(Enlèvement de la Chevelure.)

MAPLE LEAVES.

CANADIAN HISTORY

AND

QUEBEC SCENERY.

(Third Series.)

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INTRODUCTION.

THE present budget of *detached papers* on Canadian History and Canadian Scenery comprises two subjects, viz.: *Jottings of History, chiefly illustrative of the era of the Conquest,* and *Brief descriptions of several spots in the vicinity of Quebec.* The first is intended for the general reader; the second, of a more intimate and local nature, are not likely to possess for the public generally the same amount of interest as they may awaken in those immediately concerned, unless it be those seats so closely linked with historical events, that, as it were, they may be considered as forming portion of the history of the country. This volume, intended for tourists and persons of leisure, although strictly historical in all its parts, is written in a light, familiar style, the writer trusting that no offence will be taken where none was meant.

The Illustrations, by Livernois, speak for themselves. Had we had to deal with an artist less self-sacrificing, less public-spirited, probably none would grace our pages. Should an indulgent public continue to this *series* the favor extended to the two that preceded, the writer will feel that to Mr. Livernois' portraying of localities is due a fair portion of that success.

To the many kind friends who, in this arduous, though pleasant task, have staunchly stood by us, we return our grateful thanks. To some of the proprietors of country seats described, we owe an apology for having failed to set forth, in becoming language, the charms of their rustic homes.

SPENCER GRANGE,
(NEAR QUEBEC),
1st June, 1865.

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The Campaign of 1759 in Canada.

"The campaign in which Wolfe met his death is interesting on his own account, and also because of the possibility, however remote, that the scene of it may one day witness a fresh contest for empire in Canada."—(*London Saturday Review*, 1864.)

THE seige operations of Quebec, and military incidents which took place in its environs during the summer of 1759, from the important results they ultimately led to, with regard to the rest of the continent, no less than from the change of rule they inaugurated in Canada, will ever be a theme of engrossing interest for every dweller in the Western hemisphere. The surrender of Canada, probably forever dissolved the gigantic *idea* of a French transatlantic empire, planned by Richelieu, extending from the shores of the north Atlantic through New France (with Quebec for its northern outlet), the Ohio Valley to Louisiana, (with New Orleans for its southern outlet), the whole to be connected by a chain of forts, etc.—an event brought round, as much through the neglect of the parent state and the successful propagation of the Goldwin Smith doctrines of that period, as it can be ascribed to British valour, this be it said without the slightest desire to lessen the glory of British arms during that memorable campaign. History has recorded the departure from Quebec, during the last year of French rule in Canada, of the delegates De Bougainville and Doreil, and their conference with the imperial authorities (on 8th April, 1759) on the other side of the Atlantic, assuring them that unless the mother country was prepared to do more to protect Canadian soil against foreign aggression, *the colony*

was lost to France. History has also transmitted the brutal* reply of the oblivious mother to her colonial offspring, through the mouth of the Colonial Minister Berryer, La Pompadour's protegé; also, the spirited answer of the Canadian delegates who hurried home. The Canadians, though deserted, fought determinedly but ineffectually to defend their altars, their hearths their homes.

More than one century later history (in April, 1865) is again called on to chronicle the departure of delegates from Quebec to confer with the imperial authorities, and tell them that unless the mother country does more to protect her offspring, in this her dependency, the conquest of which has cost her so much blood and treasure, *the colony is lost to England:* history has yet to furnish the remaining links in the chain of future events. Now for the fighting times of 1759 and their results. As soon as the New England British provinces, ceased to be menaced on their northern frontier by their old and powerful foes, the French, a sense of security and growing strength kindled with increased ardor the spirit of independence fostered there for many long years; the civil and religious tyranny which had driven from their English homes the Pilgrim Fathers to the shores of the New World, had not been forgotten amongst their descendants, smarting under the oppressive policy of an obstinate monarch in opposition to Pitt and other liberal statesmen of England; sympathy and encouragement at the onset from the French, galled at the reverse their arms had met with in Canada—these and several other causes operated to hasten the great struggle for independence in '75. The traditions, causes, and results of successful revolution in the New World, brought back to the Old, by Lafayette and his victorious legions fresh from the battle-field, served to fan the flame of discontent and roused oppressed classes in France,—the whole culminating in the appalling horrors of 1789.

Thus British success in Canada, as predicted by Montcalm in his famous prophetic letter of the 24th August, 1759, written from the camp at Beauport, meant for England the loss of her American Provinces: *sic vos, non vobis!*

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* Le ministre de la marine (colonies) l'inepte Berryer, reçut fort mal M. de Bougainville, et lui dit: "Eh! Monsieur, quand le feu est à la maison, on ne s'occupe pas des écuries."—"On ne dira pas du moins, Monsieur, que vous parlez comme un cheval," répliqua Bougainville. (Dussieux, p. 172.)

Cordons et Croix de St. Louis were however liberally sent from Versailles to soothe the victims.

Thus, as has been remarked by many eminent writers, the American rebellion was the forerunner and herald of the French revolution.

It would be presumptious for us to attempt to sum up the preparations of the Quebec military authorities for the coming campaign, in a more lucid and concise manner than has been done by one of our historians, Mr. Garneau:—

"While M. de Vaudreuil and the generals were at Montreal, they received despatches from France, which determined Montcalm to leave for Quebec, where he arrived May 22; followed soon afterwards by the Governor General and M. de Lévis. The ships had brought a confirmation of the report that a British fleet was on its way to the capital, which therefore became the first point to be defended. May 22, an express brought word of some enemy's ships having reached Bic. 'Coming events' thus 'casting their shadows before,' there was no time to lose, and all was now activity to realize means for a stout defence of the capital. In order to obstruct the enemy's approach, river-buoys and all other indicators for safely navigating the flood were removed; while fire-boats were prepared for igniting the enemy's ships as soon as they should reach the port. The garrison stores and government archives were removed to Three-Rivers, and the army magazines fixed at Montreal: only necessaries for one month were reserved at Quebec, to supply the daily wants of the troops and inhabitants. A portion of the little grain remaining in the upper country was purchased with money advanced by army officers. Finally, goods were bought to give as presents to those savage tribes about Niagara and Detroit, which either remained true to the French, or whose people disowned their alliances with the British. The gifts thus awarded would at least, it was hoped, secure their neutrality.

"These preliminaries arranged, the chiefs turned their attention to organizing the army, and to strengthening Quebec; the loss of the latter, it was likely, would eventuate in that of all Canada. But as for the city defences, they were judged to be anything but impregnable, and especially weak on the landward side; where the rampart, which was unprovided with parapet, embrasures, and cannon, was but six or seven feet in height, and protected outwardly neither by fossé, nor glacis: it was therefore decided unanimously, that the city should be put under cover of an entrenched camp, to be occupied by the bulk of the army.

"Quebec is built, as has been said before, at the extremity of a promontory. To the east and the south the St. Lawrence, here about a mile wide, rolls its deep waters; to the north is the fine valley of the St. Charles river, which, at its embouchure, along with the greater stream forms a basin three or four miles in extent. The St. Charles' lower bed is entirely covered at high tide; but at full ebb, it is fordable. The promontory on which Quebec stands, being very steep towards the St. Lawrence, with an elevation ranging between 160 and 300 feet, was considered inaccessible, especially on the city side.* The weakest points towards the port were protected by pallisades and walls; and the communications between lower-town and upper-town were cut, and defended by artillery. It was thought that batteries erected on the quays of the lower-town and on the scarp of the upper, would together bar all passage against an enemy, whether ascending from the lower, or descending by the upper flood. If this were so, all that was further wanted, in regard of the city's safety, was to close up the entry of the St. Charles river, and thence fortify its left strand, &c., (*la Canardière*), along with the northern shore of the St. Lawrence, from Beauport to the embouchure of the Montmorenci; said fortifying line to be continued inland for some distance along the right bank of the latter stream, which, descending from the Laurentian highlands, crosses the highway along the left side of the flood it falls into just below.

"The entry of the St. Charles, at a point facing the Porte du Palais, was boomed with masts chained together, kept in place by anchors, and protected in front by five barges, each mounted with a cannon. Behind the first barricade three merchant-vessels were sunk, having a platform laid across them, and a battery superimposed, armed with heavy ordnance, the gun-range of which radiated over the whole expanse of the bay. There was besides, at the near end of the Beauport and Charlesbourg roads, a bridge of boats, traversing the St. Charles, defended at each extremity by a hornwork. The right bank of the same river, from the pontoons over it to the Porte du Palais, was bordered with entrenchments, having artillery mounted to defend the entry of the suburb of St. Roch, and prevent the enemy from gaining by surprise the heights of Quebec.—The army now

* "There is no reason to believe"—thus was the order of battle worded (June 10)—"that the enemy will think of passing in front of the city and landing at the Anse des Mères; and, so long as the frigates remain to us, we have nothing to apprehend on that side."

changed position; it passed from the right bank (of the lower St. Charles), whereon it was first entrenched (on the city side), to the left bank of the St. Lawrence; following a line beginning at the bridge of boats just mentioned, and continued to the embouchure of the Montmorenci, with a short prolongation inland, as aforesaid. This line was covered by entrenchments, which followed the sinuosities of the ground, and were flanked by redoubts, with cannon mounted at every point where an enemy could land easily. In the centre of the line, at the issue of the Beauport stream, was moored a floating battery of 12 guns.

"The flotilla still remaining, consisting of two frigates, the barges, and fire-ships, were put in charge of Captain Vauquelin. Sentinels were posted at intervals, on the margin of the flood, from Quebec to as far above it as the Anse du Foulon ('Wolfe's Cove'), where a steep path (*rampe*) was formed to communicate with the Plains of Abraham, on the plateau above. A small redoubt, with cannon mounted, guarded that passage.—Such were the preparations made for defending Quebec and its environs.

"According to the plan adopted (always supposing the St. Lawrence were barred in front of Quebec, and the Beauport army too solidly entrenched to have its lines forced), there was no chance for the invaders but to land on the right of the flood, proceed a certain distance upward, cross to the opposite (left) shore, make a short detour inland and re-descend. By these means, the French army might have been assailed in its rear, if either the Charlesbourg or Bourg-Royal road were followed. But this operation would have been difficult, and doubtless was so considered (by the British), because an enemy's retreat would have been impossible in case of a repulse.

"The French army was strengthening daily, by the arrival of militia-men from all parts of the country. In rural homesteads, there remained behind only aged men, women and children. Every male fit to bear arms presented himself at Quebec, at Carillon, at lake Ontario, at Niagara, or at a post on lake Erie, or, in fine, at some point or other, even if as distant as that portion of the Ohio valley still possessed by the French.

"In the arrangement of the field forces, Montcalm's right wing, composed of the militias of Quebec and Trois-Rivières districts, 4,380 strong, under Messrs. de St.-Ours and de Bonne, occupied La Canardière (facing the city); the centre, composed of 2,000 regulars, under brigadier Sennezer-

gues, guarded the space between the lower St. Charles and Beauport church; the left, composed of the militia of Montreal district, numbering 3,450 men, under Messrs. Prud'homme and d'Herbin, extended from said church to the river Montmorenci. General de Lévis commanded the whole left, Colonel de Bougainville the entire right, of the general position; while M. de Montcalm, taking charge of the centre, there established his head-quarters.* A corps in reserve, composed of 1,400 colonial soldiers, 350 horsemen and 450 savages, under M. de Boishébert (an officer just returned from Acadia), took up a position behind the centre of the army, on the heights of Beauport. If to these forces we add the sailors and 650 others in Quebec garrison (the latter being armed citizens), under M. de Ramesay, there is a resulting total of 13,000 combatants. 'We had not reckoned,' said an ocular witness, 'on realizing so large a force, because so great a number of Canadians was not expected to be present: those only being called on who were most able to bear the fatigues of war; but there was so great an emulation among the people, that we saw arrive in camp even octogenarians and lads of 12 to 13 years of age. Never were subjects of any king more worthy of his favour, whether regard be had to their constancy in toil, or to their patience in sufferings, which have really been extreme in this country. In the army itself, every heavy burden was laid upon them.'

"In the position we have described, then, the approaching enemy was to be confronted. The Governor General and the civil administrators quitted the city meantime, and repaired to Beauport; the chief families left for country places, taking with them their most precious effects.

"Meanwhile the first arrived British ships anchored at Bic (the inaction of which caused surprise) formed only the van squadron, under Admiral Durell, despatched from Louisbourg, to intercept and take vessels that might be sent from France. A powerful armament, under Admiral Saunders, sailed from England in February, to take on board, at Louisbourg, Wolfe's corps and transport the men to Quebec. But Saunders, finding the shores of Cape Breton clogged with ice, repaired to Halifax till the obstruction should clear itself. When Louisbourg har-

* The house stood on the spot where a dwelling has since been built on the Jesuit's Farm at Beauport, close to the Temperance Monument.

bour became accessible, Wolfe* there embarked with eight regiments of the line, two battalions of Royal American fusileers, three companies of Louisbourg grenadiers, three companies of rangers, an engineer corps, 1,000 royal marines; in all nearly 11,000 men."

We shall now lay before the reader a version of the Canadian events of 1759, which, from the high position of the writer as a historian, the care taken by him in 1837 to investigate the *local*, when on a visit to Quebec, and the no less important fact that his nationality is neither French nor English, ought to be impartial—we allude to that contained in George Bancroft's *History of the United States*:—

"As soon as the floating masses of ice permitted, the forces for the expedition against Quebec had repaired to Louisbourg; and already Wolfe, by his activity and zeal, his good judgment, and the clearness of his orders, inspired unbounded confidence. His army consisted of eight regiments, two battalions of Royal Americans, three companies of rangers, artillery, and a brigade of engineers,—in all, about eight thousand men; the fleet under Saunders had two-and-twenty ships of the line, and as many frigates and armed vessels. On board of one of the ships was Jervis, afterwards Earl St. Vincent; another, which followed, bore, as master, James Cook, the navigator, who was destined to explore and reveal the unknown paths and thousand isles of the Pacific. The brigades had for their commanders the brave, open-hearted, and liberal Robert Monckton, afterwards governor of New York, and conqueror of Martinico; George Townshend, elder brother of Charles Townshend, soon to succeed his father in the peerage, and become known as a legislator for America, a man of quick perception, but unsafe judgment; and the rash and inconsiderate James Murray. For his adjutant-general, Wolfe selected Isaac Barre, an old associate at Louisbourg; an Irishman of humble birth, eloquent, ambitious, and fearless. The grenadiers of the army were formed into a corps, commanded by Colonel Guy Carleton; a detachment of light infantry were to receive orders from Lieutenant-Colonel, afterwards Sir William Howe.

"On the 26th of June, the whole armament arrived, without the least accident, off the isle of Orleans, on which, the next day, they disembarked. A little south of west the cliff of Quebec was seen distinctly, seemingly

* Wolfe did not take ship at Louisburg, but at Portsmouth; having returned to England immediately after the capture of the former place.—*B.*

impregnable, rising precipitously in the midst of one of the grandest scenes in nature.. To protect this guardian citadel of New France, Montcalm had of regular troops no more than six wasted battalions; of Indian warriors few appeared, the wary savages preferring the security of neutrals; the Canadian militia gave him the superiority in numbers; but he put his chief confidence in the natural strength of the country. Above Quebec, the high promontory on which the upper town is built expands into an elevated plain, having towards the river the steepest acclivities. For nine miles or more above the city, as far as Cape Rouge, every landing-place was entrenched and protected. The river St. Charles, after meandering through a vertile valley, sweeps the rocky base of the town, which it covers by expanding into sedgy marshes. Nine miles below Quebec, the impetuous Montmorenci, after fretting itself a whirlpool route, and leaping for miles down the steps of a rocky bed, rushes with velocity towards the ledge, over which, falling two hundred and fifty feet, it pours its fleecy cataract into the chasm.

"As Wolfe disembarked on the isle of Orleans, what scene could be more imposing? On his left lay at anchor the fleet, with the numerous transports; the tents of his army stretched across the island; the entrenched troops of France, having their centre as the village of Beauport, extended from the Montmorenci to the St. Charles; the city of Quebec, garrisoned by five battalions, bounded the horizon. At midnight on the 28th, the short darkness was lighted up by a fleet of fire-ships, that, after a furious storm of wind, came down with the tide in the proper direction. But the British sailors grappled with them, and towed them free of the shipping.

"The river was Wolfe's; the men-of-war made it so; and, being master of the deep water, he also had the superiority on the south shore of the St. Lawrence. In the night of the 29th, Monckton, with four battalions, having crossed the south channel, occupied Point Levi; and where the mighty current, which, below the town, expands as a bay, narrows to a deep stream of but a mile width, batteries of mortar and cannon were constructed. The citizens of Quebec, foreseeing the ruin of their houses, volunteered to pass over the river and destroy the works; but, at the trial, their courage failed them, and they retreated. The English, by the discharge, of red-shot balls and shells, set on fire fifty houses in a night, demolished the lower town, and injured the upper. But the citadel was

beyond their reach, and every avenue from the river to the cliff was too strongly entrenched for an assault.

"As yet no real progress had been made. Wolfe was eager for battle; being willing to risk all his hopes on the issue. He saw that the eastern bank of the Montmorenci was higher than the ground occupied by Montcalm, and, on the 9th of July, he crossed the north channel and encamped there; but the armies and their chiefs were still divided by the river precipitating itself down its rocky way in impassable eddies and rapids. Three miles in the interior, a ford was found; but the opposite bank was steep, woody, and well entrenched. Not a spot on the line of the Montmorenci, for miles into the interior, nor on the St. Lawrence to Quebec, was left unprotected by the vigilance of the inaccessible Montcalm.

"The General proceeded to reconnoitre the shore above the town. In concert with Saunders, on the 18th of July, he sailed along the well-defended bank from Montmorenci to the St. Charles; he passed the deep and spacious harbour, which, at four hundred miles from the sea, can shelter a hundred ships of the line; he neared the high cliff of Cape Diamond, towering like a bastion over the waters, and surmounted by the banner of the Bourbons; he coasted along the craggy wall of rock that extends beyond the citadel; he marked the outline of the precipitous hill that forms the north bank of the river,—and everywhere he beheld a natural fastness, vigilantly defended, entrenchments, cannon, boats, and floating batteries guarding every access. Had a detachment landed between the city and Cape Rouge, it would have encountered the danger of being cut off before it could receive support. He would have risked a landing at St. Michael's Cove, three miles above the city, but the enemy prevented him by planting artillery and a mortar to play upon the shipping.

"Meantime, at midnight, on the 28th of the July, the French sent down a raft of fire-stages, consisting of nearly a hundred pieces; but these, like the fire-ships a month before, did but light up the river, without injuring the British fleet. Scarcely a day passed but there were skirmishes of the English with the Indians and Canadians, who were sure to tread stealthily in the footsteps of every exploring party.

"Wolfe returned to Montmorenci. July was almost gone, and he had made no effective advances. He resolved on an engagement. The Montmorenci, after falling over a perpendicular rock, flows for three hundred

yards, amidst clouds of spray and rainbow glories, in a gentle stream to the St. Lawrence. Near the junction, the river may, for a few hours of the tide, be passed on foot. It was planned that two brigades should ford the Montmorenci at the proper time of the tide, while Monckton's regiments should cross the St. Lawrence in boats from Point Levi. The signal was made, but some of the boats grounded an a ledge of rocks that runs out into the river. While the seamen were getting them off, and the enemy were firing a vast number of shot and shell, Wolfe, with some of the navy officers as companions, selected a landing-place; and his desperate courage thought it not yet too late to begin the attack. Thirteen companies of grenadiers, and two hundred of the second battalion of the Royal Americans, who got first on shore, not waiting for support, ran hastily towards the entrenchments, and were repulsed in such disorder, that they could not again come into line, though Monckton's regiments had arrived, and had formed with the coolness of invincible valour. But hours hurried by; night was near; the clouds of midsummer gathered heavily, as if for a storm; the tide rose; and Wolfe, wiser than Frederic at Colin, ordered a timely retreat. A strand of deep mud, a hill-side, steep, and in many places impracticable, the heavy fire of a brave, numerous, and well-protected enemy, were obstacles which intrepidity and discipline could not overcome. In general orders, Wolfe censured the impetuosity of the grenadiers, he praised the coolness of Monckton's regiments, as able alone to beat back the whole Canadian army.

"This severe check, in which four hundred lives were lost, happened on the last day of July. Murray was next sent, with twelve hundred men, above the town, to destroy the French ships and open a communication with Amherst. Twice he attempted a landing on the north shore without success; at Deschambault, a place of refuge for women and children, he won advantages over a guard of invalid soldiers, and learned that Niagara had surrendered; that the French had abandoned Ticonderoga and Crown Point. The eyes of Wolfe were strained to see Amherst approach. Vain hope! The Commander-in-Chief, though opposed by no more than three thousand men, was loitering at Crown Point; nor did even a messenger from him arrive. Wolfe was alone to struggle with difficulties which every hour made more appalling. The numerous body of armed men under Montcalm 'could not,' he said, 'be called an army;' but the French

had the strongest country, perhaps, in the world, on which to rest the defence of the town. Their boats were numerous, and weak points were guarded by floating batteries. The keen eye of the Indian prevented surprise. The vigilance and hardihood of the Canadians made entrenchments everywhere necessary. The peasantry were zealous to defend their homes, language and religion. Old men of seventy and boys of fifteen fired at the English detachments from the edges of the wood. Every one able to bear arms was in the field. Little quarter was given on either side. Thus for two months the British fleet had ridden idly at anchor; the army had lain in their tents. The feeble frame of Wolfe sunk under the energy of his restless spirit, and the pain of anxious inactivity.

"Yet, while disabled by fever, he laid before the brigadiers three several and equally desperate methods of attacking Montcalm in his entrenchments at Beauport. Meeting at Monckton's quarters, they wisely and unanimously gave their opinions against them all, and advised to convey four or five thousand men above the town, and thus draw Montcalm from his impregnable situation to an open action. Wolfe acquiesced in their proposal, and, with despair in his heart, yet as one conscious that he lived under the eye of Pitt and of his country, he prepared to carry it into effect. Attended by the Admiral, he examined once more the citadel, with a view to a general assault. Although every one of the five passages from the lower to the upper town was carefully entrenched, Saunders was willing to join in any hazard for the public service; 'but I could not propose to him,' said Wolfe, 'an undertaking of so dangerous a nature and promising so little success.' He had the whole force of Canada to oppose, and, by the nature of the river, the fleet could render no assistance. 'In this situation,' wrote Wolfe to Pitt, on the 2nd of September, 'there is such a choice of difficulties, that I am myself at a loss how to determine. The affairs of Great Britain require most vigorous measures; but then the courage of a handful of brave men should be exerted only where there is some hope.' England read the despatch with dismay, and feared to hear further tidings.

"Securing the posts on the Isle of Orleans and opposite Quebec, he marched, with the army, on the 5th and 6th of September, from Point Levi, to which place he had transferred all the troops from Montmorenci, and embarked them in transports that had passed the town for the pur-

pose. On the three following days, Admiral Holmes, with the ships, ascended the river to amuse Bougainville, who had been sent up the north shore to watch the movements of the British army, and prevent a landing. New France began to feel a sentiment of joy, believing the worst dangers of the campaign over. De Levi, the second officer in command, was sent to protect Montreal with a detachment, it was said, of three thousand men. Summer, which in that climate hurries through the sky, was over; and the British fleet must soon withdraw from the river. 'My constitution,' wrote the general to Holdernesse on the 9th, just four days before his death, 'is entirely ruined, without the consolation of having done any considerable service to the state, and without any prospect of it.'

"But, in the mean time, Wolfe applied himself intently to reconnoitring the north shore above Quebec. Nature had given him good eyes, as well as a warmth of temper to follow first impressions.* He himself discovered the cove which now bears his name, where the bending promontories almost form a basin with a very narrow margin, over which the hill rises precipitously. He saw the path that wound up the steep, though so narrow that two men could hardly march in it abreast;† and he knew, by the number of tents which he counted on the summit, that the Canadian post (De Vergor's) which guarded it could not exceed a hundred. Here he resolved to land his army by surprise. To mislead the enemy, his troops were kept far above the town, while Saunders, as if an attack was intended at Beauport, set Cook, the great mariner, with others, to sound the water and plant buoys along that shore.

"The day and night of the 12th were employed in preparations. The autumn evening was bright; and the General, under the clear starlight, visited his stations, to make his final inspection, and utter his last words of encouragement. As he passed from ship to ship, he spoke to those in the boat with him of the poet Gray, and the elegy in a country churchyard. 'I,' said he, 'would prefer being the author of that poem to the glory of beating the French to-morrow;'‡ and while the oars struck the

* Wolfe to Wm. Rickson, 1st Dec., 1758.

† Vice Admiral Saunders to Secretary Pitt, 20th Sept., 1759.

‡ I owe my knowledge of this incident to Dr. J. C. Fisher of Quebec, to whose personal kindness I am indebted for explanations given me on the battle-ground itself. The *Picture of Quebec*, published by Hawkins, in 1834, is indebted to him for its historical value. (Bancroft.)

river as it rippled in the silence of the night air under the flowing tide, he repeated:

> 'The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
> And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
> Await alike the inexorable hour;
> The paths of glory lead but to the grave.'

"Every officer knew his appointed duty, when, at one o'clock in the morning of the 13th of September, Wolfe, with Monckton and Murray, and about half the forces, set off in boats, and, without sail or oars, glided down with the tide. In three quarters of an hour the ships followed, and, though the night had become dark, aided by the rapid current, they reached the cove just in time to cover the landing. Wolfe and the troops with him leaped on shore; the light infantry, who found themselves borne by the current a little below the entrenched path, clambered up the steep hill, staying themselves by the roots and boughs of the maple, and spruce, and ash trees that covered the precipitous declivity, and, after a little firing, dispersed the picket which guarded the height. The rest ascended safely by the pathway. A battery of four guns on the left was abandoned to Colonel Howe. When Townshend's division disembarked, the English had already gained one of the roads to Quebec, and, advancing in front of the forest, Wolfe stood at daybreak with his invincible battalions on the Plains of Abraham, the battle-field of empire.

"'It can be but a small party, come to burn a few houses and retire,' said Montcalm, in amazement, as the news reached him in his entrenchments the other side of the St. Charles; but, obtaining better information.—'Then,' he cried, 'they have at last got to the weak side of this miserable garrison: we must give battle, and crush them before mid-day.' And before ten the two armies, equal in numbers, each being composed of less than five thousand men, were ranged in presence of one another for battle. The English, not easily accessible from intervening shallow ravines and rail fences, were all regulars, perfect in discipline, terrible in their fearless enthusiasm, thrilling with pride at their morning's success, commanded by a man whom they obeyed with confidence and love. The doomed and devoted Montcalm had what Wolfe had called but 'five weak French battalions,' of less than two thousand men, 'mingled with disor-

derly peasantry,'* formed on ground which commanded the position of the English. The French had three little pieces of artillery; the English one or two. The two armies cannonaded each other for nearly an hour; when Montcalm, having summoned Bougainville to his aid, and despatched messenger after messenger for De Vaudreuil, who had fifteen hundred men at the camp, to come up, before he should be driven from the ground, endeavored to flank the British, and crowd them down the high bank of the river. Wolfe counteracted the movement by detaching Townshend with Amherst's regiment, and afterwards a part of the Royal Americans, who formed on the left with a double front.

"Waiting no longer for more troops, Montcalm led the French army impetuously to the attack. The ill-disciplined companies broke by their precipitation and the unevenness of the ground, and fired by platoons, without unity. The English, especially the forty-third and forty-seventh, where Monckton stood, received the shock with calmness; and after having, at Wolfe's command, reserved their fire till their enemy was within forty yards, their line began a regular, rapid, and exact discharge of musketry. Montcalm was present everywhere, braving danger, wounded, but cheering by his example. The second in command, De Sennezergues, an associate in glory at Ticonderoga, was killed. The brave but untried Canadians, flinching from a hot fire in the open field, began to waver; and so soon as Wolfe, placing himself at the head of the twenty-eighth and the Louisbourg grenadiers, charged with bayonets, they everywhere gave way. Of the English officers, Carleton was wounded; Barre, who fought near Wolfe, received in the head a ball, which destroyed the power of vision of one eye, and ultimately made him blind. Wolfe, also, as he led the charge, was wounded in the wrist, but still pressing forward, he received a second ball; and, having decided the day, was struck a third time, and mortally, in the breast. 'Support me,' he cried to an officer near him; 'let not

* Three several French accounts represent Montcalm's forces in the battle as only equal, or even inferior, to the British. Jugement Impartial sur les Opérations Militaires de la Campagne en Canada en 1759, 5, printed at Quebec in 1840. Compare, also, in the New York Paris Papers, Extrait d'un Journal, tenu à l'Armée, &c., and the letter of Bigot to the Minister, of October 25, 1759. Knox, in Journal, i. 74, which seems to be followed in the *New Picture of Quebec*, 345, makes the number of Canadian militia in the battle 5,000. But Bougainville had 2,000 up the river; 1,500 remained at the camp with Vaudreuil; De Levi had also been sent with a detachment to assist in opposing Amherst. There were not Indians enough with the French to be of moment. In the summer of 1837, I examined the country round Quebec. (Bancroft.)

my brave fellows see me drop.' He was carried to the rear, and they brought him water to quench his thirst. 'They run, they run,' spoke the officer on whom he leaned. 'Who run?' asked Wolfe, as his life was fast ebbing. 'The French,' replied the officer, 'give way everywhere.' 'What,' cried the expiring hero, 'do they run already? Go, one of you, to Colonel Burton; bid him march Webb's regiment with all speed to Charles River to cut off the fugitives.' Four days before, he had looked forward to early death with dismay. 'Now, God be praised, I die happy.' These were his words as his spirit escaped in the blaze of his glory. Night, silence, the rushing tide, veteran discipline, the sure inspiration of genius, had been his allies; his battle-field, high over the ocean-river, was the grandest theatre on earth for illustrious deeds; his victory, one of the most momentous in the annals of mankind, gave to the English tongue, and the institutions of the Germanic race, the unexplored and seemingly infinite West and North. He crowded into a few hours actions that would have given lustre to length of life; and filling his day with greatness, completed it before its noon.

"Monckton, the first brigadier, after greatly distinguishing himself, was shot through the lungs. The next in command, Townshend, brave, but deficient in sagacity and attractive power, and the delicate perception of right, recalled the troops from the pursuit; and when De Bougainville appeared in view, declined a contest with a fresh enemy. But already the hope of New France was gone.* Born and educated in camps, Montcalm

* The incidents of the battle are thus related by a Scotch Jacobite, aide-de-camp to general Levi, Chevalier Johnstone, whose chequered career in Canada, is thus alluded to in Francisque Michel's work: "*Les Ecossais en France*", Par un des articles de la paix, Louis XV s'obligeait à éloigner les Stuarts de ses états; le difficile était de décider Charles Edouard à quitter la France. Il fallut le faire arrêter, et ses gentilshommes, comme Sir John Graeme, Oxburgh, George Kelly, furent mis à la Bastille. Un seul eut la permission de lui tenir compagnie à Vincennes: c'était Macdonald MacEachen, ce fidèle compagnon qui lui donné autrefois le Laird de Clonronald et qui avait depuis renoncé à l'Ecosse pour la France. Le chevalier de Johnstone, qui en avait fait autant, ayant demandé à être replacé sur la liste des officiers de la suite de Charles Edouard qui recevaient des secours du roi de France s'était vu forcé d'accepter une commission d'enseigne dans un détachement d'infanterie de marine destiné pour le Cap-Breton. Il s'embarqua à Rochefort avec le chevalier de Montalembert et le chevalier de Trion, son cousin, officiers à demi-solde qui avaient aussi obtenu de l'emploi à Québec, et là il mena une vie semée de vicissitudes jusqu'à son retour définitif en France, au commencement de décembre 1760." "*Les Ecossais en France*"—Francisque Michel—Vol. II p. 449.

A singular coincidence and one we have not seen noticed by any of our historians, is the fact of several Scotchmen after the battle of Culloden, joining the French regiments intended for Louisbourg and Canada; we find in the regiment of Languedoc an other Scotchman, "Monsieur Duglas" in charge of one of the Sillery outposts: this is evi-

had been carefully instructed, and was skilled in the language of Homer as well as in the art of war. Greatly laborious, just, disinterested, hopeful, even to rashness, sagacious in council, swift in action, his mind was a well-spring of bold designs; his career in Canada a wonderful struggle against inexorable destiny. Sustaining hunger and cold, vigils and incessant toil, anxious for his soldiers, unmindful of himself, he set, even to the forest-trained red men, an example of self-denial and endurance; and in the midst of corruption made the public good his aim. Struck by a musket-ball, as he fought opposite Monckton, he continued in the engagement, till, in attempting to rally a body of fugitive Canadian in a copse near St. John's gate, † he was mortally wounded.

"On hearing from the surgeon that death was certain, 'I am glad of it,' he cried; 'how long shall I survive?' 'Ten or twelve hours, perhaps less.' 'So much the better; I shall not live to see the surrender of Quebec.' To the council of war he showed that in twelve hours all the troops near at hand might be concentrated, and renew the attack before the English were entrenched. When De Ramsay, who commanded the garrison, asked his advice about defending the city, 'To your keeping,' he replied, 'I commend the honor of France. As for me, I shall pass the night with

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dently an abbreviation for Douglas. Chevalier Johnstone's statement is curious and does not reflect much credit on the conduct of the French regulars, though he speaks highly of the Canadian militia and volunteers :—

"Our onset was neither brisk nor long. We went on in confusion, were repulsed in an instant, and it could not naturally be otherwise from the absence of our volunteers and grenadiers, and Bougainville at Cap Rouge with the best of our Canadians, the Montreal regiments with Poularies at Beauport, a league and a half from the battle-field. The example of the bravest soldiers in a regiment—the grenadiers and volunteers—suffice to infuse courage in the most timid, who can follow the road shown to them, but cannot lead the way. The brave Canadian militia, saw us with heavy hearts, grief and despair from the other side of the St. Charles river, cut to pieces upon the heights, stopped as they were in the hornwork and prevented by superior orders from rushing to our assistance. About two hundred brave and resolute Canadians rallied in the hollow at the bakehouse and returned upon the heights like lions. They fell instantly upon your left wing with incredible rage, stopped your army for some minutes from pursuing our soldiers in their flight, by attracting your attention to them, resisted undaunted the shock of your left, and when repulsed they disputed the ground mile by mile from the top to the bottom of the height pursued by your troops down the valley at the bakehouse opposite the hornwork. These unfortunate heroes who were most of them cut to pieces, saved your army the loss of a great many men, by not being hotly pursued, and if your left, who followed these two hundred Canadians down to the plain, had crossed it from the bakehouse to the river St. Charles, only three or four hundred paces, they would have cut off the retreat of our army, invested the three-fourths of them in Quebec without provisions, and M. Vaudreuil next day must have surrendered the town and asked to capitulate for the colony. But your conduct cannot be blamed, as it is always wise and prudent in giving, as Pyrrhus advises—a golden bridge to one's enemy in flight."

† Bigot to the Minister, 25th October, 1759. N. Y. Paris Documents, vi. 39.

God, and prepare myself for death.' Having written a letter recommending the French prisoners to the generosity of the English, his last hours were given to the hope of endless life, and at five the next morning he expired.

"The day of the battle had not passed, when De Vaudreuil, who had no capacity for war, wrote to De Ramsay at Quebec not to wait for an assault, but as soon as his provisions were exhausted, to raise the white flag of surrender.* 'We have cheerfully sacrificed our fortunes and our houses,' said the citizens; 'but we cannot expose our wives and children to a massacre.'† At a council of war, Fiedmont, a captain of artillery, was the only one who wished to hold out‡ to the last extremity; and on the 17th of September, before the English had constructed batteries, De Ramsay capitulated.

"America rung with exultation; the towns were bright with illuminations, the hills with bonfires; legislatures, the pulpit, the press, echoed the general joy; provinces and families gave thanks to God. England, too, which had shared the despondency of Wolfe, triumphed at his victory, and wept for his death. Joy, grief, curiosity, amazement, were on every countenance.|| When the parliament assembled, Pitt modestly and gracefully put aside the praises that were showered on him. 'The more a man is versed in business,' said he, 'the more he finds the hand of Providence everywhere.' 'I will own I have a zeal to serve my country beyond what the weakness of my frail body admits of;'§ and he foretold new successes at sea. November fulfilled his predictions. In that month, Sir Edward Hawke attacked the fleet of Conflans off the northern coast of France, and, though it retired to the shelter of shoals and rocks, he gained the battle during a storm at nightfall."

* Vaudreuil to De Ramsay, 13th Sept., 1759. N. Y. Paris Documents, xvi. 27.

† Relation du Siège de Québec.

‡ Procès Verbal du Conseil de Guerre, 15th September, 1759. N.Y. Paris Documents, xvi. 28, and other papers on the subject in the same volume.

|| Walpole's Memoirs of the Reign of Geo. II.

§ Report of the speech by Jared Ingersoll of Connecticut, in a letter dated 22nd December, 1759.

Frontispiece.

PLAN OF SIEGE OPERATIONS AND RIVER ST. LAWRENCE, DRAWN IN 1759 BY AN ENGLISH NAVAL OFFICER.

THIS plan shows distinctly the extensive entrenchments, redouts and earth-works at Beauport, from the bridge of boats on the St. Charles to the Montmorenci Falls. The bridge of boats was in a line with the earth-work at Ringfield on the Charlesbourg road. This earth-work is well exhibited on the plan, and from the Chevalier Johnstone's Diary, and an examination of the *local*, it is easy to understand all about it. Over what in those days was called the "Ravine at Beauport," a solid bridge, supported by masonry, at Brown's Mills, has since been built. The Rivière Larrey or Lairet is also well designated, likewise the vast front of the French army, extending from the heights in the neighborhood of the New Jail, down to the General Hospital. General Wolfe's camp at Ange Gardien is clearly depicted; the two hulls mounted with cannon in the St. Charles, which stopped the pursuit of the French, the boom of masts thrown over that river, where an old stone jettee had been constructed in 1720, to protect ships, in a line with the present Gas Works, all these objects can be taken in at one glance in this excellent drawing.

The small plan of the Battle of the Plains in the corner of the large one discloses the position of the two armies: near the brow of the hill the Colonial troops; then the famous Royal Roussillon regiment, commanded by Col. Poularies; next the regiments of Bearn, Languedoc, La Sarre; then came Colonials; then the Burghers of Quebec to the north-west; the Indians last; the thickets of course occupied by Canadian sharp-shooters—the whole formed *en potence*. The English regiments face towards them on a much less extended and stronger line: Otway's regiment first; the Louisbourg Grenadiers, Bragg's, Lascelles', Highlanders and Ansthruther's regiment, under Murray; Royal Americans and Light Infantry, under Amherst and Townshend. The old Sillery Chapel is visible to the west, leaving one to infer that the plan was taken somewhere from the ships at Sillery.

A Representative Man.—1758.

M. Luc de LaCorne Saint Luc.

IF there be an era in the primitive times of Canada, in which the martial spirit of its inhabitants shone forth more brightly than at others, of a verity it is that war-like period which immediately preceded the cession of the country by the French Crown, known to our historians as the "seven years' war." Nowhere in the annals or records of the past, did the Canadian militia and volunteers exhibit greater endurance,—more perseverance,—more stout and successful resistance on many a hard-fought battle field; though after all, it must have mattered little what the French commanders did achieve, having at their disposal merely a handful of regulars, aided by the militia of the country and their Indian allies. France also had in those days its Goldwin Smiths: the colony was voted a bore; and niggardly reinforcements sent out when the whim of the moment prompted—perhaps not at all. Pitt had vowed to plant the flag of England on the summit of Cape Diamond. A gigantic army for those times, 50,000 men—including regulars, New England militia and savages—were to invade Canada at three points: the St. Lawrence,—the lakes,—the interior, under the guidance of Wolfe, Amherst, Haviland, Johnston. Ardent admirers of General Levi, the victor of Murray, have ventured to assert that had this general, who had never suffered defeat, been present at the first battle of the Plains of Abraham, the fate of the colony would have been different; however great the military genius of the hero of St. Foy may have been, at best, he could in the face of the overwhelming forces sent merely have retarded the fall. At the time we allude to (1758), with much larger armies in the field, a new system of warfare had, to a certain extent, superseded the old desultory mode of attack; the midnight raid and murderous assault of former times—with Indian allies as guides and sharp-shooters—still continued for both combatants to be a military necessity in bush fighting; but the large armies of Europeans, to whom

the savages acted as pioneers and auxiliaries, in a measure served as a check on the atrocious and peculiar system of fighting of the latter, although a memorable exception to the rule occurred in the Fort George tragedy; this outrage however was chiefly traceable to the effects of the ardent spirits purloined by the redskins from the English camp. Could we reasonably hold European commanders—English as well as French—responsible for the nameless horrors perpetrated on our soil by their Indian allies, one would be apt to believe our European forefathers had left their humanity at home to act the savage on our shores. Take for instance the great Lachine massacre. On the 25th April, 1689, during a profound peace, 1500 savages stealthily surround, before day-break, the habitations at Lachine, nine miles from Montreal; the unsuspecting inmates are soon secured, slaughtered in a few minutes; a lurid conflagration alone marks the spot where once stood a smiling, happy village—men, women and children are sacrificed indiscriminately. Some are burnt, others, disembowelled; mothers made to hold their live infants over the fire and turn the spit; everywhere groans, tortures, despair. Two hundred victims butchered in cold blood, and all this accomplished in less than an hour. "Ils poussèrent, dit Charlevoix, la fureur même à des excès dont on ne les avait pas cru capables. Ils ouvraient le sein des femmes enceintes, pour arracher le fruit qu'elles portaient; ils mirent des enfants tous vivans à la broche et contraignirent les mères de les tourner pour les faire rôtir. Ils inventèrent quantités d'autres supplices inouïs et deux cents personnes de tout âge et de tout sexe périrent ainsi en moins d'une heure dans les plus affreux tourments."

These scenes, Charlevoix relates, were repeated within one league of the city, and only when these infuriated demons were satiated with human gore, did they retire with two hundred prisoners whom they afterwards burnt. The island of Montreal remained in their possession until the fall following. In October, an Indian ally of the French, whom they had tortured and hacked, escaped and apprised the French that the Indians intended returning in the winter to have a repetition of these sickening horrors at the town of Three Rivers, after which Quebec was to be visited on the same errand; that when they would have extirpated the French settlers to the last man, they would meet in the following spring an English fleet at Quebec (no doubt Phipps' ships which did appear before

Quebec in October, 1690). Providence frustrated their dire designs. Of course, such doings were not confined to the allies of the New-Englanders. The savages in league with the French carried fire and the sword amidst the peaceful dwellers of the adjoining English provinces; Schenectady as well as Lachine has its bloody records. Our early history teems with such incidents. Happily the extension of the colony in 1758, and the rapidly-increasing power of the whites was calculated to render these scenes less frequent.

Apart from the several European commanders who acquired fame during the seven years' war, some of the settlers or *habitants** of Canada became famous in battle. It is one of the most remarkable soldiers of that day we purpose sketching here—Mons. Luc De LaCorne Saint Luc, previously introduced to our notice in Mr. De Gaspé's book, *The Canadians of Old*, and in the *Maple Leaves*, as one of the few survivors in the shipwreck of the *Auguste*, in 1761, on its voyage to France with the French refugees. The career of De LaCorne also commends itself to our attention from its analogy to that of other Canadians of later days: he fought as bravely under the flag of St. George, when it became that of his country, as he had done previously when the lily-spangled banner of the French monarch waived over the home of his youth. Being no utopian, LaCorne cheerfully accepted the new *regime* under which his hitherto distracted country was destined to enjoy peace, liberty and prosperity. Being a man of mark, talent and courage, high civil and military honors were soon within his reach. We purpose in this paper viewing the Chevalier De LaCorne as the type of the *Canadians of Old*, the representative man of that thrilling era of 1758—Carillon and its glories—when every Canadian peasant was a soldier, and when the parishes were so drained of their able-bodied men that the duties of husbandry devolved *entirely on the women and children*. History makes mention of two LaCornes. De LaCorne La Colombière, who commanded in Acadia, and fought with success against the English in 1756—he returned to France at the time of the conquest and became the friend and companion of the famous naval commander, De Suffren, in his sea voyages. The other, the subject of this notice, LaCorne de Saint Luc, a "Chevalier de Saint Louis," was a most influ-

**Habitants:* here is a word whose meaning has been singularly perverted. *Habitant* meant formerly the permanent settler, who came to *habiter le pays*, in contradistinction to the military and civil functionaries who were transient. The richest merchant might be a *habitant:* that is a permanent resident.

ential personage both amongst the Canadians and amongst the Indian tribes, under French and under English rule; one of his first feats was the capture of Fort Clinton in 1747. He also, at the head of the Canadians and Indians, distinguished himself at the battle of Carillon (Ticonderoga), in 1758, where Abercrombie was defeated by Montcalm and Lévis; LaCorne captured from the English general one hundred and fifty waggons of war stores. After serving through the hard-fought engagements of the campaign, we find him subsequently at the Battle of the Plains of Abraham; we thence follow him to Montreal, and see him under General Lévis at the head of his old friends, the Canadians and the Indians; in April following he was wounded at Murray's defeat on the St. Foy heights, and took a prominent part in the last victory of the French in Canada—a battle which permitted them, on leaving the country, to shake hands with their brave antagonists, the English.* In 1761 he decided to return with his brother, his children and nephews to France, and, having *plenty* of ready money (some £6,000), he was on the eve of purchasing a vessel at Quebec in September of that year for that purpose, when the generosity of General Murray made this unnecessary, and the *Auguste* was fitted up at Government expense. In this ill-starred ship, LaCorne and one hundred and twenty of the chief persons in the colony, including several ladies, officers and soldiers, sailed on the 17th October, 1761. The chevalier has left a Journal or Diary, kept by himself, of the appalling disaster which befel the *Auguste* on the coast of Cape Breton, where the ship was stranded on the 15th November, 1761. This narrative,† which has recently been published, is affecting from its truthfulness and simplicity; no boasting, no flourishes of rhetoric in this short record of death and human suffering. On reading of the seven survivors,—out of one hundred and twenty-one souls,—slowly wending their way over the foggy and snow-clad sea shore of *Isle Royale*, occasionally one dropping down benumbed, fatigued and exhausted, to sleep the long sleep of death, one is reminded of another gallant band who nearly a century

* How singular are the fortunes of war! Wolfe, Amherst, and several other English officers, who, under the "butcher" Cumberland and under Ligonier had been disastrously defeated by Marshal Saxe, at Fontenoy and Laufeldt, met on the Plains of Abraham their old rivals, with Scotch Jacobites fighting on both sides. A few months later and the second battle of the Plains—a brilliant though bootless victory—again asserted the martial qualities of the French legions.—(J. M. L.)

† Journal du Naufrage de l'*Auguste* par M. Luc De LaCorne Saint Luc en 1761—Coté et Cie, Québec.

later on, a few degrees closer to the pole, could be seen equally forlorn; they too dropped down and died as they walked along the ice-clad strand; "some were buried and some were not," as the old Esquimaux woman stated to McClintock's party—the latter was Sir John Franklin's devoted but despairing followers. We shall condense LaCorne's narrative of the shipwreck. The ship struck on the 15th November; LaCorne and his six surviving companions, including the captain, were washed ashore in a boat, more dead than alive; the 16th was employed in digging graves; none of his children, none of the ladies had been saved; the young, the fair, the high-born strewing in hideous confusion a rock-bound coast amidst fragments of the wreck,—in all one hundred and fourteen corpses. Such were the dismal objects which met the gaze of LaCorne and of his fellow-sufferers on the morning of the 16th November. Amidst the roar of the sea and of the tempest the last rites were performed by the sorrowing parent; and on the 17th, with a common feeling, all hurried from a spot in which everything reminded them of death, "*plurima mortis imago*," and took to the woods, not knowing where they were; on the 17th a snow storm added to their misery; three of the party here gave out through fatigue, but LaCorne, who all along appears as the leading spirit, urged them on, and with success; on the 25th the Journal mentions, as a godsend, the discovery of some deserted huts;—in them they found two dead men; on the 26th two more of the party gave out, and were reluctantly left behind with some provisions. Twelve inches of snow had fallen that day.

On the 3rd December, after a tedious tramp through the forest, not knowing where they were, they struck on the sea coast and discovered an old boat, unseaworthy; the captain of the *Auguste* set to work to caulk her, and matters seemed likely to assume a more hopeful aspect, when a fresh snow-storm nearly caused the destruction of the whole party. "Our provisions running short," adds LaCorne, "we had to live on wild berries and sea-weed. On the 4th the storm having abated, we found our boat imbeded in the snow, but when we came to launch her, our captain, who until then had held out, declared he could go no further on account of the pains and ulcers he labored under; the three others mostly as bad, sided with him, and being alone, I was compelled, although suffering much less, to remain with them. I did not like to desert them, and we trusted to Providence, when two Indians made their appearance. Our men hailed them with

loud cries and lamentations; in which I could catch the words 'have mercy on us.' I was then smoking, a quiet spectator of this sorrowful scene. Our men mentioned my name, and the Indians greeted me warmly. I had on several occasions rendered service to these tribes. I learned that we were ninety miles from Louisbourg (Cape Breton). They told me they were ready to conduct me to St. Pierre. I had our men crossed over a river which was there, and left with the Indians, for their wig-wam about three leagues distant. They gave me dried meat, and on the 5th I returned to my friends."

Thence we follow the hardy adventurer to St. Pierre, to Labrador Bay, and finally we find him, in spite of all remonstrance, starting in a birch canoe, in that inclement season, with two young men whom he had tempted to this fool-hardy enterprise, by offering them twenty-five louis d'or: they afterwards landed at Cheda-Bouctou, and after encountering great privation, fatigue, and divers perilous adventures, he arrived at Fort Cumberland, when after a short rest he continued his journey on foot, having worn out his strength and his snow shoes. The Temiscouata portage brought him subsequently to the lower parishes, then to Kamouraska; and the night he spent at the Manor of St. Jean Port Joli is graphically described in the *Canadians of Old*. He arrived at Quebec on the 23rd February, laid an account of his shipwreck before General Murray, and left for Montreal to see General Gage. This man of iron winds up his Journal by stating that the fatigues, dangers and starvation he was exposed to were very great—that the circuitous road he followed led him to believe he must have walked at least 1650 miles in the severest season in the year, and unprovided with any succour. "I used to see my guides and companions, the Indians and Acadians, giving out after eight days' marching, and often less. During all this time, I enjoyed excellent health, had no dread of the consequences, and fortunately withstood so much fatigue; had I had guides as vigorous as myself, I would have saved one hundred and thirty pounds which it cost me, and I would have arrived earlier." General Jeff. Amherst, then at New York, wrote to the chevalier a feeling letter, dated 28th March, 1762, condoling with him on this melancholy shipwreck.

We have no hesitation in saying that this feat of human endurance, this journeying during a Canadian winter through forests,—over bays in a

frail bark canoe and frozen snow on snow shoes, some seventeen hundred miles, is almost without a parallel in modern times, and that we would be very unwilling to accept it as the truth, were it less authentically recorded.

The loss of family and friends, as previously stated, seems to have changed entirely the future plans of the chevalier; he bid adieu to La Belle France, and made up his mind to live in Canada—a British subject. We fail for a few years to trace clearly what occupations were followed by this singularly hardy man; probably, with his compeers, the Rocheblaves, DeRouvilles, St. Ours, Deschambault, DeBellestre, De Lotbinière, he took part in politics. At the arrival of General Burgoyne, LaCorne again, although close on seventy years of age, headed the militia and the Indian tribes which Sir Guy Carleton sent to assist the newly-arrived general. LaCorne was present at several engagements during the war of independence, and probably would have rendered important services to the English general, but Burgoyne neither understood nor took any pains to understand the character of his Indian allies. Matters went on tolerably well so long as the English commander met with success, but with reverse, discontent got to such a pitch in a short time that the Indian tribes and the small number of Canadians soon absolutely refused to be led on by a general about as fit to handle this arm of the service as the Baron Dieskau had shown himself twenty years before. The disgraceful capitulation of the English army at Saratoga to General Gates was the crowning feat. In vain Burgoyne,* on his return to England, and from his seat in Parliament, supported by a host of powerful friends, tried to explain off the shame he had brought on his brave army by accusing others; his violent, artful charges called forth a spirited letter from the Chevalier LaCorne, which appeared at the time

*John Burgoyne, an English general officer and dramatist, connected with this country in the former capacity, was the natural son of Lord Bingley, and entered early in the army. In 1762 he commanded a force sent into Portugal for the defence of that kingdom against the Spaniards. He also distinguished himself in the first American war by the taking of Ticonderoga, but was at last obliged to surrender with his army to General Gates at Saratoga. For this act he was much censured and condemned by all the English people. He was elected into the English Parliament for Preston, in Lancashire, but refusing to return to America pursuant to his convention, was ignominiously dismissed the service. He endeavored to exonerate himself, but without avail, in some pamphlets he published in defence of his conduct. As an author, he is more distinguished for his three dramas of the *Maid of the Oaks*, *Bon Ton*, and *The Heiress*, all in the line of what is usually called genteel comedy, they forming light and pleasing specimens.—M. B. L.

in the English papers; it being, doubtless, new to many English readers, a translation of this letter from old memoirs may prove acceptable:—

LE CHEVALIER DE ST. LUC TO GENERAL BURGOYNE.

"QUEBEC, 23rd October, 1778.

"SIR—I cannot say whether this letter will reach you; if it should, it is written to express my surprise at your lack of memory concerning myself and also concerning my companions-in-arms, the Canadians and Indians.

"I am at a loss to guess your motive, unless it be to bury my name, with your own, in obscurity—an achievement beyond your power. I was known long before you had attained the position which furnished you the opportunity of ruining one of the finest armies which my country ever saw.

"You say, sir, that I was unable to afford you any information; I am glad you should be the means of informing the public that you never sought advice from me. Allow me, however, to tell you that I have served under general officers who honored me with their confidence; men worthy of the position,—able to maintain their dignity,—distinguished by their abilities.

"You also charge me with having withdrawn from the army. You will permit me to inform you, sir, that those who, like myself, left it, did not, more than you, dread the perils of war. Fifty years' service will dispose of this charge. You, sir, better than any, know who made me leave the army—it was yourself.

"The 16th August, 1777, the day of the Bennington affair, you sent me, through Major Campbell, an order to hold myself in readiness to start on the morning of the 17th with the Canadians and Indians, ahead of General Fraser's brigade, to post ourselves at Stillwater. But that same day M. de Lanaudière informed you of the defeat of Lieut.-Col. Baum's detachment, and of that of Lieut.-Col. Breyman, who had advanced to support the latter. He apprised you that these two detachments had lost at least seven hundred men. You appeared to put little faith in his statement, and you told me the loss did not amount to one hundred and fifty men, although the real figure showed that the first report was exact. Counter orders were then issued to the whole army which had intended to march on that day, and the next day we were made to cross North River, and, with General Fraser's brigade, to camp at

Battenkill. The Indians, startled by your grand manœuvres, to which they were not accustomed, had noticed that you had sent no force either to collect the remnants of the corps dispersed at Bennington (some of whom, to my knowledge, returned to your camp five days after), or to succour the wounded, of which a portion were dying. This conduct of yours, sir, did not convey a very high idea of the care you would take of those who might fight under you. The indifference you exhibited to the fate of the Indians concerned in the Bennington encounter, to the portion of one hundred and fifty, had disgusted them very much; a good number of them had fallen there together with their great chief, and out of the sixty-one Canadians forty-one only had escaped.

"Bear in mind, sir, so that you may not form an erroneous opinion of this matter, what passed in council, when you represented our loss as trifling. I told you, on behalf of the Indians, whose interpreter you had made me, that they were very deserving. They said many things which it would have been useless to repeat; amongst others, that they wished to speak their sentiments to you in plain terms. I warned you of what would be the final result. Finally, sir, their discontent became such that they left on the spot, although you refused to allow them provisions, shoes and an interpreter.

"Two days subsequently, you had seen your error; Brigadier Fraser had anticipated what would be the consequences of your acts towards the Indians. You then sent for me, and I had the honor to meet you in the tent of the brigadier, when you asked me to return to Canada, the bearer of despatches to General Carleton, to induce His Excellency to treat the Indians kindly and send them back to you. I did so, and I would have rejoined the army, if the communication had not been cut off. After that, of what use could I have been, I, whom you had represented as good for nothing, and as one of the Indians who had left the army. Ah! sir, having ceased to be a general, do not at least cease to be a gentleman! On the latter point I am your equal. You bear the rank of a general and I may not be your equal in talent, but I am your equal in birth, and claim to be treated as a gentleman.

"Be that as it may, sir, notwithstanding my advanced age (67 years), I am ready to cross the sea to justify myself before the King, my master, and before my country, of the unfounded charges you have heaped on

me, but I am quite indifferent as to what you personally may think of me."

A Legislative Councillor of Canada, in 1784, we find this sturdy old soldier at the ripe age of 74, equally ready in camp and in council,—manfully battling for the right of his countrymen to enjoy all the privileges of British subjects, and siding against the old family compact,—remonstrating loudly but respectfully, and holding forth in the resolutions he proposed, in favor of the constitution of 1774. When the stern old Roman died does not appear ; he seems to have attained a very great age.

In a measure, are we not justified of saying of him what Clarendon wrote of Hampden, " that he was of an industry and a vigilance not to be tired out or wearied by the most laborious, and of parts not to be imposed on by the most subtle and sharp,—of a personal courage equal to his best parts " ?

Canadian Homes.---Canadian History.

Introduction.

"Oh give me a home where the maple and pine
Around the wild heights so majestically twine;
Oh give me a home where the blue wave rolls free
From thy bosom, Superior, down to the sea."

"COULD you not write the history of 'Our Parish,' and also sketch briefly our country seats, marking out the spots connected with historical events?" Thus discoursed one day to us, in her blandest tones, a fair denizen of Sillery. There, was a poser for a *galant homme*; a crusher, for the first *litterateur* of.....the parish. That innate civility of a Frenchman, quicker than thought, elicited from us an unreflective affirmative reply. Thus, compassionate reader, was entrapped, caught and committed the first *litterateur* of Sillery—irrevocably handed over to the tender mercies of all the critics, present and future, in and out of the parish. Oh, my friends, what a crunching up of literary bones in store! what an ample repast was thus prepared for all the reviewers—the Jeffreys and LaHarpes—in and out of the parish, should the luckless *litterateur* fail to assign fairy scenery—important historical events—great battles, not only to each renowned spot, but even to the merest potatoe-patch, turnip-ground or cabbage-garden within our corporate limits? Yes, tremble for him.

Joking apart, is there not a formidable difficulty besetting our path—the insipidity and monotony inseparable from the necessity which will devolve on us of having constantly to discover new beauties in spots identical in their main features; and should we, in order to vary the theme, mix up the humorous with the rural, the historical, or the antiquarian style, may not fun and humor be mistaken for satyre—a complimentary notice for flattery, above all others, a thing abhorrent from our nature? But 'tis vain to argue. That fatal "yes" has been uttered, and no true knight goes back from his plighted word. There being no help, we

devoutly commend our case to St. Columba, and the archangel St. Michael, the patrons of our parish, and set to our task, determined to assume a wide margin, draw heavily on history,—season the whole with short anecdotes,—glimpses of domestic life, calculated to light up the past and present; and should you, dear reader, be dissatisfied in the end with the contents of the *third*, perhaps the last, series of *Maple Leaves*, on you alone rests the blame; had you not patronized the first and second, *no third series would have been inflicted*.

O critic, who would fain seek in our homes great architectural excellence, pause! for the majority of them, no such pretension is set up. Nowhere either on our soil are to be found ivied ruins, dating back to doomsday book, moated castle, or mediæval tower. We have no Blenheims, nor Chatsworths, nor Woburn abbeys, nor Arundel castles, to illustrate every style of architectural beauty, rural embellishment and landscape. Canadian cottages, the best of them, are not the stately country homes of

> "Old pheasant-lords,
> .....Partridge-breeders of a thousand years."

typifying the accumulated wealth of centuries, or patrician pride; nor are they the gay *chateaux* of *La Belle France*. In Canada we could—in many instances we had to—do without the architect's skill; nature having been lavish to us in her decorations, art could be dispensed with. Our country dwellings possess attractions of a higher class, yea, of a nobler order, than brick and mortar moulded by the genius of man, can impart. A kind Providence has surrounded them in spring, summer and autumn with scenery often denied to the turreted castle of the proudest nobleman in Old England. Those around Quebec are more particularly hallowed by associations destined to remain ever memorable amongst the inhabitants of the soil.

Some of our larger estates, like Belmont (comprising 450 acres), date back more than two centuries, whilst others, though less ancient, retrace vividly events glorious in the same degree to the two races, who, after having fought stoutly for the mastery, at last hung out the olive branch and united long since, willing partners, in the bonds of a common nationality, neither English nor French, though participating largely of either, and linked their destinies together as Canadians. Every traveller in

Canada, from Baron La Hontan, who "preferred the forests of Canada to the Pyranèes of France," to the Hon. Amilia Murray of "muffin memory," Charlevoix, LaGalissonnière, Peter Kalm, Isaac Weld, John Lambert, Heriot, Silliman, Ampère, Marmier, Rameau, Augustus Sala, have united in pronouncing our Quebec landscape so wild, so majestic, withal, so captivating, as to vie in beauty with the most picturesque portions of the old or the new world. So much for scenery, as to the historical associations which Quebec and its environs suggests to the mind of the visitor, they have been thus summed up by a well-known writer :—*

"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 Cabire-Coubat of Jacques Cartier is the very place where he first planted the cross and held his first conference with the Seigneur Donacona. Here, very near to us, beneath a venerable elm tree (under the walls of the English Cathedral), 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 this rampart are spread the plains on which fell Wolfe and Montcalm, and where, in the following year, the Chevalier de Lévis and General Murray fought that other battle, in memory of which the citizens of Quebec have erected a monument. Before us, on the heights of Beauport, the souvenirs 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, (in Sault-au-Matelot st.) now crowned with the guns of old England, the intrepid Dambourgès, sword in hand, drove Arnold and his men from the houses in which they had established themselves. History is then every where 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!'

*Honorable P. O. Chauveau, the auther of *Charles Guerin*.

The History of Sillery.

CHAPTER I.

Henry IV. of France had for his chancellor Nicholas Brulart de Sillery, a worthy and distinguished magistrate, who, as State councillor, enjoyed the confidence of his sovereign until death closed his useful career in 1640, at the ripe age of 80. To this eminent lawyer and statesman was born a patriarchal family of sons and daughters. The youngest of his sons, Noël Brulart de Sillery,* having brilliantly completed his studies at Paris in the classics, entered, at the age of eighteen, the military order of the Knights of Malta, and resided twelve years in that island as a knight; his martial bearing and ability, modesty and uniform good conduct soon paved the way for him to the highest dignities in this celebrated Order. Soon the Grand Master appointed him "Commandeur de Troyes;" this preferment yielded him 40,000 livres per annum.

On his return to Paris in 1607, the favor of the court and the protection of Marie de Medicis was the means of having him nominated Knight of Honor. His talents and position soon procured him the appointment of French Ambassador to the Court of Spain in 1614, which high position he left for that of Ambassador at Rome in 1622, where he replaced the Marquis of Coeuvres. He spent two years in the Eternal City, and subsequently acknowledged that it was there that he conceived the first idea of embracing Holy Orders; Cardinal de La Valette replacing him at the Roman Court as French *Chargé d'Affaires*. From what can be gleaned in history, this distinguished personage led a princely life, his enormous rent-roll furnishing the means for a most lordly establishment of retainers, liveries and domains. His fancy for pomp and show, great though it was, never, however, made him lose sight of the poor, nor turn a deaf ear to the voice of the needy.

In 1626, the Pope (Barberini), Urbain VIII., having proclaimed a jubilee, the ex-ambassador, as if a new light had dawned on him, and under the guidance of a man famous for his pious and ascetic life, Vincent de Paul, determined to reform his house and whole life. Thus, a few years after, viz., in 1632, the Commandeur de Sillery sold to Cardinal

* A. Brulart de Sillery, Marquis de Puisieux, was Minister of Foreign Affairs in France from 1747 to 1751.—O'Callaghan's *Paris Document Table*, vol. x.

Richelieu his sumptuous and princely hotel in Paris, entered Holy Orders in 1634, and devoted all the energy of his mind and his immense wealth to the propagation of the faith amongst the aborigines of Canada, having been induced to do so by the Commandeur de Razili who previously had solicited him to join the company des "Cents Associés," or Hundred Partners, of which Razili was a member.

The Commandeur de Sillery inaugurated his benevolent purpose by placing 12,000 livres in the hands of Father Charles Lalemant, a zealous Jesuit; this was the beginning of the mission which, through gratitude to its founder, was called Sillery—it was distant about four miles and a half from Quebec, on the north shore of the St. Lawrence; date of the foundation, July, 1637.* History has preserved a letter addressed from Paris by the Commandeur de Sillery to the Chevalier de Montmagny, governor of the colony, in which the benevolent man asked the governor to ratify a grant of "twelve arpents" made to him in the city itself by the company of the Hundred Partners, and also to ratify a promised grant of other lands to open a seminary or school to educate Algonquin and Montagnais children, although, at the request of the Indians, the settlement became more extensive and comprised also the residence of the christianized Indians. Father Le Jeune, a learned Jesuit, had charge and control over the workmen who were sent out from France at the expense of the Commandeur de Sillery; and on the 22nd February, 1639, a permanent bequest was authentically recorded in favor of the mission by the commandeur placing at interest, secured on the Hôtel-de-Ville at Paris, a sum of 20,000 livres tournois. Palisades had been used originally to protect the settlement; in 1651 the governor of Quebec, Jean de Lauzon, strengthened the palisades and added redoubts.† In 1647 the church of the mission had been placed under the invocation of St. Michael the Archangel; hence why

* An authentic record still remains of the foundation of the mission; it is written in the language of Virgil, by Father Deguen, its first missionary, and heads the register of baptisms, marriages and burials of the mission. It runs thus: "Dominus de Sillery, eques militenses et sacerdos non adpridem factus, vir imprimis pius, reductionem Sancti Josephi, una et amplius leaca, suprâ Kebicum ad ripas magni fluminis." Jacta sunt fundimenta domûs, Julii, 1637, et 14 Aprilis anni, 1638.—*Bressani, Appendix*, p. 300.

† Il y avait (des petits forts) à Sillery, sur les fiefs Saint Michel, Saint François, Saint Sauveur, à Beauport, à l'Ile d'Orleans. "Les *Hiroquois*," dit la mère de l'Incarnation, "craignent extremement les cannons; ce qui fait qu'ils n'osent s'approcher des forts." Les habitants, afin de leur donner la chasse et de la terreur, ont des redoutes en leurs maisons pour se defendre avec de petites pièces.—*Abbé Ferland's Notes, p.* 92.

Sillery Cove, once called St. Joseph's, was, in 1647, named St. Michael's Cove.

The Commandeur de Sillery extended his munificence to several other missionary establishments in Canada and other places. What with the building of churches, monasteries and hospitals in Champagne, France; at Annecy, Savoy; at Paris, and elsewhere, he must, indeed, have been for those days a veritable Rothschild in worldly wealth.

This worthy ecclesiastic died in Paris on the 26th September, 1640, at the age of 63 years, bequeathing his immense wealth to the Hôtel Dieu of that city. Such was, in a few words, the noble career of one of the large-minded pioneers of civilization in primitive Canada, Le Chevalier Noël Brulart de Sillery—such the origin of the name of "Our parish."

One of the first incidents, two years after the opening of the mission, was the visit paid to it by Madame de la Peltrie, the noble founder of the Ursuline Convent at Quebec. This took place on the 2nd August, 1639, the day after her arrival from Dieppe and stately reception by the governor, M. de Montmagny, who had asked her to dinner the day previous. This same year the nuns called *Hospitalières* (Hôtel Dieu) opened a temporary hospital at Sillery, but the inmates and resident Indians suffered fearfully from the ravages of the small-pox. In attempting a sketch of the Sillery of ancient days, we cannot follow a truer nor pleasanter guide than the old historian of Canada in the interesting notes he published on this locality in 1855, after having minutely examined every inch of ground. "A year after their arrival at Quebec," says Abbé Ferland, "in August, 1640, the *Hospitalières* nuns, desirous of being closer to the Sillery mission, where they were having their convent built according to the wishes of the Duchess D'Aiguillon, left Quebec and located themselves in the house of M. de Puiseaux. They removed from this house at the beginning of the year 1641 to take possession of their convent, a mile distant. During that winter no other French inhabitants resided near them except the missionaries, and they suffered much from cold and want. But the following year they had the happiness to have in the neighborhood a good number of their countrymen. M. de Maisonneuve, Mlle. Mance, the soldiers and farmers recently arrived from France, took up their abode at M. de Puiseaux's. * * * They spent the winter there and paid us frequent visits, to our mutual satisfaction."*

* *History of the Hôtel Dieu.*

Sillery being constantly threatened by the Five Nations, the *Hospitalières* ladies were compelled to leave their establishment and seek refuge in Quebec on the 29th May, 1644, having thus spent about three years and a half amongst the savages. The locality where they then resided still goes under the name of "Convent Cove."

"Monsieur Pierre Puiseaux, Sieur de l'habition de Sainte Foy," after whom was called *Pointe à Puiseau*, at Sillery, seems to have been a personage of no mean importance in his day. Having realised a large fortune in the West Indies, he had followed Champlain to Canada, bent on devoting his wealth to the conversion of the aboriginal tribes. His manor stood, according to the Abbé Ferland, on that spot in St. Michael's Cove on which the St. Michael's Hotel*—long kept by Mr. W. Scott—was subsequently built, to judge from the heavy foundation walls there. Such was the magnificence of the structure that it was reckonned a perfect gem of a house,—"*Une maison regardée dans le temps comme le bijou du Canada*," says the old chronicler. Paul de Chomedey de Maisonneuve having arrived in 1641, with colonists for Montreal, the laird of St. Michel generously tendered him the use of his manor and seigniory of St. Foy. Under the hospitable roof of this venerable old gentleman, M. de Maisonneuve, Mlle. Mance, the founder of the Hôtel Dieu hospital at Montreal, and Mdme. de la Peltrie spent the winter of 1641-2, whilst the intended *colonists* for Villemarie were located close by in the Sillery settlement. During the winter a considerable rumpus took place between the future Governor of Montreal, M. de Maisonneuve, and the then present Governor of Quebec, Chevalier de Montmagny. It appears that on a certain festival a small cannon and also fifteen musket shots had been fired without authority; His Excellency Governor Montmagny, in high dudgeon at such a breach of military discipline, ordered Jean Gorry, the person who had fired the shots, to be put in irons; Mlle. Mance, had furnished the powder for this military display. The future Governor of Montreal, Monsieur de Maisonneuve, is said to have, on this occasion, publicly exclaimed: "Jehan Gorry, you have been put in irons for my sake and I affronted! I raise your wages of ten half crowns (dix écus), let us only reach Montreal; no one there will prevent us from firing."† Bravo! M. de Maisonneuve!

* The hotel is that one now kept by one Pierre Letarte.

† Manuscript owned by G. B. Faribault, Esquire.

Peace, however, was restored, and His Excellency Governor Montmagny, headed, in person, the expedition which, on the 8th May following, sailed from St. Michael's Cove, Sillery, to found at Montreal the new colony. *Baron* Puiseaux accompanied M. de Maisonneuve, to take part also in the auspicious event, but his age and infirmities compelled him, soon after, to return to France, where he died a few years subsequently, and by his last will executed at La Rochelle, on the 21st June, 1647, he bequeathed his St. Foy property to the support of the future bishops of Quebec. "The walls of the Sillery Chapel," says the historian of Canada previously quoted, "were still standing about thirty years ago, and the foundations of this edifice, of the hospital and of the missionary residency are still perceptible to the eye on the spot now occupied by the offices and stores of Hy. LeMesurier, Esq., at the foot of the hill and opposite the residence of the Honorable Mr. Justice Caron."

"Amongst the French gentlemen of note who then owned lands at Sillery, may be mentioned *François de Chavigny, sieur de Berchéreau qui*," adds, Abbé Ferland, "*occupait un rang élevé dans le colonie. En quelques occasions, il fut chargé de remplacer le Gouverneur, lors que celui-ci s'absentait de Québec.*" Now, dear reader, let it be known to you that you are to look, with every species of respect on this worthy old denizen of Sillery, he being, as the Abbé has elsewhere established beyond the shadow of a doubt, not only the ancestor of several old families such as the Lagorgendierès, the Rigaud de Vaudreuils and Tachereaus, but also the ancestor of your humble servant the writer of these lines.

"The Sillery settlement contained during the winter of 1646–7, of Indians only, about two hundred souls. Two roads led from Quebec to the settlement, one the Grande Alleé or St. Louis road, the other the Cove road, skirting the beach. Two grist mills stood in the neighborhood; one on the St. Denis streamlet which crosses the Grande Allée road (from Sinjohn's to Lord Monck's residence)—the dam seems to have been on the Spencer Wood property. 'This mill, and the *fief* on which it was built, belonged to M. Juchereau,' one of the ancestors of the Duchesnays. 'Another mill existed on the Belle Borne brook,' which crosses the main road, the boundary between Spencer Grange and Woodfield. Any one visiting these two streams during the August droughts, will be struck with their diminutiveness, compared to the time when they turned

the two grist mills two hundred years back: the clearing of the adjoining forests, whence they take their source may account for the metamorphosis."

The perusal of the Rev. Mr. Ferland's work brings us to another occurrence, which, although foreign to the object of this sketch, deserves notice:—

"The first horse seen in Canada was landed from a French vessel about the 20th June, 1648, and presented as a gift to His Excellency, Governor Montmagny." Another incident deserving of mention, occurs under date 20th August, 1653. The Iroquois* surprised at Cap Rouge Rev. Father J. Antoine Poncet and a peasant named Mathurin Tranchelot, and carried them off to their country. The rev. missionary for three days was subjected to every kind of indignity from the Indian children and every one else. A child cut off one of the captive's fingers. He was afterwards, with his companion, tied up during two nights, half suspended in the air; this made both suffer horribly; burning coals were applied to their flesh. Finally, the missionary was handed over to an old squaw; he shortly after became free and returned to Quebec, on the 5th November, 1653, to the joy of everybody.

His comrade, Tranchelot, after having had his fingers burnt, was finally consumed by fire on the 8th September, 1653. Such were some of the thrilling incidents of daily occurrence at Sillery two centuries ago.

What with breaches of military etiquette by M. de Maisonneuve's colonists—the ferocity of skulking Iroquois—and the scrapes their own neophytes occasionally got into, the reverend fathers in charge of the Sillery mission must now and again have had lively times, and needed, we would imagine, the patience of Job, with the devotion of martyrs, to carry out their benevolent views.

We read in history how, on one Sunday morning in 1652, the Sillery Indians being all at mass, a beaver skin was stolen from one of the wig-

* The insecurity produced in the colony at this period by the incessant inroads of the Five Nations was such that several colonists were on the eve of, and some did—return to France.

"Les familles françaises éparses sur les bords du St. Laurent, se trouvaient exposées à des dangers continuels. Pendant le jour, les hommes étaient attaqués au coin des champs, à l'oreé d'un bois, sur les eaux du grand fleuve. Pour tomber tout-à-coup sur leurs victimes, les maraudeurs iroquois se tenaient cachés tantôt derrière un arbre renversé, tantôt dans un marais, ou au milieu des joncs du rivage; pendant la nuit, ils rôdaient autour des maisons, cherchant à surprendre quelques familles sans défense."—*Ferland, Histoire du Canada.* Vol. 1, p. 398.

Hence why the French houses in each settlement were generally close to one another for mutual protection; the church in the centre to sound the tocsin of alarm.

wams, on which, a council of the chiefs being called, it was decided that the robbery had been committed by a Frenchman,* enough to justify the young men to rush out and seize two Frenchmen then accidentally passing by, and in no wise connected—as the Indians even admitted—with the theft. The Indian youths were for instantly stripping the prisoners, in order to compel the governor of the colony to repair the injury suffered by the loss of the peltrie. One of them, more thoughtful than the rest, suggested to refer the matter to the missionary father, informing him at the same time that in cases of robbery it was the Indian custom to lay hold of the first individual they met belonging to the family or nation of the suspected robber, strip him of his property, and retain it until the family or nation repaired the wrong. The father succeeded, by appealing to them as Christians, to release the prisoners. Fortunately, the real thief, who was not a Frenchman, became alarmed, and had the beaver skin restored.

Old writers of that day occasionally let us into queer glimpses of a churchman's tribulations in those primitive times. Champlain relates how a pugnacious parson was dealt with by a pugnacious clergyman of a different persuasion respecting some knotty controversial points. The arguments, however irresistible they may have been, Champlain observes, were not edifying either to the savages or to the French :—"J ay veu le ministre et nostre curé s'entre battre à coup de poing sur le differend de la religion. Je ne scay pas qui estait le plus vaillant et qui donnait le meilleur coup; mais je scay tres bien que le ministre se plaignoit quelque fois au Sieur de Mons (Calviniste, directeur de la compagnie) d'avoir ésté battu et vuidoient en ceste faccon les poincts de controverse. Je vois laisse à penser si cela éstait beau à voir; les sauvages éstoient tantôt d'un côté, tantôt de l'autre, et les François meslez selon leur diverse croyance, disaient pis que pendre de l'une et de l'autre religion." The fighting parson (no Plymouth brethren in those days) had evidently caught a tartar. However, this controversial sparring did *not* take place at Sillery.

The winter of 1666 was marked by a novel incident in the annals of

* *Histoire du Canada.*—Ferland. Vol. 1, page 109.

the settlement. On the 9th of January,* 1666, the governor of the colony, M. de Courcelles, with M. du Gas as second in command, and M. de Salampar, a volunteer, together with two hundred colonists who had volunteered, and three hundred soldiers of the dashing regiment of Carignan, which the viceroy, the proud Marquis de Tracy, had brought over from Europe, after their return from their campaign in Hungary, sallied forth from the capital on snow shoes. A century and a half later one might have met on that same road another viceroy—this time an English one, as proud, as fond of display, as the Marquis de Tracy—with the Queen's Household Troops, the British Grenadiers and Coldstream Guards—the Earl of Durham, one of our ablest, if not one of the most popular of our administrators. Let us now follow the French Governor of 1666, heading his light-hearted soldiers along the St. Louis road, all on snow shoes, each man, His Excellency included, carrying on his back from twenty-five to thirty lbs. of biscuit, &c. The little army is bound towards the frontiers of New Holland (the State of New York) on a nine hundred miles' tramp (no railroads in those days), in the severest season of the year, to chastise some hostile Indian tribes, after incorporating in its ranks, during its march, the Three Rivers and Montreal reinforcements. History tells of the intense suffering experienced during the expedition by these brave men, some of them more accustomed to Paris *salons* than to Canadian forest warfare on snow shoes, with spruce boughs and snow drifts for beds. But let us not anticipate. We must be content to accompany them on that day to

* "Monsieur de Courcelles, qui en fut le chef (de l'expedition), y apporta toute la diligence possible, de sorte qu'il se trouva prêt à partir le 9 Janvier, 1666, accompagné de M. du Gas, qu'il prit pour son lieutenant, de M. de Salampar, gentilhomme volontaire, du Père Pierre Raffeix, Jésuite, de 300 hommes du Régiment Carignan Salières et de 200 volontaires, habitants des colonies françaises, chacun ayant aux pieds des raquettes, dont ils n'étaient pas accoutumés de se servir et tous sans en excepter les chefs et M. de Courcelles même étant chargés chacun de 25 ou 30 livres de biscuit etc. A peine pourrait on trouver dans toutes les histoires une marche plus difficile et plus longue, que le fut celle de cette petite armée, et il fallut un courage français et la constance de M. de Courcelles pour l'entreprendre * * * il fallait faire trois cent lieues sur les neiges, traverser continuellement sur la glace des lacs et des rivières en danger de faire autant de chûtes que de pas, ne coucher que sur la neige au milieu des forêts, et souffrir un froid qui passe de beaucoup la rigueur des plus rudes hivers de l'Europe.

"Cependnant nos troupes estant allées le premier jour à Sillery, pour recommander le succès de leur entreprise à l'Archange Saint Michel, Patron de ce lieu là, plusieurs eurent des le troisième jour, le nez, les oreilles, les genoux et les doigts, ou d'autres parties du corps gelées et le reste du corps couvert de cicatrices."—*Relations des Jesuites*, 1666 Page 6.

the Sillery settlement,—a march quite sufficient for us degenerate Canadians of the nineteenth century.

Just picture to yourself, our worthy friend, the hurry and scurry at the Missionary residency on that day—with what zest the chilled warriors crowded round the fires of the Indian wigwams, the number of pipes of peace they smoked with the chiefs, the fierce love the gallant Frenchmen swore to the blackeyed Montagnais and Algonquin houris of Sillery, whilst probably His Excellency and staff were seated in the residency close by, resorting to cordials and all those creature comforts to be found in monasteries, including *Grande Chartreuse*, to restore circulation through their benumbed frame!—How the reverend fathers showered down the blessings of St. Michael, the patron saint of the parish, on the youth and chivalry of France!—How the Sillery duennas, the *Capitainesses*, closely watched the gallant sons of Mars, lest some of them* should attempt to induce their guileless neophytes to seek again the forest wilds, and roam at large—the willing wives of white men!

We shall clip a page from Father Barthelemy Vimont's *Journal of the Sillery Mission*, an authentic record, illustrative of the mode of living there; it will, we are sure gladden the heart even of an anchorite:—

"In 1643, the St. Joseph or Sillery settlement was composed of between thirty-five and forty Indian families, who lived there the whole year round except during the hunting season; other nomadic savages occasionlly tarried at the settlement to procure food, or to receive religious instruction. That year there were yet but four houses built in the European fashion; the Algonquins were located in that part of the village close to the French residences; the Montagnais, on the opposite side; the houses accommodate the chiefs only, their followers reside in bark huts, until we can furnish proper dwellings for them all. In

*Baron Vincent Saint Castin, was from Oleron, in Bearn. Originally a Colonel in the King's Guards, he came to Canada in 1665, a Captain in the Carignan Regiment. He was, in 1680-1, in command of Fort Penobscot in Maine. He married the daughter of Madockawando, Sachem of the Penobscots, by which tribe he was adopted and elevated to the rank of Chief. He played a conspicuous part in the wars of that day, signed treaties with the Governors of New England. Having amassed a property of 300,000 crowns, he retired eventually to France, where he had an estate. He was succeeded by his son in the Government of Penobscot. His daughters married advantageously in the colony. We find one of them, Mademoiselle Brigitte de Saint Castin, amongst the pupils of the Ursuline Nuns at Quebec, about the beginning of the last century.—"*Les Gouverneurs Generaux du Canada le menagent et ceux de la Nouvelle Angleterre le craignent,"* says La Hontan.*

this manner was spent the winter season of 1642-3, the French ships left the St. Lawrence for France on the 7th October, 1642; a period of profound quiet followed. Our Indians continued to catch eels, (this catch begins in September)—a providential means of subsistence during winter. The French settlers salt their eels, the Indians smoke theirs to preserve them. The fishing having ended about the beginning of November, they removed their provisions to their houses, when thirteen canoes of Atichamegues Indians arrived, the crews requesting permission to winter there and be instructed in the Christian religion. They camped in the neighborhood of the Montagnais, near to Jean Baptiste, the chief or captain of these savages, and placed themselves under the charge of Father Buteux, who undertook to christianize both, whilst Father Dequen superintended the religious welfare of the Algonquins. Each day all the Indians attend regularly to mass, prayers, and religious instruction. Catechism is taught to the children, and the smartest amongst them receive slight presents to encourage them, such as knives, bread, beads, hats, sometimes a hatchet for the biggest boys. Every evening Father Dequen calls at every hut and summons the inmates to evening prayers at the chapel. The *Hospitalières* nuns also perform their part in the pious work; Father Buteux discharged similar duties amongst the Montagnais and Atichamegues neophytes. The Atichamegues have located themselves on a small height back of Sillery. 'When the Reverend Father visits them each evening, during the prevalence of snow storms, he picks his way in the forest, lantern in hand, but sometimes loosing his footing, he rolls down the hill.' Thus passed for the Sillery Indians, the early portion of the winter. In the middle of January they all broke ground and located themselves about a quarter of a league from Quebec, to make tobogins and began the first hunt, which lasted about three weeks. Each day they travelled a quarter of a league to Quebec to attend mass, generally at the chapel of the Ursuline Convent, where Father Buteux and also the nuns instructed them. In February they sought the deep woods to hunt the moose." "On my return to Sillery," adds Father Vimont, "twelve or thirteen infirm old Indians, women and children, who had been left behind, followed me to the Hospital, where we had to provide for them until the return, at Easter, of the hunting party."

Whilst the savage hords were being thus reclaimed from barbarism at

Sillery, a civilized community a few hundred miles to the east of it were descending to the level of savages. We read in Hutchinson's *History of Massachusetts Bay*, of our Puritan brethren of Boston, occasionally roasting defenceless women for witchcraft; thus perished, in 1645, Margaret Jones; and a few years after, in 1656, Mrs. Ann Hibbens, the lady of a respectable Boston merchant. Christians cutting one another's throat for the love of God. O, civilization where is thy boast!

During the winter of 1646-7, Sillery contained, of Indians alone, about two hundred souls.

Let us now sum up the characteristics of the Sillery of ancient days in a few happy words, borrowed from the *Notes** published in 1855 on that locality by the venerable Abbé Ferland, whose loss Quebec just now deplores:—

"A map of Quebec by Champlain exhibits, about a league above the youthful city, a point jutting out into the St. Lawrence, and which is covered with Indian wigwams. Later on this point received the name of Puiseaux, from the first owner of the Fief St. Michel, bounded by it to the southwest.† On this very point at present stands the handsome St. Colomba church, surrounded by a village."‡

"Opposite to it is the Lauzon shore, with its river *Bruyante*‖ (the 'Etchemin') its shipyards, its numerous shipping, the terminus of the Grand Trunk Railway; the villages and churches of Notre Dame de Lévis, St. Jean Chrysostôme and Saint Romuald. To your right and to your left the St. Lawrence is visible for some twelve or fifteen miles, covered with inward and outward bound ships. Towards the east the landscape is closed by Cap Tourment, twelve leagues distant, and by the cultivated heights of the *Petite Montagne* of St. Fereol, exhibiting in succession the *Côte de Beaupre*, (Beauport, L'Ange Gardien, &c.) the green slopes of the Island of Orleans, Cape Diamond, crowned with its citadel, and having at its feet a forest of masts, Abraham's Plains, the Coves and their humming, busy noises, St. Michael's Coves forming a graceful curve from Wolfe's Cove to Pointe

**Notes on the Environs of Quebec*, 1855.

†Occupied by Michael Stevenson, Esq.

‡The temple for Catholic worship erected at Pointe à Puizeau about 1854, is very picturesquely located; its stained glass windows add much to its beauty; the Rev. Father Harkin has been in charge ever since the late Abbé Ferland was appointed secretary to the Archbishop of Quebec and Military Chaplain to the Forces.

‖From the noise it makes before easterly gales.

à Puiseaux. Within this area thrilling events once took place, and round these diverse objects historical souvenirs cluster, recalling some of the most important occurrences in North America; the contest of two powerful nations for the sovereignty of the New World; an important episode of the revolution which gave birth to the adjoining Republic. Such were some of the events of which these localities were the theatre. Each square inch of land, in fact, was measured by the footsteps of some of the most remarkable men in the history of America: Jacques Cartier, Champlain, Frontenac, Laval, Phipps, d'Iberville, Wolfe, Montcalm, Arnold, Montgomery, have each of them, at some time or other, trod over this expanse

"Close by, in St. Michael's Cove, Mr. De Maisonneuve and Mademoiselle Mance passed their first Canadian winter, with the colonists intended to found Montreal. Turn your eyes towards the west, and although the panorama is less extensive, still it awakens some glorious memories. At Cap Rouge, Jacques Cartier established his quarters, close to the river's edge, the second winter he spent in Canada, and was succeeded in that spot by Roberval, at the head of his ephemeral colony. Near the entrance of the Chaudière river stood the tents of the Abnoquiois, the Etchemins and the Souriquois Indians, when they came from the shores of New England to smoke the calumet of peace with their brethren the French; the river Chaudière in those days was the highway which connected their country with Canada. Closer to Pointe à Puiseaux is Sillery Cove where the Jesuit Fathers were wont to assemble and establish the Algonquin and Montagnais Indians, who were desirous of becoming Christians. It was from that spot that the neophytes used to carry the faith to the depths of the forest; it was here that those early apostles of Christianity congregated before starting with the joyous message for the country of the Hurons, for the shores of the Mississippi, or for the frozen regions of Hudson's Bay. From thence went Father P. Druilletes, the bearer of words of peace on behalf of the Christians of Sillery, to the Abnoquiois of Kennebeki, and to the puritans of Boston. Near this same mission of Sillery, Friar Liegeois was massacred by the Iroquois, whilst Father Poncet was carried away a captive by these barbarous tribes.

"Monsieur de Sillery devoted large sums to erect the necessary edifices for the mission, such as a chapel, a missionary residence, an

hospital, a fort, houses for the new converts, together with the habitations for the French. The D'Auteuil family had their country seat on the hill back of Pointe à Puiseaux; and the venerable Madame de Monceau, the mother-in-law of the Attorney General Ruette D'Auteuil, was in the habit of residing there from time to time, in a house she had constructed near the chapel."

It would be indeed a pleasant and easy task to recall all the remarkable events which occurred in this neighborhood. One thing is certain, the cool retreats studding the shores of the St. Lawrence were equally sought for by the wealthy in those days as they have been since by all those who wish to breathe pure air and enjoy the scenery.

The Sillery settlement commenced to be deserted about the beginning of the last century. After the conquest of the country the care of the buildings was neglected, and they soon fell to ruins; but the residence of the missionary fathers was preserved, and the ruins of the other structures remained standing long enough to be susceptible of identification with certainty. Several of the old inhabitants recollect having seen the church walls* demolished, and they were of great solidity. Abbé Ferland himself, twenty years ago, saw a portion of those walls standing above ground. The ruins of the hospital and the convent were razed about thirty years ago, and in demolishing them several objects were discovered, some of which must have belonged to the good ladies, the *Hospitalières* nuns.

For the benefit of those who might feel inclined to explore the remaing vestiges of M. Sillery's foundation, I shall furnish some details on the locality. About the centre of Sillery Cove can be seen a cape, not very high, but with its sides perpendicular. The position of surrounding objects point it out as the spot on which stood the fort intended to protect the village; there also, in a dry soil, stood the cemetery, from which several bodies were exhumed in the course of last summer (1854). At the foot of the cape, on your left, is the missionaries' house, now converted into a residence for the clerks of Hy. Lemesurier, Esq., to whom belongs that portion of Sillery. This building† has been kept in repair, and is still in a good state of preservation. In a

*This church is well shown in the Plan of the Seige Operations published in this volume.

† The hill which led down to it in primitive times was not Graddon's hill, but an old hill not used at present, on the property of Henry LeMesurier, Esq.

line with it, and nearest the St. Lawrence, can be discovered the foundation of the church. This edifice stood north-east and south-west.

Near the wall closest to the river ran a spring of water, perfectly clear, and, no doubt used for the wants of the church and of the presbytery or manse. Several other streams of excellent water run down the hill and intersect the grounds in all directions. No misconception can exist as to where the chapel stood, as there are still (in 1855) living several persons who saw the walls standing, and can point out the foundation. To the right of the small cape, and on a line with the chapel, stood the hospital, now deserted for more than two centuries. Over its foundation an elm has grown,—'tis now a handsome and large tree; six feet from the ground its circumference measures two fathoms (12 feet), which makes its diameter about three and a half. Heriot thus describes the locality in 1806:—

"From hence to Cap Rouge the scenery, on account of its beauty and variety, attracts the attention of the passenger. At Sillery, a league from Quebec, on the north shore, are the ruins of an establishment which was begun in 1637, intended as a religious institution for the conversion and instruction of natives of the country; it was at one time inhabited by twelve French families. The buildings are placed upon level ground, sheltered by steep banks, and close by the borders of the river; they now only consist of two old stone houses, fallen to decay, and of the remains of a small chapel (the chapel has of late been repaired and fitted up for a malt house, and some of the other buildings have been converted into a brewery).* In this vicinity the Algonquins once had a village; several of their tumuli, or burying places, are still discoverable in the woods, and

* Breweries, however, and other manufactories had been in operation in the colony, as early as 1668, as we glean from the following entry in the *Jesuits' Journal*. Of the brewery alluded to here, some remains still exist, we believe, in St. Charles street, where Lepper & Lloyd's brewery once stood:—

"Et parce qu un pais ne peut pas se former entièrement sans l'assistance des manufactures, nous voyons déjà celle des souliers et des chapeaux commencée, celle des toiles et des cuirs projetée, et on attend que la multiplication qui se fait des moutons, produise suffisemment des laines pour introduire celle des draps, et c'est ce que nous espérons dans peu puisque les bestiaux se peuplent assez abondamment, entr'autres les chevaux qui commencent à se distribuer dans tout le pais. La brasserie que Monsieur Talon fait construire, ne servira pas peu aussi pour la commodité publique, soit pour l'épargne des boissons enivrantes, qui causent ici de grands desordres, auxquels on pourra obvier par cette autre boisson qui est très saine et non malfaisante, soit pour conserver l'argent dans le pais qui s'en divertit par l'achat qu'on fait en France de tant de boissons, soit enfin pour consumer le surabondant des bleds qui si sont trouves quelquefois en telle quantité que les laboureurs n'en pouvaient avoir le débit."—*Relations des Jesuites*, 1668, p. 3.

hieroglyphics cut on the trees remain, in some situations, yet uneffaced."*

On the 6th June, 1865, we determined to afford ourselves a long-promised treat, and go and survey, with Abbé Ferland's *Notes on Sillery* open before us, and also the help of that eminently respected authority in every parish, the "oldest inhabitant," the traces of the Sillery settlement of 1637. Nor had we long to wait before obtaining ocular demonstration of the minute exactitude with which our old friend, the Abbé, had investigated and measured every stone, every crumbling remain of brick and mortar. The first and most noticeable relic pointed out was the veritable house of the missionaries, facing the St. Lawrence, on the north side of the road, on Sillery Cove; it is still the property of Henry Le Mesurier, Esquire, of Beauvoir. Were it in the range of possible events that the good fathers could revisit the scene of their past apostolical labors and view their former earthly tenement, hard would be their task to identify it. The heavy three-feet-thick wall is there yet, as perfect, as massive, as defiant as ever; the pointed gable and steep roof, in spite of alterations, still stands—the true index of an old French structure in Canada. Our forefathers seemed as if they never could make the roof of a dwelling steep enough, to prevent the accumulation of snow. But here ends all analogy with the past; so jaunty, so cosy, so modern does the front and interior of the Sillery "Mansion House" look—so named for many years past. Paint, paper and furniture have made it quite a snug abode since it has been occupied by Thomas Beckett, Esq., the representative of the English house of R. R. Dobell, Esq., with Henry LeMesurier, Esq., joint occupant of Sillery Cove. Nor was it without a certain peculiar feeling of reverence we, for the first time, crossed that threshold, and entered beneath those fortress-like walls, where for years had resounded the orisons of the Jesuit Fathers, the men from whose ranks were largely recruited our heroic band of early martyrs—some of whose dust, unburied, but not unhonored, has mingled for two centuries with its parent earth on the green banks of Lake Simcoe, on the borders of the Ohio, in the environs of Kingston, Montreal, Three Rivers, Quebec—a fruitful seed of christianity scattered bountifully through the length and breadth of our land; —others, whose lifeless clay still rests in yon sunny hillock in rear, to the west of the "Mansion House"—the little cemetery described by Mr. Ferland. Between Mr. Beckett's residence and the river, about forty feet from

*Heriot's Travels, 1806, p. 98.

the house, inclining towards the south, are the remains of the foundation walls of the Jesuits' church or chapel, dating back to 1640; they stand north-east and south-west, and are at present flush with the greensward; a large portion of them were still visible about thirty-five years ago, as attested by many living witnesses; they were converted into ballast for ships built at this spot, and into materials for repairing the main road by some vandal who will remain nameless. From Mr. Beckett's steps you notice the little cape to the south-west mentioned in Mr. Ferland's *Notes*, though growing smaller and smaller every year from the quantities of soil and stone taken from it, also to repair the road. The large elm pointed out by the Abbé as having grown over the spot where the hospital stood is there yet, a majestic tree. The selection of a site for the little cemetery is most judicious; several little streams from the heights in the rear filter through the ground, producing a moisture calculated to prevent decomposition, and explanatory of the singular appearance of the bodies disinterred there in 1855. Every visitor will be struck with the beauty, healthiness and shelter which this sequestered nook at Sillery presents for a settlement, and with its adaptability for the purposes for which it was chosen, being quite protected against our two prevailing winds, the north-east and south-west, with a splendid southern exposure.

Many years after the opening of the Algonquin and Montagnais school at Sillery, the Huron Indians, after being relentlessly tracked by their inveterate foes, the Five Nations, divided into five detachments; one of these hid on the Great Manitoulin Island, others elsewhere; a portion came down to Quebec on the 28th or 29th July, 1650, under the direction of Father Ragueneau, and, on the 28th July, 1650, settled first on the Jesuits' land at Beauport; in March, 1651, they went to *Anse du Fort*, on the lands of Mademoiselle de Grandmaison, on the Island of Orleans. But the Iroquois having scented their prey in their new abode, made a raid on the island, butchered seventy-one of them, and carried away some prisoners. The unfortunate redskins soon left the island in dismay, and, for protection, encamped in the city of Quebec itself, under the cannons of the fort, near the Jesuits' College (at present the Jesuits' Barracks); in 1667, they settled on the northerly frontier of Sillery, in Notre Dame de Foy (now St. Foy); restless and scared, they again shifted their quarters on the 29th December, 1693, and pitched their erratic tents at Ancienne Lorette, which place they also abandoned many years afterwards

to go and settle at *Jeune* or Indian Lorette, where the remnants of this once warlike race, the *nobles* amongst Indian tribes, exist. A few mongrels, crossed with their Caucasian brethren, vegetate in obscurity: exotic trees transplanted far from their native wilds, and whose blossoms show the scar and yellow leaf long before they are full blown.

CHAPTER II.

"Along this road was the favorite drive of the Canadian belle."—*Hawkins' Picture of Quebec.*

Shall we venture to assert that Sillery equals in size some of the German principalities, and that, important though it be, like European dynasties, it has had its periods of splendor succeeded by eras of medieval obscurity. From 1700 down to the time of the conquest, we appeal in vain to the records of the past for any historical event connected with it; everywhere reigns supreme a cimmerian darkness. But if the page of history is silent, the chronicles of the *ton* furnish some tit-bits of drawing-room chit-chat. Thus, as stated in Hawkins' celebrated *Historical Picture of Quebec*, the northern portion of the parish skirting the St. Foy road "was the favorite drive of the Canadian belle." In these few words of Hawkins is involved an intricate question for history, a problem to solve, more abstruse than the one which agitated the Grecian cities respecting the birth of Homer. Who then was the Canadian belle of former days? The Nestors of the present generation still speak with admiration of a fascinating stranger who, close to the end of the last century, used to drive on the St. Foy road, when a royal duke lived in the city, in what is now styled "The Kent House," owned by Mr. Bourassa, in St. Louis street. The name of this distinguished traveller, a lady of European birth, was Madame St. Laurent; but, kind reader, have patience. The Canadian belle who thus enjoyed her drives in the environs of Quebec was not Madame St. Laurent, as it is distinctly stated at page 170 of Hawkins that this occurred before the conquest, viz., 1759. Might it have been that vision of female loveliness, that spotless and beautiful Mrs. De Léry, whose presentation at court, with her handsome husband, shortly after the conquest, elicited from His Majesty George III. the expression which history has preserved, "If such are all my new Canadian subjects, I have indeed made a conquest;" or must we picture to ourselves as the Canadian belle that peerless beauty, that witty and benevolent Mrs. Hughes Pean, Intendant Bigot's fair

charmer, mysteriously hinted at, in all the old Quebec guide books, as "Mrs. P——." Madame Hughes Pean,* whose husband was Town Major of Quebec, owned a seigniory in the vicinity of the city—some say at St. Vallier, where Mons. Pean used to load with corn the vessels he dispatched elsewhere; she also was one of the gay revellers at the romantic Hermitage, Bigot's shooting lodge at Charlesbourg. Old memoirs seem to favor this version. Be this as it may, the St. Foy road was a favorite drive even a century before the present day; so says Hawkins' historical work on Quebec—no mean authority, considering that the materials thereof were furnished by that accomplished scholar and eminent barrister, the late Andrew Stuart, father of the present Judge Stuart, and compiled by the late Dr. John Charlton Fisher, one of the able joint editors of the New York *Albion*, and father of Mrs. Ed. Burstall, of Sillery. Who was the reigning belle in 1759, we confess that all our antiquarian lore has failed to satisfactorily unravel. The battles of 1759 and 1760 have rendered Sillery, St. Foy, and the Plains of Abraham classic ground. The details of these events, having appeared elsewhere, the reader is referred to them.

Those of the present day desirous to ascertain the exact spot in the environs of Quebec where past events have taken place, ought to be careful not to be misled by subsequent territorial divisions for municipal or canonical purposes. Many may not be aware that our forefathers included under the denomination of Abraham's Heights that plateau of comparatively level ground extending in a south-easterly direction from the *Coteau Ste. Geneviève* towards the lofty banks which line the river St. Lawrence, covering the greatest part of the land on which subsequently have been built the St. Lewis and St. John's suburbs, the hilly portion towards the city and river, where stands the *asile Champêtre*,† thence south-east, being then called *Buttes à Nepveu;* the land close by, between the Plains and Pointe à Puiseaux, as Côte St. Michel; the ascent from the valley of the St. Charles towards this plateau was through the hill known as Côte d'Abraham. The locality where Woodfield and Spencer Wood now stand, in the fief of St. Michael, was designated as the wood of Samos, thus called after a celebrated French ecclesiastic of Quebec, Bishop Dosquet, whose country seat

* Madame Pean's house in St. Louis street stood where the Officers' Barracks have been since built. We take her to have been that pretty Ang. De Meloises, a pupil of the Ursuline Nuns, mentioned in the *Histoire des Ursulines de Québec.*

† This old Canadian homestead, now owned by J. G. Irvine, Esquire, Barrister, is occupied by the Provincial Aide-de-Camp, Colonel Irvine.

Samos was in 1732—now Woodfield. The Gomin Wood was to the west. As strangers who read the account of what has been styled the two battles of the Plains get frequently confused, it would, in our opinion, render matters less complex by always calling the battle of the 13th September, 1759, "The first battle of the Plains of Abraham," and that of the 28th April, 1760, "The second battle of the Plains." There can be no doubt that recent territorial subdivisions are conducive to confusion so far as the student of history is concerned. The old Sillery settlement, which lay within the limits of the parish of St. Foy, was, in 1855, placed under the dististinguished tutelage of a saint dear to those who hail from the Emerald Isle, and called St. Columba of Sillery. In this manner the realms heretofore sacred to the archangel St. Michael have peacefully passed under the gentle sway of St. Columba, notwithstanding the law of prescription. The English residents of Sillery—and this ought to console sticklers for British precedents and the sacredness of vested rights—did not thus permit the glory of the archangel to depart, and soon after the erection of St. Columba into a parish, the handsome temple called St. Michael's Chapel* was built by some spirited parishioners in front of Mount

* This neat Gothic structure was erected in 1854, at a cost of $12,400, the proceeds of the munificent donations of several members of its congregation and others. The ground on which it stands was presented, as a gift, by Mrs. Jas. Morrin. Several handsome stained-glass windows, representing scriptural scenes, have been recently added. We read, amongst others, the following names on the list of subscribers to the foundation of the chapel, parsonage and school-house:—

Sir Edmund Head.
Colonel Rhodes.
Ed. Burstall.
Captain Retallack.
J. Walker.
Miss Mountain.
Miss Cochran.
F. Burroughs.
Wm. Petry.
W. Price.
T. K. Ramsay.
Lieut.-Colonel Mountain.
Miss Guerout.
J. F. Taylor.
G. Alford.
N. H. Bowen.
Charles Hamilton.
Rich. Tremain.
Miss Taylor.
Dr. Boswell.
Charles Wilson.
Preston Copeman.
Thomas Beckett.
Lord Monck.
Henry Lemesurier.
Charles E. Levey.
Captain Pemberton.
E. Jackson.
D. D. Young.
Rev. A. Mountain.
W. F. Wood.
Honorable W. Walker.
Michael Stevenson.
Mrs. Helmuth.
Honorable Henry Black.
Mrs. Montizambert.
Mrs. Forsyth.
G. Hall.
J. K. Boswell.
T. G. Penny.
W. Drum.
W. Herring.
John Giles.
Thomas Nelson.
Barthy W. Goff.
John Jordan.
The Lord Bishop Mountain.
Denis Godley.
Jos. B. Forsyth.
Colonel Boomer.
F. H. Andrews.
C. N. Montizambert.
Mrs. Carroll.
Robert Hamilton.
Mrs. J. Gibb.
Major H. W. Campbell.
Okill Stuart.
G. B. Symes & Co.
C. Coker.
H. S. Scott.
Mrs. G. R. Mountain.
James Gibb.
J. H. Oakes.
Mrs. Woodbury.
Miss George.
Charles O'Neill.
Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge.

We understand that, through the aid and efforts of Charles E. Levey, Esq., of

Hermon cemetery; a not unappropriate monument on their part to the memory of the ancient and worthy patron of the parish. St. Michael's chapel is weekly honored by the attendance of the Sovereign's representative, and *suite*; and on fine summer days by the rank and fashion of the neighboring metropolis—old Quebec.

In this neighbourhood is situated Mount Hermon Cemetery. It is about three miles from Quebec, on the south side of the St. Lewis road, and slopes irregularly, but beautifully, down the cliff which overhangs the St. Lawrence. It is thirty-two acres in extent, and the grounds were tastefully laid out by the late Major Douglas, U. S. Engineers, whose taste and skill had been previously shewn in the design of Greenwood Cemetery, near New York. A carriage drive, upwards of two miles in extent, affords access to all parts of the grounds, and has been so arranged as to afford the most perfect view of the scenery. The visitor, after driving over the smooth lawn-like open surface, finds himself suddenly transferred by a turn of the road into a dark avenue of stately forest trees, from which he emerges to see the broad St. Lawrence almost beneath him, with the city of Quebec and the beautiful slopes of Point Levi in the distance.

Many beautiful monuments now adorn the grounds, some of which are from Montreal and some from Scotland, but the great majority are the productions of Mr. Félix Morgan, of Quebec, and do great credit to his taste and skill. Many of them are beautiful and costly structures of Italian marble.*

A neat Gothic Lodge at the entrance of the grounds contains the office and residence of the superintendent. In the former a complete plan of the grounds is kept; every separate grave being marked upon it with its appropriate number, so that at any future time, on consulting it, the exact spot of interment can be ascertained, and the Register which is also kept affords information respecting the places of birth, age, and date of

Cataracoui, a handsome organ has been subscribed for in England, and that it will shortly grace St. Michael's Chapel.

* Who can visit this sylvan abode, sacred to the repose of the departed, without noticing one tomb in particular, in the enclosure of Wm. Price, Esq.—we allude to that of Sir Edmund Head's gifted son? "The troubled waters of the St. Maurice and the quiet grave at Sillery recall, as in a vision, not only the generous, open-hearted boy, who perished in one and sleeps in the other, but they tell also of the direct line of a good old family cut off—a good name passing away, or, if preserved at all, preserved only on a tomb stone."—*Notman's British Americans.*

death. A large vault, perfectly secured with iron doors, has been constructed for the purpose of receiving bodies during the winter, when immediate interment is not desired; and a suitable stone chapel, in the Gothic style, has been erected adjacent to the grounds, where Divine service, according to the rites of the Church of England, is performed.

On leaving this lovely spot, the ride continues through the woods on the edge of the banks rising from the shore. On the south side are distinguished the embouchures of the Etchemin and Chaudière pouring in their tribute of waters. At Pointe à Puiseaux the road leads down to Sillery Cove. The view from this point would afford an excellent composition for the brush of the landscape-painter. Before reaching the ascent to the villa of the late Mr. Macnider is an old stone house, formerly inhabited by the heroine of *Emily Montague*, near which are the ruins of what was once a large stone chapel. Such visitants as are unacquainted with this novel will find in it a faithful picture of the manners and condition of the colonist when Canada first became a British colony. A mile beyond is the villa of Kilgraston. Hence the tourist, instead of returning by a road conducting through a wood into St. Lewis road for Quebec, will do better by continuing his ride to the church of St. Foy, from which is seen below the St. Charles, gliding smoothly through a lovely valley, whose sides rise gradually to the mountains and are literally covered with habitations. The villages of Lorette and Charlesbourg are conspicuous objects.

The Wild Flowers of Sillery.

"Everywhere about us are they glowing,
Some like stars, to tell us spring is born;
Others, their blue eyes with tears o'erflowing,
Stand like Ruth amid the golden corn."

Are you an admirer of nature, and sweet flowers? Would you, most worthy friend, like to see some of the bright gems which spring, whilst dallying over the sequestered, airy heights and swampy marshes of our woods, drops along her path? Follow, then, sketch book and pencil in hand, the fairy footsteps of one of the most amiable women which old

England ever sent to our climes; accompany the Countess of Dalhousie on a botanizeing tour through Sillery woods; you have her note book, if not herself, to go by. For May, see what an ample store of bright flowers scattered around you; fear not to lose yourself in thickets and underbrush; far from the beaten track a noble lady has ransacked the environs over and over again, sometimes alone, sometimes with an equally enthusiastic and intelligent friend, who hailed from Woodfield; sweet flowers and beautiful ferns attract other noble ladies to this day in that wood. Are you anxious to possess the first-born of spring? Whilst virgin snow still whitens the fields, send a young friend to pluck for you, from the willow, its golden catkins:—

"The first gilt thing
Decked with the earliest pearls of spring."

The Gomin Wood will, with the dawn of May, afford you materials for a wreath, rich in perfume and wild beauty. The quantity of wild flowers, to be found in the environs of Quebec has called forth the following remarks from one of Flora's most fervid votaries, a gentleman well known in this locality:—"A stranger," says he, "landing in this country, is much surprised to find the flowers which he has carefully cultivated in his garden at home, growing wild at his feet. Such as dog-tooth violets, trilliums and columbines. I was much excited when I discovered them for the first time; the *trillium*, for which I had paid three shillings and six-pence when in England, positively growing wild. I could scarcely believe that I had a right to gather them; having paid so much for one, I felt that it was property, valuable property running wild, and no one caring to gather it. No one? Yes! some did, for *we* gathered all that we could find, and if the reader will stroll along the hedges on St. Lewis road he will find them in abundance: dark purple flowers, growing on a stalk naked to near the summit, where there is a whirl of three leaves, its sepals are three, petals three, stamens twice three, and its stigmas three, hence its name of *trillium*. We have a few of the white varieties. After the purple *trillium* has done flowering, we have the painted trillium in the woods; the *trillium grandiflorum* is abundant at Grosse Isle. The dog-tooth violet early arrested my attention; the spotted leaves and the bright yellow flowers, fully recurved in the bright sunshine, contrast beautifully with the fresh green grass of the banks on which they are usually found; the bulbs

are deep-seated, and the plant will at once, from the general appearance of the flower, be recognized as belonging to the lily family.

"The marsh marigolds, with the bright yellow buttercup-looking flowers, are now in the full luxuriance of bloom in wet places near running water; they may not be esteemed beautiful by all, and yet all God's works, and all his flowers, are good and beautiful. Let any one see them as I have seen them, a large flower-bed of an acre and more, one mass of the brightest yellow, a crystal stream meandering through their midst, the beautiful Falls of Montmorenci across the river rolling their deep strains of Nature's music, the rising tide of the St. Lawrence beating with refreshing waves at his feet, and a cloudless azure sky over head, from which the rosy tints of early morn had hardly disappeared, and if his soul be not ready to overflow with gratitude to the Supreme Being who has made everything so beautiful and good, I do not know what to think of him. I would not be such a man, 'I'd rather be a dog and bay the moon.'"

The whole Gomin bog is studded with Smilacina *Bifolia*, sometimes erroneously called *the white lily of the valley*, also the Smilacina *Trifolia*, the *Dentaria*, the *Streptopus roseus* or twisted stem, a rose-colored flower, bearing red berries in the fall. There are also in this wood, trillium, the May flower, *Hepatica* and *Symplocarpus*, thickets crowned with *Rhodoras* in full bloom—a bush a few feet high with superb rose-colored flowers—the general appearance of a cluster of bushes is most magnificent. In the same locality, further in the swamp, may be found the *kalmia angustifolia* bearing very pretty compact rose-colored flowers like small cups divided into five lobes, also the beautiful Ladies' Slipper Orchis (*Cypripedum humile*) in thousands on the borders of the swamp,—such is Sillery wood in May. The crowded flora of June is the very carnival of nature, in our climes. "Our Parish" is no exception. The Ladies' Slippers, *Kalmia Smilacina*, etc., may still be gathered in the greatest abundance throughout most of this month. Here is also the Bunch or Pigeon berry, in full bloom, the Brooklime Spedwell, the Blue-eyed-grass, the Herb Bennet, the Labrador Tea, the *Oxalis Stricta* and *Oxalis acetosella*, one with yellow, the other with white and purple flowers: the first grows in ploughed fields, the second in the woods. "Our sensitive plant; they shut up their leaves and go to sleep at night, and on the approach of rain. These plants are used in Europe to give an acid flavor to soup." Here also flourishes the Linnea Borea-

lis, roseate bells, hanging like twins from one stalk, downy and aromatic all round. In the middle of June, the Ragwort, a composite flower with yellow heads, and about one half to two feet high, abounds in wet places by the side of running streams. Also, the Anemone, so famous, in English song, principally represented by the Anemone Pensylvanica, growing on wet banks, bearing large white flowers; add the Corydalis, *Smilacina, racemosa* resembling Solomon's Seal. Here we light on a lovely Tulip bed; no,—'tis that strangely beautiful flower, the pitcher plant (*Sarracenia Purpurea*). Next we hit on a flower, not to be forgotten, the *Myosotis palustris* or Forget-me-not. Cast a glance as you hurry onwards on the *Œnothera pumila*, a kind of evening primrose, on the false Helebore—the the one-sided Pyrola, the Bladder Campion—*silene inflata*, the sweet-scented yellow Mellilot, the white Yarran, the Prunella with blue labrate flowers the Yellow Rattle, so called from the rattling of the seeds. The perforated St. John's Wort is now coming into flower everywhere, and will continue until late in August; it is an upright plant, from one to two feet high, with clusters of yellow flowers. The Germans have a custom for maidens to gather this herb on the eve of St. John, and from its withering or retaining its freshness, to draw an augury of death or marriage in the coming year. This is well told in the following lines:—

"The young maid stole through the cottage door,
And blushed as she sought the plant of power;
Thou silver glow-worm, O lend me thy light,
I must gather the mystic St. John's Wort to-night,
The wonderful herb whose leaf must decide
If the coming year shall make me a bride.
And the glow-worm came
With its silvery flame,
And sparkled and shone
Through the night of St. John;
While it shone on the plant as it bloomed in its pride,
And soon has the young maid her love-knot tied.
With noiseless tread
To her chamber she sped,
Where the spectral moon her white beams shed.

"Bloom here, bloom here, thou plant of power,
To deck the young bride in her bridal hour;

But it drooped its head, that plant of power,
And died the mute death of the voiceless flower,
And a withered wreath on the ground it lay.
And when a year had passed away,
All pale on her bier the young maid lay;
And the glow-worm came,
With its silvery flame,
And sparkled and shone
Through the night of St. John;
And they closed the cold grave o'er the maid's cold clay,
On the day that was meant for her bridal day."

Let us see what flowers sultry July has in store for us in her bountiful cornucopia. "In July," says a fervent lover of nature, "bogs and swamps are glorious indeed," so look out for Calopogons, Pogonias, rose-colored and white and purple-fringed Orchises, Ferns, some thirty varities, of exquisite texture,

"In the cool and quiet nooks,
By the side of running brooks;
In the forest's green retreat,
With the branches overhead,
Nestling at the old trees' feet,
Choose we there our mossy bed.

On tall cliffs that woe the breeze,
Where no human footstep presses,
And no eye our beauty sees,
There we wave our maiden tresses."

the Willow-herb, the true Partridge-berry, the Chimaphila, Yellow Lily, Mullein, Ghost Flower, Indian Pipe, Lysimacha Stricta, Wild Chamomile. August will bring forth a variety of other plants, amongst others the Spirantes, or Ladies' Tresses, a very sweet-scented Orchis, with white flowers placed as a spiral round the flower stalk, the purple Eupatorium, the Snake's head, and crowds of most beautiful wild flowers, too numerous to be named here.*

* For anything good in this short sketch of our Wild Flowers, the reader is indebted to Mr. S. S. Sturton, whose paper on the *Wild Flowers of Quebec* was our guide.—J. M. L.

The Woods of Sillery.

Rest now in the leafiest and coolest glen of Sillery, until July and August heats are over, or else steam down and take a briny dip at Murray Bay, Cacouna, or Tadousac; which do you prefer? Do you fancy the Canadian highlands? seek, then, the pleasant shades of Cap à l'Aigle or Pointe à Pic. Are you inclined for French gaiety, killing toilets, and perpetual motion, in the way of dancing? steer for Cacouna. Do you like the *grand monde*, the fashionable place *par excellence?* then try Tadousac. You will find at Burslam Terrace, Sand Cliff Terrace, Bethune Cottage, Knotty Lodge, or Elgin street many old acquaintances from Sillery, and at the Tadousac Hotel visitors from every part of the known world.

You, doubtless, imagine you have now seen Sillery under every aspect; there never was a greater mistake, dear reader. Have you ever viewed its woods in all their autumnal glory, when September arrays them in tints of unsurpassing loveliness? We hear you say, no. Let us then, our pensive philosopher, our romantic, blushing rose-bud of sweet sixteen, our *blasé*-traveller, let us all have a canter over that sandy Cap Rouge road, out by St. Lewis gate, and returning through the St. Foy road, nine miles and more; let us select a quiet afternoon, not far distant from the Indian summer, when

> "The gentle wind, a sweet and passionate wooer,
> Kisses the blushing leaf, and stirs up life
> Within the solemn woods of ash, deep crimsoned,
> And silver beech, and maple yellow—leaved,"

and then you can tell us whether the glowing description below is overdrawn:—

"There is something indescribably beautiful in the appearance of Canadian woods at this season of the year, especially when the light of the rising or setting sun falls upon them. Almost every imaginable shade of green, brown, red and yellow, may be found in the foliage of our forest trees, shrubs, and creeping vines, as the autum advances; and it may truly be said that every backwoods home in Canada is surrounded by more gorgeous colorings and richer beauties than the finest mansions of the nobility of England.

"Have our readers ever remarked the peculiarly beautiful appearance of the pines at this season of the year? When other trees manifest symptoms of withering, they appear to put forth a richer and fresher foliage. The interior of the tree, when shaded from the sun, is a deep invisible-green, approaching to black, whilst the outer boughs, basking in the sunlight, show the richest dark-green that can be imagined. A few pine and spruce trees scattered among the more brightly-colored oaks, maples, elms and beeches, which are the chief denizens of our forests, give the whole an exceedingly rich appearance. Among the latter, every here and there, strange sports of nature attract attention. A tree that is still green will have a single branch, covered with red or orange leaves, like a gigantic bouquet of flowers. Another will have one side of a rich maroon, whilst the other side remains green. A third will present a flounce or ruffle of bright buff, or orange leaves round the middle, whilst the branches above and below continue green. Then again some trees which have turned to a rich brown, will be seen intertwined and festooned by the wild vine or red root, still beautifully green; or a tree that is still green will be mantled over by the Canadian ivy, whose leaves have turned to a deep redish-brown. In fact, every hue that painters love, or could almost imagine, is found standing out boldly or hid away in some recess, in one part or another of a forest scene at this season, and all so delicately mingled and blended that human art must despair of making even a tolerable imitation. And these are beauties which not even the sun can portray; the photographer's art has not yet enabled him to seize and fix them on the mirror which he holds up to nature. He can give the limbs and outward flourishes, but not the soul of such a scene. His representation bears the same relation to the reality that a beautiful corpse does to the flashing eye and glowing cheek of living beauty."

Literary Gossip in Olden Times.

Now for a little literary gossip. Are you aware of the early literary claims of Sillery on the world at large? On the 22nd March, 1769, a novelist of some standing, Mrs. Frances Brooke, an officer's lady, author

of *Lady Julia Mandeville*, published in London a work in four volumes, which she dedicated to His Excellency the Governor of Canada, Guy Carleton, afterwards Lord Dorchester, under the title the *History of Emily Montague*, being a series of letters addressed from Sillery by Emily Montague, the heroine of the tale, to her lively and witty friend, Bella Fermor—to some military admirers in Quebec, Montreal, and New York—and to some British noblemen, friends of her father.

It is stated in all the old Quebec Guide Books, that the house in which the "divine" Emily then dwelled stood on the brow of the Sillery Hill, close to Mrs. Graddon's property at Kilmarnock.

This novel, whether it was through the writer's *entourage* in the world or her *entrée* to fashionable circles, or whether on account of its own intrinsic literary worth, had an immense success in its day. The racy descriptions it contains of Canadian scenery, and colonial life, mixed with fashionable gossip of our Belgravians of 1766, seven years after the conquest, caused several English families to emigrate to Canada. Some settled in the neighborhood of Quebec, at Sillery, it is said. Whether they found all things *couleur-de-rose*, as the clever Mrs. Brooke had described them,—whether they enjoyed as much Arcadian bliss as the author of *Emily Montague* had promised—it would be very ungallant for us to gainsay, seeing that Mrs. Brooke is not present to vindicate herself. As to the literary merit of the novel, this much we will venture to assert, that setting aside the charm of association, we doubt that *Emily Montague*, if re-published at present, would make the fortune of her publisher. Novel writing, like other things, has considerably changed since 1766, and however much the florid Richardson style may have pleased the great grandfathers of the present generation, it would scarcely chime in with the taste of readers in our sensational times. In Mrs. Brooke's day Quebecers appear to have amused themselves pretty much as they do now, a century later. In summer, riding, driving, boating, pic-nics at Lake St. Charles, the Falls of Montmorenci, &c. In winter tandems, sleigh drives, pic-nics at the ice cone, tomycod fishing on the St. Charles, Chateau balls, the formation of a *pont* or ice-bridge, and its breaking up in the spring—two events of paramount importance. The military, as now the promoters of conviviality, fun and social amusement, and in return obtaining the *entrée* to the houses of the chief

citizens; toying with every English rosebud or Gallic lily, which might strew their path in spite of paternal and maternal admonitions from the other side of the Atlantic, occasionally leading to the hymeneal altar a Canadian bride, and next introducing her to their horror-stricken London relatives, astounded to find out that our Canadian belles, were neither the color of copper, nor of ebony; in education and accomplishments, their equals—sometimes their superiors when class is compared to class. Would you like a few extracts from this curious old Sillery novel, of which one copy only seems now extant at Quebec. Bella Fermor, one of Emily Montague's familiars, and a most ingrained *coquette,* thus writes from Sillery in favor of a military protégé, on the 16th September, 1766, to the "divine" Emily, who had just been packed off to Montreal to recover from the effects of a love fit. "Sir George is handsome as an Adonis * * * you allow him to be of an amiable character; he is rich, young, well-born, and he loves you * * *."

All in vain thus to plead Sir George's cause, a dashing Col. Rivers (meant, we are told, by the Hon. W. Sheppard, to personify Col Henry Caldwell, of Belmont) had won the heart of Emily, who preferred true love to a coronet. Let us treasure up a few more sentences fallen from Emily's light-hearted confidante. A postscript to a letter runs thus—"Adieu, Emily, I am going to ramble in the woods, and pick berries with a little smiling civil captain [we can just fancy we see some of our fair acquaintances' mouths water at such a prospect], who is enamoured of me. A pretty rural amusement for lovers." Decidedly; all this in the romantic woodlands of Sillery, a sad place it must be confessed, where even boarding school misses, were they to ramble thus, could scarcely escape contracting the *scarlet* fever. Here goes another extract:—

(Bella Fermor to Miss Rivers, London.)

"Sillery, Sept. 20th—10 o'clock.

"Ah! we are vastly to be pitied; no beaux at all at the general's, only about six to one; a very pretty proportion, and what I hope always to see. We—the ladies I mean—drink chocolate with the general tomorrow, and he gives us a ball on Thursday; you would not know Quebec again. Nothing but smiling faces now; all gay as never was—the sweetest country in the world. Never expect to see me in England again; one is really somebody here. I have been asked to dance by only twenty-seven. * * * * * * *"

Ah! who would not forgive the frolicsome Bella all her flirtations? But before we dismiss this pleasant record of other days, yet another extract, and we have done:—

(Bella Fermor to Lucy Rivers.)

"Sillery—Eight in the evening.

"Absolutely, Lucy, I will marry a savage and turn squaw (a pretty soft name for an Indian Princess!) Never was anything delightful as their lives. They talk of French husbands, but commend me to an Indian one, who lets his wife ramble five hundred miles without asking where she is going.

"I was sitting after dinner, with a book, in a thicket of hawthorn near the beach, when aloud laugh called my attention to the river, when I saw a canoe of savages making to the shore. There were six women and two or three children, without one man amongst them. They landed, tied the canoe to the root of a tree, and finding out the most agreeable shady spot amongst the bushes with which the beach was covered, (which happened to be very near me) made a fire, on which they laid some fish to broil, and fetching water from the river, sat down on the grass to their frugal repast. I stole softly to the house, and ordering a servant to bring some wine and cold provisions, returned to my squaws. I asked them in French if they were of Lorette; they shook their heads—I repeated the question in English, when the eldest of the women told me they were not; that their country was on the borders of New England; that their husbands being on a hunting party in the woods, curiosity and the desire of seeing their brethren, the English, who had conquered Quebec, had brought them up the great river, down which they should return as soon as they had seen Montreal. She courteously asked me to sit down and eat with them, which I complied with, and produced my part of the feast. We soon became good company, and brightened the chain of friendship with two bottles of wine, which put them in such spirits that they danced, sung, shook me by the hand, and grew so fond of me that I began to be afraid I should not easily get rid of them.

"Adieu! my father is just come in, and has brought some company with him from Quebec to supper.

"Yours ever,

"A. Fermor."

Conclusion.

It behoves us now—albeit reluctantly—to say adieu to the flowery realms of romance in which *Emily Montague* has enshrined "Our Parish," and to view the settlement in our present day, such as Anglo-Saxon intelligence and Anglo-Saxon energy have chiefly made it: the permanent abode of many merchant princes—as they rejoice in being styled—engaged in the exportation of the great staple of Canada, the riches of its forests. Sillery, with a population of about 4,000, is skirted in its southern aspect with innumerable and valuable timber coves or berths, in which the wooded wealth of Western and Eastern Canada awaits European purchasers. Gilmour's or Wolfe's cove, Spencer cove, Woodfield harbor, St. Michael's cove, Pointe à Pizeau or Bogue's cove, Pemberton's cove, Sharples' cove, Union cove, New London cove, Ring's End cove, Safety cove, Bridgewater cove, Victoria cove, Crescent cove, Cap Rouge coves,—furnishing an export trade of $5,000,000. These coves are crammed with elm, oak, spruce, pine, tamarac, etc., from Pres-de-Ville to Cape Rouge river, some eight miles. What a theme for a disciple of Malthus to discuss! And how long and carefully, how minutely, did Prince Napoleon in his visit to Quebec in 1861, examine and note down, the boundless wealth of Canada for ship-building purposes, accumulated in the coves of Sillery.

Our Country Seats.

IN the preceding paper a general sketch has been attempted of that portion of the St. Lawrence highlands adjoining Quebec to the west—a locality remarkable for the numerous residences it contains of "the nobility of commerce," as a contemporary facetiously styles our merchants. We shall, in the following sketches, go over a great portion of the same ground, and detail, specifically, the most attractive of these residences, enlarging our canvass, however, so as to comprise also descriptions of rural homes beyond the limits of Sillery. Many other abodes we would also desire to take in these pages, but space precludes it. It is to be hoped we won't be misunderstood in our literary project: far is it from our intention to write a panegyric of individuals or a pæan to success, although sketches of men or domestic recollections may frequently find their place in the description of their abodes. No other desire prompted us but that of attempting to place prominently before the public the spots with which history or nature has more specially enriched Quebec. Quebecers ought to be proud of their scenery and of the historical ivy which clings to the old walls of Stadacona. Neighboring cities may grow vast with brick and mortar; their commerce may advance with the stride of a young giant; their citizens may sit in high places among the sons of men, but can they ever compare with our own fortress for historical memories or beautiful scenery? Such being the case, let us then stand up for and appreciate nature's gifts; let us use our best endeavors to make them known. A fitting preface to this paper will be found in a historical sketch of the mansion which still crowns the Montmorenci Falls, once the abode of the father of our Sovereign; we shall then view the residences on the St. Lewis road in succession, then those along the St. Foy road, and finally close this paper with the description of other remarkable spots in the neighborhood of Quebec.

The Duke of Kent's Lodge,—Montmorenci.

"Oh! give me a home where the cataract's foam
Is admired by the poor and the rich, as they roam
By thy banks, *Montmorenci*, so placid and fair,
Oh! what would I give, could I find a home there."

The Montmorenci heights and beaches have become famous on account of the successful defence made there during the whole summer of 1759, by Montcalm, against the attacks of Wolfe's veterans. Finally, the French lines having been deemed impregnable on the Beauport side, a fort and barracks* were repeatedly talked of at *Isle aux Coudres*, to winter the troops. Wolfe was, however, overruled in his councils, and a spot near Sillery pointed out for a descent, probably by a French renegade, Denis de Vitré,—possibly by Major Stobo, who, being allowed a good deal of freedom during his captivity, knew the locality well. Stobo had been all winter a prisoner of war in the city, having been sent down from Fort Necessity to Quebec, by the French, from whom he escaped in the beginning of May, 1759, and joined Durell and Saunders' fleet long before it reached Pointe Levi. These same heights, celebrated for their scenery, were destined, later on, to acquire additional interest from the sojourn thereat of a personage of no mean rank—the future father of our august Sovereign.

Facing the roaring cataract of Montmorenci stands the "Mansion House," built by Sir Frederic Haldimand, C.B.,† Governor of the Province from 1778 to 1791, a plain-looking lodge, still existing, to which, some years back, wings have been added, making it considerably larger. This was the favorite summer abode of an English Prince. His Royal Highness Edward Augustus, Colonel of the Royal Fusileers, subsequently Field Marshal the Duke of Kent, "had landed here," says the *Quebec Gazette* of 18th August, 1791, "from H. M. ships *Ulysses* and *Resistance*, in seven weeks from Gibraltar, with the 7th or

* *Knox's Journal*, Vol. ii., pp. 14, 21, 24, 28. Aug. 21. "The project of erecting a fortress on the Island of Coudres, for a garrison of three thousand men, is laid aside for want of proper materials, and the season being too far advanced for such an undertaking. The enterprise for storming Quebec is also given up as too desperate to hope for success." P. 28.

† "For sale, the elegant villa of the late Sir Frederic Haldimand, K.B., delightfully situated near the Falls of Montmorency, with the farm-house.—Quebec, 1st Dec., 1791."—*Supplement to Quebec Gazette, 22nd Dec.*, 1792.

Royal Regiment of Fusileers." The Prince had evidently a strong fancy for country life, as may be inferred by the fact that, during his prolonged stay in Halifax, as Commander-in-Chief of the Forces, he owned also, seven miles out of the city, a similar rustic lodge, of which Haliburton has given a charming description. 'Twas on the 11th of August the youthful colonel, with his fine regiment, landed in the Lower Town; on the 12th was held, in his honor, at the Château St. Louis, a levée, whereat attended the authorities, civil, military, and clerical, together with the gentry. In the afternoon "the ladies were presented to the Prince in the Château." Who, then, attended this levée? Did he dance? If so, who were his partners? No register of names; no list of Edward's partners, such as we have of the Prince of Wales.* No *Court Journal!* Merely an entry of the names of the signers of the address in the *Quebec Gazette* of 18th August, 1791. Can we not, then, re-people the little world of Quebec of 1791?—bring back some of the principal actors of those stormy, political but frolicsome times? Let us walk in with the "nobility and gentry," and make our best bow to the scion of royalty. There, in full uniform, you will recognize His Excellency Milord Dorchester, the Governor General, one of our most popular administrators; next to him, that tall, athletic military man, is the Deputy Governor General, Sir Alured Clark. He looks eager to grasp the reins of office from his superior, who will set sail for *home* in a few days. See how thoughtful the Deputy Governor appears; in order to stand higher with his royal English master he chuckles before-hand over the policy which gives to many old French territorial divisions, right English names—Durham, Suffolk, Prince Edward, York, Granville, Buckinghamshire, Herdfordshire, Kent. The western section of Canada will rejoice in the

* The list of the partners of Prince Edward's grand son H. R. H. the Prince of Wales, at the ball, etc., given in his honor in Quebec, by the Mayor and citizens, at the Music Hall, on the 21st August, 1860, comprises: 1. Mrs. Langevin (wife of H. L. Langevin, Esq., M.P.P., and Mayor of Quebec); 2. Mrs. Cartier (wife of the Hon. George Etienne Cartier, Attorney General); 3. Miss Irvine (daughter of Colonel Irvine, Provincial Aide-de-Camp); 4. Miss Price; 5. Miss LeMesurier, 6. Miss Derbyshire; 7. Miss Sewell; 8. Miss Caron (daughter of the Hon. Justice Caron, and now wife of Mr. Justice Taschereau); 9. Lady Milne; 10. Miss Napier, of Montreal; 11. Mrs. Sericold (wife of Captain Serocold and daughter of the Hon. Chief Justice Duval); 12. Miss Dunscomb (daughter of the Collector of Customs at Quebec); 13. Miss Fischer (daughter of the Attorney General of New Brunswick); 14. Miss Mountain (daughter of the late Bishop of Quebec); 15. Miss Anderson; 16. Mrs. Ross; 17. Mrs. Alex. Bell; 18. Miss Tilley (daughter of the ex-Provincial Secretary of New Brunswick); 19. Mrs. R. H. Smith.

new names of Hesse, Lunenbourg, Nassau, Mecklenbourg. That Deputy Governor will yet live to win a *baton** of Field Marshal under a Hanoverian sovereign. He is now in close conversation with Chief Justice William Smith, senior. Round them are a bevy of Judges, Legislative Councillors, Members of Parliament, all done up to kill, *à l'ancienne mode*, by Monsieur Jean Laforme,† court hair-dresser, with powdered periwigs, ruffles and formidable pigtails. Here is Judge Mabane, Secretary Pownall, Honorable Messrs. Finlay,‡ Dunn, Harrison, Collins, Caldwell, Fraser, Lymburner; Messrs. Lester, Young, Smith, junior. Mingled with them you also recognize the bearers of old historical names—Messrs. Baby, De Bonne, Duchesnay, Dunière, Gueroult, De Lotbinèire, Roc de St Ours, Dambourgès, De Rocheblave, De Rouville, Saint George Dupré, the terror of the Yankees, Taschereau, De Tonnancour, Panet, De Salaberry, and a host of others. Dear reader, you want to know also what Royal Edward did—said—was thought of—amongst the Belgravians of old Stadacona, during the three summers he spent in Quebec,

> "How he looked when he danced, when he sat at his ease,
> When his Highness had sneezed, or was going to sneeze."

Bear in mind then, that we have to deal with a dashing Colonel of Fusileers—age twenty-three—status, a prince of the blood; add that he was ardent, generous, impulsive, gallant; a tall, athletic fellow; in fact,

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* He was created Field Marshal in 1827.

† Monsieur Jean Laforme was, indeed, a high authority on hair dressing. Our youthful grandmothers of 1791 would have no other than Monsieur Laforme to dress their hair for the *Chateau* balls. A memorable instance has been handed down to posterity of the awful dilemma in which, either a press of engagements or an oversight, placed the Court *peruquier*, from which his genius alone extricated him. The beautiful Mrs. P——t, the consort of the Speaker of the Legislative Assembly in 179–, had to attend at a ball at the Castle St. Louis. Unfortunately she had omitted engaging in time Laforme to arrange her hair for the evening in question; and every hour of the day on which the ball was to take place, being bespoken, the hair-dresser in despair said that he would guarantee she would yet go to the ball, but that she must place herself entirely in his hands. "Well," said the *Grande Dame*, "what, then, am I to do?" "Bah!" said the *peruquier*, "'tis easily settled; I shall *do* up your hair the day *previous*."—"But then how am I to sleep with my hair done up?" "Oh! that is again easily arranged—you will sleep in a *fauteuil*. I will have your hair and head padded and strapped down." And so she did.

‡ The Hon. Hugh Finlay was Deputy Postmaster General for Canada from 1774 to 1800, when he was succeeded by George Heriot, who wrote a folio of travels on Canada. Hugh Finlay had served under Benjamin Franklin, the first English Deputy Postmaster General for the *then* British American Provinces, from 1750 to 1774, when he resigned. When he took the appointment the postage on letters was insufficient to cover his salary, £300 per annum.

one of George III.'s big, burly boys—dignified in manner—a bit of a statesman; witness his happy and successful speech* at the hustings of the Charlesbourg election, and the biting rebuke it contained in anticipation—for Sir Edmund Head's unlucky post-prandial joke about the *superior* race. Would you prefer to know him after he had left our shores and become Field Marshal the Duke of Kent? Take up his biography by the Rev. Erskine Neale, and read therein that Royal Edward was a truthful Christian gentleman—a chivalrous soldier, though a stern disciplinarian—an excellent husband—a persecuted and injured brother—a neglected son—the munificent patron of literary, educational and charitable institutions—a patriotic Prince—in short, a model of a man and a paragon of every virtue. But was he all that? we hear you say. No doubt of it. Have you not a clergyman's word for it—his biographer's? The Rev. Erskine Neale will tell you what His Royal Highness did at Kensington Palace, or Castlebar Hill. Such his task; ours, merely to show you the gallant young colonel, emerging bright and early from his Montmorenci Lodge, thundering with his spirited pair of horses over the Beauport and *Canardière* road; one day, "sitting down to whist and partridges for supper," at the hospitable board of a fine old scholar and gentleman, M. de Salaberry, then M.P.P. for the county of Quebec, the father of the hero of Chateaugay, and who resided near the Beauport church. Another day you may see him dash past Belmont or Holland House or Powell Place, occasionally dropping in with all the *bonhommie* of a good, kind Prince, as he was—especially when the ladies were young and pretty. You surely did not expect to find an anchorite in a slashing Colonel of Fusileers—in perfect health—age, twenty-three. Not a grain of ascetism ever entered, you know, in the composition of "Farmer George's" big sons; York and Clarence, they were no saints; neither were they suspected of ascetism; not they, they knew better. And should Royal Edward, within your sight, ever kiss his hand to any fair daughter of Eve, inside or outside of the city, do not, my Christian friend, upturn to heaven the whites of your eyes in pious horror; princes are men, nay, they require at times to be more than men to escape the snares, smiles, seductions,

* "Away," exclaimed the Prince to the excited voters, "with those hated distinctions of English and Canadians; you are all my august father's beloved subjects!"

which beset them at every step in this wicked, wicked world. How was Montmorenci Lodge furnished? Is it true that the Prince's remittances, from Carleton House never exceeded £5,000 per annum during his stay here?—Had he really as many bells to summon his attendants in his Beauport Lodge as his Halifax residence contained—as he had at Kensington or Castlebar Hill? Is it a fact that he was such a punctual and early riser, that to ensure punctuality on this point, one of his servants was commanded to sleep in the day time in order to be awake at day-break to ring the bell?—Did he really threaten to court-martial the 7th Fusileers, majors, captains, subs and privates, who might refuse to sport their pig-tails in the streets of Quebec, as well as at Gibraltar?

Really, dear reader, your inquisitiveness has got beyond all bounds; and were Prince Edward to revisit these shores, we venture to say, that you would even in a frenzy of curiosity or loyalty do what was charged by De Cordova, when Edward's grandson, Albert of Wales, visited, in 1860, Canada and the American Union :—

> "They have stolen his gloves and purloined his cravat—
> Even scraped a souvenir from the nap of his hat."

Be thankful if we satisfy even one or two of your queries. He had indeed to live here on the niggardly allowance of £5000 per annum. The story* about censuring an officer for cutting off his pig-tail refers not to Canada, but to another period of his life. He lived rather retired; a select few only were admitted to his intimacy; his habits were here, as elsewhere, regular; his punctuality, proverbial; his stay amongst us, marked by several acts of kindness, of which we find traces in the addresses presented on several occasions, thanking him for his own personal exertions and the assistance rendered by his gallant men at several fires which had occurred.† He left behind some warm admirers, with whom he corresponded regularly. We have now before us a package of his letters dated "Kensington Palace." Here is one out of twenty; but no, the records of private friendship must remain inviolate.

* The anecdote of the officer, who, on being ordered on foreign service, cut off his queue and buried it with military honors, is humorously related by Erskine Neale, in the Duke's Biography, p. 325.

† *Christie's History of Canada.*

The main portion of the "Mansion House," at Montmorenci, is just as he left it. The room in which he used to write is yet shown; a table and chair—part of his furniture—are to this day religiously preserved. The Lodge is now the residence of G. B. Hall, Esquire, the proprietor of the extensive saw-mills at the foot of the falls.

Marchmont.

"Oh! give me a home on that bold classic height,
Where in sweet contemplation in age's dark night,
I may tread o'er the plain where as histories tell
Britain's stout-hearted Wolfe—in his victory fell."

Adjoining the expanse of table land, now known as the Plains of Abraham, and divided from it to the east by a high fence, lies with a southern exposure a level and well-cultivated farm—Marchmont—tastefully laid out some sixty summers ago by Sir John Harvey, next occupied for several years by Sir Thomas Noel Hill, subsequently owned by Hon. John Stewart, and for a long time past, the permanent residence of John Gilmour, Esquire, of the well-known Glasgow house of Pollock, Gilmour & Co. To the west, Marchmont farm is bounded by Wolfesfield; to the south by the river heights, having a valuable timber cove (Wolfe's cove,) attached to it. The dwelling, a cheerful and sunny residence, decks a sloping lawn, not far from the high bank, embedded as it were in a clump of fir, ash, maple and pine trees, which conceal it from the St. Lewis road, and afford, on the opposite side, a variety of charming glimpses of our noble estuary, the main artery of Western commerce. A spacious and richly-stocked conservatory opens on the drawing-room to the west of the house. This embellishment was erected by the present proprietor.

In the the summer months, visitors travelling past Marchmont cannot fail to notice the magnificent hawthorn hedge, interspersed here and there with young maple, which encloses it on the St. Lewis road.

Marchmont, even shorn of its historical memories, would much interest an observer who had an eye to agricultural pursuits carried to a high

state of perfection. The outhouses and arrangements for raising cattle, poultry, &c., are on a truly comprehensive scale.

Connected with Marchmont, there are incidents of the past, which will ever impress it on the mind of the visitor. A century back, over this same locality, the tide of battle surged for several hours when Wolfe's army had ascended the cliff. No later than 1860, the crumbling bones of fallen warriors were discovered whilst laying the foundation of the flag-staff to the east of the house. They were buried again carefully under the same flag-staff—erected to salute the Prince of Wales when passing Marchmont. Let us hear one of the actors on that eventful September morning of 1759—Capt. John Knox :—

"Before day break," says he, "this morning we made a descent upon the North shore, about half a mile to the eastward of Sillery; and the light troops were fortunately, by the rapidity of the current, carried lower down, between us and Cape Diamond. We had in this detachment thirty flat bottomed boats, containing about 1600 men. This was a great surprise on the enemy, who, from the natural strength of the place, did not suspect, and consequently were not prepared against, so bold an attempt. The chain of sentries which they had posted along the summit of the heights, galled us a little and picked off several men (in the boat where I was, one man was killed; one seaman, with four soldiers, were slightly, and two mortally wounded, and some officers), before our light infantry got up to dislodge them. This grand enterprise was conducted and executed with great good order and discretion; as fast as we landed the boats were put off for reinforcements, and the troops formed with much regularity; the General with Brigadier Monckton and Murray, were ashore with the first division. We lost no time, but clambered up one of the steepest precipices that can be conceived, being almost a perpendicular and of an incredible length; as soon as we gained the summit all was quiet, and not a shot was heard, owing to the excellent conduct of the infantry under Colonel Howe. It was by this time clear day-light. Here we formed again, the river and the south country in our rear, our right extending to the town, our left to Sillery, and halted a few moments. The general then detached the light troops to our left to route the enemy from their battery, and to disable their guns, except they could be rendered serviceable to the party who were

to remain there; and this service was soon performed. We then faced to the right and marched towards the town by files, till we came to the Plains of Abraham, an even piece of ground which Wolfe had made choice of, while we stood forming upon the hill. Weather showery; about six o'clock the enemy first made their appearance upon the heights, between us and the town; whereupon we halted and wheeled to the right forming the line of battle."

Belvidere Lodge.

On a prettily wooded corner lot, bounded to the west by the Belvidère road, to the south by the Grande Allée or St. Lewis road, and crowning a rising ground surrounded on three sides by tall fir trees, you notice, from a distance, the glittering roof of Belvidère Lodge, exactly opposite to Marchmont. From the veranda and drawing-room windows, your glance lights on the very spot opposite, where, at day-break, on the 13th of September, 1759, were deployed the English battalions until they wheeled to the right and took a position one mile closer to the city to meet the French on their way from the Beauport camp.

The accompanying sketch, copied from a rough old drawing made either from the English fleet or from Sillery, on the day of the battle, gives the position of the English about seven o'clock in the morning, and seems to relate to what Capt. Knox states in his *Journal* to have occurred in front of the spot on which Belvidère Lodge now stands.

"What galled us most," says Knox, "was a body of Indians and other marksmen they had concealed in the corn opposite to the front of our right wing and a coppice that stood opposite to our centre, inclining towards our left, but Colonel Hale, by Brigadier Monckton's orders, advanced some platoons, alternately, from the forty-seventh regiment, which, after a few rounds, obliged their skulkers to retire; we were now ordered to lie down, and remained some time in this position. About eight o'clock we had two pieces of short brass six-pounders playing on the enemy which threw them into some confusion and obliged them to alter their disposition, and Montcalm formed them into three large columns; about nine the two armies moved a little nearer to each other. The light cavalry made a first

attempt upon our parties at the battery of Sillery, but were soon beat off, and Monsieur de Bouganville, with his troops from Cap Rouge, came down to attack the flanks of our second line, hoping to penetrate there, but, by a masterly disposition of Brigadier Townshend, they were forced to desist, and the first battalion of Royal Americans was then detached to the first ground we had formed on after we gained the heights, to preserve the communication between the bank and our boats."

The second drawing is taken from the St. Lewis road, and shows the flower garden and lawn with a tall fir tree in the centre.

Belvidère Lodge, the residence of Mr. William Drum, is a pleasant and handsomely-situated country seat wherein to enjoy his honestly-made fortune. In addition to the commodious dwelling and pretty grove of pine trees, there are, with the usual adjuncts of our country residence, a well-stocked fruit garden, a large vegetable field, fine meadows, ice-house, &c.

Wolfesfield.

"The hill they climb'd, and halted at its top, of more than mortal size."

The successful landing at this spot of the English forces, who, in 1759, invaded Quebec, no less than its scenery, lends to Wolfesfield peculiar interest. Major, afterwards General, John Hale, later on conspicuous for gallantry during the long and trying siege of Quebec, in 1775–6, was one of the first men who, in 1759, put his foot on the heights in front of the locality where now stands the dwelling, having climbed up the hill by the *ruisseau St. Denis*, heading the flank Company of the Lascelles or 47th Regiment. General Wolfe made the main body of the army march up, Indian file, by a pathway which then existed where the high road is at present. At the head of this path may yet be seen the remains of the French entrenchments, occupied on that day by a militia guard of 100 men, chiefly Lorette militiamen, a portion of whom had that very night obtained leave to go and work on their farms,*

* "Ce capitaine avait avec lui beaucoup d'habitants de Lorette, dont le lieu était à portée de ce poste; ils lui demanderent permission d'aller travailler la nuit chez eux; il l'a leur accorda: (on pretend que ce faut a condition d'aller aussi travailler pour lui, sur une terre qu'il avait dans cette paroisse."—*Memoire sur les affaires du Canada*, 1749–'60, p. 114.

who fired at Major Hale's party, and then, says an old manuscript, thinking they had to deal with the whole English army, they surrendered, with their officer, Capt. De Vergor, who being wounded, could not escape, and exclaimed, "Sauvez vous." This was shortly after midnight, and Wolfe, notwithstanding the grievous indisposition he was then laboring under, organized a plan to get up supplies and ammunition from the *bateaux;* this he had accomplished by four in the morning, when he drew up his men on Marchmont field. The sailors of the *bateaux* were the men employed in carrying up the provisions and ammunition. Wolfe had grog served out to them as they reached, tired and panting, the top of the hill with their loads, using to each kind and encouraging words. The crowning success which followed is lengthily described elsewhere. The first house built at Wolfesfield was by a Captain Chandler; David Munro, Esquire, was the next proprietor. The occupant for the last thirty-eight years has been an old and respected Quebec merchant, well known as "the King of the Saguenay," on account of the extensive mills he owns in that region—William Price, Esq., the aged father of the Hon. David Price, Legislative Councillor. Mr. Price has added much to the beauty of the place, which enjoys a most picturesque river view. In front of the dwelling there is a fine lawn, shaded by some old thorn trees, with comfortable rustic seats close by the ravine St. Denis. This ravine is a favorite locality for botanizing excursions. Wolfesfield, without being as extensive as some of the surrounding estates, is one of the most charming rural homes Quebec can boast of.

Elm Grove.

An eccentric writer has asserted that the surroundings and belongings of a man furnish a fair index to his character. If this theory is to hold good, persons passing along the Grande Allée road and noticing on the north side a lofty new dwelling, ambitiously looking down from its lofty roof on the surrounding grove of trees facing Wolfesfield, would not inaptly conclude it must be the mansion of the Chief Magistrate, the Mayor of the Parish, and so it is: An important event connect-

ed with Elm Grove, finds its place in our annals under date of the 18th August, 1860. The Mayor of Sillery, in the name of the citizens and burgesses was called on to welcome, within the limits of the municipality, on his way to Spencer Wood, our Sovereign's first-born, Albert Edward, of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, Prince of Wales, Duke of Saxony, Prince of Cobourg and Gotha, Great Steward of Scotland, Duke of Cornwall and Rothesay, Earl of Chester, Carrick and Dublin, Baron of Renfrew and Lord of the Isles, K. G.* On this auspicious occasion a high platform, close to Elm Grove, bore His Worship, his Councillors and Aldermen; therefrom he spoke out the sentiments of Canada and of Sillery.

The plantation of elms from which this seat takes its name, together with other trees, conceal the dwelling so entirely from the road, that unless by entering the grounds no idea can be formed of their beauty and extent; amidst the group of trees there is one of lordly dimensions, in the centre of the garden. The new dwelling at Elm Grove is a stately, substantial structure; its internal arrangements, and heating apparatus, indicate comfort and that *bien-être* for which Lower Canada homes are proverbial. A winding, well-wooded approach leads up to the house from the Porter's Lodge and main road. From the upper windows an extensive view of Charlesbourg, Lorette, Beauport, Point Levi, and surrounding parishes, may be obtained.

Elm Grove, owned for many years by John Saxton Campbell, Esq., was purchased in 1856 by J. K. Boswell, Esq., the proprietor of the Ste. Anne and Jacques Cartier salmon rivers. It is but just to note as we pass this gentleman's energetic efforts to protect the fish and game of the country. Mr. Boswell was one of the originators of the "Quebec Fish and Game Protection Club," an institution which of late has branched off in every important Canadian city. The view here given is from the flower garden in rear.

* We read in Mr. Morgan's *Tour of the Prince of Wales*, page 16, of the paroxisms of loyalty this visit threw Canada in. DeCordova's humorous pen thus depicts the occurrence:—

> "..... As for the Canadas, loyalty 's run
> Into madness almost for Victoria's son;
> They have dined him and wined him in manner most royal,
> Addressed and harangued him to prove they were loyal,
> * * * * * *
> Feasted him, toasted him, ball'd him, and preached him."

Thornhill.

" .....let us pierce into the midnight depth
Of yonder grove, of wildest, largest growth,
That, forming high in air a woodland quire,
Nods o'er the mount beneath."

There is a peculiar feature noticeable about Quebec country seats which speaks volumes for their attractiveness as healthy and pleasant retreats; not only have they been at all times sought after by wealthy and permanent residenters, but also by men of European birth holding for the time being the highest position in the country, both under the French and under the English monarchs. Thus the celebrated Intendant Talon was the first owner of Belmont; Intendant Bigot had his luxurious chateau at Charlesbourg; Attorney General Ruette D'Auteuil used, near two centuries back, to spend his summer months at Sillery, where, later on, Bishop Dosquet, a French ecclesiastic, had his pretty villa at Samos (Woodfield). Vaudreuil was also a Canadian land-owner. Later on Governor Murray purchased extensively on the St. Foy road, amongst others, Belmont and the "Sans Bruit" farm; Governor Haldimand must have his lodge at Montmorenci Falls, subsequently occupied by the father of our august Queen; Hector Theophilus Cramahe, (afterwards Lieut.-Governor), in 1762, had his estate—some 500 acres of cornfield, and meadows—at Cap Rouge, now Meadowbank, owned by J. Porter, Esq. The Prime Minister of Canada, and present Governor of British Guiana, Hon. Francis Hincks, following in the footsteps of Sir Dominick Daly, must needs locate himself on the St. Lewis road, and in order to be close to his chief, the late Earl of Elgin, then residing at Spencer Wood, the Premier selected and purchased Thornhill, across the road, one of the most picturesque country seats in the neighborhood. You barely, as you pass, catch a glimpse of its outline as it rests under tall, cone-like firs on the summit of a hillock, to which access is had through a handsomely laid-out circuitous approach between two hills. An extensive fruit and vegetable garden lies to the east of the house; a hawthorn hedge dotted here and there with some graceful young maple and birch trees, fringes the roadside; a thorn shrubbery of luxuriant growth encircles the plantation of evergreens along the sides of the mound which slopes down to the road, furnishing a splendid croquet

lawn. One of the chief beauties of the landscape, is the occasional glimpses of the Grande Allée and Spencer Wood, obtained from the house The dwelling was erected many years ago by Alexander Simpson, Esq., then manager of the Bank of Montreal, at Quebec. Forming portion of it, to the west, and looking towards Charlesbourg, there is a snug English-looking little nest, "Woodside," with the prettiest of thorn and willow hedges: in its young days it was so often chosen as a retreat for newly married people, that it was playfully called "Honey-moon," now, in its mature years, it has degenerated into "Bachelordom." Until May last, it was occupied by Messrs. Dobell and Becket, extensive Liverpool merchants; a sketch is here given. The view of Thornhill shows the front of the house. Thornhill has recently exchanged hands, and become the seat of Archibald Campbell, Esq., Barrister, of Quebec.

Spencer Wood.

High on the frowning cliffs of Sillery, one mile from the city limits, may be seen from the deck of the Montreal steamers, on their passage up or down, General Powell's superb old domain (Powell Place)—now known as Spencer Wood—as such well remembered when owned by the late Henry Atkinson, Esquire, by visitors from every corner of the continent of America. Shall we describe it at present, in its period of decay and blight ever since, in 1850, the seal of the province and the sign-manual of the Commissioner of the Board of Works to the deed of purchase made it provincial property? Shall memory go and shed a tributary tear over what survives of its past beauty—re-visit the spot where once was a gushing jet d'eau, fed by an elfish stream, now converted into a receptacle for rubbish—where formerly stood the princely dwelling of a man of taste, to view a large barn-looking shed, some two hundred feet in length? Shall we seek for a grapery, second to none in Canada, to find a broken-down ruin, through which the winds of heaven whistle a mournful dirge to departed years? Shall we accept, in lieu of the former pretty terraced flower garden in rear of the dwelling, a dull, silent court-yard, surrounding the *new* entrance? Nothing, then, remains of the primitive splendor of Spencer Wood. Pardon: its unrivalled scenery, its winding shady ap-

proaches, its pavillions, its ancestral oaks, still remain; it is beautiful still, notwithstanding man's neglect; a right royal demesne, fit even for the proudest nobleman England may send to rule this important dependency. Individually, we have much respect for several of the men who have occupied the high position of Commissioner of Public Works in this Province; collectively, we much incline to that legal fiction which would refuse to this as to other corporations "a soul to be saved;" or * *

Let us, however, live in hope. Possibly for Spencer Wood and for the rest of Canada a good time is coming. In the meantime, let us introduce the reader to it, such as we well remember it, when it was the cheerful home of one of the leading merchants of Quebec; as such a subject of unfeigned interest to all visitors. Imagine, then, "a noble old seat, comprising once a couple of hundred acres, enclosed east and west between two streamlets—the '*ruisseau St. Denis* and Belle Borne,' who make themselves scarce, so scarce, the tiny rogues, in summer, that they nearly disappear from view,—clothed in a dense growth of primeval forest trees, shutting out here and there the light of heaven from its labyrinthian avenues,—with a most extensive and varied river landscape, blending the sombre verdure of its old trees with the vivid tints of its velvetty, sloping lawn, fit for a ducal palace; add a large flower and fruit garden, ornamented with a lovely little fount, supplied with the crystal element from the Belle Borne rill by a concealed aqueduct; conservatories, graperies, peach and forcing houses for pine-apples and tropical fruit, in all about three hundred and fifty feet of glass, chiefly on the portion known as Spencer Grange; pavillions picturesquely hung over the yawning precipice on two capes, one looking towards Sillery, the other towards the Island of Orleans; bowling greens; archery grounds; a well-selected library of rare or standard works; a collection of medals; illuminated missals; statuettes, *objets de vertu*, purchased, during a long residence of the owner, in Italy, France, Germany and England: such was, for many years, the elegant mansion of Henry Atkinson, Esquire.* The accompanying engraving shows the house, which was completely burnt on the 12th March, 1860. How often, in strolling over the grounds, have we not been inclined to ask whether the designer had not before him *Hervey's Dialogues*, slightly modifying them to suit some

*As we are penning these lines, the mail brings us the news of the death of Hy. Atkinson, who expired at Paris, on the 14th May last, at the age of 73 years, after spending the winter at Nice, in hopes of restoring his health.

of the leading features of Spencer Wood. "Nature had sunk the lawn into a gentle *decline*, on whose ample sides were oxen browsing and lambs frisking. The lusty droves lowed as they passed, and the thriving flocks bleated welcome music in their master's ear. Along the edge of this verdant slope was stretched a spacious and extensive walk, which, coated with gravel and enclosed with iron fencing, looked like a plain stripe of brown intersecting a carpet of the brightest green. Shady bowers and rustic chairs to rest the promenaders along the main avenues encircling the property, nearly five miles round. The redundancy of the neighboring rill, gurgling amidst a group of nayades; the rest leaping over the cliff and straggling down—a silver thread, resplendent with the glories of the rainbow." Was it not from Hervey that was taken the idea of the fairy flower garden, with its terraces and southern, sunny exposure? "A *parterre*, planted with an assemblage of flowers, which advanced, one above another, in regular gradation of height, of dignity and of beauty; first, a row of daisies, gay as the smile of youth, and fair as the virgin snows; next, a range of crocusses, like a long stripe of yellow satin, quilted with threads, or diversified with sprigs of green; a superior order of ranunculuses, each resembling the cap of an earl's coronet, replenished the third story with full-blown tufts of glossy scarlet; beyond this a more elevated line of tulips raised their flourished heads and opened their enamelled cups, not bedecked with a single tint only, but glowing with an intermingled variety of radiant hues; the whole viewed from the house looked like a rainbow painted upon the ground, and wanted nothing to rival that resplendent arch only the boldness of its sweep and the advantage of its ornamental curve."* It became, in 1850, the residence of the Earl of Elgin; his *fêtes champêtres* and pleasant entertainments—who has forgotten them? A grievious family bereavement, the loss of an only son, made seclusion desirable for Sir Edmund W. Head during his residence at Spencer Wood. His Excellency Viscount Monck has now resided for two years at Spencer Wood; thus exchanging, for a time, the lovely scenery of his own ancestral halls, Charleville, on the banks of the Dargle, for the leafy bowers of Sillery. Several tasty improvements have marked his sojourn there; a spacious conservatory, amongst others, and a small plantation of evergreens, to the east of the house. About the beginning of the century, Powell Place was called

* Spencer Wood garden is described in *Loudon's Encyclopædia of Gardening*, page 341, and also in the *Gardeners' Magazine* for 1837, at p. 467.

Spencer Wood, after the Right Honorable Spencer Percival, the patron of Honorable Michael Percival, the owner. It had previously been the summer dwelling of Sir James Craig, when Governor General of Canada. Eminently adapted for the residence of a Governor General, from its size, beauty, and proximity to the city, being merely twelve minutes drive therefrom, it is likely long to remain Government property; its projecting highlands pointing out favorable spots for round towers, redoubts, &c.*

Spencer Grange

"Retirement, rural quiet, friendship, books."—*Thomson.*

When Spencer Wood became the gubernatorial residence, its owner reserved the smaller half, Spencer Grange, some forty acres, divided off by a high brick wall and fence, and terminating to the east in a river frontage of one acre. A small rustic bower facing the St. Lawrence overhangs the cliff, close to where the Belle Borne rill tumbles down the bank to Spencer Cove—in spring and autumn, a ribbon of fleecy whiteness. To the south it is bounded by Woodfield, and reaches to the north a

* Mr. P. Lowe, during many years in charge of the conservatory, furnished us with the following note:—"The hot-houses belonging to Henry Atkinson, while in my charge, consisted of pinery, stove and orchid house. In the pinery were grown specimens of the Providence, Enville, Montserrat and Queen pines—a plant of the latter variety, in fruit, being exhibited at the Horticultural Exhibition, Montreal, in September, 1852, the fruit of which weighed between five and six pounds, being the first pine-apple exhibited of Canadian growth, but not the first grown at Spencer Wood; it was noticed in the *Illustrated London News* of the same year. The following are the names of a few of the plants grown in the stove-house:—*Ardisia; Alamanda; Amaryllis, Achimenes; Aschynanthus, Asclepias, Begonias, Crinums, Centradinias; Columnias, Drymonias; Euphorbias, Franciscia; Goldfussia; Gesneras,* in twelve varieties; *Gloxinias,* in twenty-four varieties; *Gloriosa; Gardenias; Hibiscus; Inga; Ipomœa; Justicia; Lasiandra; Legastrema; Musa-Cavendishii,* which we fruited—the only one fruited in the province to this day, to my knowledge—the bunch of fruit weighed ninety pounds; *Maranta; Melastomas, Monnetties; Nymphies; Osbeckias, Pentces, Passiflora; Psideum: Stephenotus, Strelitzias; Russellea; Ruellea; Rondilitia, Tabernæmonana; Tradiscantia; Vinca; Clerodendrons,* &c., &c. In the orchid house, the following are a portion of the names of plants grown by me:—*Bletia; Bolbophyllum; Cypripedium; Cymbedium; Catasetum; Cattleya; Brassavolcas, Dendrobiums, Epidendrons, Erides; Gongora; Gomezia; Maxillaria; Oncidium, Plurathalis; Pholidota; Physosiphon; Plurathalles; Peristerias, Ripsalis, Stanhopeas; Zygopetalum,* &c., &c. The houses containing the above were heated by hot-water pipes for atmospheric heat and open tanks for bottom heat; they were the most complete of the kind I have seen either in Canada or Great Britain—so much so, that, during my stay with Mr. Atkinson, we used to produce for Christmas and New-Year's Day pine-apples, cucumbers, rhubarb, asparagus, and mushroons, all in the same house."

point opposite the road called Stuart's road which intersects Holland's farm, leading from the St. Lewis to the St. Foy highway. The English landscape style was adopted in the laying out of the flower garden and grounds: some fine old trees were left here and there through the lawns; three clumps of maple and red oak in the centre of the meadows to the west of the house grouped for effect; fences, carefully hidden away in the surrounding copses; hedges, buildings, walks, and trees brought in here and there to harmonize with the eye and furnish on a few acres a perfect epitome of a woodland scene. The whole place is girt round by a zone of tall pine, beach, maple and red oaks, whose deep green foliage, when lit up by the rays of the setting or rising sun, assume tints of most dazzling brightness,—emerald wreaths dipped into molten gold and overhanging under a leafy arcade, a walk which zigzags round the property, following to the southwest the many windings of the Belle Borne streamlet. This sylvan region, most congenial to the tastes of a naturalist, echoes in spring and summer with the ever-varying and wild minstrelsy of the robin, the songsparrow, the red-start, the thrush, the red-eyed fly-catcher and other feather choristers, while the golden-winged woodpecker heralds at dawn the coming rain of the morrow, and some crows, rendered saucy by protection, strut through the sprouting corn, in their sable costume, like worldly clergymen computing their tythes. On the aforesaid walk, once trodden over by the prince of American naturalists, the great Audubon, whilst on a visit to Mr. Atkinson at Spencer Wood, was conferred the name of *Audubon avenue*, by his Sillery disciple, the author of the *Birds of Canada*. The grand river views of Spencer Wood, are replaced here by a woodland scenery, ever sure to please the eye of any man of cultivated taste, accustomed to the park-like appearance of the south of England. In front of the mansion, close to the lawn, stands the noblest Elm tree of Sillery (*Ulmus Americanus*), leafy to its very roots. Here amidst literature and flowers after leaving Spencer Wood, lived for several years, Henry Atkinson, a name in those regions once synonimous with ornamental gardens and flowers. Graperies, conservatories, an orchid house, soon sprung up under his hand at this spot, larger than Spencer Wood had ever boasted of in its palmiest days.

The present owner has added an aviary—a small museum of the Ca-

nadian *fauna*, and collection of works and plates on Canadian subjects. On the western corner of the Spencer Grange property, and depending of it, can be seen from the road, *Bagatelle*—a long, straggling, picturesque cottage, with trees, rustic seats, walks and a miniature flower-garden round it: a small prospect pavillion opens on the St. Lewis road, furnishing a pretty view of the blue range of mountains to the north; in summer it peeps from under clusters of the green or purple leaves of some luxuriant *Virginian* creepers — our American ivy — which climb round it. *Bagatelle* is generally occupied by an *attaché* of Spencer Wood. The ex-military aide-de-camp, Captain Retallack, lived there several years, and was succeeded by His Excellency's secretary, Denis Godley, Esquire: the accompanying sketch was taken when occupied by the latter. It is now the residence of an English clergyman, Rev. S. Vial, who succeeded the Rev. M. Fothergill, at present incumbent of St. Peter's Chapel, Quebec.

Two views of Spencer Grange are given:—one, of the house and new grapery from the rear; on the lawn is visible, the vigilant guardian of the grounds, the Italian mastif "Wolfe," a *molossus* in size; the second exhibits a full view of the house and both graperies, with a family group.

Spencer Grange for several years past has been the seat of the author.

Woodfield.

"Deambulatio per loca amœna."—*Frascatorius.*

Unquestionably the most ornate and richly laid-out estate around Quebec is Woodfield, formerly the elegant mansion of the Honorable Wm. Sheppard, at present of Fairymead, Drummondville. For many years past it has become the permanent residence of the Gibb family. The horticultural department and conservatory are under the immediate charge of Andrew Torrance, Esq., Mrs. Gibb's brother. His taste is too well known to require any praise, and truly may it be said that the lovers of sweet flowers, trim hedges, and fairy scenery, can easily beguile several hours together in exploring the broad acres of Woodfield, equal

in extent to Spencer Wood itself. But let us hear on this subject one who knows how to describe and embellish a country seat:—

"In the early part of the last century," says the Honorable Wm. Sheppard, "this estate was in the possession of Monseigneur Dosquet, titular Bishop of Samos *in partibus infidelium*, and he gave it that name after his Episcopal title. He built a substantial stone residence near the brow of the hill, overlooking the St. Lawrence—a one story house—with a high peaked roof, long and narrow, after the mode of building in those days, something in the style of the manor house of Beauport. The name of Samos is now superseded by that of Woodfield, yet it is still in use as applied to the high road passing on its western side, commencing at the termination of the road leading from Quebec in that direction, called the Grand Allée, where it forks into the Samos road and the Chémin Gomin at Spencer Wood. It is not known how long Bishop Dosquet occupied his estate.

"Soon after the cession of Canada to the British Crown, this property passed into the hands of Judge Mabane,* by purchase, from the reverend proprietors of the seigniory. Mr. Mabane changed the name to Woodfield, and made extensive alterations to the house, adding to it a second story, giving it by other additions a more imposing appearance from the river, and adding two pavillion wings, connected with the house by corridors.

"About the year 1807, the late Honorable Matthew Bell purchased Woodfield from Miss Mabane, the judge's sister. Mr. Bell occupied the house as a summer dwelling only, and it is not known that he improved the estate to any extent, unless it were the garden, which he enlarged and stocked with choice fruit trees. Previous to the purchase of Mr. Bell, Woodfield was occupied as a dwelling during several years by Bishop Mountain, the first Protestant Bishop of Quebec. During his occupation he removed a bridge which spanned Belle Borne Brook, with the intention of cutting off communication with Powell Place (Spencer Wood), the neighboring estate, for reasons which it is not now necessary to enter into. The bridge was subsequently restored by the sons of Sir R. S. Milnes, Governor General, and was known by the name of Pont Bonvoisin.

*Judge Adam Mabane died in 1792.

"In 1816 Woodfield passed into the possession of Mr. William Sheppard, by purchase, from Mr. Bell. Mr. Sheppard improved the house and grounds greatly, erecting vineries and a large conservatory; changing the front of the house so as to look upon a rising lawn of good extent, interspersed with venerable oaks and pine, giving the whole a striking and pleasing aspect. The alteration in the house gave it a very picturesque appearance, as viewed from the foot of the old avenue, backed by sombre pines. Mr. Sheppard added to the estate about sixty acres of land on its southern side, it being now bounded by the road leading to St. Michael's Cove. During the alterations made in the house, a leaden foundation plate was discovered, stating that the house was built in 1732, by Bishop Dosquet. This plate was deposited for safe keeping in the Museum of the Literary and Historical Society, where (if still extant) it may be consulted.

"In December, 1842, the house was unfortunately destroyed by fire, and with it a valuable library of some three thousand volumes, many of them costly illustrated works on Natural History and other sciences. Shortly afterwards a new house was built on a more desirable and commanding site, in the midst of splendid old oaks and pines, looking down upon an extensive lawn, with the St. Lawrence in the middle distance, the view terminated by the South Shore, studded with cheerful-looking cottages. To suit the new site, Mr. Sheppard laid out a new approach, placing the entrance somewhat nearer Quebec than the old avenue, following the roundings of Belle Borne Brook, and leaving it with a striking sweep, among groups of trees, to the house. This approach is one of the greatest attractions of the place. He also built a large conservatory in connection with the house.

"Woodfield changed hands in 1847, having been purchased by Thos. Gibb, Esq., who exchanged it with his brother, Jas. Gibb, Esq., a wealthy merchant of Quebec, president of the Quebec Bank, who added much to the beauty of the estate.* Woodfield, with the improvements and embellishments made by the preceding proprietor is one of the most imposing and showy places in Canada, well worthy the encomiums passed upon it by J.

* A fairy plot of a flower garden was laid out near the edge of the cliff to the north-east, with a Chinese Pagoda enclosing the trunk of a large tree at one side, and a tiny Grecian temple at the other.

Jay Smith, Esq., of Philadelphia, editor of the *Horticulturist*, who, with a party of friends, visited it in 1857. He says, in that work: 'James Gibb, Esq., at Woodfield, possesses one of the most charming places on the American continent. Thoroughly English in its appurtenances, and leaving out its views of the St. Lawrence, its lawns, trees, and superb garden, are together, a model of what may be accomplished. The whole scene was enchanting. The traveller felt as if he was transported to the best parts of England, and our whole party uniting in an exclamation of pleasure and gratification. Here is everything in the way of well-kept lawns, graperies and greenhouses, outhouses for every possible contingency of weather, gardens, redolent of the finest flowers, in which bulbs of the best lilies make a conspicuous figure, and every species of fruit that can be grown. The traveller who does not see Woodfield has not seen Canada in its best trim.'

"The remains of one redoubt are visible near Belle Borne Brook, just above Pont Bonvoisin, or Bridge of Friendship, no doubt intended to guard the approach to Quebec by the footpath from Pointe à Puiseaux.* Another larger one was on the west side of Samos road, nearly opposite to the entrance gate of the new approach to Woodfield; it commanded the Samos road.

"Woodfield once could boast of a well-stocked aviary. The garden, of large extent, has always been celebrated for its fruit and flowers; for the taste for which it was laid out, and for the beautiful prospect obtained from it of the Citadel of Quebec, of the intervening portion of the St. Lawrence, with the numerous shipping in the harbor busily engaged in taking in their return cargoes of the staple article of exportation."

Sous les Bois.

This country seat, two miles from the city limits, stands in view of Pointe à Puiseaux, at Sillery, exactly fronting the mouth of the Etchemin

* Probably the four-gun battery mentioned in the account of the Battle of the Plains. We also find in a diary of the siege operations on the same day, "A mortar and some 18-pounders were carried to Samos, three-quarters of a league from the town. Batteries were erected there, which fired before night on the man-of-war that had come to anchor opposite *L'Ance du Foulon*, which was forced to sheer off."

River. Imagine a roomy, substantial, one-story cottage, equally well protected in winter against the piercing north, east and west winds, surrounded by large oaks and pines to temper the rays of an August sun, and through whose foliage the cool river breeze murmurs in the vernal season, wafting pleasure and health to the inmates. Add one of those unrivalled river landscapes peculiar to Sillery, well-cultivated fruit gardens, pastures, meadows, and lawns intersected by a long curving avenue, fringed with single trees at times, at others tastefully concealed in a clump of evergreens, and leading to the house by a circuitous approach, which hides the mansion until you are a few feet of it. Place in it, a toiling professional man, eager, after a dusty summer day's duty in St. Peter street, to breathe the coolness and fragrance of his rustic homestead, and enjoy the presence of his household gods; again add to it, the conviction in his heart that country life has increased the span of his existence by twenty years, and you have a faint idea of one of our many Canadian homes, of *Sous les Bois*, the residence of Errol Boyd Lindsay, Esq., one of the few remaining Quebecers who can recall the festivities of Powell Place, when Sir James Craig flourished there in 1807.

Benmore.

It will not be one of the least glories of "Our Parish," even when the provinces will have expanded into an empire, with Sillery as the seat of Vice-Royalty, to be able to boast of possessing the Canadian, the adopted home of a British officer of wealth and intelligence, known to the sporting world as the Great Northern Hunter. Who has not heard of the *battues* of Col. Rhodes on the snow-clad peaks of Cape Tourment, on the Western Prairies, and all along the Laurentian chain of mountains? One man alone through the boundless territory extending from Quebec to the North Pole, can dispute the belt with the Sillery Nimrod; but then, a mighty hunter is he; by name, in the St. Joachim settlement, Olivier Cauchon; to Canadian sportsmen known as *Le Roi des Bois*. It is said—but we cannot vouch for the fact—that, Cauchon, in order to acquire the scent, swiftness, and sagacity of the cariboo, has lived on cariboo milk, with an infusion of moss and bark, ever since his babyhood; but that this very winter he killed, with slugs, four cariboo at one shot, we can vouch for.

A few weeks since, a *habitant* with a loaded sleigh passed our gate; on the top of his load was visible a noble pair of antlers. "Qui â tué—ces cariboo?" we asked. Honest Jean Baptiste replied, "Le Colonel Rhodes, Monsieur." Then followed a second—then a third. Same question asked, to which for reply—"Le Colonel Rhodes, Monsieur." Then another sleigh-load of cariboo,—in all twelve cariboo; two sleighs of hare, grouse, and ptarmigan; then a man carrying a dead carcajou; then, in the distance, the soldier-like phiz of the Nimrod himself, nimbly following on foot the cavalcade. This was too much; we stopped and threatened the Colonel to apply to Parliament for an Act to protect the game of Canada against his unerring rifle. Were we not fully aware of the gratifying fact that, under recent legislative enactments, the fish and game of Canada have much increased, we might be inclined to fancy that the Colonel will never rest until he has bagged the last moose, the last cariboo in the country.

Benmore nestles cosily in a pine grove on the banks of the great river, the type of an English country gentleman's homestead. In front of the house, a spacious piazza, from which you can watch the river craft; in the vast surrounding meadows, a goodly array of fat Durhams and Ayrshires; in the farm-yard, short-legged Berkshires squeaking merrily in the distance; rosy-cheeked English boys romping on the lawn, surrounded by pointers and setters; such were the grateful sights which greeted our eyes one lovely June morning round Benmore, the residence of the President of the Quebec Game Club, and late Member of Parliament for Megantic.

Kirk Ella.

"The merchant has his snug retreat in the vicinity of the metropolis, where he often displays as much pride and zeal in the cultivation of his flower garden, and the maturing of his fruits, as he does in the conduct of his business, and the success of a commercial enterprise.—*Rural life in England—Washington Irving.*

This villa, erected in 1850 on the north side of the St. Lewis road, facing Cataracoui, affords a striking exemplification of how soon taste and capital can transform a wilderness into a habitation combining every appliance of modern refinement and rustic adornment. It covers about eighty acres, two-thirds of which are green meadows, wheat fields, &c.,

the remainder, plantations, gardens and lawn. The cottage itself is a plain, unpretending structure, made more roomy by the recent addition of a dining room, &c., in rear. On emerging from the leafy avenue, the visitor notices two *parterres* of wild flowers—kalmias, trilliums, etc.,—transplanted from the neighboring wood, with the rank, moist soil of the Gomin marsh to derive nourishment from; they appear to thrive. In rear of these *parterres* a granite rockery, festooned with ferns, wild violets, &c., raises its gritty, rugged outline. This pretty European embellishment we would much like to see more generally introduced in our Canadian landscape; it is strikingly picturesque. The next object which catches the eye is the conservatory in which are displayed not only the most extensive collection of exotics in Sillery, but also, we venture to say, in the whole of Canada. In the centre of some fifty large camellia shrubs there is a magnificent specimen of the fimbriata variety—white leaves with a fringed border; it stands twelve feet high with corresponding breadth. When it is loaded with blossoms in the winter the spectacle is exquisitely beautiful. In rear of the conservatory is a vinery, a peach and apricot house, like the conservatory, all span-roofed and divided off in several compartments, heated by steam-pipes and furnaces, with stop-cocks to retard or accelerate vegetation at will. On the 31st May, when we visited the establishment, we found the *black* Hamburg grapes the size of cherries; the peaches and apricots correspondingly advanced; the cherries under glass quite over. One of the latest improvements is a second flower garden to the west of the house, in the English landscape style. In rear of this garden, to the north, there existed formerly a cedar swamp, which deep sub-soil draining with tiles has converted into a grass meadow of great beauty; a belt of white pine, spruce, tamarack, and some deciduous trees, thinned towards the south-west, let in a glimpse of the St. Lawrence and the high-wooded Point Levi shores, shutting out the view of the St. Lewis road, and completely overshadowing the porter's lodge; out-houses, stables, root-house, paddocks and barns are all on a correspondingly extensive scale. We have here another instance of the love of country life which our successful Canadian merchant likes to indulge in; and we can fancy, judging from our own case, with what zest the portly laird of Kirk Ella, after a toilsome day in his St. Peter street counting-house, hurries home to revel in the rustic beauty which surrounds his dwelling on all sides.

Kirk Ella, named from the paternal mansion in Yorkshire, is the seat of Ed. Burstall, Esquire, one of our most wealthy merchants.

Cataracoui.

The conflagration of Spencer Wood, on the 12th March, 1860, made it incumbent on the Provincial Government to provide for His Excellency Sir Edmund Head a suitable residence. After examining several places, Cataracoui, the residence of Henry Burstall, Esquire, opposite to Kirk Ella, was selected, and extensive additions made, and still greater improvements and decorations ordered when it became known that the First Gentleman of England, our Sovereign's eldest son, was soon to pay a flying visit to Her Majesty's Canadian lieges. Cataracoui can boast of having harbored two princes of the blood royal, the Prince of Wales, and the sailor boy, his youthful brother Alfred; a circumstance which no doubt much enhances its prestige in the eyes of its present owner—in wealth, one of our "Merchant Princes." It was laid out about 1836 by Jas. B. Forsyth, Esq., the first proprietor, and reflects credit on his taste.

This seat, without possessing the extensive grounds, vast river frontage, and long shady walks of Spencer Wood, or Woodfield, is an eminently picturesque residence. A new grapery with a lean-too roof, about ninety feet in length, has just been completed: the choicest* varieties of the grape vine are here cultivated. Several tasty additions have also recently been made to the conservatory, under the superintendence of a Scotch landscape gardener, Mr. P. Lowe, formerly in charge of the Spencer Wood conservatories, &c. We had the pleasure on one occasion to view, on a piercing winter day, from the drawing room of Cataracoui, through the glass door which opens on the conservatory, the rare collections of exotics it contains,—a perfect grove of verdure and blossoms,—the whole lit up by the mellow light of the setting sun, whose rays scintillated in

* The vinery contains the following new varieties, etc.:—Black Alicante, Foster's Seedling White, Muscat Hamburg, Lady Downs, Golden Hamburg; also the common Black Hamburg (which there is none to surpass), Joslyn St. Albans, Muscat of Alexandria, Sweet Water, Black St. Peter's, &c., &c. The conservatory is stocked with seventy Camellia Japonica of the newest varieties, twenty varieties of choice Azelias; Chorozemas, Heaths, Epacris, Dillwynia, Eriostemon, Acacias, Geraniums, Fuchias, with a large collection of creeping plants, &c., &c.

every fantastic form amongst this gorgeous tropical vegetation, whilst the snow-wreathed evergreens surrounding the conservatory waived their palms to the orb of day in our clear, bracing Canadian atmosphere—summer and winter combined in the one landscape; the tropics and their luxuriant magnolias, divided by an inch of glass from the realms of old king frost and his hardy familiars, the pine and the maple. Charming was the contrast, furnishing a fresh proof of the comfort and luxury with which the European merchant, once settled in Canada, surrounds his home. What, indeed, can be more gratifying, during the Arctic, though healthy, temperature of our winter, than to step from a warm drawing-room, with its cheerful grate-fire, into a green, floral bower, and inhale the aroma of the orange and the rose, whilst the eye is charmed by the blossoming camellia of virgin whiteness; the wisteria, spireâ, azalea, rhododendron, and odorous daphne, all blending their perfume or exquisite tints. Cataracoui has been recently decorated, we may say, with regal magnificience, and Sillery is justly proud of this fairy abode, at present, the country seat of Charles E. Levey, Esq.

Beauvoir.

Crowning a sloping lawn, intersected by a small stream, and facing the Etchemin Mills, you notice on the south side of the St. Lewis road, next to Clermont, a neat dwelling hid amongst huge pines and other forest trees; that is one of our oldest English country seats. Family memories of three generations consecrate the spot. Would you like a glimpse of domestic life as enjoyed at Sillery? then follow that bevy of noisy, rosy-cheeked boys in Lennoxville caps, with gun and rod in hand, hurrying down those steep, narrow steps leading from the bank to the Cove below. How they scamper along, eager to walk the deck of that trim little craft, the *Falcon*, anchored in the stream, and sitting like a bird on the bosom of the famed river. Wait a minute and you will see the mainsail flutter in the breeze. Now our rollicking young friends have marched past ruins of "chapel, convent, hospital," &c., on the beach; you surely for all that did not expect them to look glum and melancholy. Of course they know all about "Monsieur Puiseaux," "le

Chevalier de Sillery," "the house where dwelt Emily Montague"; but do not, if you have any respect for that thrice happy age, the halcyon days of jackets and frills, befog their brains with the musty records of departed years. Let the lads enjoy their summer vacation, radiant, happy, heedless of the future. Alas! it may yet overtake them soon enough. What care could contract their brow? Have they not fed for the day their rabbits, their pigeons, their guinea-pigs? Is not that faithful fellow-boatswain, who saved from drowning one of their school-mates, is he not as usual their companion on ship-board and ashore? There now, they drop down the stream for a long day's cruise round the Island of Orleans. Next week, peradventure, you may hear of the *Falcon* and its jolly crew having sailed for Portneuf, Murray Bay, the Saguenay or Betsimis, to throw a cast for salmon, sea-trout or mackerel, in some sequestered pool or sheltered bay.

> "There we'll drop our lines, and gather
> Old Ocean's treasures in."

Are they not glorious, handsome, manly fellows, our Sillery boys? No wonder we are all proud of them, of the twins as much as the rest, and more so perhaps. "Our Parish" you must know, is renowned for the proportion in which it contributes to the census: twins—a common occurrence; occasionally, triplets.

And who then owns this happy Canadian home? Ask the first person you may meet in the parish.

Sillery House.

The illustration exhibits a front view of this handsome dwelling, situated at the foot of the Cape, close to the Jesuits' old house, on a line with the river: it stands in the centre of an extensive garden, with here and there some large forest trees interspersed. This residence was built a few years back by John Sharples, Esquire, of the firm of C. & J. Sharples & Co., whose vast timber coves are in view from Sillery house. The plate shows also a family group.

Bardfield.

Pleasant the memories of our rustic homes! 'Tis pleasant, after December's murky nights, or January and February's inexorable chills, to go and bask on the sunny banks of our great river, under the shade of trees, in the balmy spring, and amidst the gifts of a bountiful nature, to inhale fragrance and health and joy. Pleasant, also, to wander during September in our solemn woods, "with footsteps inaudible on the soft yellow floor, composed of the autumnal sheddings of countless years." Yes, soothing to us are these memories of home—of home amusements, home pleasures, and even of home sorrows. Sweeter still, even though tinged with melancholy, the remembrance of the departed friends,—those guardian spirits we once saw moving in some of our Canadian homes in the legitimate pride of hospitality—surrounded by young and loving hearts—enshrined in the respect of their fellow-men.

Oft has it been our privilege at that festive season of our year, when a hallowed custom brings Canada's sons and daughters together with words of greeting and good-fellowship, to wend our way to Bardfield, high on the breezy hills of Sillery, and exchange a cordial welcome with the venerable man who had dwelled in our midst for many long years. Seldom has it been our lot to approach one who, as a scholar, a gentleman, a prelate, or what is more than all those titles put together, a truly good man, impressed himself more agreeably on our mind.

Another revolution of the circling year and the good pastor, the courteous gentleman, the learned divine, our literary* friend and neighbor, the master of Bardfield, had been snatched from among us and from an admiring public.

Where is the Quebecer who has not noticed the neat cottage on the north of the St. Lewis road, where lived and died the Lord Bishop Mountain? As you pass you see, as formerly, its lovely river view, gravelled walks, curving avenue, and turfy lawns traced by a hand now cold unto death. Bardfield continues to be occupied by Miss Mountain and other members of the late Bishop's family. A schoolhouse, in the rural Gothic style, quite an ornament for Sillery, has

* The late Bishop is the author of a collection of poems known as the *Songs of the Wilderness*, many of the subjects therein furnished in the course of his apostolic labors in the Red River settlement.

been erected by His Lordship's family, as a memorial of the sojourn at this spot of this true friend of suffering humanity and patron of education.

Clermont.

" A house amid the quiet country's shades,
With length'ning vistas, ever sunny glades,
Beauty and fragrance clustering o'er the wall,
A porch inviting, and an ample hall."

It ought to be a pleasant subject of reflection for several of our political chiefs, after staunchly asserting the rights of a down-trodden nationality, to obtain from a grateful country the full recognition of the talents enlisted in her cause. The satisfaction must be two-fold, when wealth accompanies honors, when the smiles of fortune light up each step of her favorite in his upward course.

The proprietor of Clermont, thirty odd years back, was a friendless, unknown, unprotected law student of Quebec. A very few years more and you find him a leading Barrister, Mayor of his city, Member of Parliament, Cabinet Minister, Speaker of the Legislative Council, a Justice of our Supreme Court of Appeals, and lastly, Chairman of the High Commissioners selected to give a Code of Laws to Canada—a gigantic task, already successfully achieved.

All these traits and more we find concentrated in the owner of yonder pleasant country seat, basking in the sunbeams of a May morning.

The Laird of Clermont descends from an old French family, settled two centuries back at *Ste. Anne du Nord*, County of Montmorency. History* has recorded how one of his maternal ancestors, " Marie Caron, épouse de Jean Picard," was carried off with her four infants, on the 4th June, 1660, from Ste. Anne, by a party of Indians—how the Marquis D'Argenson, Governor of Quebec, sent another party of Indians to rescue the captives—how the relief party concealed themselves on the shore opposite to Quebec, on a point where the enemies' canoes were expected to pass—how a volley, poured in *à propos*, killed

* *Ferland's Histoire du Canada*, vol. I, p. 454, and note.

two and wounded three of the marauders, unfortunately the heroic mother receiving in the fight a ball, from the effects of which she died shortly afterwards, one of her children being also wounded to death : the rest were saved.

Clermont* is indicated by one of the most reliable of our historians, the Abbé Ferland, as the spot where one of the first Sillery missionaries met with his end at the hands of some hostile Indians. This occurred in the spring of 1655. The missionary at the time was helping the colonist to build a small redoubt to protect their maize and wheat fields from the inroads of their enemies. On viewing, at Sillery, in 1865, Clermont the country seat of an eminent gentleman of the long robe, memory reverts to the same locality two centuries back, when another eminent gentleman of the long robe, the Attorney General Ruette d'Auteuil, had his country residence at Sillery.

Clermont stands about two acres from the main road, three miles from Quebec, a handsome, comfortable and substantial villa. The umbraceous grove of trees which encloses it from view, is a second growth, planted by the present occupant some fifteen years ago : its progress has been truly wonderful. The view from the veranda and back of the house is magnificent in the extreme.

It was built by the Hon. Mr. Justice Caron, and has been his family mansion ever since he left Spencer Grange. We find in it combined the taste and comfort which presides in Canadian homes, and in the fortunes of its owner, an illustration of the fact, that under the sway of Great Britain, the road to the highest honors has ever been open to colonists, irrespective of creed or nationality.

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* " En 1655, les Iroquois furieux d'avoir vu manquer l'effet de leurs propositions faites aux Hurons, firent des incursions dans la colonie et jusqu'au bas de Québec. Au mois de mai, on plantait le ble-d'Inde dans les environs de Québec : un frère Jesuite avait voulu engager les algonquins à faire la garde chacun leur tour et, pour leur donner l'exemple, le bon Frère avait voulu être la première sentinelle. Il s'était donc avancé en explorant dans les bois (c'était dans le voisinage de la propriété actuelle de M. le Juge Caron, sur le chemin du Cap Rouge), tout à coup le Frère reçut deux coups de feu qui l'étendirent à terre grièvement blessé, et en même temps deux Iroquois, sortant d'un taillis, l'assommèrent et lui enlevèrent la chevelure. (Cours d'histoire de de l'abbé Ferland à l'Université Laval). Page 4 du *Journal de l'Instruction Publique*, pour Janvier, 1865."

*In the last century, the late Chancellor Livingstone owned a noble country seat on the banks of the Hudson, also called Clermont.

Ravenswood.

"Near some fair town I'd have a private seat,
Built uniform, nor little, nor too great;
Better if on a rising ground it stood,—
On this side fields, on that a neighboring wood;
A little garden, grateful to the eye,
Where a cool rivulet runs murmuring by."

In the year 1848, Samuel Wright, Esq., of Quebec, purchased from John Porter, Esq., that upper portion of Meadowbank (the old estate of Lieutenant Governor Cramahe in 1762), which lies to the north of the Cap Rouge or St. Lewis road, and built a dwelling thereon. In 1849 Mr. Wright's property was put in the market, and Ravenswood acquired by the present owner, William Herring, Esq., of the firm of Charles E. Levey & Co. No sylvan spot could have been procured, had all the woods around Quebec been ransacked, of wilder beauty. In the centre a pretty cottage; to the east, trees; to the west, trees; to the north and south, trees—stately trees all around you. Within a few rods from the hall door a limpid little brook oozes from under an old plantation, and forms, under a thorn tree of extraordinary size and most fantastically shaped limbs, a reservoir of clear water, round which, from a rustic seat, you notice speckled trout roaming fearlessly. Here was, for a man familiar with the park-like scenery of England, a store of materials to work into shape. That dense forest must be thinned; that indispensable adjunct of every Sillery home, a velvety lawn, must be had; a peep through the trees, on the surrounding country obtained; the stream dammed up so as to produce a sheet of water, on which a birch canoe will be launched; more air let in round the house; more of the forest cut away; and some fine, beach, birch, maple, and pine trees grouped. The lawn would look better with a graceful and leafy elm in the centre, and a few smaller ones added to the perspective. By dint of care, elms of a goodly size are removed from the mountain brow. The efforts of the proprietor to plant large trees at Ravenswood have been eminently successful, and ought to stimulate others to add such valuable, such permanent elements of beauty, to their country seats. One plantation, by its size and luxuriance, pleased us more than any other, that which shades both sides of the avenue. Few of our places can boast of posses-

sing a more beautifully-wooded and gracefully-curved approach to the house than Ravenswood. You see nothing of the dwelling until you emerge from this neat plantation of evergreens. We once viewed it under its most fascinating aspect: 'tis pretty in the bright effulgent radiance of day, but when the queen of night sends forth her soft rays, and allows them to slumber silently on the rustling bows of the green pines and firs, with the dark gravelled avenue, visible here and there at every curve, no sounds heard except the distant murmur of the *Chaudière* river, the effect is very pleasing.

The accompanying sketch of Ravenswood was taken from under the thorn tree, close to the pond.

The Highlands.

The range of heights which extend from Spencer Wood, west, to the black bridge over the stream at Kilmarnock, gradually recedes from the road, leaving at its foot a spacious area interspersed with green pastures, lawns, ploughed fields and plantations. On the most elevated plateau of this range stands "The Highlands," a large substantial fire-brick dwelling, with an ample veranda, erected a few years back by Michael Stevenson, Esquire, merchant, of Quebec. The site is recommended by a fine view of the River St. Lawrence, an airy and healthy position, and the luxuriant foliage of the spruce, pine and maple in the back grounds. The internal arrangements of the dwelling, whether regard be had to ventilation in summer or heating in winter, are on the most modern and improved plan. "The Highlands" lie close to St. Michael's Cove, teaming with historical recollections, a little to the west thereof, in front of St. Lewis road of historic renown, over which pranced, in 1663, the Marquis of Tracy's gaudy equipage and splendid body-guard wearing, as history tells, the uniform of the *Gardes de la Reine*. In Sept., 1759,* The Rochbeaucourt Cavalry, with their "blue uniforms and neat light horses of different

* "7th September, 1759.—Fine warm weather; Admiral Holmes's squadron weighed early this morning. At six o'clock we doubled the mouth of the Chaudière, which is near half a mile over; and at eight we came to anchor off Cap Rouge. Here is a spacious cove, into which the river St. Michael disembogues, and within the mouth of it are the enemy's floating batteries. A large body of the enemy are well entrenched round the cove, (which is of circular form) as if jealous of a descent in those parts; they appear very

colours," scoured the heights in all directions, watching the motions of the English fleet, which you see in the plate of the Seige Operations, lying at anchor at Sillery, ready, the huge black leviathans, to hurl destruction on the devoted city. In 1837, we remember right well seeing the Earl of Elgin's magnificent equipage, thundering daily over this same road: the Earl being a particular admirer of the Cap Rouge scenery. This seat has just passed over, by purchase, to Chas. Temple, Esq., son of our respected fellow-townsman, Major Temple, who for a series of years served in that same 15th Regiment, to whose prowess the Plains of Abraham bore witness during the war of the conquest.

Rosewood.

" Along their blushing borders, bright with dew,
And in yon mingled wilderness of flowers,
Fair-handed Spring unbosoms every grace;
Throws out the snow-drop and the crocus first;
The daisy, primrose, violet darkly blue,
And polyanthus of unnumber'd dyes;
The yellow wall-flower, stain'd with iron-brown;
And lavish stock that scents the garden round;
From the soft wing of vernal breezes shed,
Anemonies; auriculas, enrich'd
With shining meal o'er all their velvet leaves;
And full ranunculas, of glowing red.
Then comes the tulip race, where beauty plays
Her idle freaks; from family diffus'd
To family, as flies the father dust,
The varied colors run; and while they break
On the charm'd eye th' exulting florist marks,
With sweet pride, the wonders of his hand.
No gradual bloom is wanting; from the bud,
First-born of spring, to summer's musky tribes
Nor hyacinths, of purest virgin white,
Low bent, and blushing inward; nor jonquils

numerous, and may amount to about one thousand six hundred men, besides their cavalry, who are cloathed in blue, and mounted on neat light horses of different colours: they seem very alert, parading and counter marching between the woods on the heights in their rear, and their breastworks, in order to make their numbers show to greater advantage. The lands all round us are high and commanding, which gave the enemy an opportunity of popping at our ships, this morning, as we tacked in working up."—*Knox's Journal*, Vol. ii., page 56.

Of potent fragrance; nor narcissus fair,
As o'er the fabled fountain hanging still;
Nor broad carnations, nor gay spotted pink;
Nor, shower'd from every bush, the damask rose."

A tiny and unostentatious cottage buried amongst trees. All around it, first, flowers; secondly, flowers; thirdly, flowers. The garden, a network of walks, and spruce hedges of rare beauty; occasionally you stumble unexpectedly on a rustic bower, tenanted by Apollos or Greek slaves in marble, or else you find yourself on turning an angle on the shady bank of a sequestered pond, in which lively trout disport themselves as merrily as those gold-fish you just noticed in the aquarium in the hall hung round with Kriegkoff's exquisite "Canadian scenery." You can also, as you pass along, catch the loud notes issuing from the house aviary and blending with the soft, wild melody of the wood warblers and robin; but the prominent feature of the place are flowers, sweet flowers, to charm the eye and perfume the air. Do not wonder at that; this is the summer residence of a gentleman whose name stands high on the Montreal and Quebec exhibition prize list, and who has been as successful in his commercial ventures as he has been in the culture of carnations, zenias, gladiolus, roses and dahlias. We remember seeing six hundred dahlias in bloom at Rosewood at the same time; the *coup d'œil* and contrasts between the varieties were striking in the extreme.

Several views of Rosewood are given. This rustic cottage is the summer residence of Jas. Gibb, Esq., of the old firm of Lane, Gibb & Co.

Cap Rouge Cottage.

With its rear facing St. Augustin parish, eight miles from the city, a commodious dwelling graces the summit of the lofty cape or promontory, which terminates westward the elevated *plateau*, on the eastern extremity of which, Champlain, in 1608, raised the lily-spangled banner of the Bourbons. Unquestionably the environs of Quebec are rich in scenery, revelling one half of the year in rural loveliness, the other half enjoying that solid comfort, which successful enterprise, taste and free institutions communicate to whatever they touch; but no where, not even at Spencer Wood, or Wood-

field, has nature lavished such beautiful landscapes, such enchanting views. Three centuries ago, Europeans had struck here their tents, until the return of spring, attracted by the charms of the spot; three hundred years after that, a man of taste—to whom we may now without fear, give his due, as he is where neither praise nor censure can be suspected,—an English merchant had selected this site for its rare attractiveness; here he resided for many summers. In 1833 he removed to Spencer Wood. We allude to the late Henry Atkinson, who was succeeded at the Cap Rouge Cottage by William Atkinson, Esq., merchant of London, England. Mr. William Atkinson lived in affluence and happiness at Cap Rouge, several years. There are yet at Quebec those who remember the kind-heartedness and hospitality of this old English gentleman.

Geo. Usborne, Esq., was the next occupant of the cottage. The estate consisted formerly of close on one hundred acres of land, extending north across the king's highway, with a river frontage of about twenty acres; the lot on the south side of the road is laid out, one half in a park, the remainder in two or three fruit and flower gardens, divided by brick walls to trail vines and ripen fruit. It lies quite sheltered with a southerly exposure, bounded by the lofty, perpendicular river banks; the base, some two or three hundred feet below, skirted by a narrow road, washed by the waves of the St. Lawrence. A magnificent avenue glides along the high bank under centennial, ever-verdant pines, whose far outspreading branches, under the influence of winds, sigh a plaintive but soothing music, blending their soft rustle to the roar of the Etchemin or the Chaudière rivers before easterly gales; how well Pickering has it :—

> "The overshadowing pines alone, through which I roam,
> Their verdure keep, although it darker looks;
> And hark! as it comes sighing through the grove,
> The exhausted gale, a spirit there awakens
> That wild and melancholy music makes."

From the house veranda, the eye plunges westward down the high cape, following the capricious windings of the Cape Rouge stream far to the north, or else scans the green uplands of St. Augustin, its white cottages rising in soft undulations as far as the sight can reach. Over the extreme point of the southwestern cape hangs a fairy pavillion, like an eagle's eyre amongst alpine crags, just a degree more secure than that pensile old fir

tree which you notice at your feet stretching over the chasm; beneath you, the majestic flood, Canada's pride, with a hundred merchantmen sleeping on its placid waters, and the orb of day dancing blythely over every ripple. Oh! for a few hours to roam with those we love under these old pines—listen to the voices of other years, and cull a fragrant wreath of those wild flowers which everywhere strew our path.

Is there not enough of nature's charms around this sunny, truly Canadian home? And how much of the precious metal would many an English duke give to possess, in his own famed isle, a site of such exquisite beauty? We confess, we denizens of Quebec, we do feel proud of our Quebec scenery; not that on comparison we think the less of other localities, but that on looking round we get to think the more of our own.

Cap Rouge, from its having been the location of Europeans, early in the sixteenth century, must claim the attention of every man of cultivated mind who takes a pleasure in scrutinizing the past, and in tracing the advent on our shores of the various races of European descent, now identified with this land of the West, yearning for the bright destinies the future has in store.

At the foot of the Cape, on which the Cap Rouge Cottage now stands, Jacques Cartier and Roberval wintered, the first in 1541-2; the second in 1543-4. Recent discoveries have merely added to the interest which these historical incidents awaken. The new *Historical Picture of Quebec*, published in 1834, thus alludes to these circumstances:—

"We now come to another highly interesting portion of local history. It has been stated that the old historians were apparently ignorant of this last voyage of Cartier. Some place the establishment of the fort at Cape Breton, and confound his proceedings with those of Roberval. The exact spot where Cartier passed his second winter in Canada is not mentioned in any publication that we have seen. The following is the description given of the station in Hakluyt: 'After which things the said captain went, with two of his boats, up the river, beyond Canada'—the promontory of Quebec is meant—'and the port of St. Croix, to view a haven and a small river which is about four leagues higher, which he found better and more commodious to ride in, and lay his ships, than the former. * * * The said river is small, not passing fifty paces broad,

and ships drawing three fathoms water may enter in at full sea; and at low water there is nothing but a channel of a foot deep or thereabouts. * * * The mouth of the river is towards the south, and it windeth northward like a snake; and at the mouth of it, towards the east, there is a high and steep cliff, where we made a way in manner of a pair of stairs, and aloft we made a fort to keep the nether fort and the ships, and all things that might pass as well by the great as by this small river.' Who that reads the above accurate description will doubt that the mouth of the little river Cap Rouge was the station chosen by Jacques Cartier for his second wintering place in Canada? The original description of the grounds and scenery on both sides of the river Cap Rouge is equally faithful with that which we have extracted above. The precise spot on which the upper fort of Jacques Cartier was built, afterwards enlarged by Roberval, has been fixed by an ingenious gentleman of Quebec, at the top of Cap Rouge height, a short distance from the handsome villa and establishment of H. Atkinson (now of Jos. B. Forsyth). There is, at the distance of about an acre to the north of Mr. Atkinson's house, a hillock of artificial construction, upon which are trees indicating great antiquity; and as it does not appear that any fortifications were erected on this spot, either in the war of 1759, or during the attack of Quebec by the Americans in 1775, it is extremely probable that here are to be found the interesting site and remains of the ancient fort in question.

"On his return to the fort of Charlesbourg Royal, the suspicions of Cartier as to the unfriendly disposition of the Indians were confirmed. He was informed that the natives now kept aloof from the fort, and had ceased to bring them fish and provisions as before. He also learned from some of the men who had been at Stadacona, that an unusual number of Indians had assembled there—and associating, as he always seems to have done, the idea of danger with any concourse of the natives, he resolved to take all necessary precautions, causing everything in the fortress to be set in order.

"At this crisis, to the regret of all who feel an interest in the local history of the time, the relation of Cartier's third voyage abruptly breaks off. Of the proceedings during the winter which he spent at Cap Rouge, nothing is known. It is probable that it passed over without any col-

lision with the natives, although the position of the French, from their numerical weakness, must have been attended with great anxiety.

"It has been seen that Roberval, notwithstanding his lofty titles, and really enterprising character, did not fulfil his engagement to follow Cartier with supplies sufficient for the setttlement of a colony, until the year following. By that time the Lieutenant General had furnished three large vessels chiefly at the King's cost, having on board two hundred persons, several gentlemen of quality, and settlers, both men and women. He sailed from La Rochelle on the 16th of April, 1542, under the direction of an experienced pilot, by name John Alphonse, of Xaintonge. The prevalence of westerly winds prevented their reaching Newfoundland until the 7th June. On the 8th they entered the road of St. John, where they found seventeen vessels engaged in the fisheries. During his stay in this road, he was surprised and disappointed by the appearance of Jacques Cartier, on his return from Canada, whither he had been sent the year before with five ships. Cartier had passed the winter at the fortress described above; and gave as a reason for the abandonment of the settlement, 'that he could not with his small company withstand the savages which went about daily to annoy him.' He continued, nevertheless, to speak of the country as very rich and fruitful. Cartier is said, in the relation of Roberval's voyage in Hakluyt, to have produced some gold ore found in the country, which on being tried in a furnace, proved to be good. He had with him also some *diamonds*, the natural production of the promontory of Quebec, from which the Cape derived its name. The Lieutenant General having brought so strong a reinforcement of men and necessaries for the settlement, was extremely urgent with Cartier to go back again to Cap Rouge, but without success. It is most probable that the French, who had recently passed a winter of hardship in Canada, would not permit their Captain to attach himself to the fortunes and particular views of Roberval. Perhaps, the fond regret of home prevailed over the love of adventure; and like men who conceived that they had performed their part of the contract into which they had entered, they were not disposed to encounter new hardships under a new leader. In order, therefore, to prevent any open disagreement, Cartier weighed anchor in the course of the night, and without taking leave of Roberval, made all sail for France. It is

impossible not to regret this somewhat inglorious termination of a distinguished career. Had he returned to his fort, with the additional strength of Roberval, guided by his own skill and experience, it is most probable that the colony would have been destined to a permanent existence. Cartier undertook no other voyage to Canada; but he afterwards completed a sea chart, drawn by his own hand, which was extant in the possession of one of his nephews, Jacques Noël, of St. Malo, in 1587, who seems to have taken great interest in the further development of the vast country discovered by his deceased uncle. Two letters of his have been preserved, relating to the maps and writings of Cartier: the first written in 1587, and the other a year or two later, in which he mentions that his two sons, Michael and John Noël, were then in Canada, and that he was in expectation of their return. Cartier himself died soon after his return to France, having sacrificed his fortune in the cause of discovery. As an indemnification for the losses their uncle had sustained, this Jacques Noël and another nephew, De la Launay Chaton, received in 1588, an exclusive privilege to trade to Canada during twelve years; but this was revoked four months after it was granted.

"Roberval, notwithstanding his mortification at the loss of Cartier's experience and aid in his undertaking, determined to proceed; and sailing from Newfoundland about the end of June, 1543, he arrived at Cap Rouge, 'four leagues westward of the Isle of Orleans,' towards the end of July. Here the French immediately fortified themselves, 'in a place fit to command the main river, and of strong situation against all manner of enemies.' The position was, no doubt, that chosen by Jacques Cartier the year previous. The following is the description given in Hakluyt of the buildings erected by Roberval: 'The said General on his first arrival built a fair fort, near and somewhat westward above Canada, which is very beautiful to behold, and of great force, situated upon a high mountain, wherein there were two courts of buildings, a great tower, and another of forty or fifty feet long, wherein there were divers chambers, a hall, a kitchen, cellars high and low, and near unto it were an oven and mills, and a stove to warm men in, and a well before the house. And the building was situated upon the great River of Canada called *France-Prime* by Monsieur Roberval. There was also at the foot of the mountain another lodging, where at the first all our vic-

tuals, and whatsoever was brought with us, were sent to be kept, and near unto that tower there is another small river. In these two places above and beneath, all the meaner sort was lodged.' This fort was called *France-Roy*; but of these extensive buildings, erected most probably in a hasty and inartificial manner, no traces now remain, unless we consider as such the mound above mentioned, near the residence of Mr. Atkinson, at Cap Rouge.

"On the 14th September, Roberval sent back to France two of his vessels, with two gentlemen, bearers of letters to the King; who had instructions to return the following year with supplies for the settlement. The natives do not appear, by the relation given, to have evinced any hostility to the new settlers. Unfortunately, the scurvy again made its appearance among the French, and carried off no less than fifty during the winter. The morality of this little colony was not very rigid—perhaps they were pressed by hunger, and induced to plunder from each other—at all events the severity of the Viceroy towards his handful of subjects appears not to have been restricted to the male sex. The method adopted by the Governor to secure a quiet life will raise a smile: 'Monsieur Roberval used very good justice, and punished every man according to his offence. One whose name was Michael Gaillon, was hanged for his theft. John of Nantes was laid in irons, and kept prisoner for his offence; and others also were put in irons, and divers were whipped, as well men as women, by which means they lived in quiet.'

"We have no record extant of the other proceedings of Roberval during the winter of 1543. The ice broke up in the month of April; and on the 5th June, the Lieutenant General departed from the winter quarters on an exploring expedition to the Province of Saguenay, as Cartier had done on a former occasion. Thirty persons were left behind in the fort under the command of an officer, with instructions to return to France, if he had not returned by the 1st July. There are no particulars of this expedition, on which, however, Roberval employed a considerable time. For we find that on the 14th June, four of the gentlemen belonging to the expedition returned to the fort, having left Roberval on the way to Saguenay; and on the 19th, some others came back, bringing with them some six score weight of Indian corn; and directions for the rest to wait for the return of the Viceroy, until the 22nd

July. An incident happened in this expedition, which seems to have escaped the notice of the author of the treaties on the *Canon de bronze* (A. Barthelot), which we have noticed in a former chapter. It certainly gives an authentic account of a shipwreck having been suffered in the St. Lawrence, to which, perhaps, the finding of the cannon, and the tradition about Jacques Cartier, may with some probability be referred. The following is the extract in question : ' Eight men and one bark were drowned and lost, among whom were Monsieur de Noire Fontaine, and one named La Vasseur of Constance.' The error as to the name might easily arise, Jacques Cartier having been there so short a time before, and his celebrity in the country being so much greater than that of Roberval, or of any of his companions."

Cap Rouge Cottage is now owned by Joseph Bell Forsyth, Esq., of the firm of Forsyth, Pemberton & Co.

Beauséjour.

About one mile beyond the St. Foy Church, there is a magnificent farm of one hundred acres, lying chiefly on the north side of the road. The dwelling, a roomy, one-story cottage, stands about two acres from the highway, from which a copse of trees interrupts the view.

There are at present in process of completion at this spot, several embellishments which bid fair to render it worthy of the notice of every man of taste. It is merely necessary to assist nature in order to obtain here most gratifying results. Between the road fence and the dwelling, a small brook has worn its bed, at the bottom of a deep ravine, sweeping past the house lawn westward, and then changing its course to due north-west : the boundary in that direction between that and the adjoining property. The banks of the ravine are enclosed in a belt of every imaginable forest shrub, wild cherry, mountain ash, raspberry, blueberry, interspersed here and there with superb specimens of oak, spruce, fir and pine. Recently a second avenue has been laid out amongst the trees between the road fence and the brook, to connect with the lawn at the west of the house, by a neat little bridge, resting on two square piers about twenty-five feet high : on either side of the bridge, a solid dam is

being constructed of the boulders and stones removed from the lower portion of the property, intended to form two trout ponds of a couple of acres in length each; a passage in the dam is left for the water-fall, which will be in full view of the bridge. On the edge of the bank, overhanging the ravine, nature seems to have pointed out the spot for a pavillion, from which the disciple of Isaac Walton will throw a cast below. The green fringe of mountain shrubs in bud, blossom or fruit, encircling the farm, materially enhances the beauty of this sylvan landscape,—the eye resting with particular pleasure on the vast expanse of meadow of a vivid green, clothed in most luxuriant grass, some 10,000 bundles of hay for the mower, in due time. About two acres from the house, to the west, is placed a rustic seat, under two weather-beaten, though still verdant oaks, which stretch their boughs across the river: closer again to the cottage, the eye meets two pavillions. The new avenue, rustic bridges, ponds and pavillions, are all due to the good taste of the present owner, Louis Bilodeau, Esq. This rural home was for several years occupied in summer by the Rev. Edmund Sewell, and does not belie its name—Beauséjour.

Belmont.

Owners—Intendant Talon, 1670; General James Murray, 1765; Sir John Caldwell, 1810; J. W. Dunscomb, Esquire, 1854.

That genial old joker, Sir John Barrington, in his *Sketches*, has invested the Irish homes and Irish gentry of his day with features certainly very original—at times so singular as to be difficult of acceptance. True, he lived in an age and amongst a people proverbial for generous hospitality and for conviviality carried to its extreme limit. Gargantuan banquets he describes, pending which the jorums of punch and claret imbibed appear to us something fabulous. Irish squires, roystering Irish barristers, toddling home in pairs after having stowed away under their belts as many as twelve bottles of claret a piece, during a prolonged sitting, *i. e.*, from 6 P.M. to 6 A.M. Such intrepid diners-out were known as "Twelve bottle men;" and, verily, if the old Judge is to be credited, they might have been advantageously pitted even against such a Homeric

guzzler as history depicts Aurora Konïgsmark's sturdy son, Marechal Saxe, who, in his youth, 'tis said, tossed off, at one draught, and without experiencing any ill effects, one whole gallon of wine.

The first time our eye scanned the silent and deserted banquetting-halls of Belmont, with their lofty ceilings, and recalling the traditional accounts of the hospitable gentlemen, whose joviality had once lit up the scene, visions of social Ireland of Barrington's day floated uppermost in our mind. We could fancy we saw the gay roysterers of times by-gone—first a *fête champêtre* of lively French officers from Quebec, making merry over their Bordeaux or Burgundy, and celebrating the news of their recent victories over the English at Fontenoy,* Lauffeld or Carillon, to the jocund sound of *Vive la France! Vive le Marechal Saxe! à la Claire Fontaine*, &c.; then Governor Murray, surrounded by his veterans, Guy Carleton, Col. Caldwell, Majors Hale, Holland, and some of the new subjects, such as the brave Chs. DeLanaudière,† complimenting one another all round over the feats of the respective armies at the two memorable battles of the Plains, and all joining loyally in repeating the favorite toast in Wolfe's fleet, *British colors on every French fort, port and garrison in America.* Later on, at the beginning of the present century, a gathering of those Canadian Barons, so graphically delineated by J. Lambert in his *Travels in Canada, in* 1808—one week surrounding the festive board of this jolly Receiver General of Canada at Belmont; the next at Charlesbourg, making the romantic echoes of the Hermitage ring again with old English cheer and loyal toasts to "George the King," or else installing a "Baron" at the Union Hotel, *Place d'Armes*,—possibly in the

* The sanguinary battle of Fontenoy was fought on the 11th May, 1745. The Duke of Cumberland, subsequently surnamed "the butcher," for his brutality at Culloden, commanding the English, &c.; the French led by Marechal de Saxe. This defeat, which took place under the eye of Louis XV., cost the British 4041, their allies the Hanoverians, 1762, and the Dutch 1544 men. Success continued to attend the French arms at Ghent, Bruges, Oudenarde, and Dendermond, which were captured.—(*Lord Mahon.*) Wolfe, Murray and Townshend were at Fontenoy. The battle of Lauffeld took place on the 2nd July, 1747, the English commanded by Cumberland, the French by Saxe, the chief of the English Cavalry, Sir John Ligonier, being taken prisoner.—(*Lord Mahon.*) The French victory of Carillon, in which the Militia of Canada bore a conspicuous part, was won near Lake George, 8th July, 1758. The English army, under General Abercrombie, though more numerous, was repulsed with slaughter.

† Chs. Tarieu De Lanaudière, Knight of St. Louis, commanded a portion of the Canadian Militia at Carillon, and also during the campaign of 1759. Under English rule, he was Aide de Camp to Sir Guy Carleton—served in 1775, and accompanied the General to England, where Geo. III. rewarded him handsomely. He was called to the Legislative Council, and appointed Deputy Postmaster General of Canada.

very council-room in which the State secrets of Canada are now daily canvassed—and flinging down to the landlord, as Lambert says, "250 guineas for the entertainment." Ah! where are now the choice spirits of that comparatively modern day, the rank and fashion who used to go and sip claret or eat ice-cream with Sir James Craig, at Powell Place? Where gone the Muirs, Painters, Munros, Matthew Bells, De Lanaudières, Lymburners, Smiths, Finlays, Caldwells, Percevals, Jonathan Sewells? Alas! like the glories of Belmont, departed, or living in the chambers of memory only.

This estate, which, until lately, consisted of four hundred and fifty acres, extending from the line of the Grande Allée down to the Bijou wood, was *conceded* in 1649 by the Jesuit Fathers to M. Godfroy. It passed over, in 1670, to the celebrated Intendant Talon, by deed of sale executed on the 28th September, 1670, before Romain Becquet, Notaire Royal. Messire Jean Talon is described in that instrument as "Conseiller du roi en ses conseils d'etat et premier intendant de justice, police et finance de la Nouvelle France, Isle de Terre Neuve, Acadie et pays de l'Amerique Septentrionale." Shortly after the conquest it was occupied by Chief Justice Wm. Gregory. In 1765 it was sold for £500 by David Alves of Montreal, to General James Murray, who, after the first battle of the Plains, had remained Governor of Quebec, whilst his immediate superior, Brigadier Geo. Townshend, had hurried to England to cull the laurels of victory. In 1775, we find that one of the first operations of the American General Montgomery was to take possession of "General Murray's house, on the St. Foy road." General Murray also, probably, then owned the property subsequently known as Holland's Farm, where Montgomery had his headquarters. All through our history the incidents, actors and results of battles are tolerably well indicated, but the domestic history of individuals and exact descriptions of localities are scarcely ever furnished, so that the reader will not be surprised should several *lacunæ* occur in the sketch of Belmont, one of the most interesting Canadian country seats in the neighbourhood of Quebec The history of Holland House might, of itself, furnish quite a small epic; and, doubtless, from the exalted position of many of the past owners of Belmont, its old walls, could they obtain utterance, might reveal interesting incidents of our past history, which will otherwise ever be buried in oblivion.

In the memory of Quebecers, Belmont must always remain more particularly connected with the name of the Caldwells, three generations of whom occupied its spacious halls. The founder of this old family, who played a conspicuous part in Canadian politics for half a century, was the Hon. Col. Henry Caldwell, for many years Receiver General of the Province, by royal appointment, and member of the Legislative Council. He came first to Canada in 1759, says Knox,* as Assistant Quartermaster General to Wolfe, under whom he served. When appointed Receiver General, the salary attached to that high office† was £400 per annum, with the understanding that he might *account* at his convenience to the Imperial Government provided he honored the drafts on the treasury. He did *account* at his convenience, or rather he never accounted at all, probably as it was anything but *convenient* to do so, having followed the traditional policy of high officials under French rule, and speculated largely in mills, &c. The fault was more the consequences of the system than that of the individual, and had his ventures turned out well, no doubt the high-minded Colonel and Receiver General would have made matters straight before dying. In 1801 Col. Caldwell was returned member for Dorchester, where he owned the rich Seigniory of Lauzon, and a most extensive mill at the Etchemin river, the same subsequently owned by J. Thomson, Esq., and now by Hy. Atkinson, Esq., late of Spencer Wood. The Colonel was re-elected by the same constituency in 1805, and again in 1809; lived in splendor at Belmont, as a polished gentleman of that age knew how to live, and died there in 1810. Belmont is situated on the St. Foy road, on its north side, at the end of a long avenue of trees, distant three miles from Quebec. The original mansion, which was burnt down in 1798, was rebuilt by the Colonel in 1800 on plans furnished by an Engineer Officer of the name of Brabazon. It stood in the garden between the present house and main or St. Foy road. The cellar forms the spacious root-house, at present in the garden. Col. Caldwell's exquisite entertainments soon drew around his table some of the best men of Quebec, of the time, such as the gallant Gen. Brock, John Coltman, William Coltman, the Hales, Foy, Haldimand, Dr. Beeby of Powell Place, J. Lester, John Blackwood. In 1810 Mr. John Caldwell, son of

* *Knox's Journal.* Vol. 1, p. 179.

† The Bureau was at the foot of Mountain Hill, next to (the Old Neptune) *Chronicle* Office.

the Colonel, accepted the succession, with its liabilities, not then known He made the Lauzon manor his permanent residence in summer, and was also appointed Receiver General. In 1817 Belmont was sold to the Hon. J. Irvine, M.P.P., the grandfather of the present member for Megantic, George J. Irvine, Esq. Hon. Mr. Irvine resided there until 1833. The beautiful row of trees which line the house avenue and other embellishments, are due to his good taste. In 1833 the property reverted to the late Sir Henry Caldwell, the son of Sir John Caldwell, who, in 1827, had inherited the title by the death of an Irish relative, Sir James Caldwell, the third Baronet (who was made a Count of Milan by the Empress Maria Theresa, and descended by his mother's side from the 20th Lord Kerry). John Caldwell of Lauzon, having become Sir John Caldwell, *menait un grain train*, the old peasants of Etchemin repeat to this day. His house, stud and amusements were those of a baron of old and of a hospitable Irish gentleman, spreading money and progress over the length and breadth of the land. At his death, which happened at Boston in 1845, the insignificent Etchemin settlement, through his efforts, had materially increased in wealth, size and population. There was, however, at his demise, an *error* in his Government balance sheet of £100,000 on the debit side!

Belmont lines the St. Foy heights, in a most picturesque situation. The view from the east and north-western windows is magnificently grand; probably one might count more than a dozen church spires glittering in the distance—peeping out of every happy village which dots the base of the blue mountains to the north. In 1854 this fine property was purchased by J. W. Dunscomb, Esq., Collector of Customs, Quebec, who resided there several years, and recently sold the mansion and garden to the Roman Catholic Church authorities of Quebec, reserving 400 acres for himself. The old house, within a few months back, was purchased by Mr. Wakeham, for many years the manager of the Beauport Asylum. His successful treatment of diseases of the mind induced him to open, at this healthy and secluded spot, under the name of the "Belmont Retreat," a private *Maison de Santé*, where wealthy patients are treated with that delicate care which they could not expect in a crowded asylum. The same success will, doubtless, attend Mr. Wakeham's enterprise at Belmont which crowned it in Beauport.

Holland Farm.

This estate, which formerly comprised two hundred acres of ground, extending from the brow of the St. Foy heights to St. Michael's Chapel on the Samos or St. Lewis road, possesses considerable interest for the student of Canadian history, both under French and under English rule. The original dwelling, a long high-peaked French structure, stood on an eminence closer to the St. Foy road than does the present house. It was built about the year 1740, by a rich Lower Town merchant, Monsieur Jean Taché,* who resided there after his marriage in 1742 with Mademoiselle Marie Anne Jolliet de Mingan, grand-daughter to the celebrated discoverer of the Mississippi, Louis Jolliet. Monsieur Jean Taché was also *Syndic des Marchands*, member of the Supreme Council of Quebec, and ancestor to the present Premier, Sir E. P. Taché. He at one time owned several vessels, but his floating wealth having, during the war of the conquest, become the prize of English cruisers, the St. Peter street Nabob of 1740, as it has since happened to some of his successors in that *romantic* neighborhood,—lost his money. Loss of fortune did not, however, imply loss of honor, as old memoirs of that day describe him, "Homme integrè et d'esprit." He had been selected, in the last years of French rule, to go and lay at the foot of the French Throne the grievances of the Canadians. About this time, the St. Foy road was becoming a fashionable resort, *Hawkin's Picture of Quebec* calls it "The favorite drive of the Canadian Belle before the conquest." The person meant is probably the beautiful Madame Hughes Pean, *née* De Meloises, the consort of the Town Major of Quebec, who doubtless occasionally dropped a card on the lady of the wealthy Canadian merchant. This is an interesting period in colonial life, but imperfectly known,—nor will a passage from Jeffery, an old and valued English writer, illustrative of men, manners and amusements in the Colony, when it passed over to the English monarch, be out of place:—

"The number of inhabitants being considerably increased, they pass their time very aggreeably. The Governor General, with his household; several of the *noblesse* of exceeding good families; the officers of the army, who in France are all gentlemen; the Intendant, with a Supreme Council,

* Mr. Jean Taché was the first owner of the "Old Neptune Inn" at the foot of Mountain Hill, and of a poetical turn, having written the first Canadian poem, intituled *Tableau de la Mer.*

and the inferior magistrates; the Commissary of the Marine; the Grand Provost; the Grand Hunter (if the office should be revived under the Confederation, it must necessarily fall to the lot of the Sillery Nimrod); the Grand Master of the Woods and Forests, who has the most extensive jurisdiction in the world; rich merchants, or such as live as if they were so; the Bishops and a numerous Seminary; two colleges of Recollets, as many of Jesuits; with three Nunneries; amongst all these you are at no loss to find agreeable company and the most entertaining conversation. Add to this the diversions of the place, such as the assemblies at the Lady Governess's and Lady Intendant's; parties at cards, or of pleasure, such as in the winter on the ice, in sledges, or in skating; and in the summer in chaises or canoes; also hunting, which it is impossible not to be fond of in a country abounding with plenty of game of all kinds.

"It is remarked of the Canadians that their conversation is enlivened by an air of freedom which is natural and peculiar to them, and that they speak the French in the greatest purity and without the least false accent. There are few rich people in that Colony, though they all live well, are extremely generous and hospitable, keep very good tables, and love to dress very finely. * * * * * The Canadians have carried the love of arms and glory, so natural to their mother-country, along with them. * * * * * War is not only welcome to them but coveted with extreme ardor." *

During the fall of 1775, the old mansion sheltered Brigadier Richard Montgomery, the leader of the American forlorn hope, who fell on the 31st December of that year, at Près-de-Ville, Champlain street, fighting against those same British whom it had previously been his pride to lead to victory. The husband of Miss Livingstone, now in arms against his late Sovereign, was dealt with summarily as he had dealt with the St. Joachim Canadian peasantry in 1759, whose dwellings he was instructed to burn and did burn. "There were," says Fraser's manuscript, † "several of the enemy killed and wounded, and a few prisoners taken, all of whom the barbarous Captain Montgomery, who commanded us, ordered to be butchered in a most inhuman and cruel manner, particularly two

* *History of French Dominion in North and South America.*—Jeffery, London, 1760, page 9.

† The war in the valley of the St. Lawrence in 1759, seems to have been like the war in the valley of Shenandoah in 1864.

who I sent prisoners by a sergeant after giving them quarters, and engaged that they should not be killed, were one shot and the other knocked down with a tomahawk, and both scalped in my absence. After the skirmish we set about burning the houses with great success, setting all in flames." About the year 1780, we find this residence tenanted by a worthy British officer, who had been a great favorite with the hero of the Plains of Abraham. Major Samuel Holland had fought bravely that day under General Wolfe, and stood, it is said, after the battle, close by the expiring warrior. His dwelling took the name of Holland's House: he added to it, a cupola, which served in lieu of a *prospect tower*, wherefrom could be had a most extensive view of the surrounding country. The important appointment of Surveyor General of the Province, which was bestowed on Major Holland, together with his social qualities, abilities and education, soon gathered round him the *élite* of the English Society in Quebec at that time. Amongst the distinguished guests who frequented Holland House in 1791, we find Edward, afterwards Duke of Kent. The numerous letters still extant addressed by His Royal Highness from Kensington Palace, as late as 1814, to the many warm friends he had left on the banks of the St. Lawrence, contain pleasant reminiscenes of his sojourn amongst his royal father's Canadian lieges. Amongst other frequenters of Holland House, may also be noted a handsome stranger, who after attending—the gayest of the gay—the Quebec *Chateau* balls, Regimental mess dinners, Barons' Club, tandem drives, as the male friend of one of the young Hollands was, to the amazement of all, convicted at a mess dinner, of being a lady in disguise. A *fracas* of course ensued. The lady-like guest soon vamosed to England, where *he* became the lawful spouse of the Hon. Mr. C———, the brother to Lord F———d. One remnant of the Hollands yet endures; the old fir tree on that portion of the property purchased by James Creighton, farmer. Holland tree is still sacred to the memory of the five slumberers, who have reposed for more than a century beneath its hoary branches. Nor has the recollection of the "fatal duel"* faded away. Holland farm, for many years, belonged to Mr. Wilson of the Customs Department, Quebec; in 1843 it passed by purchase to George Okill Stuart, Esq., of Quebec; Mr. Stuart improved the place, removed the old house and built a handsome new one on a rising ground in rear, which he occupied

* The reader is referred to First Series of *Maple Leaves*, for an account of the duel.

for several summers. It again became renowned for gaiety and festivity when subsequently owned by Robert Cassels, Esquire, for many years Manager of the Bank of British North America at Quebec. Col. Lysons had leased it in 1862, for his residence, when the unexpected vote of the House of Assembly on the Militia Bill broke through his arrangements. Holland House, still the property of Mr. Cassels, is now occupied by the present Manager of the Bank of British North America, Farquharson Smith, Esquire.*

Morton Lodge.

The extensive green pastures which General James Murray owned, in 1768, on the St. Foy road, under the name of *Sans bruit*,† form at present several minor estates. One of the handsomest residences of this well-wooded region is Morton Lodge, on the south side of the highway, and bounded by the Belvidère road,—about thirty-two acres in extent. It was honored with this name by one of its former owners, the originator of the lodge, some fifty years ago—the late James Black, Esquire. Morton Lodge is built in the cottage style, with a *suite* of roomy apartments forming a spacious wing in rear; the lawns in front of the house, with a grove of trees, add much to its beauty; a handsome conservatory to the east opens on the drawing-room; it is located in the centre of a flower garden. The additional attraction of this residence is an extensive collection of paintings, purchased at various times by the owner both in Canada and in Europe: the French, Flemish and Italian schools are well represented, and Kreigkoff's *Winter Scenery in Canada* is very worthy of attention.

Morton Lodge, for many years past, has been the residence of David

* Montgomery Place, on the Hudson, the residence of Mrs. Ed. Livingston, a country seat of unrivalled beauty.—"It is," says *Downing*, "one of our oldest improved country seats, having been originally the residence of General Montgomery, the hero of Quebec. On the death of his widow, it passed into the hands of her brother, Edward Livingston, Esq., the late Minister to France."—page 31.

† "John King, living on General Murray's farm, at *Sans bruit*, having the best pasturage for cattle in the neighborhood during the summer, well watered by several runs, informs all those who may choose to send him their cows that they will be well taken care of, and that he will send them cow-herds to town every morning at six o'clock, who will bring them home every evening between five and six. The price will be two dollars for the summer, to be paid said King on St. Michael's day."—*Quebec Gazette, 14th April*, 1768.

Douglass Young, Esquire, President of the Quebec Bank, and formerly a partner of the late G. B. Symes, Esquire. Mr. Young claims, on the maternal side, as ancestor, Donald Fraser, one of Fraser's (78th) Highlanders, a regiment which distinguished itself at the taking of Quebec, whilst fighting under Wolfe, on these same grounds.

Forming a portion of this estate, to the west, may be noticed a cosy little nest, *Bruce's Cottage*, as it was formerly called—now Bannockburn—surrounded on all sides by trees, lawns, flowers; in rear, a small grapery brings in its annual tribute of enjoyment.

Bannockburn is now occupied by Wm. Himsworth, Esq., Assistant Clerk, Executive Council of Canada.

Hamwood.

How many vicissitudes in the destinies of places, men, families, nations! See yonder mansion, its verdant lawns, with the leafy honors of incipient spring encircling it like a garland, perfumed with the aroma of countless buds and blossoms, embellished by conservatory, grapery, avenues of fruit and forest trees. Does not every object bespeak comfort, commercial success?

When you enter that snug billiard-room, so cosily fitted up with fireplace, ottomans, etc.; or when, on a balmy summer evening, you are seated on the ample veranda, close by the kind host, do you not, my legal friend, feel inclined to repeat to yourself—"Commerce, commerce is the turnpike to wealth, to affluence, the path to consideration?"

But was the scene always so smiling, so redolent of rustic enjoyment? If so, why have erected yon stately column, with a fat, helmetted Bellona on the top, mysteriously looking round as if pregnant with a mighty, unfathomable future? Why! ask history why. Open *Knox's Journal of the Siege of Quebec*, and therein read how, in front of that very spot where now you stand, along that identical road, over which you emerged from the city, war once threw her pall. Darken the picture; make it, for the sake of contrast, a winter scene, with the howling blast sighing mournfully through the few remaining gnarled pines and oaks spared by the soldiers; add to it, tired teams of English troops, laboriously drawing, yoked eight

by eight, long sledges of firewood for Murray's depressed, harassed garrison, and you have something like John Knox's *tableau* of St. Foy Road on the 7th December, 1759:—

"Our garrison, now undergo incredible fatigue, not only within but also without the walls, being obliged to load and sleigh home firewood from the forest of St. Foy, which is near four miles distant, and through snow of a surpassing depth; eight men are allowed to each sleigh, who are yoked to it in couples by a set of regular harness, besides one man who guides it behind with a long stout pole, to keep it clear of ruts and other obstructions. We are told that M. de Lévis is making great preparations for the long-meditated assaults on this place (Quebec) with which we are menaced. Christmas is said to be the time fixed for this enterprise, and *Monsieur* says, 'if he succeed he shall be promoted to be *Marechal de France*, and if he fail, Canada will be lost, for he will give it up.'" *

Do not, dear reader, however, fear for the old rock; it is tolerably secure so long as Fraser's Highlanders and British Grenadiers garrison it.

We have here endeavored to contrast the smiling present with the dreary past; peace, progress, wealth, as we find it to-day in this important appendage of the British Crown, ready to expand into an empire, with the dismal appearance of things when it was scantily settled, and in those dark days when war stalked through our land. Hamwood takes its name from that of the paternal estate of the Hamiltons, county of Meath, Ireland, and without pretending to architectural excellence, it is one of the loveliest spots on the St. Foy road. It belongs to Robert Hamilton, Esquire, a leading merchant of Quebec.

The illustration shows a front view of the house.

Bijou.

We confess that we ever had a fancy for historical contrasts—it is our weakness, perhaps our besetting sin—and when, on a balmy June day, at the hour when the king of day is drinking the dew-drops from the flowers, we ride past this unadorned but charming little Canadian home, next to Westfield, on the St. Foy heights, as it were, sunning itself amidst emerald fields, fanned by the breath of the flagrant morn, en-

* Vol. ii., p. 224.

livened by the gambols of merry childhood; memory, in spite of us, brings back the ghastly sights, the sickening Indian horrors, witnessed here on the 28th April, 1760. There can be no doubt on this point; the mute but eloquent witnesses of the past are dug up every day: shot, shell, bullets, old bayonets, decayed military buttons, all in the greatest profusion.

"The savages," says Garneau, "who were nearly all in the woods behind during the fight, spread over the battle-field when the French were pursuing the enemy, and killed many of the wounded British, whose scalps were afterwards found upon the neighboring bushes. As soon as De Lévis was apprised of the massacre, he took vigorous measures for putting a stop to it. Within a comparatively narrow space nearly 2,500 men had been struck by bullets. The patches of snow and icy puddles on the ground were so reddened with the blood shed, that the frozen ground refused to absorb, and the wounded survivors of the battle, and of the savages, were immersed in pools of gore and filth, ankle deep."

Such *was* the deadly strife in April, 1760, on the identical spot on which, reader, you and we now stand on the St. Foy heights. Such is *now* the smiling aspect of things as you now see them at Bijou, which crowns the heights over the great Bijou marsh, the dwelling of Andrew Thomson, Esq., merchant, of Quebec. Some natural springs in the flower garden, in rear of the dwelling, and the slopes of the ground, when turned to advantage, in the way of terraces and fountains, bid fair to enhance materially the beauty of this rustic spot.

Appended is an excellent view of Bijou.

Westfield.

At Mount Pleasant, about one mile from St. John's gate, a number of agreeable suburban residences have sprung up, as if by enchantment, within a very few years. This locality, from the splendid view it affords of the valley of the St. Charles, the basin of the St. Lawrence and surrounding country, has ever been appreciated. The most noticeable residence is a commodious cut-stone structure, inside of the toll, erected there a few years back by G. H. Simard, Esq., ex-member for Quebec, and now owned by Fred. Vannovous, Esq., Barrister. Its mate in size and appearance a

few acres to the west, on the St. Foy road, is owned by Eugene Chinic, Esq., the President of the *Banque Nationale*. In the vicinity, under the veil of a dense grove of trees, your eye gathers as you drive past, the outlines of a massive, roomy homestead, on the north side of the heights, on a site which slopes off considerably; groups of birch, maple, and some mountain ash and chesnut trees, flourish in the garden which surrounds the house; in rear, flower beds slope down in an enclosure, whose surface is ornamented with two tiny reservoirs of chrystal water, which gushes from some perennial streams, susceptible of great embellishment at little cost, by adding *Jets d'eau*. The declivities in rear seem as if intended by nature to be laid out into lovely terraces, with flowers or verdure to fringe their summits. In the eastern portion stands the gigantic hawthorn tree, the pride of Westfield. To us, an old denizen of the country, a stately tree has ever been a companionable, in fact, a reverential object. In our eyes, 'tis not only rich in its own native beauty: it may perchance also borrow interest from associations and become a part of our home—of ourselves: it may have overshadowed the rustic seat, where, in our infant years, one dear to us and now departed, read the Sunday hymn or taught us with a mother's sanctifying love, to become a good citizen, —in every respect worthy of our sire. Perchance it may have been planted on the day of our birth; it may also commemorate the natal hour of our first-born, and may it not like ourselves, in our early days, have required the fostering care of a guardian spirit,—the dews from heaven to refresh it and encourage its growth. Yes, like the proprietor of Westfield, we dearly love the old trees of our home.

We were invited to ascend to the loftiest point of this dwelling, and contemplate from the platform on the roof the majestic spectacle at our feet. Far below us waived the nodding pinnacles of countless forest trees; beyond and around us, the site of the old battle-fields of 1759 and 1760; to the east, the white expanse of the St. Lawrence sleeping between the Beauport, Orleans and Point Levi shores; to the northwest, the snake-like course of the St. Charles, stealing through fertile meadows, copses of evergreens—until, by a supreme effort, it veers round the compass at the Marine Hospital; there, at sunset, it appears as if gamboling in the light of the departing luminary, whose rays anon linger in fitful glances on the spires of Lorette, Charlesbourg and St. Sauveur, until they fade away, far

away, in the blue distance, over the sublime crags of *Tsononthouan*, or else gild in amber tints the wooded slopes of the mountainous ridges to the west. In describing this old family mansion, erected more than forty years ago, by the late Charles Grey Stewart, Esq., we would be failing in the duty we have imposed on ourselves, were we to omit noticing the magnificent stabling accommodation erected here. This building, about one hundred feet in length, fronts on the St. Foy road. Westfield has, since 1846, been the permanent residence of John Thomson, Esquire. It is surrounded by the residences of those near and dear to his heart: Hamwood, Bijou, Ettrick House and Teviot House, the latter two, named after spots, familiar to Mr. Thomson in his youth.

Teviot House.

"24th July, 1759.—A great number had gone from it (the army) to hunt, who, having found considerable game towards St. Foy, kept up such a continual fire that the Indians, supposing we were attacked at Sillerie, proceeded thither. On their return they represented that some inconvenience might result from such practice. M. de Vaudreuil perceived it, and forbid the army to hunt any more."*

We will be forgiven for prefacing our sketch of the home of a keen sportsman, as shown in the accompanying photographic picture, by the above scrap of sporting intelligence, and we also take occasion to invite our Canadian Nimrods to discuss the problem therein involved. What species of game the St. Foy woods could contain in such abundance on the 24th of July, 1759? It could neither be grouse, spruce partridge, woodcock, nor snipe, this being the breeding time of all these birds. We can think of no other game frequenting the environs of Quebec in July, in such abundance, except the passenger pigeon (*ectopistes migratorius*), which, until thirty years back, used to spread in clouds all over the surrounding country, and were shot as late as 1814 in the gardens and enclosures within the city itself. Woodcock were abundant on the St. Foy heights every fall, and snipe formerly were bagged by hundreds in the Bijou marsh, at the foot of the heights. Teviot House stands on an elevated *plateau* on the south side of St. Foy road, half a mile from

* *Paris Documents.* Vol. x., p. 1026.

the city limits. It affords, from its drawing-room windows, a remarkable view of the surrounding country, and occupies a portion of the old battle-field of 1760. Tons of cannon balls, shot and shell, and rusty bayonets have been dug up there. Recently a quantity of old metallic buttons, with the figure XV., were picked up, showing that they once ornamented the scarlet uniforms of many gallant fellows of that XVth Regiment, who, "at eight in the morning on the 28th April, 1760,"* had issued triumphantly from St. John Gate—*never to return.*

Teviot House is the residence of Richard Cassel, Esq., manager of the Bank of Upper Canada, Quebec.

Castor Ville.

"In woods or glens I love to roam,
* * * * *
Or by the woodland pool to rest."

In the deepest recesses of the Lorette woods, amongst the most shady meanders of the sinuous Cabire Coubat, some five miles due north from Castel-Coucy, we know a bank, not precisely where

"The wild thyme grows,"

but where you are sure, in spring and summer, to pluck handfuls of trilliums, wild violets, ferns of rare beauty, columbines, kalmias, ladies' slippers, ladies' tresses (we mean of course the floral subjects). In this beautious region, sacred to Pan, the Nayades, Dryades, and the daughters of Mnemosyne, you might possibly, dear reader, were you privileged with a pass from one of our most respected friends, be allowed to wander; or perchance in your downward voyage from Lake Charles to the Lorette Falls, in that *vade mecum* of a forester's existence—a birch canoe—(a voyage, by the by, compared to which Captain Cook, Bougainville, Lapeyrouse and Anson's sea wanderings dwindle into airy nothings), you might, we repeat, possibly be allowed to pitch your camp on one of the mossy headlands of Castor Ville, and enjoy your luncheon, in this sylvan spot; that is, always supposing you were deemed competent to fully appreciate nature's wildest charms, and dally, like a true lover, in her coyest and most furtive glances.

Castor Ville, a forest wild, where many generations of beavers, otters, cariboo, bears, foxes and hares once roamed, loved and died, covers an area of

* *Fraser's Manuscripts.*

more than one hundred acres. Through it glides the placid course of the St. Charles—overhung by hoary fir trees—from the parent lake to the pretty Indian Lorette Falls, a distance of about eight miles of fairy navigation which every man of taste, visiting Lake St. Charles, ought to enjoy at least once in his life. It is completely mantled over by a dense second growth of spruce and fir trees, intersected by a maze of avenues. The lodge sits gracefully, with its veranda and cannon, on a peninsula formed by the *Grand Desert* and St. Charles streams. You cross over in a canoe to that portion of the domain beyond the river: along the banks a number of resting places—little bowers of birch bark—boats and canoes anchored all round—here and there a *portage*—close by a veritable Indian wigwam, *Oda Sio** by name. On some bright morning in early spring, you may chance meet, in one of the paths, or in his canoe, a venerable hunter, the Master of Castor Ville, returning home after visiting his hare, fox, or otter traps, proudly bearing Renard in his game bag, next to which you may discover a volume of *Moliere*, *Montaigne*, or *Montesquieu*. On selling Castel-Couey, its loyal-hearted old proprietor, taking with him the guns of the fort, retired to the present wild demesne, in which occasionally he passes, with his family, many pleasant hours, amidst books and rural amusements, far from city noises and city dust.

Castor Ville belongs to the Hon. Louis Panet, member of the Legislative Council of Canada.

The Manor House, Beauport.

Let us view one of the remnants of feudal times. On the Beauport road, four miles from the city, and a little to the east of Colonel Gugy's present habitation, stands an antiquated high-gabled French stone dwelling, very substantially put together. About thirty years back there was still existing close to and connected with it, a pavillion or tower, used in early days as a fort to protect the inmates against Indians. It contained the boudoir and sleeping apartments of some of the fair *seigniuresses* of Beauport. Although it is not likely to be the original house which Robert Giffard, the first seignior, built there more than two centuries ago, it is probably the oldest seigniorial manor in Canada. Robert Giffard's house—or, more properly, his shooting box—is thought

* *The Great River.* Such was the name the Lorette Huron Indians pressed Hon. Mr. Panet to take when they elected him their honorary chief.

to have stood closer to the little stream in the neighborhood. The first seignior of Beauport had two daughters who married two brothers, Juchereau, the ancestors of the Duchesnays; and the manor has been in the possession of, and occupied by the Duchesnays for more than two hundred years.

Robert Giffard had visited Canada, for the first time, in 1627, in the capacity of a surgeon; and being a great sportsman, he built himself a small house on the banks of the Beauport stream, to enjoy in perfection his favorite amusements—shooting and fishing. No authentic data exist of the capacity of Beauport for game in former days; we merely read in the *Relations des Jésuites* that in the year 1648, 1200 ptarmigan were shot there: we also know that the quantities of ducks congregating on the adjoining *flats* caused the place to be called *La Canardière*. There is a curious old record in connection with this manor, exhumed by the Abbé Ferland: it is the exact formula used by one of the tenants or *censitaires* in rendering *foi et hommage* to the Lord of the Manor. Guion (Dion?), a tenant, had by sentence of the Governor, Montmagny, been condemned on the 30th July, 1646, to fulfil this feudal custom. The document recites that, after knocking at the door of the chief manorial entrance, and in the absence of the master, addressing the farmer, the said Guion, having knelt down bare headed without his sword or spurs, repeated three times the words,—"Monsieur de Beauport, Monsieur de Beauport, Monsieur de Beauport, je vous fais et porte la foy et hommage que je suis tenu de vous porter, a cause de mon fief du Buisson, duquel je suis homme de foy relevant de votre seigneurie de Beauport, lequel m'appartient au moyen du contrat que nous avons passé ensemble par devant Roussel à Mortagne, le 14 Mars, 1634, vous declarant que je vous offre payer les droits seigneuriaux et feodaux quand dûs seront, vous requerant me recevoir à la dite foy et hommage." Lord of Beauport, Lord of Beauport, Lord of Beauport, I render you the fealty and hommage due to you on account of my land du Buisson * * which belongs to me by virtue of the title-deed executed between us in presence of Roussel at Mortagne, the 14th March, 1634, avowing my readiness to acquit the seigniorial and feudal rents whenever they shall be due, beseeching you to admit me to the said fealty and homage." This Guion, a mason by trade, observes the Abbé Ferland, was the man of letters and scribe of the parish. There is still

extant a marriage contract, drafted by him, for two parishioners; it is one of the earliest on record in Canada, bearing date the 16th July, 1636. It is signed by the worthy Robert Giffard, the seignior, and by Francis Bellanger and Noël Langlois; the other parties affixed their mark. It possesses interest as serving to illustrate the status and education of the early French settlers. In 1628, Robert Giffard had been taken a prisoner of war by the English, on board of Rocmont's fleet. On his return, and in acknowledgment of the services rendered by him to the colonial authorities, he obtained a grant of the seigniory of Beauport, together with a large tract of land on the River St. Charles. For many long years the ancestral halls of the Duchesnays at Beauport rang with the achievements of their warlike seigneurs. One of them, Nicholas Juchereau de St. Denys, distinguished himself at the siege of Quebec in 1690. "Le sieur de St. Denys, seigneur de Beauport," says Charlevoix, "commandait ses habitants; il avait plus de soixante ans et combattait avec beaucoup de valeur, jusqu'a ce qu'il eut un bras cassé d'un coup de feu. Le Roi recompensa peu de temps après son zèle en lui accordant des lettres de noblesse." His son distinguished himself in Louisiana. Two other members of the family won laurels at Chateauguay. A descendant, Lieut.-Colonel Philip Duchesnay, is at present Extra Provincial Aide de Camp to His Excellency the Governor General, whilst another, Lieutenant Théodore Duchesnay, has just exchanged his commission in Her Majesty's 100th Regiment of Foot for a provincial appointment as Brigade Major; two other scions of this old family are Legislative Councillors.

The present owner of the manor, Col. Rugy, has built himself, close to it, a comfortable modern dwelling, wherein, amidst rural retirement, he divides his existence between literature, briefs and his stud, noted all over Canada. He has recently added to his domain, by purchase, a large tract of land from the adjoining property. The broad acres which in 1759 resounded to the tread of Montcalm's heavy squadrons, now the quiet home of a barrister of note, bear the name of Darnoc. *Cedant arma togæ.*

Ringfield.

FRANCISCUS PRIMUS, DEI GRATIA, FRANCORUM REX REGNAT.
Inscription on cross erected 3rd May, 1536, by Jacques Cartier.

We will be pardoned for devoting a larger space than for other country seats, in describing Ringfield, on accoun tof the important events of which it was the theatre.

Close to the Dorchester Bridge to the west, on the Charlesbourg road, there was once an extensive estate known as Smithville—five or six hundred acres of table land owned by the late Charles Smith, Esq., who for many years resided in the substantial large stone dwelling subsequently occupied by A. Laurie, Esq., at present by W. McKay, shipbuilder, opposite the Marine Hospital. Some hundred acres, comprising the land on the west of the *ruisseau* Lairet, known as *Ferme des Anges*,* were detached from it and now form Ringfield, whose handsome villa is scarcely visible from the Charlesbourg road in summer on account of the plantation of evergreens and other forest trees which, with a white-thorn hedge, line its semicircular avenue on both sides. One might be inclined to regret that this plantation has grown up so luxuriantly, as it interferes in the summer months with the striking view of the Island of Orleans, St. Lawrence, and surrounding parishes. Before the trees assume their vernal honors there can be counted, irrespective of the city spires, no less than thirteen steeples of churches in so many parishes. Ringfield takes its name from its circular meadow (Montcalm's hornwork). In rear it is bounded to the west by the little stream called Lairet, with the *ruisseau* St. Michel in view; to the south its natural boundary is the meandering Cabire-Coubat.†

Ringfield has even more to recommend it than the rural beauty common to the majority of our country seats: here were enacted scenes calculated to awaken the deepest interest in every student of Canadian history. On the banks of the River St. Charles, more than three centuries back, it is now generally supposed, wintered, in 1535–6, during his second voyage of discovery, Jacques Cartier, the intrepid navigator of St. Malo. We have

* Emery de Caen dined here with the Jesuits, 6th August, 1632.—*Relations des Jesuites.*

† Cabire-Coubat (expressive of windings, says Sagard,) called by Jacques Cartier, the River Ste. Croix (of the Holy Cross), and subsequently denominated the River St. Charles, in compliment, says La Potherie, to Charles de Boües, Grand Vicar of Pontoise, founder of the first mission of Recollets in New France.

Champlain's* authority for this historical fact, though Charlevoix erroneously asserts that the great discoverer wintered on the banks of the River Jacques Cartier, twenty-seven miles higher up than Quebec. A careful examination of *Lescarbot's Journal of Cartier's Second Voyage*, and the investigations of subsequent historians leave little room to doubt Champlain's statement.† Jacques Cartier in his journal, written in the quaint old style of that day, furnishes us curious descriptions of the locality where he wintered, and of the adjoining Indian town, *Stadaconé*, the residence of the Chief Donacona. The Abbé Ferland and other contemporary writers have assigned as the probable site of Stadacona that part of Quebec which is now covered by a portion of the suburbs of St. John, and by that of St. Roch looking towards the St. Charles. How graphically Jacques Cartier writes of that portion of the River St. Lawrence opposite the Lower Town, less than a mile in width, "deep and swift running," and also of the "goodly, fair and delectable bay or creek convenient and fit to harbor ships," the St. Charles (St. Croix or Holy Cross) river; and again of the spot wherein, he says, "we stayed from the 15th September, 1535, to the 6th May, 1536, and there our ships remained dry." Cartier mentions the area of ground adjoining to where he wintered "as goodly a plot of ground as possible may be seen, and, wherewithal, very fruitful, full of goodly trees even as in France, such as oak, elm, ash, walnut trees, white-thorns and vines that bring forth fruit as big as any damsons, and many other sort of trees; tall hemp as any in France, without any seed or any man's work or labor at all." There are yet some noble specimens of elm, the survivors of a thick clump

* "Champlain a certainement jeté un grand jour sur cette question, en prouvant aussi bien qu'il était possible de le faire, que Jacques Cartier avait hiverné dans la rivière Saint Charles, et en faisant lui-même des investigations sur les lieux. Seulement il pourrait bien se faire qu'on eût pris trop à la lettre un mot de son édition de 1632, où il dit que les vaisseaux de Cartier hivernèrent là où était de son temps la demeure des Jésuites. Quant à Charlevoix, non seulement il n'a pas éclairci la question, mais il n'a fait que l'embrouiller. Tout ce qu'il dit là dessus, à trés peu d'exception près, est plein d'erreurs, et inconciliable avec la situation et la conformation des lieux décrits par le capitaine Malouin."

† The late Amable Berthelot, one of our antequarians, in reviewing the papers published by Mr. Jos. Hamel, in 1843, on the recent discovery of the wreck of the *Petite Hermine*, on the *Ferme des Anges*, at the mouth of the Lairet stream, thus expresses himself, p. 3:—"Il ne me fut pas difficile, en suivant attentivement le texte du second voyage de Jacques Cartier, tel que nous le donne Lescarbot, de prouver, jusqu'à l'évidence, que ce navigateur malouin avait réellement passé l'hiver à la rivière St. Charles, et non à celle qui porte aujourd'hui le nom de Jacques Cartier; et je crois que depuis ma dissertation, il n'est resté en ce pays aucun doute sur ce sujet."

that once stood on the edge of the hornwork. As to vines, they thrive amazingly in the open air at Ringfield, and some vines of the sweet water variety were loaded last year with splendid fruit. The precise spot in the St. Charles where Cartier moored his vessels and where his people built the fort* in which they wintered may have been, for aught that could be advanced to the contrary, where the French Government in 1759 built the hornwork or earth redoubt, so plainly visible to this day, on the Lairet stream. It may also have been at the mouth of the St. Michel stream which here empties itself into the St. Charles, on the Jesuits' farm. The hornwork or circular meadow, as the peasantry call it, is in a line with the General Hospital, Mount Pleasant, St. Bridget's Asylum and the corporation lots recently acquired by the Quebec Seminary for a botanical garden and seminary, adjoining Abraham's Plains. Jacques Cartier's fort, we know to a certainty, must have been on the north bank of the river,† from the fact that the natives coming from Stadacona to visit their French guests had to cross the river, and did so frequently. However strange it may seem that Champlain does not appear to have known the exact locality where, seventy years previously, Stadacona had stood, the cause may exist in the exterminating wars carried on between the several savage tribes, leaving, occasionally, no vestige of once powerful nations or villages. Have we not seen in our day a once warlike and princely race—the Hurons—dwindle down, through successive decay, to what *now* remains of them?

* "Le lundi, onzième jour d'octobre, nous arrivasmes au Hâble de Sainte Croix, où estaient nos navires, et trouvasmes que les maistres et mariniers qui estaient demeurés avaient fait un fort devant lesdits navires, tout clos de grosses pièces de bois plantées debout, joignant les unes aux autres, et tout à l'entour garni d'artillerie, et bien en ordre pour se défendre contre tout le pays."—(*Second voyage de Jacques Cartier*, p. 48.) Republished by Literary and Historical Society of Quebec, in 1843. At the foot, we read, "On pense que ce fort a dû être bâti à l'endroit où la Petite Rivière Lairet se decharge dans la Rivière St. Charles." "The exact spot in the River St. Charles, where Cartier moored his vessel, is supposed on good authority to have been the site of the old bridge (a little higher up than the present), called Dorchester Bridge, where there is a ford at low water, close to the Marine Hospital. That it was on the east bank, not far from the residence of Charles Smith, Esq., is evident from the river having been frequently crossed by the natives coming from Stadacona, to visit their French guests." (*Hawkin's Picture of Quebec, p.* 47.) The Abbé Faillon in his elaborate work—*Histoire de la Colonie Française au Canada*, 1865—in some valuable notes on Jacques Cartier, p. 496, discusses the erroneous views of Charlevoix and Father Leclerc, and corroborates the accepted belief about the River St. Charles and not the Jacques Cartier River, as being the spot where the great discoverer wintered in 1535–6.

† Would this river be the Lairet or the St. Charles? We like to give every circumstance calculated to throw light thereon: writers seem to agree that Jacques Cartier wintered in the St. Charles, as Champlain says, in his edition of 1632, on the Jesuits' property—it may, however, have been a few acres to the east or west of the spot generally indicated.

A drawing accompanies this sketch, copied from an engraving executed at Paris, the subject of which was furnished by G. B. Faribault, Esquire, retracing the departure of the St. Malo mariner for France on the 6th May, 1536. To the right may be seen Jacques Cartier's fort,* built with stockades, mounted with artillery, and subsequently made stronger still, we are told, with ditches and solid timber, with drawbridge, and fifty men to watch night and day.

Next comes the *Grande Hermine*, his largest vessel, of about one hundred and twenty tons, in which Donacona, the interpreter, and two other Indians of note, treacherously seized, are to be conveyed to France, to be presented to the French monarch, Francis I. Close by, the reader will observe *L'Emerillon*, of about forty tons in size, the third of his ships; and higher up, the hull of a stranded and dismantled vessel, the *Petite Hermine*, of about sixty tons, intended to represent the one whose timbers were dug up at the mouth of the St. Michel stream in 1843, and created such excitement amongst the antiquarians of that day. On the opposite side of the river, at Hare Point, the reader will notice on the plate a cross, intended to represent the one erected by Cartier's party on the 3rd May, 1536, in honor of the festival of the Holy Cross; at the foot a number of Indians and some French in the old costume of the time of Francis I. So much for Jacques Cartier and his winter quarters, in 1535–6.

Two hundred and twenty-three years after this date we find this locality again the arena of memorable events. In the disorderly retreat of the French army on the 13th September, 1759, from the heights of Abraham, the panic-stricken squadrons came pouring down Côte d'Abraham and Côte à Cotton, hotly pursued by the Highlanders and the 58th Regiment, hurrying towards the bridge of boats and following the shores of the River St. Charles, until the fire of the hulks anchored in that river stopped the pursuit. On the north side of the bridge of boats was a *tête de pont*, redoubt or hornwork, a strong work of a pentagonal shape, well portrayed in the accompanying plan of the Siege Operations before Quebec. This hornwork was partly wood, defended by palisades, and towards Beauport an earthwork—covering about twelve acres; the remains (the round or

* "Le Capitaine fit renforcer le Fort tout à l'entour de gros fossés, larges, et profonds avec porte à pont-levis et renfort de rangs ou pans de bois au contraire des premiers. Et fut ordonné pour le guet de la nuit.....cinquante hommes à quartre quarts, et à chacun changement des dits quarts les trompettes sonnantes; ce qui fut fait selon la dite ordonnance."—*Voyage de Jacques Cartier*, page 52.

ring field), standing more than fifteen feet above ground, may be seen to this day surrounded by a ditch; three thousand* men at least must have been required to construct, in a few weeks, this extensive entrenchment. In the centre stood a house, still visible on an old plan, in which, about noon on that memorable day, a pretty lively debate was taking place. Vaudreuil and some of the chief French officers were at that moment and in this spot debating the surrender of the whole colony. Let us hear an eye-witness, Chevalier John-tone, General de Lévis' aide-de-camp, one of the Scotchmen fighting in Canada for the French king, against some of his own countrymen under Wolfe, after the disaster of Culloden. It was our good fortune to publish the recently-discovered journal of this Scotch officer for the first time last winter. Chevalier Johnstone's description will strike every one from its singular accuracy:—

"The French army in flight, scattered and entirely dispersed, rushed towards the town. Few of them entered Quebec; they went down the heights of Abraham, opposite to the Intendant's Palace (past St. John's gate), directing their course to the hornwork, and following the borders of the River St. Charles. Seeing the impossibility of rallying our troops, I determined myself to go down the hill at the windmill, near the bake-house,† and from thence across over the meadows to the hornwork, resolved not to approach Quebec, from my apprehension of being shut up there with a part of our army, which might have been the case if the victors had drawn all the advantage they could have reaped from our defeat. It is true the death of the general-in-chief—an event which never fails to create the greatest disorder and confusion in an army—may plead as an excuse for the English neglecting so easy an operation as to take all our army prisoners.

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* It is evident that the Beauport entrenchments were to be on a vast scale. In those days of *corvées* and forced labor, when it was merely necessary to command *de par le roi*, it was easy to bring together large bodies of men. "M. de Montcalm, arrivé à Québec (from Montréal), commanda tout le monde pour travailler à des retrenchements qui furent tracés vers une paroisse nommée Beauport. Comme il pensa que ces ouvrages ne seraient pas en état avant l'arrivée des vaisseaux anglais, ce qui pouvait être d'un jour à l'autre, il envoya un ordre à M. de Lévis, qui était à Montréal, de commander, généralement, tous les hommes de ce gouvernement de descendre à Québec, et qu'on avait besoin d'un coup de main. Il envoya à cet égard des ordres précis et conformes, dans toutes les paroisses, qui mirent tout le monde en mouvement."—*Mémoires sur les affaires du Canada*, 1749–1760. Finally, Vaudreuil decided that Montreal would furnish 1,500 men only for this service.

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paces broad, which served it better than an artificial ditch; its front facing the river and the heights, was composed of strong, thick, and high palisades, planted perpendicularly, with gunholes pierced for several pieces of large cannon in it; the river is deep and only fordable at low water, at a musket shot before the fort; this made it more difficult to be forced on that side than on its other side of earthworks facing Beauport, which had a more formidable appearance; and the hornwork certainly on that side was not in the least danger of being taken by the English, by an assault from the other side of the river. On the appearance of the English troops on the plain of the bake-house, Montguet and La Motte, two old captains in the Regiment of Bearn, cried out with vehemence to M. de Vaudreuil, 'that the hornwork would be taken in an instant, by an assault, sword in hand; that we would be all cut to pieces without quarter, and that nothing else would save us but an immediate and general capitulation of Canada, giving it up to the English.'

"Montreuil told them that 'a fortification such as the hornwork was not to be taken so easily.' In short, there arose a general cry in the hornwork to cut the bridge of boats.* It is worthy of remark, that not a fourth part of our army had yet arrived at it, and the remainder, by cutting the bridge, would have been left on the other side of the river as victims to the victors. The regiment 'Royal Roussillon,' was at that moment at the distance of a musket shot from the hornwork, approaching to pass the bridge. As I had already been in such adventures, I did not lose my presence of mind, and having still a shadow remaining of that regard, which the army accorded me on account of the esteem and confidence which M. De Lévis and M. De Montcalm had always shewn me publicly, I called to M. Hugon, who commanded, for a pass in the hornwork, and begged of him to accompany me to the bridge. We ran there, and without asking who had given the order to cut it, we chased away the soldiers with their uplifted axes ready to execute that extravagant and wicked operation.

"M. Vaudreuil was closetted in a house in the inside of the hornwork with the Intendant and with some other persons. I suspected they

* It crossed the St. Charles a little higher up than the Marine Hospital, exactly at the foot of Crown street.

were busy drafting the articles for a general capitulation, and I entered the house, where I had only time to see the Intendant with a pen in his hand writing upon a sheet of paper, when M. Vaudreuil told me I had no business there. Having answered him that what he said was true, I retired immediately, in wrath, to see them intent on giving up so scandalously a dependency for the preservation of which so much blood and treasure had been expended. On leaving the house, I met M. Dalquier, an old, brave, downright honest man, commander of the regiment of Bearn, with the true character of a good officer—the marks of Mars all over his body. I told him it was being debated within the house, to give up Canada to the English by a capitulation, and I hurried him in to stand up for the King's cause, and advocate the welfare of his country. I then quitted the hornwork to join Poularies at the Ravine* of Beauport, but having met him about three or four hundred paces from the hornwork, on his way to it, I told him what was being discussed there. He answered me, that sooner than consent to a capitulation, he would shed the last drop of his blood. He told me to look on his table and house as my own, advised me to go there directly to repose myself, and clapping spurs to his horse, he flew like lightning to the hornwork."

Want of space precludes us from adding more from this very interesting journal of the Chevalier Johnstone, replete with curious particulars of the disorderly retreat of the French regiments from their Beauport camp, after dark, on that eventful day; how they assembled first at the hornwork, and then filed off by detachments up the Charlesbourg road, then to Indian and Ancient Lorette, until they arrived, worn out and disheartened without commanders, at day break at Cap Rouge.

On viewing the memorable scenes witnessed at Ringfield,—the spot where the first French discoverers wintered in 1535-6, and also the locality, where it was decided to surrender the colony to England in 1759—are we not justified in considering it as both the *cradle* and the *tomb* of French dominion in the new world?

Ringfield has, for many years, been the family mansion of George Holmes Parke, Esquire.

* A small bridge supported on masonry has since been built at this spot, exactly across the main road at Brown's mills.

Coucy le Castel.

" Sol Canadien, terre chérie
Par des braves tu fus peuplé,
Ils cherchaient, loin de leur patrie,
Une terre de liberté,
Qu'elles sont belles, nos campagnes,
Au Canada qu'on vit content !"

About the year 1830 that portion of the environs of Quebec watered by the River St. Charles, in the vicinity of Scott's bridge, had especially attracted the attention of several of our leading citizens as pleasant and healthy abodes for their families. Two well known gentlemen in particular, the bearers of old and respected names, the late Honorable Mr. Justice Philippe Panet, and his brother, the Honorable Louis Panet, Legislative Councillor, selected two adjoining lots covering close on eighty acres, on the banks of the St. Charles, the Cabire-Coubat of ancient days. The main road to the east intervenes between the Hon. Judge Panet's seat and the mossy old dwelling in which General Arnold had his head-quarters during the winter of 1775-6, now the residence of the Langlois family. Judge Panet built there an elegant villa, on an Italian design, brought home after returning from the sunny clime of Naples; the rooms are lofty and all are oval. Several hundred sombre old pines surround the house on all sides.

The neighboring villa, to the west, was planned by the Honorable Louis Panet, about 1830; also the grounds tastefully laid out in meadows, plantations and gardens, symmetrically divided off by neat spruce, thorn, and snowberry hedges, which improve very much their aspect. One fir hedge, in particular, is of uncommon beauty. To the west an ancient pine, a veritable monarch of the forest, rears his hoary trunk, and amidst most luxuriant foliage looks down proudly on the young plantation beneath him, lending his hospitable shades to a semi-circular rustic seat—a grateful retreat during the heat of a summer's day. Next to this old tree, runs a small rill, once dammed up for a fish-pond, but a colony of muskrats having "unduly elected domicile thereat," the finny denizens disappeared as if by magic; and next, the voracious *rodores* made so many raids into the vegetable garden that the legal gentleman, who was lord of the manor, served on them a *notice to quit* by removing the dam. Thus ejected the amphibii

crossed the river in a body and "elected domicile" in the roots of an elm tree at Poplar Grove, opposite and in full view of the castle, probably by way of a threat. On the high river banks a twelve pounder, used formerly to crown a miniature fort erected there. We remember on certain occasions hearing at a distance its loud *boom*. Coucy le Castel is surrounded on two sides by a spacious piazza, and stands in an elevated position close to the river bank. From the drawing-room windows is visible the even course of the fairy Cabire-Coubat, hurrying past in dark eddies, under the pendulous foliage of some graceful elms which overhang the bank at Poplar Grove, the mansion of L. T. McPherson, Esquire. Now and again from the small fort, amidst the murmur of rapids not far distant, you may catch the shrill note of the king-fisher in his hasty flight over the limpid stream, or see a lively fish leap in yonder deep pool; or else, in the midsummer vacation, see a birch canoe lazily floating down from *la mer Pacifique*, impelled by the arm of a pensive law student, dreaming perchance of Pothier or Blackstone,—perchance of his lady love, whilst paddling to the air:—

"Il y a longtemps que je t'aime
Jamais je ne t'oublierai."

The neighborhood of running water; the warbling of birds; the distant lowing of kine in the green meadows; the variety and beauty of the landscape, especially when the descending orb of day gilds the dark woods to the west, furnish a strikingly rural spectacle at Coucy le Castel, thus named from a French estate in Picardy, owned by the Badelarts, ancestors on the maternal side of the Panets.

In 1861 Coucy le Castel was purchased by Judge Taschereau, of Quebec, under whose care it is acquiring each year new charms. A plantation of of deciduous trees and evergreens has taken the place of the row of poplars which formerly lined the avenue. The Judge's *Chateau* stands conspicuous amongst the pretty but less extensive surrounding country seats, such as the old mansion of Fred. Andrews, Esq., Q. C., the neat cottage of Fred. W. Andrews, Esq., Barrister, festooned with wild vines, together with a tasty lodge erected by Dr. Marsden on the Little River road.

Crane Island.

"Sweet memory, wafted by thy gentle gale,
Oft up the stream of time I turn my sail,
To view the fairy haunts of long-lost hours,
Blest with far greener shades—far richer flowers."

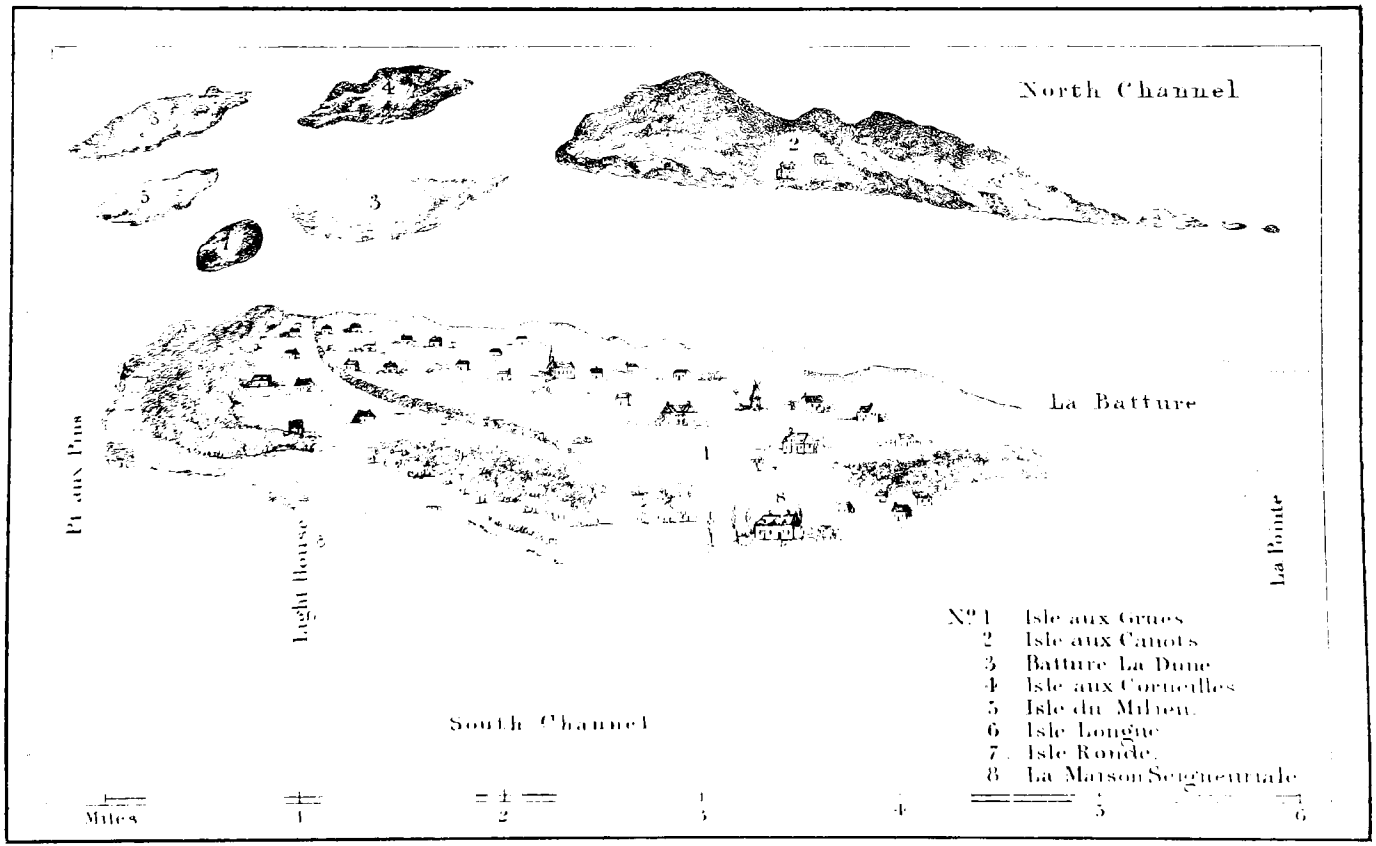
It has frequently been our pleasant task, in the pages of "*Les Oiseaux du Canada*" and "*Les Poissons du Canada*," to point out to the sportsman and to the naturalist the beautiful island of which a sketch is here given as a locality well suited for the exercise of their respective crafts

"In the *season* of the year."

Before considering Crane Island in relation to its capacity for sport, let us view it in its utilitarian aspect. It lies in the St. Lawrence thirty-six miles lower down than Quebec; extreme length, six miles, with one and a half mile as extreme breadth. The soil on the ridge which runs along the middle of the island is light, though fertile, and well adapted to the culture of maize and potatoes; the lower, or wheat lands, are amongst the finest in America, being the result of alluvial deposits of many ages—a loam of great depth, inexhaustible richness, much similar to the renowned "bottoms" along the banks of the Mississippi. Its fertility may arise from its insulated position; the sun's rays being reflected from the surrounding waters, and the early frosts, so pernicious to wheat harvests in other localities, nearly unknown on the island. From time immemorial, Crane Island has been famous for the delicious produce of its dairies and the bountiful harvests of hay its meadows and beaches yield, with no other manuring than the alluvial richness which the high tides of spring and fall communicate to them, like the overflowing of the Nile to Egyptian rice fields. A highway, as level as a bowling-green, extends from one end of the island to the other; from the peculiar nature of the soil, it requires no repairs, and is ever pleasant to ride or drive over. Population, about one thousand souls.

Crane Island is united to the next island (Goose Island), not shown in the sketch, by a belt of low land, four and a half miles long by one and a half broad, covered with most luxuriant hay, forming artificial meadows, from which the inhabitants draw their annual supply of winter fodder, without the slightest tillage.

Goose Island appears to have been thus called from the myriads of geese, ducks and teal which it formerly and still harbors. The *Relations des*



L'ISLE AUX GRUES, ET LES ISLES AVOISINANTES, A MER HAUTE.

Jesuits for 1663 graphically describe it as the inviolate sanctum and breeding-grounds of ducks and teal, "whose loud voices made the whole place resound in the summer season, but who kept a profound silence during the spring and summer of 1663, owing to the frightful and continuous earthquakes which caused the soil to roll and heave to such a degree that church steeples would bend to the earth and rise up again;" a feat which, from its novelty, would be particularly attractive to witness from a balloon, for instance—from the deck of a ship—from anywhere—in fact, except from old mother earth.

The Iroquois or Five Nations, in 1653, made a descent on Goose Island, at the lower extremity of the island, now a farm in possession of the Hôtel Dieu nuns of Quebec, and known as "Conti;" they murdered M. Moyen* and his wife; his children were carried away as prisoners. One of his daughters married the brave Lambert Close, whose courage shed lustre on the early times of Montreal.

Crane Island is the most conspicuous and valuable of a group of islands, *Ile aux Canots*, *Ile aux Corneilles*, *Ile Ste. Marguerite*, &c., conceded, in 1646, by the Company of New France to the Chevalier de Montmagny, then Governor of the colony. The sporting knight was in the habit of spending the shooting season here; whether his lodge stood where M. de Longueuil subsequently built his manor, on the east end of the island, must be a mere matter of conjecture. The extraordinary abundance of game which the island harbored then may be conceived, judging from the sport the place still affords in these degenerate days of pot hunting. An English millionaire who became the purchaser of Crane Island, out and out, might, with the assistance of a few game keepers, soon be in a position to boast of owning one of the greatest game preserves in the world; not only do the ducks come there in the fall and spring in myriads, but they also, as previously stated, make it their breeding-place. A few years back it was a common thing to see a pot-hunter scouring the beaches with a Newfound-

* "Les Iroquois s'accagèrent l'Isle aux Oyes, à douze lieues de Québec; tuent toutes les familles de Moyen et de Macart, emmènent les enfans dont Mlle. Dugué était; repassent à Montréal, y donnent quelques attaques. * * * Les dits Iroquois tuent un nommé D'aubigeon, puis veulent pourparler. M. LeMoine venait d'escorter un ambassadeur Iroquois, raconte le sac de l'Isle aux Oyes; on fait dessein de surprendre les pourparleurs. M. LeMoine les prend, allant seul à eux avec ses pistolets. Le capitaine de la troupe des pourparleurs Iroquois, nommé La Plaine, vint le lendemain pour délivrer ses gens, et est encore pris par M. LeMoine avec quatre autres".—(*Histoire du Canada.*—L'Abbé Belmont.)

land dog and capturing the young ducks before they could fly. At present the islanders insist on their right of property* and prosecute all trespassers indiscriminately, thereby not only protecting the game, but also preserving their beach hay from the destruction which trespassers committed by tramping it down and making holes on the swamp to secrete themselves while watching for geese and ducks on the wing, in which holes the cattle used to fall and perish.

Towards the Eastern (McPherson's) Point, as it is called, may be seen the old manor, *La Maison Seigneuriale*, built on the spot where stood, at the end of the last century, the residence of one of the first *seignieurs*, Daniel Lienard de Beaujeu. Behind it, to the north, is visible the old wind mill, and a cluster of pretty white cottages, chiefly occupied by well-to-do river pilots, extending to the extreme west end of the island, crowned

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

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

"Fait à Québec, le 20 mars, 1731.

"(Signé) HOQUART.

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

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

"Taking into consideration the representations which have been made to us by the Sieur De Longueil, Seigneur of Crane and Goose Islands, Canoe and Ste. Marguerite Islands, and also Grosse Isle, that by his title he has the exclusive right to shoot on those said Islands—that notwithstanding several persons both from the city and neighboring parishes, and even the inhabitants of these islands, attempt to shoot there without leave, destroying the hay on the beaches, and catching the young ducks that they find there, thereby deminishing the numbers considerably for the next hunting season, and also removing each year a quantity of thatching grass; also using as fire-wood the timber on those islands, we hereby expressly forbid that any person either from Quebec or from the neighboring seigneuries, and likewise, that any of the inhabitants of these islands, under whatever pretence, do shoot on these islands or any portion thereof, without the express permission of the Sieur de Longueil, under pain of legal punishment. We also forbid them to remove the young ducks, to carry away the thatching grass, to destroy the meadow hay, or burn the timber on the said islands, without the leave of the said Sieur de Longueil, and the said Sieur de Longueil may have this ordonnance published in the neighboring parishes.

"Done at Quebec, 28th July, 1769.

"(Signed) GUY CARLETON.

"*Reg I. Foi et 'Hommages*, Folio 226."

by a maple wood called "Le Domaine;" the parish church, of course, as in all Canadian scenery, looms out in the centre—*the parent watching over the welfare of her offspring.* As a river view, nothing can surpass in grandeur the panorama which the broad St. Lawrence here unfolds on a radiant summer morning, when, with the rising tide, a fleet of swan-winged merchantmen emerge from the *Traverse*, far below, in the direction of the church of *St. Roch des Aulnets:* at first imperceptible white specks on the horizon, gradually growing larger and larger, on the bosom of the glad waters, until they each in succession crowd on you, top-sails, top gallant-sails and royals all set, a moving tower of canvass advancing straight to where you stand—so close, when an island pilot,* perchance, is in charge, and takes the inshore channel, the deepest though the narrowest, that you can distinctly hear the voices of all on board.

The high tides of spring and fall wash the foot of the rising ground on which the manor stands; the game, such as ring-plovers, curlews, sea-snipe, sand-pipers, then light within a few rods of the house. To the north of Crane Island, and separated by a narrow pass, you notice a small island (No. 3), which the tide covers each day; that is the celebrated *Dune*, well known to Canadian *chasseurs* as abounding with Canada geese (outardes), snow-geese, ducks and small game. Every day in May and September you may see a flock of snow-geese and outardes feeding there, some three thousand, beyond a rifle's range, or winging their rapid, noisy, wedge-like, flight towards the muddy St. Joachim flats opposite.

Home of our early days, thrice blessed isle, the congenial abode of many feathered denizens, the seat of plenty and of domestic peace, how oft, a youthful fowler, have we, gun in hand, trudged knee-deep through thy reedy, boundless marshes. Fatigue! pooh! there was in those days no such word in our vocabulary. How many sunny, blissful hours, during the long mid-summer vacation, have we beguiled away on thy grassy lawn or in thy well-stocked orchard, dreaming away life's May dreams, or waiting impatiently until the increasing murmur of the swelling, bursting tide should indicate high water, the auspicious moment when we sallied forth to pour destruction among the serried squadrons of beach-birds cooped up on thy pebbly shores! Haunts of our early days, accept this tribute of our youth!

* An island pilot, when in charge of a ship, always salutes his island home, when sailing past, with the Union Jack.

These fertile islands constituting the *Seigneurie de l'Isle aux Grues, Isle aux Oies*, &c., have belonged for near seventy years to the McPherson family, the descendants of which, *Les Dames Seigneuresses*, as their simple and contented tenants style them, still inhabit the old manor.

Ladies' Protestant Home.

This charitable institution originated in a society which was formed in 1855, under the name of the "Ladies' Quebec Protestant Relief Society." It was begun on a very humble scale, by the following ladies: —Mrs. Carden, Mrs. W. Newton, Mrs. S. Newton, Mrs. Knight, Mrs. Puffer, Mrs. Maxfield Sheppard, Mrs. Archibald Campbell, Mrs. James Bankier, and Miss H. Newton. These, with the help of the Rev. Mr. Carden, Mrs. Bradshaw, Miss Oldacre, and others, associated themselves together for visiting and relieving the wants of the Protestant poor of the city, but they soon found that without some home or house of refuge, much of the charity was misapplied; they, therefore, in 1858, made an appeal to the public for means to hire a house and provide a shelter for those cases that were utterly homeless and destitute. This appeal was most favorably received, and such was the encouragement they met with that the ladies soon after solicited an Act of Incorporation, which was granted in the spring of 1859; and thus, under the name of the "Ladies' Protestant Home," was founded the present institution, which claims to receive and help "destitute and unprotected women and female children of all Protestant denominations, in the city of Quebec." To this, the original design, has been added the maintenance of two infirmary wards for the treatment of non-infectious diseases.

The building which forms our illustration, is situated on the left-hand side of the St. Lewis road, just within the turnpike. It is a handsome, spacious house, admirably suited to the purpose for which it was erected, and the site is one of the healthiest and finest in the city. The Home was built by Mr. Hugh Hatch, contractor, Mr. Lecourt being the architect, under the direction of the following gentlemen—John Gilmour, Esq., Dr. Blatherwick, Mr. Sheriff Sewell, O. L. Richardson, Esq., A. C.

Buchanan, Esq., George Veasey, Esq., McLean Stewart, Esq., Joseph Bowles, Esq., and John Musson, Esq., who voluntarily undertook to collect and solicit the funds necessary for the work. So successful were they, and so generously were subscriptions bestowed by all the leading members of the Protestant community, that the large sum of sixteen thousand dollars was soon at their disposal, and in May, 1863, the Home was completed and occupied; it now forms one of the most popular and useful of the many charitable institutions of the city of Quebec.

OFFICERS OF THE SOCIETY, FOR 1865.

PRESIDENT—Mrs. John Gilmour. VICE-PRESIDENT—Mrs. William Walker.

SECRETARY—Miss Griffin. ASSISTANT-SECRETARY—Miss Isabel Sewell.

TREASURER—Mrs. Bankier.

COMMITTEE OF MANAGEMENT:

Mrs. W. Newton,
" W. Poston,
" C. Wurtele,
" W. H. Jeffery,
" Vannovous,
" D. R. Stewart,
" W. W. Scott,
" James Douglas,
" J. Dinning,
" Robarts,
" W. White,

Mrs. Bowles,
" Oakes,
" Richardson,
" Wiley,
" Austin,
" Powis,
" C. Holt,
" Barton,
" Bouchette,
Miss Racey,
" E. McKenzie,

Miss Gibb,
" McCallum,
" Shaw,
" Clark,
" B. Clark,
" E. Stewart,
" S. Sewell,
" Prior.
" McLean,
" Newton.

MATRON—Miss McKellop.

PHYSICIANS:

J. S. Sewell, M.D., John Racey, M.D., W. Boswell, M.D., A. Rowand, M.D.

ADVISORY COMMITTEE:

John Gilmour, Sheriff Sewell, John Musson, James Dinning, Geo. Veasey, A. C. Buchanan, J. G. Ross, H. Fry.

SECRETARY—Wm. Hossack.

ERRATA.

PAGE 18—Instead of "the famous Royal Roussillon Regiment, commanded by Poularies," read "the famous Royal Roussillon Regiment." Poularies was not present at the first battle of the Plains, being at the Beauport camp, in charge of the Montreal Regiments.

" 96—4th line, instead of "the Earl of Elgin," read "the Earl of Durham," in 1838.

" 98—Instead of "struck their tents," read "pitched their tents."

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

(From the Que *Morning Chronicle.*)

MAPLE LEAVES. Third Series. Canadian History and Quebec Scenery, by J. M. LeMoine, Esq., Quebec. Hunter, Rose & Co., St. Ursule street, 1865.—pp. 143, (with photographic views.)

The author of "Maple Leaves" is without exception the most industrious of all our Canadian *littérateurs*. Combining in his own person the blood of the two great races who have made Canada their home, he is characterized by a most noble quality. His works, as a national writer, are singularly free from the blemish of sectional prejudice. The spirit by which he is actuated is Canadian in the true sense of the word; and whether his pen describes the triumph of the flag bearing upon its snow-white field the golden lilies, in the wooded gorges of Carrilon; the gallant achievement of the heroes who followed Wolfe to victory on the Plains of Abraham; the glorious though expiring feat of French power on the heights of St. Foy, in April 1760, or the valiant defence of the fortress-city in the winter of 1775-76, with its small quota of regular troops and its few thousand inhabitants, against Richard Montgomery and his continentals—he is never unjust but always impartial. This excellent quality arises from that true patriotism which desires to do becoming honor to the glories of our common ancestry, and we congratulate the writer upon its possession. In the series of "Maple Leaves"—of which, through the kindness of the author, we have been favoured with an advance copy—the author devotes his pen to a subject to which he is qualified to do ample justice. Eschewing the role of historian so little understood and so often prostituted to base purposes, Mr. LeMoine has applied himself to the task of preserving from oblivion those themes which may be called the unwritten chapters of our history, inasmuch as they are outside the legitimate scope of the narrator of great events though not less interesting to the present age, as affording an insight into the inner-life of our ancestors. The author of

"Maple Leaves" is at present doing for Lower Canada what John Timbs and the author of "Haunted London" have done for the antiquities of England's metropolis; what Jules Janin has done for Brittany, that land hallowed by the legends of Arthur and Merlin; what the antiquarian societies of all Christendom have done for their respective countries. In the third issue of "Maple Leaves," Mr. LeMoine has, however, managed to strike upon a new and comparatively untrodden path of literature, albeit it is with the *genre* we have already defined, "Canadian Homes" for his text, and he has done ample justice to the beautiful theme. It is true he has confined himself to the country-seats in the immediate vicinity of Quebec; but he cannot be blamed for doing so inasmuch as they are beyond all others most fruitful of historical reminiscences. The volume now before us may therefore be said to be made up almost wholly of historical and descriptive sketches of the domains around the ancient capital. There are over thirty of these sketches, and we must say that they are all in excellent style. The author has had the good sense not to overlay his work with heavy chronological details. On the contrary, there is a judicious commingling of light and shade—of history and legend—of the stern records of time and the bloom of autumnal landscapes; and the result is that the volume is at once rich in historical lore and interesting as a handbook of accurate and pleasing descriptions. Commencing with the Mansion House, Montmorency—with its reminiscences of the Duke of Kent, and General Haldimand (one of the best papers in the volume by the way)—the author relates in a lively, sketchy manner, the story of every domain of note in the environs of Quebec. Stately Elm Grove and beautiful Thornhill; lordly Spencer Wood with its every luxury which can make home attractive, its magnificent site on the high grounds overlooking the great river, its conservatories, its gardens, its thousand beauties; Woodfield, with its ancient recollections and its present magnificence; beautiful Benmore—Kirkella, Bardfield and Cataraqui; splendid Clermont, on Sillery heights; dainty Rosewood; Cap Rouge or Redclyffe, standing amid the ancient pine of its rocky promontory, like a giant sentinel overlooking river and valley; Holland Farm, with its tragic recollections; Beauport Manner House, redolent of the *ancien régime*; Ringfield the, old battle-ground, consecrated by the blood of heroes; Morton Lodge, Hamwood and a dozen other noted residences—all these receive full justice from Mr. LeMoine's pen. Graceful and facile in style, his pages contain a vivid idea of the green lawns and the shady woods, the sleeping pools, the meandering streams and the flowery slopes of the old mansion grounds in which he has found such a congenial topic. There are other papers in the volume now before us, but the theme we have alluded to forms the *pièce de résistance*. The other subjects, however, deserve some mention. There is an admirable sketch of the campaign of 1759, containing many interesting facts drawn from almost forgotten sources. The portion devoted to the history of Sillery—its woods and its wild flowers is beautiful in the extreme. We may even say more for the paper on 'Literary Gossip on Olden Times" with its selections from the pages of "Emily Montague," and its quaint *souvenirs* of the early colonial days of British rule, and garrison life in its infancy. In closing our notice we may say that Mr. LeMoine has given to the Canadian public a volume racy of the soil and full of interest, for which they have reason to be truly grateful. We are glad to learn that the leading merchants—the present proprietors of many of our oldest domains—have liberally patronized the book, and we sincerely hope all friends of our national literature will do likewise. One of its most attractive features consists of a series of photographic views of the principal country-seats, by Mr. Livernois, of St. John street, in that artist's best style. Altogether, the volume is a credit to Canadian bookmaking.

CANADIAN FISHERIES.

THE Deep-Sea, Lake and River Fisheries of Canada are very extensive, and of yearly increasing importance From both are derived great quantities of fish-food, which, fresh and cured, forms a staple product for export and home consumption. In Lower Canada are found nearly all the varieties known to British waters. The deep-sea fisheries yield an abundance of such of the edible fishes as cod, mackarel, herrings, halibut, hake, etc. The fresh-water fisheries afford ample supplies of salmon, trout, striped-bass, black-bass, pickerel, white-fish, herrings, perch, shad, pike, sturgeon, eels, maskinongé, haddock, flounders, smelts, caplin, sardines, etc. The fishes are caught at various seasons throughout the year.

Angling for salmon and white-trout has been very successfully practised during the last three seasons upon the several tributaries of the River and Gulf of St. Lawrence. These streams being now under strict protection are fast becoming replenished with salmon. Many of them have latterly afforded excellent sport to fly-fishermen.

In Upper Canada the lakes and rivers abound with white-fish, salmon, salmon-trout, lake-trout, speckled-trout, herrings, bass, pickerel, maskinongé, sturgeon, siskawitz, and many other inferior kinds. Most of those species inhabit the clear, cold and deep waters of the Great Lakes, and are in fine condition, large and numerous. The trout and black-bass found in Lake Superior, and in almost every stream emptying into it, are heavy and game fish, rising greedily at artificial flies, and giving rare delight to anglers.

For full particulars, reference to be made to the Commissioner of Crown Lands.

QUEBEC, 1865.