bestows
Could all these beauties in one female be,
Her whom I sing would be the lovely she.'

"This effusion provoked more criticism than many a book of poetry is subjected to nowadays, and the censors were in their turn criticized by others. Montreal even took part in this literary tournament. But we are left in the dark as to its effect on the spirits, tempers or destinies of Miss MacCulloch and her sister belles.

"It would seem that the author was a young clerk or merchant of Quebec, as one of the critics spitefully tells him not to desert his shop. The ladies themselves do not escape, one writer suggesting that they are coquettish enough already without making them more so. The Montreal correspondent is warned off as an intruder, and told that he had better have saved his ninepence of postage money. Just imagine this silly acrostic furnishing gossip for Quebec and matter for the _Gazette_ for two months!

"As another note of the state of society at that time may be mentioned occasional advertisements for the sale of negro lads and wenches, or of rewards for the recovery and restoration of missing ones. Slavery was not abolished in Lower Canada till 1803. In Upper Canada, as a separate province, it hardly ever existed. Did the manumitted blacks remain in Canada after their liberation, or did they seek a more congenial climate?

"For education there does not seem to have been any public provision, but private schools for both sexes were numerous. These were probably expensive, so that the poorer classes were virtually debarred from the advantages of learning. The instruction of Catholic children was in the hands of the clergy, and it may be that in some of the conventual schools a certain number were admitted free of expense or at reduced rates. It would appear that some of the young ladies were sent to English boarding-schools, if we may judge by advertisements in which the advantages of these institutions are set forth.

"A Miss or Mrs. Agnes Galbraith not only taught school, but also carried on the millinery business, to which she informs the public that she had served a regular apprenticeship, besides having been 'a governess for several years to a genteel boarding-school.'

"The principal of a boys' school who resided at Three Rivers 'respectfully begs leave to remark that he means to presume no further than he is perfectly able to perform, and build his hope of encouragement on no other foundation than his assiduity to merit it.' His 'course' is nevertheless a pretty full one, including English, French, Latin, Greek, writing in a natural and easy style after the best precedents; arithmetic, vulgar and decimal; geography, with use of the globes; geometry, navigation with all the late modern improvements; algebra, and every other useful and ornamental branch of mathematical learning. Some of the other male teachers write in a similar strain of their qualifications."

"It may be inferred, then, that the wealthier classes of Canada in those days had much the same advantages of culture as their friends in England. Intercourse with the mother country was much more general and frequent than might be imagined, and, no doubt, many young gentlemen, after a preliminary training at a colonial academy, were sent home to enter some of the English public schools or universities. From the higher ranks downwards education varied till it reached the 'masses,' with whom its index was a cipher. There is no reason to suppose, however, that the population of Canada, taken as a whole, was less cultivated during the last forty years of the eighteenth century than that of any European nation during the same period. From the consideration of education, one naturally passes to that of crime. Thefts were frequent, and sometimes committed on a large scale. The punishment was whipping at a cart-tail through the streets of the city--the culprits themselves being whipped and whipsters in turn. Assault, stealing in private houses, and highway robbery were punished with death. The expiation for manslaughter was being branded in the hand which did the deed. Desertion was very frequent, especially among the Hessians and Brunswickers then stationed in Canada. In some cases they were promised pardon if they returned to their regiments, but woe to them if they returned against their will! Towards the end of the year 1783 'Gustavus Leight, a German doctor, confined for felony, broke out of His Majesty's jail at Quebec.' He was '25 years of age, about 5 feet high.' We are not told whether or not he was captured as the advertisement is continued to the end of the year, but if he did not change his dress he could not have succeeded in baffling very long the keen eye of a detective, for "he had on, when he made his escape, a brown coat, red plush waistcoat, white stockings and cock'd hat.' If such a gentleman made his appearance in the streets of any Canadian city to-day, he would certainly be requested to 'move on,' or asked to 'explain his motives.' One thing is certain, that prisoners for felony in the year 1783 had not to submit to any arbitrary sumptuary

arrangement--at least in the Quebec _gaol_ (as it is always spelled in the _Gazette_, perhaps because it is the goal of evildoers).

"The general state of society in Montreal, as well as in Three Rivers, St. Johns, L'Assomption, Terrebonne, Sorel and the other towns and villages in existence at the period which we are considering was, in all probability, very like that of Quebec--the last-mentioned place having, of course, a certain prestige as the capital.

"It would be futile to attempt to give an accurate picture of the appearance of Montreal or Quebec at that distant date, and a description pretending to accuracy would not be possible without the collation of more ancient records than are easily obtainable by one person. The names of some of the streets, as Notre Dame, St. Paul and St. Antoine in Montreal, and St. John's, Fabrique, St. Peter and others in Quebec, are still unchanged. Villages near these towns, such as Ste. Foye, Beauport, Charlesbourg, Sault aux Recollets, St. Denis, Ste. Therese, etc., are also frequently mentioned in the old _Gazettes_. Detroit and Niagara were places of considerable importance, and St. Johns, Chambly, Berthier, L'Assomption, L'Acadie and other places were much more influential communities in comparison with the population of the country than they are to-day. The authorities at Quebec and Montreal were not wanting in endeavors to keep these cities clean, to judge, at least, by the published 'regulations for the police.' Every householder was obliged to put the Scotch proverbs in force, and keep clean and 'free from filth, mud, dirt, rubbish straw or hay' one-half of the street opposite his own house. The 'cleanings' were to be deposited on the beach, as they still are in portions of Montreal and Quebec which border on the river. Treasure-trove in the shape of stray hogs could be kept by the finder twenty-four hours after the event, if no claim had been made in the meantime, and if the owner declared himself in person or through the bellman, he had to pay 10s. before he could have his pork restored. Five shillings was the penalty for a stray horse. The regulations for vehicles, slaughter-houses, sidewalks, markets, etc., were equally strict. Among other duties, the carters had to keep the markets clean. The keepers of taverns, inns and coffee-houses had to light the streets. Every one entering the town in a sleigh had to carry a shovel with him for the purpose of levelling _cahots_ which interrupted his progress, 'at any distance within three leagues of the town.' The rates of cabs and ferry-boats are fixed with much precision. No carter was allowed to plead a prior engagement, but was to go 'with the person who first demanded him, under a penalty of twenty shillings.' The rate of speed was also regulated, and boys were not allowed to drive.

"Constant reference is made to the walls and gates of Montreal as well as Quebec, and there is reason to believe the smaller towns were similarly fortified. Beyond the walls, however, there was a considerable population, and many of the military officers, Government officials and merchants had villas without the city. The area in Montreal which lies between Craig, St. Antoine and Sherbrooke streets was studded with country-houses with large gardens and orchards attached. The seigneurs and other gentry had also fine, capacious stone-built residences, which much enhanced the charm of the rural scenery. Some of the estates of those days were of almost immense extent. The Kings of France thought nothing of granting a whole province, and, even in British times, there were gentlemen whose acres would have superimposed an English county. The extraordinary donation

of James I. of a large portion of North America to Sir William Alexander was not long since brought before the public by the claims of his descendants. Large tracts of land were given away by Louis XIII., Louis XIV. and other French kings, by Oliver Cromwell and the Stuarts, and the same extravagant system of entailing unmanageable wealth on companies and individuals was continued after the conquest.

"It would be interesting to know what was the kind of literary fare on which the intellect of Canada subsisted in those days. It cannot be supposed that the people spent all their time in business and social pleasure. There must have been readers as well as carolers and dancers, and the literature of England and France was by no means scanty. Great writers on every subject have flourished since that time, but some of the greatest that ever lived, some of those whose productions are still read with the highest pleasure, were the offspring of the two centuries which preceded the conquest. No one will be surprised to find, then, that in the year 1783, a circulating library in Quebec numbered nearly 2,000 volumes. Nor is the enquirer left in the dark as to its probable contents. In the Quebec Gazette of the 4th of December, a list of books is given which 'remained unsold at M. Jacques Perrault's, very elegantly bound'--and books were bound substantially as well as elegantly in those days. In this list are found 'Johnson's Dictionary,' then regarded as one of the wonders of the literary world, 'Chesterfield's Letters,' long the vade-mecum of every young gentleman beginning life, and which, even in our own days (and perhaps still), were frequently bound along with spelling and reading books, the 'Pilgrim's Progress', which it is not necessary to characterize, Young's 'Night Thoughts,' the 'Spectator' and 'Guardian,' Rapin's 'English History,' 'Cook's Voyages,' Rousseau's 'Eloise,' 'Telemaque,' 'Histoire Chinoise,' 'Esprit des Croissades,' 'Lettres de Fernand Cortes,' 'Histoire Ancienne' par Rollin, 'Grammaire Anglaise et Francaise,' 'Dictionnaire par l'Academie,' 'Dictionnaire de Commerce,' 'Dictionary of the Arts and Sciences,' 'Smith's Housewife,' 'The Devil on Sticks,' 'Voltaire's Essay on Universal History,' 'Dictionnaire de Cuisine' and several others on various subjects, 'Oeuvres de Rabelais,' 'American Gazetteer,' etc. These, it will be remembered, had remained unsold, but among the sold there must have been copies of the same.

"It is, according to our notions of to-day, a meagre collection, but, no doubt, many families possessed good libraries, brought with them from over the sea, and the bookseller may not have kept a large stock at one time. It was the custom for merchants to sell off all their overlying goods before they went or sent to Europe for a reinforcement.

"The following books were advertised as 'missing:'--Langhorn's Plutarch, 1st vol., Thomson's Works, 4th vol., Gordon's 'Universal Accountant,' 1st vol.; and Gray's Hudibras, 2nd vol. For each one of them there is offered a reward of two dollars! Reading was expensive recreation in those times.

"The reader, perhaps, has seen, or, it may be, possesses one of those old libraries, of which the general public occasionally have a glimpse at auction rooms, composed of standard authors, and beautifully and solidly bound, which had adorned the studies of the fathers of our country. They contain all that was best in the French and English literature of the last century--history, poetry, divinity, belles lettres, science and art. From these may be gathered what were the

tastes, the culture and the thought of the Canadians of the last century.

"Music and painting were cultivated--the former being, as now, a necessary part of female education. Of a festival given by the young ladies of a place called La Cote, near Quebec, in 1764, it is promised in the programme that "the orchestra and symphony will be composed of instruments of all kinds." It may interest some ladies to know that among the dances at the same entertainment are mentioned 'l'Harlequinade,' 'La Chinoise,' and 'La Matelote Hollandaise'--some relation, perhaps, to the 'Sailor's Hornpipe.'

"The settlement in Canada of the United Empire Loyalists, after the peace of September, 1783, by which the independence of the revolted colonies was recognized, must have had a considerable influence on Canadian society, and more than atoned for sufferings inflicted on the colony during the progress of the war. Repeated efforts had been made by the Americans to engage the affections of the Canadians. Among those whom Congress had appointed commissioners to treat with the Canadian people on this subject was the renowned Dr. Benjamin Franklin, whose visit to this country was not the most successful portion of his career. Although in some instances there was a manifestation of disaffection to the British Government, the great bulk of the population remained unmistakably loyal. In the Quebec Gazette of October 23rd, 1783, is found the Act of Parliament passed in favour of the Loyalists, in which the 25th day of March, 1784, is fixed as the limit of the period during which claims for relief or compensation for the loss of property should be received. How many availed themselves of the provisions of this act it is not easy to say, but the whole number of persons dispossessed of their estates and forced to seek another home in consequence of their continued allegiance, is set down at from 25,000 to 30,000. Of these, the great majority took up their abodes in the Canadas, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, while a few went to the West Indies, and others returned to England. The biographies of some of these Loyalist settlers in British North America would be full of interest and instruction. But records of family movements and vicissitudes are very rarely kept--most rarely in those cases in which adventures are most frequent and the course of events most changeful. I have, however, seen accounts of the early settlements in the Eastern Townships, P. Q., and in different portions of Ontario, which were full of the romance of faith, of courage, and of perseverance."

THE ST. LOUIS HOTEL

A sketch of this fashionable thoroughfare--St. Louis street--the headquarters of the judiciary, barristers, politicians, etc., would be incomplete without a mention of the chief trysting-place of travellers and tourists for the last thirty years--the leading hostelry of Quebec. St. Louis Hotel is made up of two or more private dwellings joined together. That on the corner of Haldimand and St. Louis streets formerly was owned as a residence by the late Edward Burroughs, Esq., P. S. C. Next to it stood, in 1837, Schlupe's Hotel--the Globe Hotel--kept by a German, and where the military swells in 1837-8-9 and our jolly curlers used to have recherche dinners or their frugal "beef and greens" and fixings. In 1848, Mr. Burroughs' house was rented to one Robert Bambrick, who subsequently opened a second-class hotel at the corner of Ste. Anne and Garden streets, on the spot on which the Queen's printer, the late Mr.

George Desbarats, built a stately office for the printing of the Canada Gazette--subsequently sold on the removal of the Government to Ottawa--now the Russell House. The Globe Hotel belonged to the late B. C. A. Gogy, Esq. It was purchased by the late Messrs Lelievre & Angers, barristers, connected with two or three adjacent tenements, and rented, about 1852, to Messrs. Azro and Willis Russell (represented now by the Russell Hotel Company) for the St. Louis Hotel. Connected by a door through the wall with the Music Hall, it is a notable landmark in St. Louis street and an object of considerable interest to city cabmen as well, during the season of tourists. Its dining saloon, on the second floor, has witnessed many bountiful repasts, to celebrate social, military, political or literary events, none better remembered than that of the 17th of November, 1880, when the elite of Quebec crowded in unusual numbers--about one hundred and eighty citizens, English and French--to do honour, by a public banquet, to the laureate of the French Academy, M. Louis Honore Frechette, [30] to celebrate his receiving in August last, in Paris, from the Academie Francaise, the unprecedented distinction, for a colonist, of the Grand Prix Monthyon (2,000 livres) for the excellence of his poetry.

Subjoined will be found the names of some of those present, also, extracts from a few of the addresses delivered. We regret much that want of space precludes us from adding more of the eloquent speeches delivered, because they throw light for English readers on the high degree of culture French literature has attained at Quebec. All, we are sure, will rejoice with us that, for the cause of letters, M. Frechette was timely rescued from the quagmire of political warfare and hustings promises.

THE FRECHETTE DINNER, NOVEMBER 17, 1880.

"Mr. L. H. Frechette, the laureate of the French Academy, was last night the recipient of marks of honor and esteem, in the shape of a magnificent banquet given him at the St. Louis Hotel, by the citizens of Quebec and vicinity. The tables were laid in the large dining hall of the St. Louis Hotel, which was handsomely decorated for the occasion. The walls were partially covered with French and English flags, and wreaths of evergreen surrounded all the windows. Behind the Chairman, on a bracket, was an excellent bust of the Canadian poet, having on either side paintings of scenes in Mr. Frechette's drama, 'Papineau,' by Mr. E. W. Sewell, Levis.

"Over 125 gentlemen sat down to the banquet, amongs-whom we noticed--The Honorable Judge Henri T. Taschereau, M. Lefaivre, Consul of France, Count de Premio-Real, Consul-General of Spain, the Baron Bols, Consul-General of Belgium, Major Wasson, Consul of the United States, M. Thors, Hon. W. Laurier, Hon. I. Thibaudeau, Hon. C. A. P. Pelletier, C.M.G. Hon. D. A. Ross, M.P.P., Achille Larue, N.P., Charles Langelier, M.P.P., Hon. H. G. Joly, M.P.P., Hon. F. Langelier, M.P.P., Hon. Arthur Turcotte, Speaker of the Assembly, Dr. Rinfret, M.P.P, P. B. Casgrain, N.P., James Dunbar, Esq., Q.C., Nazaire Turcotte, Dr. Colin Sewell, Oscar Dunn, C. Antil, B. Bedard, G. T. Davie, G. Pare, Henri Delagrave, W. E. Brunet, E. W. Sewell, F. X. Lemieux, Faucher de St. Maurice, F. M. Dechene, G. E. T. Rinfret, O. L. Richardson, Louis Bilodeau, Oscar Lanctot, N. Levasseur, George Stewart, jr., Edward Thomas, D. Chambers, F. G. Gautier, Paul de Cazes, R. J. Bradley, D. J. Montambault, T. Godfroy Papineau, N.P., Montreal, De La Broquerie Tache, C. Massiah, James M. LeMoine, President Literary and Historical Society, W. J. Wyatt, Alphonse Pouliot, Dr. L. LaRue, Colonel Rhodes, Dr. Pourtier, C. Duquet, V.

Belanger, Charles Langlois, W. C. Languedoc, Alfred White, Peter McEwan, George Henry Powell, A. P. Beaulieu, Alfred Lemieux, Elie Lachance, Richard L. Suffur, Lieut.-Col. Turnbull, H. M. Price, R. St. B. Young, G. R. White, Captain Gzowski, J. U. Laird, Chariot, Fitzpatrick, E. Swindell, E. J. Hale, Cecil Fraser, Aug. Stuart, C. V. M. Temple, Timolaus Beaulieu, C. S. Beaulieu, N. Laforce, George Bouchard, L. N. Carrier, J. B. Michaud, Dr. Lamontagne. Dr. Collet, Arthur Lavigne, P. Boutin, M.P.P., F. Fortier, G. Bresse, J. S. C. Wurtele, M.P.P., P. E. Godbout, Paul Dumas, Lieutenant Drury, Captain Wilson, H. G. Sheppard, J. B. Charleson, Dr. Hubert LaRue, H. J. J. B. Chouinard, President de l'Institut Canadien, H. J. Beemer, J. L. Renaud, E. W. Methot, E. C. E. Gauthier, O. Leger, J. E. Pouliot, D. R. Barry, L. P. Lemay, Jacques Auger, Ernest Pacaud, J. Allaire, M.P., T. G. Tremblay, M.P., J. J. Gahan, Joseph Blondeau, Thomas Potvin, J. B. Z. Dubeau, Frs. Bertrand, J. C. Hamel, Emile Jacot, John Buchanan, Antoine Carrier, William Breakey.

"The Chair was occupied by Hon. Judge H. T. Taschereau, having on his right the guest of the evening, L. H. Frechette, the Count Premio-Real, Hon. C. A. P. Pelletier, Mr. Wasson, Hon. F. Langelier, M. Thors of Paris, &c., and on his left the Consul-General for France, Hon. Mr. Laurier, Mr. Bols, Hon. D. Ross, &c.

"The banquet was given in the well-known excellent style of the Russell Hotel Company, which never leaves anything to be desired. After full justice had been done the good things provided for the occasion, silence was obtained, when the following resolution, presented to Mr. Frechette by the Literary and Historical Society of Quebec, was read by the Secretary, Mr. Delagrave:--

"At a monthly general meeting of the Literary and Historical Society, held on the 13th October last:

"It was proposed by Commander Ashe, R.N., seconded by R. McLeod, Esq.,

"That the Literary and Historical Society of Quebec has witnessed with the highest satisfaction the literary honours conferred in August last, by the Academie Francaise, on Monsieur Louis Honore Frechette, for the poetical excellence of his two poems, 'Les Fleurs Boreales' and 'Les Oiseaux de Neige.'

"That the Academical crown, encircling the brow of a Canadian poet, ought to be as much prized by Canada as it must be dear to its gifted son, the Laureate of the French Academy.

"That such a signal distinction conferred by the highest literary tribunal, whilst it exhibits in such a favourable light the intellectual vigour of the Province of Quebec, cannot be otherwise than a subject of legitimate pride to the Dominion of Canada.

"That the President and Secretary of this Society be charged with the pleasant duty of conveying to Monsieur L. H. Frechette the expression of the sentiments of admiration with which it views his literary success.

(Signed,) J. M. LEMOINE, President
ALEX. ROBERTSON, Secretary

Quebec, 13th October, 1880.

"The usual loyal toasts--the Queen and Governor-General--were given by the Chairman, and enthusiastically honoured.

"The Chairman then proposed "France," the toast being received with the usual honours and responded to by M. Lefaiivre, the Consul-General for France.

"M. Lefaiivre made an interesting speech, alluding to the past and present of France, to the communication between the France of the Old World and the Nouvelle France of this Western hemisphere, dwelling upon the honours achieved by the guest of the evening in Paris, and contending that literature was the soul of a nation.

"The Chairman, Hon. Mr. Justice H. Taschereau, then rose to propose the toast of the evening, being received with loud and prolonged cheering. He said,--

"GENTLEMEN,--I have now the honour to propose the toast of the evening--the health of our distinguished fellow-countryman, our guest, Louis Honore Frechette, the poet of Canada, crowned by the Academy of France. You have heard, gentlemen, the loud hurrah of all Canada in honour of one of her children, and here, perhaps, I might cease speaking. Nothing that I might say could increase the glad strength of the general voice of the country, when the news arrived here that the grand arena of literature, the French Academy, an institution whose life is counted by centuries, and which is without equal in the world, that great interpreter and infallible judge of the difficulties, the beauties and the genius of the French language, had given one of its annual prizes, and perhaps the finest of all--the prize of poetry--to one of our countrymen. I could never fittingly express or depict the sentiments of pride and joy felt by all lovers of literature in this country--I may add of all good Canadians--when the news came from beyond the ocean, from that sacred France, mother of civilization; from fairy Paris, capital of the Muses, that Mr. Frechette had been crowned! But, as Chairman of this happy reunion, at the risk of but faintly re-echoing the general sentiment, I must at least try to express my feelings in proposing this toast. The emotions which I feel are of a dual nature, that of friendship and of patriotism, and, as friendship is nearer to the heart, so I gave that feeling the first place. The speaker here referred to his collegiate days in the Seminary of Quebec, where he met Mr. Frechette, and in preparing himself for the battle of life, had won the friendship of the Canadian poet. He alluded to Mr. Frechette's first efforts in verse, and had judged his early attempts, and in referring to his (the Judge's) own literary works at the time, the speaker said that the line of Boileau might be applied to him,

"'Pour lui, Phoebus est sourd et Pegase est retif.'

"At that time, Mr. Frechette had not reached the heights of Helicon, nor attained the regions wherein the 'Boreal Flowers' are gathered and the 'Snow Birds' fly, but the little flowers he gathered in more modest fields had around them the perfume of genuine poetry, and the emerald, ruby and topaz of art already shone in the dainty plumage of his summer birds. Mr. Frechette published in a small journal in manuscript, called L'Echo, of which Judge Taschereau was then editor in the Seminary, the first efforts of his muse. This souvenir of the past is now very precious to me, said the speaker, because it

enables me to state that I was the first editor of our poet's works. Judge Taschereau further alluded to the time when, with Mr. Frechette, he studied law, that dry study, and though the poet was thus devoted to the goddess Themis, he nevertheless found time to worship at the shrine of song. How could the poet do otherwise? His fame had already gone abroad. The journals of the country were already publishing his sonnets, odes and songs. His acrostics were sought after to grace the albums of fair ladies. Even the volunteers of Canada asked him for war-songs, which are happily more frequently heard in drawing-rooms than in camps. The young student did not possess himself. He was already the property of the country, and the Institutes of Justinian were put aside for the more pleasing task of framing idyllic pictures of poetic genius. In fact, Cremazie was almost forgotten, and the name of Frechette was on every tongue. Mr. Taschereau tried to reclaim the poet to his legal duties, and give him the place of Mr. Faucher de St. Maurice in his office. Mr. Frechette accepted the sinecure, but no sooner had he done so than Mr. Faucher returned, anxious, no doubt, for good and congenial company. Judge of my happiness, with Frechette and Faucher in my office, and I their humble patron. I thought I would succeed in converting my friends, but in this I failed, for they led me on their own paths until I myself began to versify, and, instead of reading Pothier, read 'proofs' of verses. As it is, Mr. Frechette did become a lawyer; but Mr. Faucher abandoned the pursuit--he retired from my office, lost forever to Themis, but safe to the cause of literature. The departure of my young friends saved me. I could never expect to win the applause of the French Academy, and thus, as I am enabled to preside at this banquet, I may be permitted to offer our guest a bouquet of friendship's flowers, gathered during twenty-five years, and I feel that its perfume will be agreeable to my distinguished friend. The life of Mr. Frechette is written in the poetry and literature of this country. He has marched steadily onward from the day on which he wrote his *Loisirs*, until the grand moment when he stood the crowned victor in the Academy of France. We have known our guest as a lawyer, journalist and member of Parliament, and have always admired his wonderful faculties, ever ready as he was to promote the welfare of his friends. His large heart contributed to pave the way to success, for, undoubted though his talents are, his winning manners won for him an ever-growing popularity, and we may affirm that, if he had traducers, he had, on the other hand, a host of friends. Traducers always follow the wake of a literary man, and they resemble the creeping things which we suffer in our gardens, because their existence can lead to no effectual harm. I may have occupied your time at too great length in treating of Mr. Frechette as a friend. Allow me now, however, for a few moments, to speak of his success from a patriotic point of view. As French-Canadians, we are proud of our Laureate, and happy to see him in our midst this evening. In crowning our distinguished poet, the French Academy has given a splendid recognition to Canadian literature in the great Republic of Letters. Our Laureate is a French-Canadian, but our fellow-citizens of British origin have joined with us in this manifestation of our joy, and through their press, as at such gatherings as this, they have spontaneously recognized his talent, thus showing their spirit of justice and their enlightened patriotism. Party politics have ceased their discordant cries to join unanimously in honoring our Laureate, and this is a spectacle of consolation to the country. No commentary is required on this expression of our joy. It is, in itself, the most eloquent of proofs that the citizens of Quebec, as well as those of Montreal, in giving this festival to Mr. Frechette, have invited all Canadians, in the largest acceptation of the word, to do him honour.

In concluding, as I know you are anxious to hear him address you this evening, permit me to make a comparison. One of the most distinguished of modern poets, Alfred de Musset, said in a moment of despair:--

"J'ai perdu ma force, et ma vie,
Et mes amis, et ma gaite:
J'ai perdu jusqu'a la fierte
Qui faisait croire a mon genie."

"I have lost my strength and my life, my friends and my gayety, almost my very pride, which made me believe in my genius.' We may say to Mr. Frechette, as an offset to this cry of despair from one of his elder poetic brethren: 'Courage! You have strength and life! More friends than ever! An enthusiasm of gayety which is fathomless! March on and sing! We are proud of you, and we believe in your genius, crowned, as it is, by the highest literary tribunal in the world--that of the Forty Immortals!' (Cheers.)

"The utmost enthusiasm pervaded those present, and when the poet laureate rose to reply, he was greeted with loud applause, which continued for several minutes. Mr. Frechette said:--

"MR. CHAIRMAN AND GENTLEMEN,--For some time past I have abstained from public speaking, and there are those amongst my best friends who tell me that I have done well. To-day Montreal [31] and Quebec seem to have conspired against me, to oblige me to make two speeches on the same subject. This, though flattering to me, is hardly fair. If, having pleaded in one sense, I were asked to take the opposite ground, it might appear that such would not embarrass a lawyer, and one who has also been a politician, but in my present position I am called upon to treat the same question twice, and absolutely in the same sense. How can I discover something new to advance. Naturally, I felt embarrassed at the outset, but, at any risk, my duty is to respond to your flattering call, and thus to best avenge myself upon this conspiracy of my friends. It will not be surprising if I affirm that the occasion of this reunion has for me a character of especial solemnity. Seated at this festive board, I see the representatives of different nations, who, in private capacities also, have won general respect. I see, also, my fellow-citizens of Quebec and of Levis, my native town--the schoolmates of my earliest days--_confreres_ in professional life and in the walks of literature--comrades of past political struggles--friends, ever indulgent and generous--political leaders of whom I have always been proud, and gentlemen of various origins, divergent opinions and different religious beliefs, all tendering me their warmest congratulations upon the success I have achieved in the literary world. No words of mine are adequate to express my feelings, not can I sufficiently thank you all for this spontaneous and sympathetic demonstration in honour of one who regrets that he is not more worthy of your favour. I can only accept your evidences of friendship with cordial emotion, thank you from the depth of my heart and bear with me from this hall a proud memory which will unite with the remembrances of my youth, all of which are so intimately identified with the hospitable people of Quebec, and, in so declaring, I am but assuring you that this remembrance will ever attend upon me. The past vouches for this; for when my tent of exile shook in the winds from off the great Western lakes, or slept on the bowery shores of Louisianian streams; when my traveller's skiff was rocked on the waters of the Southern gulfs, or was reflected on the blue waves of the Loire; when I had before me the wild majesty of Niagara, the

immensity of the ocean, or when, filled with admiration, I paused to gaze upon the stupendous monuments of the Old World, my thoughts ever instinctively flew back to the good old city of Champlain, unparalleled in the world for the picturesque splendor of its site, and the poetry which no less issues from the very stones of its fortress, than it lingers upon every page of its history. Yes! Old Quebec! In all places I have cherished with devotion every memory of you, for within your walls my heart first opened to the noble teaching of intellect! It is your lofty embrasures--your flag, bravely floating in the skies--your abrupt rock, your stretches of ramparts, your brilliant steeples, reflecting their beauty on the bosom of the St. Lawrence, mingled with the sails of your cosmopolitan navies; which, for the first time, awoke the poetic enthusiasm in my breast. Long ago I first saw these scenes from the window of an humble cottage of Levis, half-hidden in a screen of foliage; and in my youngest days, ere I knew the method or formation of a verse, I felt the fluttering against the cage of my heart of that golden bird, whose sonorous voice is styled Poetry. In fact, gentlemen, I was carried towards a literary career from the very outset, and in this connection you will permit me to relate a little anecdote. You will pardon me if I appear egotistical, but your cordial reception warrants me in looking for your indulgence. I had learned to read in a book full of reveries and sentiment, entitled 'Letters or the poet Gilbert to his sister.' Of course I understood but little of it, yet it made a deep impression on my imagination. One day my father, an honest man and good citizen, if there were ever any such, but who had nothing in common with the Muses, asked my brother and I what professions we would adopt when we grew big. 'For me,' replied my happy-hearted brother Edmond, 'I will be a carter,' and 'I will be a poet,' I immediately added. I still remember my father's smile of affectionate pity when he heard these unexpected declarations from the hopes of his declining years. "My poor children," said he, with a resigned air, "these two occupations will never lead you to wealth and fortune." Later I understood the wise reflection of my father, but no one carves out his own destiny and he must submit to fate. I have vainly tried other careers but finally was obliged to return to this dream of my infancy. As the poet says,

"Drive away the natural, and it returns at full speed."

Yes, dear old City of Quebec, so old and so glorious, so beautiful in your ensemble and so characteristic in your details, so cordial and so hospitable, in presence of your noblest children assembled here to welcome me, within your old walls, let me give this testimony, that if I have had the happiness of causing the Canadian name to be heard in the immortal shrine of French literature it is to you I owe it, and to you is my gratitude offered. For I must tell you, gentlemen, that I loved Quebec too much, at the distance, not to hasten across the river, when the bird felt that his wings were strong enough to fly. At that time the greatest of the poets of Quebec, Octave Cremazie, sang the glories of our ancestors and the brave deeds of old France. His energetic and inspired voice excited youthful emulation. A group of budding writers surrounded him, but each one felt timid and hesitated to tune his notes amongst the loud echoes of his vigorous patriotism. Alas! the star fled from our skies, another generation of enthusiastic poets and writers disputed the honour of seizing the lyre, so heavy for their fingers, which had been left on the rock of Quebec, by the author of the Flag of Carillon. O! my old comrades, do you think as frequently as do I, of those old days, when with hearts full of poetic

illusions, we united our talents, our hopes and I might add our poverty, to establish that spiritual association in which the beautiful was idolized, seekers as we were after the ideal, dealers in mental _bijouterie_, despised at first by some, but which succeeded more than once in directing the attention of literary France to our shores? Do you, at times, remember our joyful meetings, our interminable readings, our long hours of continued study and waking reveries in common--do you yet remember the bewildering evenings in which the glass of Henri Murger mingled its sonorous tinklings, bright and merry, to the love-song of our flowery youth? We were all rivals, but

"Our hearts, as our lute, vibrated as one,"

and God knows that this rivalry never severed the bonds of affection which united us, and so was founded what has since been styled the Mutual Admiration Society. Mutual Admiration Society! If we were to consider the number of books, dress-coats, gloves and other articles of more intimate character that were exchanged between us, it might more safely have been called the Society for Mutual Support. At all events, from the spectacle before me this evening I gather that this Society of Mutual Admiration, if admiration it must be termed, has taken a singular development since I had the honour of assisting so frequently at its meetings, and there is nothing surprising in this, since one of the most distinguished of the founders of this society, Mr. Faucher de St. Maurice, informed me the other day that the society in question was about to annex the French Academy. (Laughter.) But to be serious, allow me to recount another anecdote. There was a time, gentlemen, when our Mutual Admiration was far from being so ambitious as to dream of having a _succursale_ under the rotunda of the French Institute. But if our productions were meagre, our revenues were still more so, and famine often reigned in the chests of the confraternity. However we had our own days of abundance when there was corn in Egypt. The first Quebecer who understood that poetry, unlike perpetual motion, could not feed itself, was a brewer, whose memory is now legendary and who was known by the harmonious name of McCallum. Arthur Casgrain, who in a couple of years afterwards we sorrowfully bore to the cemetery, had thought of composing an Epic on the Grand Trunk. This was called "La grande Tronciade!" Well in one of the twelve parts of this production, so very original, there were three remarkable lines.

"Buvons, buvons, amis, de ce bon maccallome,
Venant directement du brasseur qu'il denome!
C'est ca qui vous retape et vous refait un homme?"

The effect was magical. The heart of the brewer was touched. A long waggon on which we could read the eloquent words "pale ale and porter" stopped next day before our door. For twenty minutes a man with burthened step climbed the Jacob's ladder which led to the poet's attic, and one hundred and forty-four bottles of inviting appearance ranged themselves around the chamber. I cannot picture the joy of the happy recipient. In his enthusiasm he offered me a community in his good fortune--of course under a pledge of inviolable secrecy. But as I felt the imperious necessity of communicating my emotions I was as wanting in discretion as he had been, and that evening all the Bohemians, students and literary friends even to the remotest degree followed in the wake of McCallum's bottles, and invaded the attic chamber of poor Arthur (your good-natured cousin, Mr. President.)

There we had French, English, Latin and Greek speeches in prose and in verse. Arsene Michaud has even prepared a story for the occasion. In brief, the hecatomb was made; the libation was Olympic, the twelve dozen disappeared and on the morrow poor Casgrain showed me with a sad face the Homeric remains of his one day's wealth, and in a lamentable tone of despair he exclaimed: "I will have to write another poem." Gentlemen, that was the first time in Canada that poetry made a return to its author, and in tasting these delicate viands which the hospitable city of Quebec now offers to one of those early Bohemians in recognition of his literary success, I could not fail to recollect with emotion this amusing circumstance now enveloped, with other scenes of youth, sometimes glad--sometimes sorrowful, in the shadowy robe of past recollections. Another story just suggests itself to my mind. Lusignan and I occupied the attic of an old house in Palace street. Our room was heated by a stove-pipe, which reached from the lower apartments. One day I had published in *Le Canadien*--*Tempora Mutantur*--a little poem in which was the following line:

"Shivering in my attic poor."

The next day a surprise awaited us. A dumb stove had replaced the mere stove-pipe, and while holding our sides from laughter we heard this speech: "Gentlemen, we are very indulgent, considering your noisy meetings--we are not very particular when rent-day arrives--and if you so shivered in your room, it would have been better to have said so privately, than to have complained of it in the newspapers." (Laughter.) Poor Mrs. Tessier, our landlady--she was not well acquainted with figures of speech, but she has been the Providence of many of the destitute, and more than one who hears me now can say as I do, that no better or more obliging heart ever beat in a more pitiful bosom towards purseless youth. And who knows, it is perhaps due to this sympathetic feeling of its population towards literary men and writers that this city of Quebec has seen such an array of talent within her bosom, such a succession of Pleiades of distinguished litterateurs, who have glorified her name and that of their country. For the last fifty years, men eminent in all branches of literature have made a gorgeous and resplendent aureole around the city of Quebec. In the generation immediately preceding us, we see Petitclerc, Parent, Soulard, Chauveau, Garneau, L'Ecuyer, Ferland, Barthe and Real Angers, these grand pioneers of intellect, who in history, poetry, drama and romance, made such a wide opening for the generation which followed them. Then we have l'Abbe Laverdiere, l'Abbe Casgrain, LeMoine, Fiset, Tache, Plamondon, LaRue, and the first among all Octave Cremazie, who coming at different times bravely and constantly continued the labours of their predecessors, until we reach the brilliant phalanx of contemporary writers, Lemay, Fabre, l'Abbe Begin, Routhier, Oscar Dunn, Faucher de St. Maurice, Buies, Marmette and Legendre, all charged with the glorious task of preserving for Quebec her legitimate title of the Athens of Canada. And how could it be otherwise? Is not Quebec the cradle of our nationality--the spot whereon is engraved the most illustrious pages of our history--heroic annals, touching souvenirs, all combining with the marvels of nature to speak here the soul of the historian and of the poet. What a flourishing field for the historian and poet is not the tale of that handful of Breton heroes, who, three centuries ago, planted on the rock of Quebec the flag of Christianity and civilization! What innumerable sources of inspiration can we not find in our majestic river, our gigantic lakes, our grand cascades, our lofty mountains, our impenetrable forests and in all that grand and wild nature, which

will ever be the characteristic feature of our dear Canada. Oh! our history, gentlemen! Oh, the picturesque beauties of our country! Two marvellous veins--two mines of precious material open at our feet. The European writers are ever striving to discover something fresh. Having exhausted all kinds of themes, they are now stooping to the dust to find an originality which seems to fly from them. Well, this freshness, this originality, so courted and so rare now-a-days, may be found within our grasp,--it is there in our historical archives--in our patriarchal customs--in the many characters of a people young and thirsting for independence--a robust and healthy poetry, floats on our breezes--breathes in our popular songs--sings in the echoes of our wild forests, and opens graceful and proud her white wings to the winds of the free aspirations of the new world. To us this virgin field belongs, gentlemen! Take from Europe her form and experience, but leave to her, her old Muses. Let us be true to ourselves! Be Canadians and the future is ours. "That which strikes us most in your poems" said a member of the French Academy to me, "is that the modern style, the Parisian style of your verses is united to something strange, so particular and singular--it seems an exotic, disengaged from the entire." This perfume of originality which this writer discovered in my writings was then unknown to myself. What was it? It was the secret of their nationality,--the certificate of their origin, their Canadian stamp! And it is important for us, gentlemen, never to allow this character to disappear. Let our young writers stamp it broadly on their pages and then advance to their task, they need no longer fear the thorns on the way. The path is wide open and millions of readers await their efforts. To the work then; France offers us her hand, and now that we have renewed the bonds between us and our illustrious and well-beloved mother country--bonds broken by the vicissitudes which occur in the life of peoples, we shall be enabled once more to prove the great truth enunciated by Bulwer Lytton in "Richelieu," that

"The pen is mightier than the sword."

The Chairman called upon Hon. Wilfred Laurier to propose the next toast.

Hon. Mr. Laurier, on being called on to propose the toast of the Academy of France, was loudly cheered on rising, and the enthusiasm became the greater as he advanced, showing the many claims the great French tribunal of letters had upon the attention of the learned word. He spoke of the old ties which bound France and Canada, and alluded to the argument of Doucet, the French Academician, in favour of the admission of Frechette to the French concours, viz., that when France was in the throes of agony, the voice of French Canada spoke out its loud attachment to the cause of the ancient mother country. In such action was the forgotten daughter restored to its sorrowing mother. The hon. gentleman then in language of forcible eloquence referred to the pleasure shown by English-Canadians at the success of Mr. Frechette, and concluded a highly intellectual and eloquent speech, amidst the reiterated cheers of the whole assemblage.

The Chairman then proposed the toast of English and French literature.

Mr. George Stewart, jr., who on rising was greeted with cheers, said:--

MR. CHAIRMAN AND GENTLEMEN:--I must thank you for the very

enthusiastic manner in which you have just drunk to this toast, and for the cordiality with which you have been good enough to receive my name. Before asking you to consider with me the subject which has just been so happily proposed from the chair, I would ask your permission to say how gratified I am at being present, this evening, to assist you in paying homage to one whom we all delight to honour, and at whose feet it is our special privilege to sit. (Cheers.) It is all of seventeen years since Mr. Frechette gave to the public, in a little book, the best fruits of his youthful muse, but those early efforts of his mind gave abundant promise of future excellence and hope,--a promise which has since been admirably and delightfully fulfilled. I cannot tell you how proud we all feel,--we who speak the English tongue, alike with you who utter the liquid and mellow language of Beranger and De Musset,--that the "Forty Immortals" of Mother France, recognized in Mr. Frechette,--what all of us knew before,--that he was a tender and graceful poet, and that his work is as pure and sweet as anything to be found in the lyric poetry of our time. (Cheers.) Mr. Frechette had not to go abroad to find that out, but it is pleasing to us all to find our opinions confirmed and ratified by the highest authority in France. I again thank you, gentlemen, for the privilege which you have afforded me of saying these few words regarding our laurel-crowned poet and guest. (Applause.) With regard to the subject which has brought me to my feet, what am I to say? I might dilate upon the beauties of Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*, or Edmund Spenser's immortal *Faerie Queene*, or Shakespeare's tender women, the *Juliet* we love, the *Rosalind* who is ever in our hearts, the *Beatrice*, the *Imogen*, gentle *Ophelia*, or kindly but ill-starred *Desdemona*, or the great heroes of tragedy, *Lear*, *Macbeth*, *Hamlet* or *Othello*, or I might ask you to hear a word about Ben Jonson, "rare Ben," or poor Philip Massinger who died a stranger, of the Puritan Milton, the great Catholic Dryden, or Swift, or Bunyan, Defoe, Addison, Pope and Burke and grim Sam Johnson who made the dictionary and wrote *Rasselas*, the *Prince of Abyssinia*, but there is not time for us to go into the subject as minutely as that. At a dinner of this kind, which is so rich in every delicacy which the most sensitive palate could desire, and which boasts wines as delicate and as fragrant in bouquet as one of Mr. Frechette's sonnets--(Cheers)--and I might add also as one of my friend LeMay's hopefulest lyrics--(Cheers), it would be ungenerous of me to keep you very long. I will content myself therefore with a remark or two regarding the peculiar features which seem to inspire our literature, at the present time, and by our literature I mean English literature in its broadest sense and amplest significance. Perhaps at no period of letters, in the whole history of literature from the days of Chaucer and Raleigh, from the renaissance, through the classic period, to more modern times, to our own day in fact, has the cultured world seen such a brilliant array of brilliant men and women, who write the English prose which delights our fire-sides, and enriches our minds at the present time. The world has never presented to mankind before, in all its years of usefulness, such a galaxy of great essayists and novelists as we have enjoyed and enjoy now, within a period of fifty or sixty years, and which properly belong to our own age. The era is rich in stalwart minds, in magnificent thinkers, in splendid souls. Carlyle, Emerson, Wilson, Morley, Froude, Holmes, Harrison, Darwin, Huxley, Spencer, Mill, Buckle, Lewes. In fiction the list is too long for mention, but, in passing, I may note George Eliot--a woman who writes as if her soul had wings, William Black who paints almost as deftly as Walter Scott, Thomas Hardy, Anthony Trollope, Thackeray, Dickens, Reade, William Howells, who has not forgotten to write of the grandeur of the

Saguenay, and William Kirby whose Chien d'Or will serve to keep a memory green in many a Quebecer's heart. I need hardly name more. The list could, I am well aware, be extended indefinitely, and as each of you doubtless has your favourite novelist, I need not waste your time by the simple enumeration of men and women who have from time to time, beguiled away the hours with their stories of the heart, or of purpose, or of endeavour. We get blase now and then perhaps through the reading of so many moderns, but the cure for that lies within easy range. We can take a peep at those old fellows in old-fashioned bindings, who used to delight our grandfathers in the "brave days of old," when Richardson told the story of "Pamela," and "Clarissa Harlowe," when Fielding wrote "Tom Jones," and Smollett narrated the history of "Humphrey Clinker," and the career of "Tristram Shandy" found a truthful historian in that mad parson Lawrence Sterne. We might even read those ancient authors, ancient in style at least, for a change, and still be reading English literature in its truest and widest sense. But it is less with the fiction-writers that we have to deal, than with the thinkers who have given to belles-lettres in this age, its robustness and vigour. In political economy, in scientific thought, in history, in moral philosophy and in polite learning, and in criticism, I think our day has produced the greatest teachers, as well as the largest number of them since the English tongue had a literature of its own. (Applause.) This is true at least in prose writing. I know that in poetry we are surpassed in grandeur and majesty by the bards of other periods of our mental activity, I know that we have not produced a Milton yet, nor a Dryden, nor a Pope--I leave Shakespeare and Chaucer out of the question, nor a Spenser. We have very many more than our share of really tuneful singers and fine poets like Tennyson and Longfellow, Morris and Swinburne, the Arnolds and Lowell--all of them sweet and in every way charming, none of them grand and magnificent like the sons of song of the great days of poesy. We have singers and singers, minor poets and minor poets, all engaged in weaving for our delight very many pretty fancies; graceful story-tellers in verse, if you will, but our chief strength lies in prose, sober, scholarly and healthful prose. Our fame will rest on that branch of the service. (Applause.) Turning to Canada, I might say that our mental outfit is by no means beggarly. In fiction we have produced, and I confine myself particularly to those who have written in English, Judge Haliburton, James DeMille, Wm. Kirby, John Lesperance. (Applause.) In poetry, Heavysege, John Reade, Roberts, Charles Sangster, Wm. Murdoch, Chandler, Howe; in history, Beamish Murdoch, Todd, Morgan, Hannay, Mr. LeMoine--(Applause)--whom I see present here to night; Dr. Miles, Mr. Harper, the efficient Rector of our High School, and others of more or less repute. In Science, Dr. Dawson and Sir Wm. Logan; in logic, Wm. Lyall; in rhetoric, James DeMille. In political and essay writing we have a good list, the most prominent names being Goldwin Smith, whom we may fairly claim, Bourinot, Haliburton, Todd, Howe, Elder, Ellis, Griffin, Anglin, Dymond, McDougall, White. (Cheers.) And here I would just say to you--for I have spoken longer than I intended--over-taxed your patience I fear very much--that we must, if we would ever become great in helping to form current thought and the intellectual movement of the day, renounce all sectionalism in letters, and go in for the great goal which all may aspire to who wish. When the French Academy hailed our friend Frechette as a brother poet, the act was not done because he was a Canadian, but because he was a poet, writing and speaking the French tongue. (Applause.) There is no such thing really as Canadian literature or American literature. It is all English literature, and we should all strive to add to the glory of that

literature. We can do it, in our way, as well as Moore and Lover and Lever and Carleton and McGee did, when they added the splendid work of their genius to build up the renown and prestige of the parent stock. (Applause.) As Scott and Burns, Dunbar and Hector McNeill, and Tannahill and James Hogg and bluff "Kit North;" all of Scotland, did to make the English literature massive and spirited and grand. (Applause.) As Hawthorne and Longfellow, Holmes and Bryant, Cooper and Irving, and Motley did, and as our own John Reade (cheers) and Charles Roberts, a new poet whose star has just arisen, and Bourinot-- (cheers)--and the rest of them are doing now. We must forget the small localism which can do us no good, and join the great brotherhood of letters which writes the world over, in the English tongue. France, Germany and Russia, Italy and Spain teem with the grand work of their children. We who speak and write in the English language must not be unmindful of our several duties. We must work for the attainment of the great end, the development of English literature, of which we are as truly a part as the authors of the United States, of Scotland, of Ireland and of England. English literature does not mean simply a literature written solely by Englishmen. It takes its name from the fact that it draws its nourishment from all writers who write in English, and Scotchmen, Irishmen, Americans, and colonists, as well as citizens of England are invited to add to its greatness and permanency. I thank you Mr. Chairman and you gentlemen for your kindness and forbearance in listening to me so long, and so patiently. (Loud continued cheering.)

Mr. Lemay, in replying for French literature, said--It is particularly agreeable to be called on to speak on this occasion because it affords me the opportunity to render to our host an evidence of the admiration and friendship which I bear towards him this evening. It is now over twenty years since we were together at College, and the same tastes which pleased us then govern us now. The same destiny which led us towards the bar guided us also on the paths of literature. The speaker here improvised a magnificent address to the genius of French-Canadian letters. He alluded to the first pages of Canadian history written in the blood of martyrs, thus giving to the Canadian people a literature of heroes. The speaker then traced the changeful epochs from the days of the soldiers of the sword to the warriors of the pen, and he drew forth loud applause as he alluded to the brave polemicists who traced their literary endeavors in the brave work of defending their country and redeeming its liberties. In quoting Sir Geo. Cartier's well known line, "O Canada, my country and my love," ("O Canada, mon pays, mes amours,") the eloquent orator elicited the warm and hearty applause of the assemblage. From the troublous days of 1837 to the present moment, Mr. Lemay reviewed the various efforts at literary renown of the French Canadian people, and concluded one of the finest speeches of the evening amidst the tumultuous applause of his sympathising auditors.

The next toast was that of the Literary and Historical Society and of the Institut Canadien of Quebec.

Mr. J. M. LeMoine, in replying to the first part of the toast said:--

GENTLEMEN,--In the name of the Literary and Historical Society of Quebec, I thank you cordially for the health just proposed--As the President of a society numbering close on 400 members, who though diverse in creed and language, are united for one common object--the promotion of culture and science and the encouragement of historical

studies,--I cannot help feeling I stand here somehow in the character of a representative man. In tendering a welcome to Mr. Frechette, our honoured guest, I can add but little to the sentiments conveyed in the resolution adopted at our last meeting and which you have heard read. In presence of so many distinguished persons, several of whom have made their mark, at the Bar--or on the Bench--the forum--in literature--in the bank parlor or in the counting house,--with so many fluent speakers here present and prepared to applaud, with all the graces of oratory and fervour of patriotism,--the distinction conferred on French Canada, by the highest literary tribunal in France--convinced myself of the honour which Mr. Frechette's laurels must confer on this ancient and picturesque Province of Quebec, with its glorious though yet unrevealed destinies, I feel proud as a Canadian in standing here, the bearer even of a solitary rosebud for the fragrant bouquet, which a grateful country offers this night to its gifted child. Alas! had not the relentless hand [32] of death--had not a self-imposed fate, darker even than death, removed from our midst, another "mind pregnant with celestial fire," Canada this night might possibly have counted two laurel-crowned poets--Louis Honore Frechette and Octave Cremazie. For I am not one of those who refuse to recognize Canadian talent; on the contrary, I feel myself moved to rejoice in our wealth of intellect. I am reminded to be brief; around me there is a surging stream of eloquence ready to burst through its floodgates. I must give way. With your permission, I shall therefore merely ask a question. What propitious turn of fortune? which of the benign fairies who watched over his natal hour has Mr. Frechette to thank for his present success? How came it to pass that, though he was born a poet, he should have to undergo an ordeal like another great poet (whom posterity may specially claim as an historian) the author of the "Lays of Ancient Rome," of emancipating himself from his earthy--at one time not burdensome--thralldom before soaring on the wings of poesy to that lofty region, where his classic diction and lyric power attracted the attention of those worthy but fastidious gentlemen, yclept "The Forty Immortals of the French Academy." I have mentioned a very illustrious name in the Republic of Letters,--a name as dear to Britain as that of our Laureate ought to be to Canada--that of Macaulay--historian, essayist, poet. You all know how his parliamentary defeat as candidate for Edinburgh in 1847, rescued him forever from the "dismal swamp" of politics, providing his wondrous mind, with leisure to expand and mature, in the green fields of literature. If New France has not yet produced such a gorgeous genius as he, of whom all those who speak Chatham's tongue are so justly proud, it has however out of its sparse population of one million, put forth a representative whom Old France with its thirty-eight millions has deemed a fit subject to honour in an unmistakable way. Shall I tell you how, figuratively, if you should prefer, ended for Frechette the "day of tumult"?

That Ignis Fatuus, ambition, has allured, as you are aware, more than one youthful fowler to an uncertain swampy hunting ground, called "politics." Mr. Frechette was one of the unfortunate. This game preserve, I pronounce "uncertain" because owing to several inexplicable eventualities sportsmen innumerable, therefrom return empty handed, whilst others, Mr. Chairman, make up, we know, pretty good bags. The Son of Apollo, whilst thus hunting one gruesome, windy morning, fortunately for us, sank in a boggy, yielding quicksand. Luckily he extricated himself in time, and on reaching the margin of the swamp, there stood an old pet of his tethered as if waiting for its loved rider, a vigorous Norman or Percheron steed. Our friend

bestrode him, cantered off, and never drew rein until he stood,
panting perhaps, but a winner in the race, on the top of a mount,
distant and of access arduous, called Parnassus.

In conclusion, Mr. LeMoine quoted the memorable lines from Macaulay,
written the night when his parliamentary defeat at Edinburgh, in 1847,
restored him to letters:--

The day of tumult, strife, defeat, was o'er,
Worn out with toil, and noise, and scorn, and spleen,
I slumbered and in slumber saw once more
A room in an old mansion, long unseen.

That room, methought, was curtained from the light;
Yet through the curtains shone the moon's cold ray
Full on a cradle, where, in linen white,
Sleeping life's first sleep, an infant lay.

* * * * *

And lo! the fairy queens who rule our birth
Drew nigh to speak the new-born baby's doom:
With noiseless step, which left no trace on earth,
From gloom they came, and vanished into gloom.

Not deigning on the boy a glance to cast
Swept careless by the gorgeous Queen of Gain.
More scornful still, the Queen of Fashion passed,
With mincing gait and sneer of cold disdain.

The Queen of Power tossed high her jewelled head
And o'er her shoulder threw a wrathful frown.
The Queen of Pleasure on the pillow shed
Scarce one stray rose-leaf from her fragrant crown.

Still fay in long procession followed fay;
And still the little couch remained unblest:
But, when those wayward sprites had passed away,
Came One, the last, the mightiest, and the best.

Oh! glorious lady, with the eyes of light,
And laurels clustering round thy lofty brow,
Who by the cradle's side didst watch that night,
Warbling a sweet strange music, who wast thou?

"Yes, darling; let them go," so ran the strain:
"Yes; let them go, gain, fashion, pleasure, power,
And all the busy elves to whose domain
Belongs the nether sphere, the fleeting hour.

"Without one envious sigh, one anxious scheme,
The nether sphere, the fleeting hour assign.
Mine is the world of thought, the world of dream,
Mine all the past, and all the future mine.

* * * * *

"Of the fair brotherhood who share my grace,
I, from thy natal day, pronounce thee free;

And, if for some I keep a nobler place,
I keep for none a happier than for thee.

* * * * *

"No; when on restless night dawns cheerless morrow,
When weary soul and wasting body pine,
Thine am I still in danger, sickness, sorrow,
In conflict, obloquy, want, exile, thine;

"Thine where on mountain waves the snowbirds scream,
Where more than Thule's winter barbs the breeze,
Where scarce, through lowering clouds, one sickly gleam
Lights the drear May-day of Antarctic seas;

* * * * *

"Amidst the din of all things fell and vile,
Hate's yell, and envy's hiss, and folly's bray,
Remember me!"

FORT ST. LOUIS, CHATEAU ST. LOUIS, HALDIMAND CASTLE.

CHATEAU ST. LOUIS.

In Professor Kalm's saunter round Quebec, his description of the public edifices, in 1749, is worthy of note:

"The Palace (Chateau Saint Louis) says he, is situated on the west or steepest side of the mountain, just, above the lower city. It is not properly a palace, but a large building of stone, two stories high, extending north and south. On the west side of it is a court-yard, surrounded partly with a wall, and partly with houses. On the east side, or towards the river, is a gallery as long as the whole building, and about two fathoms broad, paved with smooth flags, and included on the outside by iron rails, from whence the city and the river exhibit a charming prospect. This gallery serves as a very agreeable walk after dinner, and those who come to speak with the Governor-General wait here till he is at leisure. The palace is the lodging of the Governor-General of Canada, and a number of soldiers mount the guard before it, both at the gate and in the court-yard; and when the Governor, or the Bishop comes in or goes out, they must all appear in arms and beat the drum. The Governor-General has his own chapel where he hears prayers; however, he often goes to Mass at the church of the _Recollets_, which is very near the palace."

Such it seemed, in 1749, to the learned Swedish naturalist and philosopher Peter Kalm. How many rainbow tints, poetry and romance can lend to the same object, we may learn from the brilliant Niagara novelist, William Kirby! In his splendid historical novel "Le Chien d'Or," whilst venturing on the boldest flights of imagination, he thus epitomises some striking historical features of the state residence of the French Viceroy of Canada.

"The great hall of the Castle of St. Louis was palatial in its dimensions and adornment. The panels of wainscoting upon the walls were hung with paintings of historic interest--portraits of the Kings, Governors, Intendants and Ministers of State, who had been

instrumental in the colonization of New France.

"Over the Governor's seat hung a gorgeous escutcheon of the Royal arms, draped with a cluster of white flags, sprinkled with golden lilies--the emblems of French sovereignty in the colony; among the portraits on the walls, beside those of the late (Louis XIV.,) and present King (Louis XV)--which hung on each side of the throne--might be seen the features of Richelieu, who first organized the rude settlements on the St. Lawrence in a body politic--a reflex of feudal France; and of Colbert, who made available its natural wealth and resources, by peopling it with the best scions of the Mother Land--the noblesse and peasantry of Normandy, Brittany and Aquitaine. There, too, might be seen the keen, bold features of Cartier, the first discoverer, and of Champlain, the first explorer of the new land, and the founder of Quebec. The gallant, restless Louis Buade de Frontenac was pictured there, side by side with his fair countess, called, by reason of her surpassing loveliness, "The Divine." Vaudreuil, too, who spent a long life of devotion to his country, and Beauharnois, who nourished its young strength until it was able to resist, not only the powerful confederacy of the Five Nations, but the still more powerful league of New England and the other English Colonies. There, also, were seen the sharp intellectual face of Laval, its first bishop, who organized the church and education in the colony; and of Talon, wisest of Intendants, who devoted himself to the improvement of agriculture, the increase of trade, and the well being of all the King's subjects in New France. And one more portrait was there, worthy to rank among the statesmen and rulers of New France--the pale, calm, intellectual features of Mere Marie de l'Incarnation--the first superior of the Ursulines of Quebec, who in obedience to heavenly visions, as she believed, left France to found schools for the children of the new colonists, and who taught her own womanly graces to her own sex, who were destined to become the future mothers of New France." (Page 109.)

It were difficult to group on a smaller and brighter canvass, so many of the glorious figures of our storied past.

In the days of de Montmagny and later, the Jesuits' Journal retraces gay scenes at the Chateau in connection with the festivals of the patron saints, of St. Joseph, whose anniversary occurred on the 19th March, and of St. John the Baptist, whose fete happened on the 24th June.

For a long time the old Chateau, was the meeting place of the Superior Council.

"On any Monday morning one would have found the Superior Council in session in the antechamber of the Governor's apartment, at the Chateau St. Louis. The members sat at a round table, at the head was the Governor, with the Bishop on his right and the Intendant on his left. The councillors sat in the order of their appointment, and the attorney-general also had his place at the board. As La Hontan says, they were not in judicial robes, but in their ordinary dress and all but the Bishop wore swords. The want of the cap and the gown greatly disturbed the Intendant Meules, and he begs the Minister to consider how important it is that the councillors, in order to inspire respect, should appear in public in long black robes, which on occasions of ceremony they should exchange for robes of red. He thinks that the principal persons of the colony should thus be induced to train up their children to so enviable a dignity; "and" he concludes, "as none of the councillors can afford to buy red robes, I hope that the King

will vouchsafe to send out nine such; as for the black robes, they can furnish those themselves."

"The King did not respond, and the nine robes never arrived. The official dignity of the Council was sometimes exposed to trials against which even red gowns might have proven an insufficient protection. The same Intendant urges that the tribunal ought to be provided immediately with a house _of its own_."

"It is not decent," he says, "that it should sit in the Governor's antechamber any longer. His guards and valets make such a noise, that we cannot hear each other speak. I have continually to tell them to keep quiet, which causes them to make a thousand jokes at the councillors as they pass in and out. As the Governor and the council were often on ill terms, the official head of the colony could not always be trusted to keep his attendants on their good behaviour." (Parkman's _Old Regime_, p. 273.)

At other times, startling incidents threw a pall over the old pile. Thus in August 1666, we are told of the melancholy end of a famous Indian warrior: "Tracy invited the Flemish Bastard and a Mohawk chief named Agariata to his table, when allusion was made to the murder of Chasy. On this the Mohawk, stretching out his arm, exclaimed in a Braggart tone, "This is the hand that split the head of that young man." The indignation of the company may be imagined. Tracy told his insolent guest that he should never kill anybody else; and he was led out and hanged in presence of the Bastard. [33]

Varied in language and nationality were the guests of the Chateau in days of yore: thus in 1693, the proud old Governor Frontenac had at one and the same time Baron Saint Castin's Indian father-in-law, Madocawando, from Acadia, and "a gentleman of Boston, John Nelson, captured by Villebon, the nephew and heir of Sir Thomas Temple, in whose right he claimed the proprietorship of Acadia, under an old grant of Oliver Cromwell." (Parkman's _Frontenac_, p. 357.)

FORT ST. LOUIS

Ere one of the last vestiges of the _ancien regime_, Haldimand Castle, disappears, a few details culled from reliable sources may not be unacceptable, especially as by fire, repairs and the vicissitudes of time, the changes are so great, as to render difficult the delineation of what it originally formed part of in the past.

Grave misconceptions exist as to what constituted the stately residence of our former Governors. Many imagine that the famous _Chateau St. Louis_, was but one structure, whilst in reality, it was composed at one time of three, viz:--Fort St. Louis, Chateau St. Louis and Haldimand Castle, the present Normal School. The writer has succeeded in collecting together nine views of the Fort and Chateau St. Louis since the days of Champlain down to modern times. Champlain's "brass bell" is conspicuous in more than one of the designs.

According to Father DuCreux, the first fort erected by Champlain on the crest of the promontory, _arx aedificata in promontarii cuspidine_, was not placed on the site of Dufferin Terrace, but at the south-east point of the area, which is now occupied by the Grand Battery, north-east of the present Parliament building and looking down on Sault-au-Matelot

street. Champlain subsequently removed it to a still more elevated site; its bastions, towers and ramparts surrounded the space on which the former Governor's residence, soldier's barracks, magazine, &c., were constructed.

"The fortress, says Bouchette, (Fort) of St. Louis covered about four acres of ground, and formed nearly a parallelogram; on the western side two strong bastions on each angle were connected by a curtain, in the centre of which was a sallyport: the other faces presented works of nearly a similar description, but of less dimensions." [34]

We may add that Fort St. Louis, shown on the plan of Quebec of 1660, published by Abbe Faillon, and more plainly exhibited on Jeffery's map of Quebec, published in London in 1760, disappears after the conquest. No mention is made of it in 1775, and still less in 1784, as a fortress.

Champlain, in his deposition, [35] sworn to, on the 9th Nov. 1629, in London, before the Right Worshipful Sir Henry Martin, Knight, Judge of the High Court of Admiralty, describes minutely, the armament and belongings of Fort St. Louis, on the 9th August 1629, when he surrendered it to the Kirkes: cannon such as they were, and ammunition he seems to have had in abundance, without forgetting what he styles "the murderers with their double boxes or charges," a not excessively deadly kind of _mitrailleuse_ or Gatling gun, we should imagine; the Fort also contained a smith's forge, carpenter's tools, machinery for a windmill, and a handmill to grind corn, a brass bell--probably to sound the tocsin, or alarm, at the approach of the marauding savages of Stadacona, the array of muskets--(thirteen complete)--is not formidable. Who was the maker of his pistol-proof coats-of-mail?

NEW CHATEAU ST. LOUIS.

"Such dusky grandeur clothed the height
Where the huge castle holds its state,
And all the steep slope down
Whose ridgy back heaves to the sky,
Piled deep and massy, close and high
Mine own romantic town."
(Scott's _Marmion_.)

"Few circumstances of discussion and enquiry, says Hawkins, are more interesting than the history and fate of ancient buildings, especially if we direct our attention to the fortunes and vicissitudes of those who were connected with them. The temper, genius and pursuits of an historical era are frequently delineated in the features of remarkable edifices, nor can any one contemplate them without expressing curiosity, concerning those who first formed the plan, and afterwards created and tenanted the structure. These observations apply particularly to the subject of this chapter.

The history of the ancient Castle of St. Louis, or Fort of Quebec, for above two centuries the seat of Government in the Province (of Quebec), affords subjects of great and stirring interest during its several periods. The hall of the old Fort during the weakness of the colony was often a scene of terror and despair at the inroads of the persevering and ferocious Iroquois, who, having passed or overthrown all the French outposts, more than once threatened the fort itself and massacred some friendly Indians within sight of its walls. Here, too, in intervals of peace, were laid those benevolent plans for the

religious instruction and conversion of the savages which at one time distinguished the policy of the ancient governors. At a later era, when, under the protection of the French kings, the province had acquired the rudiments of military strength and power, the Castle of St. Louis was remarkable as having been the site whence the French governors exercised an immense sovereignty, extending from the Gulf of St. Lawrence, along the shores of that noble river, its magnificent lakes, and down the course of the Mississippi to its outlet below New Orleans. The banner which first streamed from the battlements of Quebec was displayed from a chain of forts which protected the settlements throughout this vast extent of country, keeping the English colonies in constant alarm, and securing the fidelity of the Indian nations. During this period the council-chamber of the castle was the scene of many a midnight vigil [36]--many a long deliberation and deep-laid project to free the continent from the intrusion of the ancient rival of France and assert the supremacy of the Gallic lily. At another era, subsequent to the surrender of Quebec to the British armies, and until the recognition of the independence of the United States, the extent of empire of the government of which the Castle of Quebec was the principal seat, comprehended the whole American continent north of Mexico. It is astonishing to reflect for a moment, to how small, and, as to size, comparatively insignificant an island in the Atlantic ocean this gigantic territory was once subject. Here also was rendered to the representative of the French king, with all its ancient forms, the fealty and homage of the noblesse and military retainers, who held possessions in the province under the crown. A feudal ceremony, suited to early times, which imposed a real and substantial obligation on those who performed it, not to be violated without forfeiture and dishonour. The king of Great Britain having succeeded to the rights of the French crown, this ceremony is still retained.

"Fealty and homage is rendered at this day (1834) by the seigniors to the Governor, as the representative of the sovereign, in the following form: His Excellency being in full dress and seated in a state chair, surrounded by his staff, and attended by the Attorney-General, the seignior, in an evening dress and wearing a sword, is introduced into his presence by the Inspector General of the Royal Domain and Clerk of the Land Roll, and having delivered up his sword, and kneeling upon one knee before the Governor, places his right hand between his and repeats the ancient oath of fidelity; after which a solemn act is drawn up in a register kept for that purpose, which is signed by the Governor and the seignior, and countersigned by the proper officers." --(Hawkin's Picture of Quebec.)

The historian, Ferland, Notes sur les Registres de Notre Dame de Quebec, relates one of the earliest instances (1634) of the manner the foi et hommage was rendered. It is that of Jean Guion (Dion?) vassal of Robert Giffard, seignior of Beauport: "Guion presents himself in the presence of a notary, at the principal door of the manor-house of Beauport; having knocked, one Boulle, farmer of Giffard, opened the door and in reply to Guion's question, if the seignior was at home, replied that he was not, but that he, Boulle, was empowered to receive acknowledgments and homage for the vassals in his name. After the which reply, the said Guion, being at the principal door, placed himself on his knees, on the ground, with bare head and without sword or spurs, and said three times these words: 'Monsieur de Beauport, Monsieur de Beauport, Monsieur de Beauport, I bring you the faith and homage which I am bound to bring you on

account of my _fief_ Du Buisson, which I hold as a man of faith of your seigniority of Beauport, declaring that I offer to pay my seigniorial and feudal dues in their season, and demanding of you to accept me in faith and homage as aforesaid." (Parkman's _Old Regime_, p 246.)

"Of these buildings (says Bouchette), the Castle of St. Louis being the most prominent object on the summit of the rock--will obtain the first notice.

"It is a handsome stone building seated near the edge of a precipice, * * * and supported towards the steep by a solid work of masonry, rising nearly half the height of the edifice, and surmounted by a spacious gallery, * * * The whole pile is 162 feet long by 45 feet broad, and three stories high * * * Each extremity is terminated by a small wing, giving to the whole an easy and regular character.

"It was built shortly after the city was fortified with solid works, * * *--for a long series of years it was neglected, so much as to be suffered to go to decay, and ceasing to be the residence of the Commander-in-Chief, was used only for the offices of Government until the year 1808, when a resolution passed the Provincial Parliament for repairing and beautifying it; the sum of L1,000 was at the same time voted, and the work forthwith commenced.

"The money applied was inadequate to defray the expenses--upon the grand scale the improvements were commenced, but an additional grant was made to cover the whole charge, * * *

"Sir James Craig took possession of it, etc.

"The part properly called the Chateau occupies one side of the square or court-yard; on the opposite side stands an extensive building (Haldimand Castle) divided among the offices of Government, both civil and military, that are under the immediate control of the Governor, it contains also a handsome suite of apartments where the balls and other public entertainments of the court are always given. During the dilapidated state of the Chateau, this building was occupied by the family of the Governors. Both the exterior and the interior are in a very plain style, it forms part of the curtain that ran between the two exterior bastions of the old fortress of St. Louis, adjoining it are several other buildings of smaller size, appropriated to similar uses, a guard house, stables, and extensive riding house, of these works only a few vestiges remain, except the eastern wall, which is kept in solid repair. The new guard house and stables, both fronting the parade, have a very neat exterior, the first forms the arc of a circle and has a colonnade before it, the stables are attached to the riding house, which is spacious, and in every way well adapted to its intended purpose, it is also used for drilling the city militia"-- (Bouchette's _Topography of Lower Canada_, 1815, p. 431-4.)

The brilliant biographer of "Frontenac" and author of the, "Old Regime," thus sums up from the official correspondence of the French Governors and Intendants the foundation, reconstructions and alterations in the Fort and Chateau.

"This structure," says Francis Parkman, "destined to be famous in Canadian history, was originally built by Samuel de Champlain. The cellar still remains under the wooden platform of the present Durham

(now Dufferin) Terrace. Behind the chateau was the area of the fort, now an open square. In the most famous epoch of its history, the time of Frontenac, the chateau was old and dilapidated, and the fort was in sad condition." "The walls are all down," writes Frontenac in 1681, "there are neither gates nor guard-houses, the whole place is open." On this the new Intendant Meules was ordered to report what repairs were needed. Meanwhile la Barre had come to replace Frontenac, whose complaints he repeats. He says that the wall is in ruins for a distance of a hundred and eighty _toises_. "The workmen ask 6,000 francs to repair it. I could get it done in France for 2,000. The cost frightens me. I have done nothing."--(_La Barre au Ministre_, 1682). Meules, however, received orders to do what was necessary, and, two years later, he reports that he had rebuilt the wall, repaired the fort, and erected a building, intended at first for the council, within the area. This building stood near the entrance of the present St. Louis street, and was enclosed by an extension of the fort wall.

Denonville next appears on the scene, with his usual disposition to fault-finding. "The so-called chateau," he says (1685), "is built of wood, and is dry as a match. There is a place where with a bundle of straw it could be set on fire at any time,... some of the gates will not close, there is no watchtower, and no place to shoot from."-- (_Denonville au Ministre_, 20 _Aout_, 1685).

When Frontenac resumed the Government, he was much disturbed at the condition of the chateau, and begged for slate to cover the roof, as the rain was coming in everywhere. At the same time the Intendant Champigny reports it to be rotten and ruinous. This was in the year made famous by the English attack, and the dramatic scene in the hall of the old building when Frontenac defied the envoy of Admiral Phipps, whose fleet lay in the river below. In the next summer, 1691, Frontenac again asks for slate to cover the roof, and for 15,000 or 20,000 francs to repair his mansion.

In the next year the king promised to send him 12,000 francs, in instalments. Frontenac acknowledges the favour, and says that he will erect a new building, and try in the meantime not to be buried under the old one, as he expects to be every time the wind blows hard.-- (_Frontenac au Ministre_, 15 _Septembre_, 1692). A misunderstanding with the Intendant, who had control of the money, interrupted the work. Frontenac writes the next year that he had been "obliged to send for carpenters during the night, to prop up the chateau, lest he should be crushed under the ruins." The wall of the fort was, however, strengthened, and partly rebuilt to the height of sixteen feet, at a cost of 13,629 francs. It was a time of war, and a fresh attack was expected from the English.--(_Frontenac et Champigny au Ministre_, 4 _Nov_, 1693). In the year 1854, the workmen employed in demolishing a part of this wall, adjoining the garden of the chateau, found a copper plate bearing an inscription in Latin as follows--

D. O. M.
Anno reparatae salutis
Millesimo sexcentesimo nonagesimo tertio
Regnante Augustissimo Invictissimo ac
Christianissimo Galliae Rege
Rege Ludovico Magno XIII
Excellentissimus ac Illustrissimus Dnus Dnux
Ludovicus de Buade
Comes de Frontenac, totius Novae Franciae

Semel et iterum Provex,
Ab ipsomet, triennio ante rebellibus Novae
Angliae incolis, hanc civitatem Quebecensem,
Obsidentibus, pulsus, fuis ac penitus
Devictis,
Et iterum hocce supradicto anno obsidionem
Minitantibus
Hanc arcem cum adjectis munimentis
In totius patriae tutelam populi salutem
Nec non in perfidae, tum Deo, tum suo Regi
Legitimo, gentis iterandum confusionem
Sumptibus regies oedificari
Curavit,
Ac primarium hunc lapidem
Posuit,

JOANNES SOULLARD, Sculptsit

(_Translation_)

"In the year of Redemption, 1693, under the reign of the Most August, Most Invincible, and Most Christian King of France, Louis the Great, fourteenth of that name, the Most Excellent Louis de Buade, Count of Frontenac, Governor for the second time of all New France, seeing that the rebellious inhabitants of New England, who three years ago were repulsed, routed, and completely vanquished by him, when they besieged this town of Quebec, are threatening to renew the siege this very year, has caused to be built, at the expense of the King, this Citadel, with the fortifications adjoining thereto, for the defence of the country, for the security of the people, and for confounding again that nation perfidious alike towards its God and its lawful King, and he (_Frontenac_) has placed here this first stone."

A year later, the rebuilding of the chateau was begun in earnest. Frontenac says that nothing but a miracle has saved him from being buried under its ruins, that he has pulled everything down, and begun again from the foundation, but that the money has given out.-- (_Frontenac au Ministre_ , 4 _Nov._ , 1694) Accordingly, he and the Intendant sold six licenses for the fur trade, but at a rate unusually low, for they brought only 4,400 francs.

The King hearing of this sent 6,000 more. Frontenac is profuse in thanks, and at the same time begs for another 6,000 francs, "to complete a work which is the ornament and beauty of the city" (1696). The Minister sent 8,000 more, which was soon gone; and Frontenac drew on the royal treasurer for 5,047 in addition. The Intendant complains of his extravagance, and says that he will have nothing but perfection; and that besides the chateau, he has insisted on building two guard-houses, with mansard roofs, at the two sides of the gate. "I must do as he says," adds the Intendant, "or there will be a quarrel." (_Champigny au Ministre_ , 13 _Oct._ , 1697). In a letter written two days after, Frontenac speaks with great complacency of his chateau, and asks for another 6,000 francs to finish it. As the case was urgent he sold six more licenses at 1,000 francs each, but he died too soon to see the completion of his favorite work (1698). The new chateau was not finished before 1700, and even then it had no cistern. In a pen sketch of Quebec, on a manuscript map of 1699, preserved in the Depot de Cartes de la Marine, the new chateau is distinctly represented. In front is a gallery or balcony resting on a wall and buttresses at the

edge of the cliff. Above the gallery is a range of high windows, along the face of the building, and over these a range of small windows and a mansard roof. In the middle is a porch opening on the gallery, and on the left extends a battery, on the ground now occupied by a garden along the brink of the cliff. A water-colour sketch of the chateau taken in 1804, from the land side, by William Morrison, Jr., is in my possession. [37] The building appears to have been completely remodelled in the interval. It is two stories in height, the mansard roof is gone, and a row of attic windows surmount the second story. In 1809 it was again remodelled at a cost of ten thousand pounds sterling, a third story was added, and the building, resting on the buttresses which still remain under the balustrade of Durham (Dufferin) Terrace, had an imposing effect when seen from the river. It was destroyed by fire in 1834.--(Parkman's Old Regime.)

HALDIMAND CASTLE

After sketching Fort St. Louis, begun in 1624,--a refuge against the Iroquois, and whose bastions rendered useless disappeared shortly after the conquest, as well as giving the history of the Chateau St. Louis proper, destroyed by fire 23rd January, 1834, it behoves us to close the narrative with a short account of the origin of the wing or new building still extant, and used since 1871 as the Normal School. This structure generally, though improperly styled the Old Chateau, dates back to the last century. On the 5th May, 1784, the corner stone was laid with suitable ceremonies, by the Governor-General, Sir Frederick Haldimand; the Chateau St. Louis had been found inadequate in size for the various purposes required, viz.: a Vice-regal residence, a Council room for the Legislative, the Executive and Judiciary Councils, &c.

The Province was rapidly expanding, as well as the Viceroy's levees, official balls, public receptions, &c.; suites of rooms and stately chambers, became indispensable.

The following incident occurred during its construction:--On the 17th September, 1784, the workmen at the Chateau in levelling the yard, dug up a large stone with a Maltese cross engraved on it, bearing the date "1647." One of Wolfe's veterans, Mr. James Thompson, Overseer of Public Works, got the masons to lay the stone in the cheek of the gate of the new building. A wood-cut of the stone, gilt at the expense of Mr. Ernest Gagnon, City Councillor in 1872, appeared in the Morning Chronicle of the 24th June, 1880. Let us hope when the site shall be transferred, that the Hon. Premier will have a niche reserved for this historic relic as was so appropriately done by Sir H L Langevin, for the "Chien d'Or" tablet when the new city Post Office was built in 1871-3.

Haldimand Castle soon became a building of note. On the 19th January, 1787, the anniversary of the Queen's Birthday--Charlotte of Mecklenburg, consort of George III., the first grand reception was held there. In the following summer, the future monarch of Great Britain, William IV., the sailor prince, aged 22 years, visited his father's loyal Canadian lieges. Prince William Henry had then landed, on 14th August, in the Lower Town from H. M. frigate "Pegasus." Traditions repeat that the young Duke of Clarence enjoyed himself amazingly among the beau monde of Quebec, having eyes for more than the scenic beauties of the "Ancient Capital," not unlike other worthy Princes who came after him.

"He took an early opportunity of visiting the Ursulines, and by his

polite and affable manner quite won the hearts of those worthy ladies."--(_Histoire des Ursulines_, vol. III, p. 183.)

Sorel, in honour of his visit, changed its name into Fort William Henry. Among other festivities at Quebec, Lord Dorchester, Governor-General, the successor to Sir Frederick Haldimand, on the 21st August, 1787, treated H. R. Highness to a grand pyrotechnic display. "Prince William Henry and his company, being seated on an exalted platform, erected by the Overseer of Public Works, James Thompson, over a powder magazine joining the end of the new building (Haldimand Castle), while the fireworks were displayed on an eminence fronting it below the _old_ Citadel."--(_Thompson's Diary._)

THE QUEBEC AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.

In the stately reception room of the Castle was founded, in 1789, the _Quebec Agricultural Society_.

"On the 6th April, the rank and fashion, nobility and clergy of all denominations, as well as commoners, crowded at the _Chateau St. Louis_, to enter their names as subscribers to the Quebec Agricultural Society, warmly patronized by his Excellency Lord Dorchester, Hon. Hugh Finlay, Deputy Postmaster-General, was chosen Secretary.

The _Quebec Gazette_ of the 23rd April, 1789, will supply the names, the list is suggestive on more points than one.

| | |
|----------------------------------------|------------------------------------|
| Rev. Philip Tosey, Military Chaplain. | M. Pierre Florence, Riviere Ouelle |
| T. Monk, Atty-Genl. | T. Arthur Coffin |
| G. B. Taschereau, Esq. | Capt. Chas. St. Ours. |
| Peter Stewart, Esq. | Aug. Glapion, Sup. Jesuites. |
| Malcolm Fraser, Esq. | A. Hubert, Cure de Quebec. |
| William Lindsay, Esq. | Juchereau Duchesnay, Esq. |
| J. B. Descheneaux, Esq. | L. de Salaberry, Esq. |
| John Lees, Esq. | P. Panet, P.C. |
| John Renaud, Esq. | M. Grave, Superieur, Seminaire |
| John Young, Esq. | John Craigie, Esq. |
| Mathew Lymburner, Esq. | Berthelot D'Artigny, Esq. |
| John Blackwood, Esq. | Perrault l'Aine, Esq. |
| M. L. Germain, fils. | George Allsopp, Esq. |
| A. Panet, Esq. | Robert Lester, Esq. |
| P. L. Panet, Esq. | Alex. Davidson, Esq. |
| A. Gaspe, Esq., St. Jean Port Joly. | The Chief Justice (W. Smith). |
| M. Ob. Aylwin. | Hon. Hugh Finlay. |
| The Canadian Bishop. | Hon. Thos. Dunn. |
| M. Bailly, Coadjutor. | Hon. Edw. Harrison. |
| T. Mervin Nooth, Dr. | Hon. John Collins. |
| Henry Motz, Dr. | Hon. Adam Mabane. |
| Jenkins Williams. | Hon. J. G. C. DeLery. |
| Isaac Ogden, Judge of Admiralty. | Hon. Geo. Pownall. |
| Messire Panet, Cure of Riviere Ouelle. | Hon. Henry Caldwell. |
| Sir Thomas Mills. | Hon. William Grant. |
| Francois Dambourges, Esq. | Hon. Francois Baby. |
| Capt. Fraser, 34th Regt. | Hon. Saml. Holland. |
| Kenelm Chandler, Esq. | Hon. Geo. Davidson. |
| J. T. Cugnet, Esq. | Hon. Chas. De Lanaudiere. |
| | Hon. LeCompte Dupre. |
| | Major Mathews. |

J. F. Cugnet, Esq.

Capt. Rotson.

THE LOYAL LEAGUE.

Could that patriotic feeling which, ten years later, in 1799, enlisted Quebecers of all creeds to support Great Britain, then at war with regicide France, have been inspired by the sturdy old chieftain, who hailed from the Castle,--General Robert Prescott? It was indeed a novel idea, that loyal league, which exhibited both R. C and Anglican Bishops, each putting their hands in their pockets to help Protestant England to rout the armies of the "eldest son of the Church," represented by the First Consul; so general and so intense was the horror inspired by revolutionary and regicide France.

Though in the past, as at present, attempts were occasionally made to stir up discord amongst our citizens, there appears more than once, traces of enlarged patriotism and loyalty to the mother country, animating all classes. This seems conspicuous in the public invitation by men of both nationalities, inserted in a public journal, for 1799, to form a national fund in order to help England with the war waged against France; this invitation not only bears the signatures of leading English citizens, but also those of several Quebecers of French extraction, rejoicing in old and historic names such as the following."--(_Quebec, Past and Present_, page 244.)

Hon. William Osgood, C. Justice. John Young.
Hon. Francois Baby. Louis Duniere.
Hon. Hugh Finlay. J. Sewell.
Hon. J. A. Panet. John Craigie.
Hon. Thos. Dunn. Wm. Grant.
Hon. Ant. Juchereau Duchesnay Rob. Lester.
Hon. George Pownall. Jas. Sheppard, Sheriff.

Mr. Panet, one of the signers, was Speaker of our Commons for twenty-two years later on. The city journals contain the names and amounts subscribed, as follows:--

| | | | |
|----------------------------------------------|------|---------|--------|
| J. Quebec | L300 | 0 | 0 |
| Wm. Osgood | 300 | 0 | 0 |
| George Pownall | 100 | guineas | |
| Henry Caldwell | L300 | 0 | 0 |
| George W. Taylor, .. per annum during war... | 5 | 0 | 0 |
| A. J. Baby, | " | " | 5 0 0 |
| Geo. Heriot, | " | " | 50 0 0 |
| Chs. De Lery, | " | " | 12 0 0 |
| John Blackwood, | " | " | 10 0 0 |
| Wm. Burns, | " | " | 20 0 0 |
| Le Seminaire de Quebec, .. | " | " | 50 0 0 |
| J. A. Panet, | " | " | 30 0 0 |
| John Wurtele, | " | " | 4 0 0 |
| Wm. Grant, | " | " | 32 4 5 |
| Wm. Bouthillier, | " | " | 3 10 0 |
| Juchereau Duchesnay, | " | " | 20 0 0 |
| James Grossman, | " | " | 10 0 0 |
| Henry Brown, | " | " | 0 10 0 |
| Thos. Dunn, | " | " | 66 0 0 |
| Peter Boatson, | " | " | 23 6 8 |
| Antoine Nadeau, | " | " | 0 6 0 |

Robert Lester, " " 30 0 0
 Le Coadjutor de Quebec, . " " 25 0 0
 Thos. Scott, " " 20 0 0
 Chs. Stewart, " " 11 2 2
 Samuel Holland, " " 20 0 0
 Jenkin Williams, " " 55 11 1
 Francois Baby, " " 40 0 0
 G. Elz. Taschereau, " " 10 0 0
 M. Taschereau, Cure de St. Croix, " 5 0 0
 Thos. Taschereau, " " 5 0 0
 Monro & Bell, " " 100 0 0
 J. Stewart, " " 11 13 4
 Louis Dumon, " " 23 6 8
 Rev. Frs. de Montmollin, " " 10 0 0
 Xavier de Lanaudiere, ... " " 23 6 8
 Peter Stewart, " " 11 2 2
 Messire Raimbault, Ange-Gardien, " 4 13 5
 Messire Villase, Ste. Marie, " 4 13 4
 Messire Bernard Panet, Riviere Ouelle, 5 0 0
 Messire Jacques Panet, Islet, " 25 0 0

See Quebec Gazette, 4th July, 1799.
 See Quebec Gazette, 29th August, 1799.

AN ANTIQUE STONE.

"Praetorian here, Praetorian there, I mind the bigging o't"--
 (The Antiquary)

[Illustration: THE OLD CHATEAU STONE]

Some years back a spicy little controversy was waged among our Quebec antiquarians as to the origin and real date of the stone in the wall adjoining the Old Chateau, the two last figures of the inscription being indistinct.

Was it 1646, 1647 or 1694? After deep research, profound cogitation and much ink used in the public prints, 1647, the present date, prevailed, and Mr. Ernest Gagnon, then a City Councillor, had this precious relic restored and gilt at his cost.

The date 1647 also agrees with the Jesuits Relation, which states that, in 1647, under Governor de Montmagny, one of the bastions was lined with stone; additional light was thrown on this controversy, by the inspection of a deed of agreement, bearing date at Fort St. Louis, 19th October, 1646, exhumed from the Court House vaults, and signed by the stonemasons who undertook to revetir de murailles un bastion qui est au bas de l'allee du Mont Caluaire, descendant au Fort St. Louis, for which work they were to receive from Monsieur Bourdon, engineer and surveyor, 2,000 livres and a puncheon of wine.

This musty, dry-as-dust, old document gives rise to several enquiries. One not the least curious, is the luxurious mode of life, which the puncheon of wine supposes among stonemasons at such a remote period of Quebec history as 1646. Finally, it was decided that this stone and cross were intended to commemorate the year in which the Fort St. Louis Bastion, begun in 1646, was finished, viz., 1647.

This historic stone, which has nothing in common with the

"Stone of Blarney
On the banks of Killarney,"

cropped up again more than a century later, in the days when Sergeant Jas. Thompson, one of Wolfe's veterans, was overseer of public works at Quebec--(he died in 1830, aged 98.) We read in his unpublished diary. "The cross in the wall, September 17th, 1784. The miners at the Chateau, in levelling the yard, dug up a large stone, from which I have described the annexed figure (identical with the present), I could wish it was discovered soon enough to lay conspicuously in the wall of the new building, (Haldimand Castle), in order to convey to posterity the antiquity of the Chateau St. Louis. However, I got the masons to lay the stone in the cheek of the gate of new building." Extract from James Thompson's Diary, 1759-1830.

Col. J. Hale, grandfather to our esteemed fellow townsman, E. J. Hale, Esq., and one of Wolfe's companions-at-arms, used to tell how he had succeeded in having this stone saved from the debris of the Chateau walls, and restored a short time before the Duke of Clarence, the sailor prince (William IV), visited Quebec in 1787.

Occasionally, the Castle opened its portals to rather unexpected but, nor the less welcome, visitors. On the 13th March, 1789, His Excellency Lord Dorchester had the satisfaction of entertaining a stalwart woodsman and expert hunter, Major Fitzgerald of the 54th Regiment, then stationed at St. John, New Brunswick, the son of a dear old friend, Lady Emilia Mary, daughter of the Duke of Richmond. This chivalrous Irishman was no less than the dauntless Lord Edward Fitzgerald, fifth son of the Duke of Leinster, the true but misguided patriot, who closed his promising career in such a melancholy manner in prison, during the Irish rebellion in 1798. Lord Edward had walked up on snowshoes through the trackless forest, from New Brunswick to Quebec, a distance of 175 miles, in twenty-six days, accompanied by a brother officer, Mr. Brisbane, a servant and two "woodsmen." This feat of endurance is pleasantly described by himself.

Tom Moore, in his biography of this generous, warmhearted son of Erin, among other dutiful epistles addressed by Lord Edward to his mother, has preserved the following, of which we shall give a few extracts:--

QUEBEC, March 14, 1789.

DEAREST MOTHER,--I got here yesterday after a very long and, what some people would think, a very tedious and fatiguing journey; but to me it was, at most, only a little fatiguing, and to make up for that, it was delightful and quite new. We were thirty days on our march, twenty-six of which we were in the woods, and never saw a soul but our own party.

You must know we came through a part of the country that had always been reckoned impassable. In short, instead of going a long way about, we determined to try and get straight through the woods, and see what kind of country it was. I believe I mentioned my party in a letter to Ogilvie (his step-father) before I left St. Anne's or Fredericton: it was an officer of the regiment, Tonny, and two woodsmen. The officer and I used to draw part of our baggage day about, and the other day steer (by compass), which we did so well, that we made the point we intended within ten miles. We were only wrong in computing our distances and making them a little too great, which obliged us to

follow a new course, and make a river, which led us round to Quebec, instead of going straight to it. * * * I expect my leave by the first despatches. * * * I shall not be able to leave this part of the world till May, as I cannot get my leave before that. How I do long to see you. Your old love, Lord Dorchester, is very civil to me. I must, though, tell you a little more of the journey. After making the river, we fell in with some savages, and travelled with them to Quebec; they were very kind to us, and said we were "all one brother," "all one indian." They fed us the whole time we were with them. You would have laughed to have seen me carrying an old squaw's pack, which was so heavy I could hardly waddle under it. However, I was well paid whenever we stopped, for she always gave me the best bits and most soup, and took as much care of me as if I had been her own son; in short, I was quite *_l'enfant cheri_*. We were quite sorry to part: the old lady and gentleman both kissed me very heartily. I gave the old lady one of Sophia's silver spoons, which pleased her very much. When we got here, you may guess what figures we were. We had not shaved nor washed during the journey; our blanket-coats and trousers all worn out and pieced, in short, we went to two or three houses and they would not let us in. There was one old lady, exactly the *_hotesse_* in Gil Blas, *_elle me prit la mesure du pied jusqu'a la tete_*, and told me there was one room, without a stove or bed, next a billiard room, which I might have if I pleased, and when I her told we were gentlemen, she very quietly said, "I dare say you are," and off she went. However, at last we got lodgings in an ale house, and you may guess ate well and slept well, and went next day well dressed, with one of Lord Dorchester's aide-de-camps to triumph over the old lady; in short, exactly the story in Gil Blas.

We are quite curiosities here after our journey, some think we were mad to undertake it, some think we were lost; some will have it we were starved; there were a thousand lies, but we are safe and well, enjoying rest and good eating, most completely. One ought really to take these fillips now and then, they make one enjoy life a great deal more.

The hours here are a little inconvenient to us as yet; whenever we wake at night we want to eat, the same as in the woods, and as soon as we eat we want to sleep. In our journey we were always up two hours before day, to load and get ready to march, we used to stop between three and four, and it generally took us from that till night to shovel out the snow, cut wood, cook and get ready for night, so that immediately after our suppers we were asleep, and whenever any one awakes in the night, he puts some wood on the fire, and eats a bit before he lies down again; but for my part, I was not much troubled with waking in the night.

"I really do think there is no luxury equal to that of lying before a good fire on a good spruce bed, after a good supper, and a hard moose chase in a fine clear frosty moonlit starry night. But to enter into the spirit of this, you must understand what a moose chase is: the man himself runs the moose down by pursuing the track. Your success in killing depends on the number of people you have to pursue and relieve one another in going first (which is the fatiguing part of snow-shoeing), and on the depth and hardness of the snow, for when the snow is hard and has a crust, the moose cannot get on, as it cuts his legs, and then he stops to make battle. But when the snow is soft, though it be above his belly, he will go on three, four or five days, for then the man cannot get on so fast, as the snow is heavy and he only gets

his game by perseverance--an Indian never gives him up." Then follows a most graphic description of a hunt--closing with the death of the noble quarry.

"Pray," continues Lord Edward, "write to uncle Richmond, I would write if there was time, but I have only time to fill up this."

Tom Moore adds, that the plan of Lord Edward's route through the woods was forwarded from Quebec to the Duke of Richmond, by Mr. Hamilton Moore, in a letter dated Quebec, May 22nd, 1789, this letter closes with the following:--"Lord Edward has met with the esteem and admiration of all here."

In a subsequent epistle to Mr. Ogilvie, his step-father, dated "Quebec, 12th April, 1789," Lord Edward mentions the death of the Lieut.-Governor of Quebec (Major Patrick Bellew). "It is a place of L1,600 a year, and I think would do well for Charles. The day before he died I was in treaty for his Lieut.-Colonelcy in the 44th Regiment."

Later, on 4th May, 1789, he writes from Montreal, and speaks gratefully of the open-handed hospitality extended to him, and of the kind lady friends he met at Quebec. (Page 67.)

Alas! generous youth, what foul fiend, three year later, inspired you, with Tom Paine as your adviser, to herd at Paris with the regicide crew, and howl the "_Carmagnole_" and "_Ca Ira_" with the hideous monsters who revelled in blood under the holy name of liberty?

Again, one follows the patriotic Irish nobleman, in 1793, plighting his faith to a lovely and noble bride, Pamela Sims, the youthful daughter of the Duke of Orleans, by Madame de Genlis.

A few short years and the ghastly phantom of death, in a dismal prison, in the dearly loved land of his birth, spreads a pall over what might have been to his unfortunate country, a career full of honour. Alas! brave, noble Edward! Poor, pretty little Pamela, alas!

The Castle had its sunshine and its shadows. Many still survive to tell of an impressive, and gloomy pageant. On the 4th September, 1819, previous to their transfer to the chancel of the Anglican Cathedral, were exposed in state in the Chateau, the mortal remains of the late Governor-General, His Grace Charles Gordon Lennox, Duke of Richmond, Lennox and Aubigny, who, on the 28th August, 1819, had died of hydrophobia.

The revolving wheel of time ushers in, with his successor, other actors, and other scenes. One likes to recall the presence there of a graceful and noble Chatelaine, his daughter, Lady Sarah Lennox, the devoted wife of the administrator of the Government of Lower Canada, Sir Peregrine Maitland, "a tall, grave officer, says Dr. Scadding, always in military undress, his countenance ever wearing a mingled expression of sadness and benevolence, like that which one may observe on the face of the predecessor of Louis Philippe, Charles the Tenth," whose current portraits recall, not badly, the whole head and figure of this early Governor of Upper Canada.

"In an outline representation which we (Dr. Scadding) accidentally possessed, of a panorama of the battle of Waterloo, on exhibition in London, the 1st Foot Guards were conspicuously to be seen, led on by 'Major General Sir Peregrine Maitland.'" [38]

With persons of wider knowledge, Sir Peregrine was invested With further associations. Besides being the royal representative in these parts, he was the son-in-law of Charles Gordon Lennox, fourth Duke of Richmond, a name that stirred chivalrous feelings in early Canadians of both Provinces; for the Duke had come to Canada as Governor-in-Chief, with a grand reputation acquired as Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, and great benefits were expected, and probably would have been realized, from his administration, had it been of long continuance. But he had been suddenly removed by an excruciating death. Whilst on a tour of inspection in the Upper Province, he had been fatally attacked by hydrophobia, occasioned by the bite of a pet fox. The injury had been received at Sorel; its terrible effects were fatally experienced at a place near the Ottawa river called Richmond.

Some of the prestige of the deceased Duke continued to adhere to Sir Peregrine Maitland, for he had married the Duke's daughter, a graceful and elegant woman, who was always at his side here (York, now Toronto), and at Stanford Cottage across the lake. She bore a name not unfamiliar in the domestic annals of George III., who once, it is said, was enamored of a beautiful Lady Sarah Lennox, grandmother, as we suppose, or some other near relative of the Lady Sarah Lennox here before us. However, conversationists whispered about (in confidence) something supposed to be unknown to the general public, that the match between Sir Peregrine and Lady Sarah had been effected in spite of the Duke. The report was that there had been an elopement, and it was naturally supposed that the party of the sterner sex had been the most active agent in the affair. To say the truth, however, in this instance it was the lady who precipitated matters. The affair occurred at Paris, soon after the Waterloo campaign. The Duke's final determination against Sir Peregrine's proposals having been announced, the daughter suddenly withdrew from the father's roof, and fled to the lodgings of Sir Peregrine, who instantly retired to other quarters. The upshot of the whole thing, at once romantic and unromantic, included a marriage and a reconciliation, and eventually a Lieutenant-Governorship for the son-in-law, under the Governorship-in-Chief of the father, both despatched together to undertake the discharge of vice-regal functions in a distant colony. At the time of his marriage with Lady Sarah Lennox, Sir Peregrine had been for some ten years a widower. [39] After the death of the Duke of Richmond, Sir Peregrine became administrator, for a time of the general government of British North America.

One of the Duke of Richmond's sons was lost in the ill-fated steamer President in 1840. In December, 1824, Sir Peregrine revisited Quebec with Sir Francis Burton, Lieutenant-Governor, in the Swiftsure, steamer escorting some very distinguished tourists. A periodical notices the arrivals at the old Chateau as follows:--

"Sir Peregrine is accompanied by Lord Arthur Lennox, Mr. Maitland, Colonels Foster, Lightfoot, Coffin and Talbot, with the Hon. E. G. Stanley (from 1851 to 1869 Earl of Derby), grandson of Earl Derby, M. P. for Stockbridge; John E. Denison, Esq., (subsequently Speaker of the House of Commons), M. P. for Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and James S. Wortley, Esq. (afterwards Lord Wharncliffe), M. P. for Bossiney in Cornwall. The three latter gentlemen are upon a tour in this country from England, and we are happy to learn, that they have expressed themselves as being highly gratified with all they have hitherto seen in Canada."--(Canadian Review, 1824.)

Quebecers will be pleased to learn that the name of Sir Peregrine Maitland is pleasantly preserved by means of Maitland Scholarships in a grammar school for natives at Madras, and by a Maitland Prize in the University of Cambridge. Sir Peregrine, as patron of education, opened an era of progress which his successors Lords Elgin, Dufferin and Lorne have continued in a most munificent manner.

A curious glimpse of high life at Quebec, in the good old days of Lord Dalhousie, is furnished in a letter addressed to Delta, of Blackwood's Magazine, by John Galt, the novelist, the respected father of our gifted statesman, Sir Alexander Tilloch Galt. [40]

The talented author of the "Annals of the Parish," after expatiating on the dangers he had that day incurred in crossing over from Levis to Quebec in a canoe, among the ice-floes, thus alludes to the winter amusements:--

QUEBEC, 22nd February, 1827.

MY DEAR SIR,--I am under very great obligations to you. A copy of the "Laird" having come to the castle from the New York publishers, Lady Dalhousie lent it to me. * * * I am much pleased with Quebec. It is at present filled with Highland regiments, in which I have many acquaintances and the hospitality of the other inhabitants is also unbounded, for the winter suspends all business, and pleasure is conducted as if it were business. The amateurs have a theatre, and I wrote a piece for them, in which a Londoner, a Glasgow merchant, an Irish girl, a Yankee family and a Highlander were introduced. It was adapted entirely to the place, and in quiz of a very agreeable custom --of everybody calling on strangers. Dr. Dunlop performed the Highlander beyond anything I ever saw on the regular stage. The whole went off with more laughter than anything I have ever seen, for the jokes being local and personal (supplied by upwards of thirty contributors), every one told with the utmost effect."

"This farce, says Delta, composed at Quebec by J. Galt, and performed there before the Earl of Dalhousie (then Governor-General), was named "The Visitors, or a Trip to Quebec," and was meant as a good humoured satire on some of the particular usages of the place. An American family figured as the visitors, and the piece opened with a scene in an hotel, when a waiter brings in a tea-tray loaded with cards of callers, and the explanation of the initials having had reference to people, many of whom were present at the performance, tended much to make the thing pass off with great eclat. It seems that a custom prevails there to a punctilious extent, of all the inhabitants of a certain grade calling upon strangers and leaving their cards.

"This flash of harmless lightning, however, assumed somewhat of a malignant glare when seen from the United States. The drift of the performance was, it seems, hideously misrepresented by some of the newspapers, and it was said that Mr. Galt had ungratefully ridiculed the Americans, notwithstanding the distinction and hospitality with which they had received him. It thus came to pass that he promised, when next in New York, to write another farce, in which liberty as great should be taken with his own countrymen. "An Aunt in Virginia" was the product of this promise, and with the alterations mentioned and a change of scene from New York to London, it was published under the name of "Scotch and Yankees.""

A volume would not suffice to detail the brilliant receptions, gay routs, _levees_, state balls given at the Castle during Lord Dorchester's administration--the lively discussions--the formal protests originating out of points of precedence, burning _questions de jupons_ between the touchy magnates of the old and those of the new _regime_. Whether la Baronne de St. Laurent would be admitted there or not? Whether a de Longueuil's or a de Lanaudiere's place was on the right of Lady Maria, the charming consort of His Excellency Lord Dorchester--a daughter of the great English Earl of Effingham? Whether dancing ought to cease when their Lordships the Bishops entered, and made their bow to the representative of royalty? Unfortunately Quebec had then no Court Journal, so that following generations will have but faint ideas of all the witchery, the stunning head-dresses, the _decolletees_, high-waisted robes of their stately grandmothers, whirled round in the giddy waltz by whiskered, epauletted cavaliers, or else courtesying in the demure _menuet de la cour_.

In August, 1796, when Isaac Weld, Jr., visited Quebec, he describes the old part of the chateau as chiefly taken up with the public offices, all the apartments in it, says he, "are small and ill-contrived; but in the new part (Haldimand Castle) which stands in front of the other, facing the square (the ring), they are spacious and tolerably well furnished, but none of them can be called elegant. This part is inhabited by the Governor's family. * * * Every evening during summer, when the weather is fine, one of the regiments of the garrison parades in the open place before the chateau, and the band plays for an hour or two, at which time the place becomes the resort of numbers of the most genteel people of the town, and has a very gay appearance." (_Weld's Travels through the States of North America in_ 1795-6-7, vol. 1, p. 351)

In 1807, when the deadly duel between England and Imperial France was at its height, Great Britain sent New France as her Viceroy, a military Governor, equally remarkable for the sternness of his rule and for his love of display, hence the name of "Little King Craig," awarded to Sir James Craig. To meet his requirements the House of Assembly voted in 1808, a sum of L7,000 to repair the Chateau St. Louis. Sir James took up his quarters in the interim, in Castle Haldimand. The Chateau St. Louis received an additional story and was much enlarged. In 1812 an additional sum of L7,980 19s 4d was voted to cover the deficit in the repairs. Little King Craig inhabited Chateau St. Louis during the winters of 1809-10-11, occupying Spencer Wood during the summer months. The _Chateau_ stables were subsequently converted into a riding school, afterwards into a theatre, where the exhibition of Harrison's Diorama caused the awful tragedy of 12th June, 1846. [41] The Earl of Durham, in 1838, struck with the commanding position of this site, had the charred ruins of the old Chateau removed and erected a lofty platform which soon was called after him "Durham Terrace."

In 1851-2-3-4, Haldimand Castle was repaired at a cost of \$13,718.42. In 1854, Hon. Jean Chabot, member for Quebec and Commissioner of Public Works, had Durham Terrace much enlarged; the adjoining walls were repaired at an expense of \$4,209.92. More expenditure was incurred in 1857. When the Laval Normal School was installed there, Bishop Langevin, then Principal, had the wing erected where the chapel stands. The vaulted room used as a kitchen for the Laval Normal School, was an old powder magazine; it is the most ancient portion of the building. The present Castle was, by Order in Council of 14th February, 1871, transferred by the Dominion authorities to the Government of the Province of Quebec, together with Durham Terrace, the Sewell Mansion, facing the Esplanade (Lieutenant-Governor's office), also, the site and buildings of the Parliament House,

on Mountain Hill.

The extension of this lofty and beautiful Terrace, suggested to the City Council by the City Engineer in his report of 1872, necessarily formed a leading feature in the splendid scheme of city improvements, originated by the Earl of Dufferin, with the assistance of Mr. Lynn, an eminent Irish engineer, and of our City Engineer, le Chevalier Baillairge. An appeal was made by a true and powerful friend to Quebec (Lord Dufferin) to our gracious Sovereign, who contributed munificently from her private purse, for the erection of the new gate, called after her late father, the Duke of Kent--Kent Gate, in remembrance of his long sojourn (1791-4) in this city. Large sums were also granted by the Dominion, it is thought, chiefly through the powerful influence of Lord Dufferin, seconded by Sir H. L. Langevin; an appeal was also made for help to the City Council and not in vain; it responded by a vote of \$7,500.

The front wall was built at the expense of the Dominion Government, and occupies part of the site of the old battery, erected on that portion of the chateau garden granted to Major Samuel Holland in 1766.

The length of Dufferin Terrace is 1420 feet, and it is 182 feet above the level of the St. Lawrence. It forms part of the city fortifications. The site can be resumed by the Commander of the Forces (the Governor-General) whenever he may deem it expedient for objects within the scope of his military authority.

Durham Terrace, increased to four times its size, now forms a link in the Dufferin plans of city embellishment, of which the corner stone was laid by the Earl of Dufferin on the 18th October, 1878, and was authentically recognized as "Dufferin Terrace" in April and May, 1879, in the official records of the City Council; several iron plates were inserted in the flooring with the inscription, "_Dufferin Terrace, H. Hatch, contractor, C. Baillairge, engineer._" But a famous name of the past, which many loved to connect with this spot--that of Louis de Buade, Count de Frontenac, was not forgotten. The Literary and Historical Society of Quebec, on the 18th April, 1879, presented to the City Council a petition, asking among other things, that one of the handsome kiosks on the Terrace should bear the name of Frontenac; their prayer was granted, and by a resolution moved on 9th May, 1879, by Mr. P. Johnson, C.C., and seconded by Alderman Rheume, the five kiosks of Dufferin Terrace were named _Victoria, Louise, Lorne, Frontenac, Plessis_.

It is the site of the present Normal School, adjacent to this historic spot, which has been selected for the palatial hotel in contemplation.

LAYING OF CORNER STONE OF DUFFERIN TERRACE

"The laying of the corner stone of Dufferin Terrace took place the same day (18th Oct., 1878) as that of the two city gates, the St. Louis and the Kent Gate. The ceremony was performed in the presence of thousands. His Worship the Mayor (R. Chambers) received His Excellency the Earl of Dufferin, and with him were present many of the Aldermen and Councillors, with the City Engineer and contractors, the members of the Judiciary, Consul-General of Spain, Consuls of France, Belgium and the United States, Dean Stanley, of London, England; Mrs. Stevenson, sister to the Countess of Dufferin, Messrs. Russell Stevenson, R. R. Dobell, Simon Peters, Dr. Marsden, Jas. Motz, many ex-Aldermen and ex-Councillors, Alexander Woods, Chairman of the

Harbour Commission, W. S. Desbarats, W. G. Sheppard, Wm. White, Very Revd. H. Hamel, His Lordship Judge Taschereau, late of the Supreme Court, Hon. Judge H. Taschereau, Judge of the Superior Court, &c.

"A handsome trowel and mallet were handed to His Excellency the manufacture of Mr. Cyrille Duquet. On the face of the trowel a splendid likeness of the Governor-General was embossed, and an appropriate inscription was engraved thereon. On the plate of the foundation stone the inscription reads as follows:--"Dufferin Terrace, laid by His Excellency the Earl of Dufferin, Governor-General of the Dominion of Canada, on the 18th day of October, 1878, in presence of the Dominion and city authorities and dignitaries, and an immense concourse of people from all parts of Canada, also His Honor Luc Letellier de St. Just, Lieut.-Governor of the Province of Quebec, R. Chambers, Esq., Mayor of the city of Quebec. City Aldermen--Hon. John Hearn, Patrick Henchey, Louis Bourget, R. F. Rinfret, Francois Gingras, J. P. Rheame, Germain Guay, F. O. Vallerand, Esqs. City Councillors--Onesime Beaubien, Andrew Hatch, Guillaume Bouchard, F. X. Langevin, Jean Docile Brosseau, Francis McLaughlin, John C. Burns, William McWilliam, William Convey, J. F. Peachy, John Delaney, F. W. Roy, Peter Johnston, Willis Russell, Charles Brochu, Richard Turner, Esqs. City Clerk--L. A. Cannon, Esq. City Treasurer--C. J. L. Lafrance, Esq. City Accountant--M. F. Walsh, Esq. City Legal Adviser--L. G. Baillairge, Esq. City Notary--A. G. Tourangeau, Esq. Owen Murphy, Esq., ex-Mayor; Chas. Baillairge, Chevalier, City Engineer." In the leaden box, placed within the stone, were laid mementoes of the occasion, similar to those placed in the proper receptacle in the stone laid in the morning at St. Louis Gate, with the addition of beautifully executed portraits of Lord and Lady Dufferin, from the studio of Messrs. Ellison & Co.

"His Excellency having given the coup de grace to the foundation stone with the silver mallet, the proceedings were closed."-- (Morning Chronicle, 19th Oct., 1878.)

The new city gate erected on the site of the old St. Louis Gate, instead of being called Dufferin Gate, as it had been contemplated, was allowed to retain its time-honored name, St. Louis Gate; the public of Quebec, however, were resolved that some conspicuous monument should recall to Quebecers the fragrant memory of its benefactor, Lord Dufferin; on the visit in June, 1879, of His Excellency Lord Lorne and H.R.H. the Princess Louise, a request was made on them by the citizens, through their chief executive officer, the Mayor of Quebec (R. Chambers), to name and open to the public our world-famous Terrace. On the 9th June, 1879, our distinguished visitors performed this auspicious ceremony in presence of thousands, and in the following words confirmed the name previously entered in the Corporation records:--

INAUGURATION OF DUFFERIN TERRACE, 9th JUNE, 1879.

"According to notice previously given, the inauguration of Dufferin Terrace occurred at half-past two o'clock in the afternoon. When that hour arrived a mass of people variously estimated at from eight to fifteen thousand, but probably containing about ten thousand, occupied the Terrace. The appearance from an elevated place of this sea of humanity was indeed wonderful. The band pavilion in the centre of the garden had been reserved for the Viceregal party, and was covered in carpet and scarlet cloth, with two chairs of state. The entrance to

the pavilion was kept by the City Police, while "B" Battery furnished the band and guard of honour, and played the National Anthem as the distinguished party arrived on the field.

The Mayor and members of the City Council had previously walked in a body to the pavilion from the City Hall, and now His Worship conducted His Excellency and Her Royal Highness to the dais, and addressing himself to the Governor-General, said:--

"MAY IT PLEASE YOUR EXCELLENCY.--On behalf of the Corporation and citizens of Quebec, permit me to thank Your Excellency for acceding to our request that you would be pleased to open in person this public promenade, and also Her Royal Highness for graciously honouring us by her presence.

"The corner stone of this structure was laid by Your Excellency's predecessor, the Earl of Dufferin (18th Oct., 1878).

"It will be gratifying to the noble Lord to learn that the work in which he took so lively an interest has been inaugurated by Your Excellency, and that the ceremony was graced by the presence of Her Royal Highness the Princess Louise.

"I have, therefore, respectfully to request that Your Excellency may be pleased to give the name which the Terrace is henceforth to bear, and to signify if it is the pleasure of Your Excellency that it be opened to the public."

His Excellency replied:--"I am happy to accede to your request to signify that this Terrace shall be called after your late Governor-General, Dufferin, and that it is now open to the public."

Rounds of applause followed His Excellency's remarks, and loud cheers were given for the Earl of Dufferin, Her Royal Highness and His Excellency." (Morning Chronicle, 10th June, 1879.)

Parallel with Ste. Anne street, and terminated by Dauphin street, a tortuous, rugged little lane, now known as St. Andrew's street, leads past St Andrew's schoolhouse, to the chief entrance of the Presbyterian house of worship; a church opened at the beginning of the century, repaired and rendered quite handsome a few years ago, but much damaged by fire on the 30th April, 1881. In connection with the erection of this structure, a document was recently exhumed from the archives of the Literary and Historical Society, which throws much light on an important section of the former population of the city. It is a memorial to His Majesty George III., signed at Quebec on the 5th October, 1802, by the Rev. Dr Sparks' congregation and by himself. The first incumbent of St. Andrew's Church--commenced in 1809, and opened for worship on the 30th November, 1810--was the Reverend Doctor Alexander Sparks, who had landed at Quebec in 1780, became tutor in the family of Colonel Henry Caldwell at Belmont, St. Foye road, and who died suddenly in Quebec, on the 7th March, 1819. Dr. Sparks had succeeded to the Rev. George Henry, a military chaplain at the time of the conquest; the first Presbyterian minister, we are told, who officiated in the Province, and who died on the 6th July, 1795, aged 86 years.

One hundred and forty-eight signatures are affixed to this dusty document of 1802.

A carefully prepared petition--it seems--to the King, asking for a site in

Quebec whereon to build a church--and suggesting that the lot occupied by the Jesuits' Church, and where until 1878, stood the Upper Town, market shambles, be granted to the petitioners, they being without a church, and having to trust to the good will of the government for the use, on Sundays, of a room in the Jesuits Barracks, as a place of worship. [42]

Signatures to Memorial addressed to George III., asking for land in Quebec to build a Presbyterian Church_:--

| | |
|-------------------------|----------------------|
| Alex. Sparks, Minister, | A. Ferguson, |
| Jas. Thompson, Jr., | Robert Eglison, |
| Fred. Grant, | Robt. Cairns, |
| Jno. Greenshields, | William A. Thompson, |
| Chas. G. Stewart, | Wm. McWhirter, |
| James Sinclair, | John McDonald, |
| John Urquhart, | John Auld, |
| William Morrin, | Bridget Young, |
| Jno. Eifland, | Jno. Shaw, |
| John Barlie, | Charles Hunter, |
| Geo. McGregor, | Geo. Black, |
| Wm. Holmes, | W. G. Hall, |
| James Ward, | J. Gray, |
| Jno. Purss, | F. Leslie, |
| Ann Watt, | Robt. Wood, |
| J. Brydon, | Lewis Harper, |
| Jno. Frazer, | Mary Boyle, |
| James Somerville, | A. Anderson, |
| J. A. Thompson, | John Anderson, |
| Wm. Hall, | Robt. Ross, |
| Wm. Thompson, Sr., | Wm. Fraser, |
| D. Monroe, | Wm. Hay, |
| J. Blackwood, | Wm. McKay, |
| M. Lymburner, | Robt. Harrower, |
| Francis Hunter, | James Tulloch, |
| W. Rouburgh, | Samuel Brown, |
| John McCord, | Isaac Johnstone, |
| J. G. Hanna, | Peter Leitch, |
| J. McNider, | Henry Baldwin, |
| Adam Lymburner, | Daniel Forbes, |
| Jno. Lynd, | William Jaffray, |
| Peter Stuart, | J. Hendry, |
| William Grant, | John Thompson, |
| J. A. Todd, | George Smith, |
| John Mure, | Wm. Reed, |
| John Patterson, | Alexander Harper, |
| John Crawford, | Robert Marshall, |
| John Hewison, | William White, |
| David Douglas, | Thomas White, |
| George Wilde, | John Taylor, |
| Fred. Petry, | Adam Reid, |
| James Ross, | James Irvine, |
| David Stewart, | John Munro, |
| John Yule, | Alexander Munn, |
| Angus McIntyre, | Alexander Rea, |
| John Mackie, | James Elmslie, |
| John Purss. Johnston, | Charles Smith, |
| Wm. Thompson, Jr., | Ebenezer Baird, |
| Con. Adamson, | Lawrence Kidd, |

| | |
|--------------------|-------------------|
| Geo. Morrison, | James McCallum, |
| Jno. Goudie, | John Burn, |
| G. Sinclair, | Joanna George, |
| Walter Carruthers, | Maya Darling, |
| Wm. Petrie, | William Lindsay, |
| John Ross, | Janet Smith, |
| Wm. McKenzie, | William Smith, |
| Thos. Saul, | Henrietta Sewell, |
| J. Ross, Jr., | Jane Sewell, |
| Ann Rose, | C. W. Grant, |
| James Mitchell, | Robert Ritchie, |
| Geo. King, | George Pyke, |
| Alex. Thompson, | Joseph Stilson, |
| James Orkney, | Henry Hunt, |
| J. Neilson, | George Thompson, |
| Daniel Fraser, | |

Quebec, 5th October, 1802.

Some of these signatures are suggestive. The most notable is probably that of old Adam Lymburner, the cleverest of the three Lymburners, all merchants at Quebec in 1775. [43] Adam, according to the historian Garneau, was more distinguished for his forensic abilities and knowledge of constitutional law, than for his robust allegiance to the Hanoverian succession at Quebec, when Colonel Benedict Arnold and his New Englanders so rudely knocked at our gates for admission in 1775.

According to Garneau and other historians, in the autumn of that memorable year, when the fate of British Canada hung as if by a thread, Adam Lymburner, more prudent than loyal, retired from the sorely beset fortress to Charlesbourg, possibly to Chateau Bigot, a shooting box then known as the "Hermitage," to meditate on the mutability of human affairs. Later on, however, in the exciting times of 1791, Adam Lymburner was deputed by the colony to England to suggest amendment's to the project of the constitution to be promulgated by the home authorities. His able speech may be met with in the pages of the Canadian Review, published at Montreal in 1826. This St Peter street magnate attained four score and ten years, and died at Russell Square, London, on the 10th January, 1836.

Another signature recalls days of strife and alarm: that of sturdy old Hugh McQuarters, the brave artillery sergeant who, at Pres-de-Ville on that momentous 31st December, 1775, applied the match to the cannon which consigned to a snowy shroud Brigadier-General Richard Montgomery, his two aides, McPherson and Cheeseman, and his brave, but doomed followers, some eleven in all; the rest having sought safety in flight. By this record, it appears Sergeant McQuarters had also a son, in 1802, one of Dr Sparks' congregation. Old Hugh McQuarters lived in Champlain street, and closed his career there in 1812.

Another autograph, that of James Thompson, one of Wolfe's comrades--"a big giant," as our old friend, the late Judge Henry Black, who knew him well, used to style him, awakens many memories of the past. Sergeant James Thompson, of Fraser's Highlanders, at Louisbourg in 1758, and at Quebec in 1759, came from Tain, Scotland, to Canada, as a volunteer to accompany a friend-Capt. David Baillie, of the 78th. His athletic frame, courage, integrity and intelligence, during the seventy-two years of his Canadian career, brought him employment, honour, trust and attention from every Governor of the colony from 1759 to 1830, the period of his death, he was then aged 98 years. At the battle of the Plains of Abraham, James Thompson, as hospital sergeant, was intrusted with the landing, at Point

Levi, of the wounded, who were crossed over in boats; he tells us of his carrying some of the wounded from the crossing at Levi, up the hill, all the way to the church at St. Joseph, converted into an hospital, and distant three miles from the present ferry, a "big giant" alone could have been equal to such a task. In 1775, Sergeant Thompson, as overseer of Government works, was charged with erecting the palisades, fascines and other primitive contrivances to keep out Brother Jonathan, who had not yet learned the use of Parrot or Gatling guns and torpedoes. Later on, we find the sturdy Highlander an object of curiosity to strangers visiting Quebec --full of siege anecdotes and reminiscences--a welcome guest at the Chateau in the days of the Earl of Dalhousie. In 1827, as senior Mason, he was called on by His Excellency to give the three mystic taps with the mallet, when the corner stone of the Wolfe and Montcalm monument was laid, in the presence of Captain Young of the 79th Highlanders, and a great concourse of citizens. About New Year's day, 1776, Mr. Thompson became possessed of Gen. Montgomery's sword; it has since passed to his grandson, James Thompson Harrower. Mr. James Thompson left several sons, some of whose signatures are affixed to the document before us. John Gawler was Judge for the District of Gaspé from 1828 to 1865; George received a commission in the Royal Artillery; a third was Deputy Commissary General James Thompson, who died in this city in 1869.

Old James Thompson expired in 1830, at the family mansion, St. Ursule street, now occupied by his grandson, Mr. James Thompson Harrower.

When we name John Greenshields, D. Munro (the partner of the Hon. Matthew Bell), J. Blackwood, Matthew Lymburner, Peter Stuart, William Grant, John Mure, John McNider, J. G. Hanna, John Crawford, David Stewart (the David Stewart of "Astoria" described by Washington Irving?) James Orkney, Robert Wood, Alexander Munn, James McCallum, Thomas White, Fred. Petrie, Robert Ritchie, we recall many leading merchants in St. Peter street, Notre Dame street and the old Cul-de-Sac.

"Ebenezer Baird," we take to have been the progenitor of a well-remembered Quebec Barrister, James E. Baird, Esq., the patron of our city member, Jacques Malouin, Esquire.

George Pyke, a Halifax barrister, had settled here. He rose to occupy a seat on the judicial bench.

Robert Harrower, was doubtless the father of Messrs. Robert, David and Charles Harrower, of Trois Saumons, County of L'Islet. Honorable James Irvine, in 1818, a member of the Legislative Council, was the grandfather of the Hon. G. Irvine, of this city. The Hon. John Jones Ross, the present Speaker of the Legislative Council, Quebec, traces back to the "James Ross" of 1802, and the Hon. David Alex. Ross claims for his sire that sturdy Volunteer of 1759, under Wolfe, "John Ross," who made a little fortune; he resided at the house he purchased in 1765, near Palace Gate within. He held a commission as a Captain in the British Militia in 1775, under Colonel Le Maitre; we can recollect his scarlet uniform which he wore in 1775, also worn in 1875, by his grandson, our worthy friend, Hon. D. A. Ross, at the ball of the Centenary of the repulse of Brigadier-General Richard Montgomery, 31st December, 1775. He had three sons, David was Solicitor-General at Quebec; John was a lawyer also, and Prothonotary at Quebec (the signer of the memorial of 1802); the third died young; of three daughters, one was married to the Rev. Doctor Sparks, already mentioned; a second was married to Mr. James Mitchell, A.C.G., and the third to an army surgeon. John Ross, Sr., died at an advanced age. Charles Grey Stewart, our Comptroller of Customs died in 1854; he was the father

of Messrs. McLean, Charles, Alexander, Robert and John Stewart, of Mrs. William Price, of Mrs. William Phillips, of the Misses Ann and Eleanor Stewart.

"Joanna George" the mother of an aged contemporary, Miss Elizabeth George, and of [44] Miss Agnes George, the widow of the late Arch. Campbell, Esq., N.P., and grandmother of the present President of the St. Andrew's Society, W. Darling Campbell, died about 1830.

"Maya Darling" was another daughter, and wife of Capt. Darling. "John Burn," also one of the signers of the Memorial, and who afterwards settled in Upper Canada, was the son of "Joanna George" by another marriage; the eccentric and clever Quebec merchant, Mr. James George, was another son. He was the first who suggested in 1822, a plan of the St. Charles River Docks--the first who took up the subject of rendering the St. Lawrence Rapids navigable higher than Montreal. The idea seemed so impracticable, and what was still worse, so new, that the far-seeing Mr. George, was at the time branded as _non compos_! and still for years the "Spartan," "Passport," "Champion" and other steamers have safely ran these rapids daily every season!

James George had also suggested the practicability of Wooden Railways or Tramways, with horses as locomotive power, forty years before the Civil Engineer Hulburt built the Gosford Wooden Railway, with steam as locomotive power.

"William Grant, of St. Roch's, after whom Grant street was called, was member for the Upper Town of Quebec, during our two first Parliaments, from 17th December, 1792, to 29th May, 1800, and from 9th January, 1805, to period of his death at St. Roch in 1805. An enterprising and important personage was the Hon. Wm. Grant, the Receiver General of the Province in 1770. He had married the widow of the third Baron de Longueuil.

"John Mure" represented the County of York (Vaudreuil) in three Parliaments, from 9th January, 1805, to 26th February, 1810, and was member for the Upper Town of Quebec, from 1810 to 1814. A man of intelligence, he also, though a Presbyterian, became a benefactor to the R. C. Church, having, in 1812, given to the R. C. parishioners of St. Roch's, a site whereon to erect their church in that thriving suburb.

"John Blackwood" also represented the Upper Town in two Parliaments, from 9th April, 1809, to 20th February, 1810.

"Jane Sewell" was the wife of Stephen Sewell, Solicitor-General of Lower Canada, brother to Chief Justice Sewell.

"Henrietta Sewell," one of the signers, survived ten years her husband, the late Jonathan Sewell, Chief Justice for Lower Canada, who died in Quebec in 1839. Chief Justice Sewell left a numerous progeny. [45]

"William Lindsay" was the father of the late William Burns Lindsay, for years Clerk of the Legislative Assembly of Lower Canada, and of our venerable fellow-citizen, Errol Boyd Lindsay, Esq., Notary Public, now more than four score years of age; he seems to have taken his surname from Capt. Errol Boyd, in 1798, commander of the well remembered Quebec and Montreal trader, the "Dunlop."

"William Smith," one of the last among the signers of the memorial, the brother of Henrietta Smith, wife of Chief Justice Sewell, was the Hon.

William Smith, Clerk of the Legislative Council, and who, in 1815, published his History of Canada, in two volumes, a standard work; he was a descendant of the Hon. William Smith, a noted U. E. Loyalist, who wrote the history of the State of New York, and landed at Quebec, 23rd October, 1786. As a reward for his loyalty he had been made Chief Justice of Lower Canada, 1st September, 1785; he died at Quebec, 6th December, 1793.

The names of six signers of the Memorial to the King, appear on the list of the jury empanelled to try, in 1797, before Chief Justice Osgood, David McLane for high treason, viz.: John Blackwood, John Crawford, David Munro, John Mure, James Irvine, James Orkney. George Pyke was the Counsel named ex officio, together with M. Franklin, to defend the misguided Yankee.

The Jury stood thus;--

| | |
|-----------------|-----------------------|
| John Blackwood, | James Irvine, |
| John Crawford, | James Orkney, |
| John Painter, | James Watson Goddard, |
| David Monro, | Henry Cull, |
| John Mure, | Robert Morrogh, |
| John Jones, | George Symes. |

Parloir street, well leavened with lawyers, leads to the parloir of the Ursulines. Here resided the late Judge de Bonne, at the dawn of the present century. The locality is alive with memories of this venerable seat of education, and with saintly and heroic traditions of Madame de la Peltrie, Mere de l'Incarnation--Montcalm. "There exists," says the Abbe Casgrain, "in the Ursuline Nunnery, a small picture, which portrays a touching tradition of the early days of Canada: a painting executed by a Canadian artist, from old etchings, preserved in the monastery. * * The canvas represents the forest primeval, which mantled the promontory of Quebec, at the birth of the Colony. In the centre of the picture may be seen, amidst the maples and tall pines, the first monastery, founded in 1641 by Madame de la Peltrie. On its front stands forth in perspective the dwelling which the founder had erected for her own use, three years later on. The area comprised between these two edifices, is occupied by a clearing, surrounded by a palisade, whereon are seen grazing a flock of sheep. On the left side of the picture a broad avenue leads through the forest:--the Grand Allee--later on St. Louis street, which leads to the village of Sillery. Two horsemen, habited a la Louis XIV, meet on this avenue, the one Monsieur d'Ailleboust, the Governor of the Colony, the other is Monsieur DuPlessis Bochard, the Governor of Three Rivers. In the midst of their interview, they are interrupted by an Indian Chief, who offers them a beaver skin. A few steps from her residence, Madame de la Peltrie is standing close to another Indian Chief, who, with head inclined, seems in the attitude of listening to her in the most respectful manner, whilst she, dignified and composed, is expounding to him the sacred truths of faith. This scene presents an admirable contrast, with another taking place close by; an Indian warrior is seen giving, imperiously, his orders to a squaw,--his wife mayhap--but who, from her downcast and humble look, seems more like his slave. A short distance from this group, a missionary, (Father Jerome Lalemant) after visiting some wigwams, erected around the house of Madame de la Peltrie, is threading a narrow path leading to the depths of the forest. The most attractive feature about the painting is a group of young children, listening attentively to the teachings of a nun, seated on the right, under the shade of an ash tree. The impression created by this antique painting, is

the more delightful and vivid, because on turning one's gaze, at present, from the picture, to the interior of the cloister, may still be seen the hoary head of an old ash tree, under which tradition shows us the venerable Mother de l'Incarnation, catechising the Indian children and teaching the young girls of the colony." [46] After more than two centuries of existence, the old ash tree succumbed lately to a storm.

Laval, Attorney-General Ruelle D'Auteuil, Louis de Buade, Ste. Helene (?) seem to come back to life in the ancient streets of the same name, whilst Frontenac, Iberville, Piedmont, are brought to one's recollection, in the modern thoroughfares. The old Scotch pilot, Abraham Martin, (who according to the Jesuits' Journal, might have been a bit of a scamp, although a church chorister, but who does not appear to have been tried for his peccadilloes,) owned a domain of thirty-two acres of land in St. John's suburbs, which were bounded towards the north, by the hill which now bears his name (La Cote d'Abraham.)

Mythology has exacted a tribute on a strip of ground in the St. Louis suburbs. The chief of the pagan Olympus boasts of his lane, "Jupiter street," so called after a celebrated inn, Jupiter's Inn, on account of a full sized statue of the master of Olympus which stood formerly over the main entrance. In the beginning of the century, a mineral spring, of wondrous virtue, attracted to this neighbourhood, those of our bon vivants whose livers were out of order. Its efficacy is now a thing of the past!

That dear old street,--St. George street formerly,--now called after the first settler of the Upper Town in 1617, Louis Hebert, by the erection of the lofty Medical College and Laval University, for us has been shorn of its name--its sunshine--its glory, since the home [47] of our youth, at the east end, has passed into strange hands. It is now Hebert street, by order of the City council.

Opposite to the antique and still stately dwelling, lately owned by Jos. Shehyn, M.P.P., is a house formerly tenanted by Mr. J. Dyke. In the beginning of this century it was occupied by an old countryman, remarkable, if not for deep scientific attainments, at least for shrewd common sense and great success in life--Mr. P. Paterson, the proprietor of the extensive mills at Montmorency--now owned by the estate of the late George Benson Hall, his son-in-law.

Peter Paterson, about 1790, left Whitby, England, to seek his fortune in Canada. His skill as a ship builder--his integrity of character and business habits, pointed him out as a fit agent--later on as a partner in a wealthy Baltic firm of London merchants who still have representatives in the colony. At the time of Napoleon's continental blockade, the English Government, seeing that the Baltic was closed for the supply of timber for the navy, gave out a large contract to Messrs. Henry and John Osborne--of London--for masts and oak. Osborne & Co., employed Mr. P. Paterson to dress and ship this timber. A timber limit license, of portentous import, authorizing the cutting of oak and masts for the navy in all British North America, was issued. Under authority of this license, Mr. Paterson partly denuded the shores of Lake Champlain as well as the Thousand Islands, of their fine oak. Mr. Paterson was the first to float oak in rafts to Quebec. He built a large mill at Montmorency, having exchanged his St. George street house for the mill site at Montmorency. His mills have since attained to great importance.

In the rear of (St. George--now) Hebert street loom out the lofty walls of

the Laval University, which received its Royal Charter in 1852. [48]

THE LAVAL UNIVERSITY.

The main edifice is 298 feet in length, five stories high; a plain, massive structure of cut-stone, much improved in appearance since the addition, in 1876, of the present superstructure, which relieves the unbroken monotony of its form. The work is a great ornament not only to the immense building itself, but to the city. The task of designing the superstructure was entrusted to the taste and talent of J. F. Peachy, architect. The superstructure is in the French mansard roof style, with handsome cupolas on the east and west ends, surmounted with flag-staffs and weather vanes. In the centre towers a dome far above all, surmounted by a gilt-iron cross in the modern Grecian style--the upright shaft and arms being formed at four right angles. The crown ornaments on the centre top and ends of the arms are all of wrought iron and weigh about 700 lbs. The base is strongly braced and bolted to an oak shaft, secured to the truss work of the dome so firmly as to resist the fiercest gale of wind or any other powerful strain. It is 11 feet six inches in height and the arms are 7 feet six inches across. Mr. Philip Whitty, iron worker and, machinist, of St. James street, was the builder of this cross, and its handsome design and solidity reflect credit upon his taste and workmanship. We believe that it is intended to have a picture gallery in the superstructure under the central dome. The entire roof is strongly trussed and braced with iron bolts. This portion of the work was done under the superintendence of Mr. Marcou. We understand that it is also the intention to erect two balconies on the eastern end, fronting the St. Lawrence--these balconies to be supported by Corinthian columns. From the base to the present superstructure, the building was originally 80 feet high; it now stands 202 feet high from the base to the top of the cross on the central dome.

In 1880, another important addition, involving a heavy outlay, was planned. A lofty wing, 265 feet in length has been added to this imposing pile of buildings; it covers a large area in the seminary garden and connects on each story with the main structure, from which it stands out at right angles. Both buildings are intended to form but one, and seen from Levi or from the River St. Lawrence, it looks like an extension of the Laval University itself. The edifice is fireproof, its internal division walls are of brick, its rafters of iron; the floors are brick lined with deals as a preventive against dampness. The iron rafters were wrought at Lodelinsart, near Charleroi, Belgium; they weigh 400 tons, and cost laid down 1-1/2 cent per lb.

The basement and the ceiling of the first flat are vaulted over. The refectory takes up a whole wing of the first story. The masonry of the upper corridors rests on eighteen cast iron columns, weighing 3,000 lbs. each. The ceiling of the refectory is exceedingly strong and handsome; every story, in fact, is vaulted from top to bottom.

A corridor eight feet wide and two hundred and sixty-five feet long, intersects the centre of each story. All the vestibules, corridors and passages are paved with ceramic square blocks brought from Belgium.

The most notable part of the structure is the main staircase, entirely of iron and stone; it contains 120 steps 8 feet long, 16 feet broad, 5 inches high, each step hewn out of a single block. The iron material weighs about 37,000 lbs. There is also another flight of steps made of

iron. A hydraulic elevator in the centre of the building will provide an easy access to every story.

The roofed galleries, eight feet wide, attached to each story on the front, present promenades and views unrivaled in the city looking towards Levi and the Island of Orleans. On a large stone on the loftiest part of the front wall, over the window, is inscribed--
Conditum, 1880.

The arch of the entrance to the Court House burnt in 1872, which, it was said, had formed part of the old Recollet Church, destroyed by fire on 6th Sept., 1796, has been used to build the arch of the porch which leads from the seminary garden to the farm-yard in rear. There are 230 windows in this new wing which has a mansard roof. It is computed that 4,000,000 bricks have been employed in the masonry. The architect is J. F. Peachy.

STAFF OF THE LAVAL UNIVERSITY IN 1881.

Rector, Revd. Ed. Methot,--Superior of Quebec Seminary.
Professor of Commercial and Maritime Law,--Hon. Napoleon Casault, J.S.C.
Professor of Civil Procedure,--Hon. Ulric J. Tessier, J.Q.B.
Professor of Civil Law, etc.,--Hon. Chas. Thos. A. Langelier.
Professor of Roman Law,--Hon. Ed. James Flynn.
Professor of Commercial Law,--Hon. Richard Alleyn, J.S.C.
Secretary,--Thos. Chase Casgrain, Barrister.
Professor of Internal Pathology,--Dr. Jas. Arthur Sewell, M.D.
Professor of External Pathology,--Dr. J. E. Landry, M.D.
Professor of Toxicology, etc.,--Dr. Alfred Jackson, M.D.
Professor of Descriptive Anatomy,--Dr. Eusebe Lemieux, M.D.
Professor of Medical Jurisprudence,--Dr. H. A. LaRue, M.D.
Professor of General Pathology,--Dr. Simard, M.D.
Professor of Materia Medica, etc.,--Dr. Chas. Verge, M.D.
Professor of Practical Anatomy, etc.,--Dr. Laurent Cattelier, M.D.
Professor of Clinical--Children's Diseases,--Dr. Arthur Vallee, M.D.
Professor of Clinical--Old People's Diseases,--Dr. Michael Ahern, M.D.
Professor of Comparative Zoology, Anatomy and Physiology,--Dr. L. J. A. Simard, M.D.
Professor of Political Economy,--Hon. C. T. A. Langelier.
Professor of Physical Science,--Rev. Mr. Laflamme.
Professor of French Literature,--Rev. Ed. Methot.
Professor of Greek Literature,--Rev. L. Baudet.
Professor of Mineralogy,--Rev. J. C. Laflamme.
Professor of Natural Law,--Mgr. Beng. Paquet.
Professor of Dogmatic Theology,--Rev. L. H. Paquet.
Professor of Ecclesiastical History, Rev. L. N. Begin.

On the conspicuous site where stands the unpretending brick structure known as our present House of Parliament, (which succeeded to the handsome cut stone edifice destroyed by fire in 1864) one might, in 1660, have seen the dwelling of a man of note, Ruelle d'Auteuil. D'Auteuil became subsequently Attorney General and had lively times with that sturdy old ruler, Count de Frontenac. Ruelle d'Auteuil had sold the lot for \$600 (3,000 livres de 20 sols) to Major Provost, who resold it, with the two story stone house thereon erected, for \$3,000, to Bishop de St. Vallier. The latter having bequeathed it to his ecclesiastical successor, Bishop Panet ceded it in the year 1830 to the Provincial Government for an annual

ground rent of L1,000--this rent is continued to the Archbishop by the Provincial Government of Quebec. No one now cares to enquire how Bishop Panet made such an excellent bargain, though a cause is assigned.

Palace Street was thus denominated from its leading direct from the Upper Town to the Intendant's Palace--latterly the King's woodyard. In earlier days it went by the name of Rue des Pauvres, [49] (Street of the Poor,) from its intersecting the domain of the Hotel Dieu, whose revenues were devoted to the maintenance of the poor sheltered behind its massive o

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