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Historical and Sporting Notes
ON
QUEBEC



MONTMORENCY FALLS

ITS

ENVIRONS

AND ON

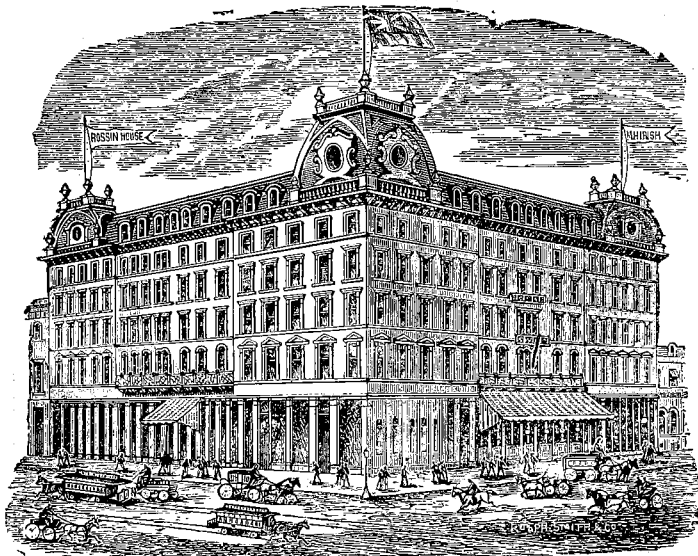
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HISTORICAL AND SPORTING NOTES
ON
QUEBEC AND ITS ENVIRONS

BY
J. M. LEMOINE

Author of "*Quebec Past and Present*;" "*Chronicles of the St. Lawrence*;" "*Maple Leaves*;" "*Picturesque Quebec*," etc.

1ST PART:

**Quebec to Montmorenci—Quebec to Cap Rouge,
Quebec to Indian Lorette—Indian Lorette,
The Huron Chief—Chateau Bigot**

2ND PART:

**Lake St. John : The Land of the Wananish
Our Northern Trout Lakes
Summer and Winter Sports**

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TO
HER ROYAL HIGHNESS
THE
PRINCESS LOUISE

THESE NOTES ON QUEBEC AND ITS ENVIRONS, ETC., ARE
BY SPECIAL PERMISSION, RESPECTFULLY
INSCRIBED BY THE AUTHOR

J. M. LeMOINE.

Spencer Grange, 4th June, 1879.

QUEBEC TO MONTMORENCI

An excellent turnpike road leads past the Dorchester bridge, (erected by Asa Porter, in 1789, and called after Lord Dorchester, then Governor General of Canada)—through a double row of neat cottages and white farm houses, to the foaming cataract of Montmorenci.

Previous to 1789, the St. Charles was crossed by a scow ; and, at low water, by a ford.

One of the most conspicuous landmarks in this neighborhood towards the shore, at *La Canardière* (1), in a line with Hedleyville, is MAIZERETS ; a long two story farm house belonging to the Quebec Seminary, where their blue-coated boys, each Thursday, spend their weekly holiday, since time immemorial, walking back to the city with the descending shades of evening and awakening the echoes of the Beauport shore with their jolly old French songs : *La Claire Fontaine*,—*Par derrière chez mon Père*,—*En roulant, ma Boule roulant*, &c. ; the usher in charge, with his long black cassock flowing to the night wind, merrily joining in the chorus.

In 1778, the historic old mansion was rebuilt, after having been ruthlessly burnt to the ground by Col. Benedict Arno'd's rude followers, in the fall of 1775.

In 1850, it was enlarged to its present size ; a diminutive island—christened in July, 1852, *St. Hyacinthe* (2)—was added in the centre of the sheet of water in rear

(1) Would *La Canardière*, have taken its name from being, in former days, the resort of innumerable *canards* ?

(2) To commemorate the presence of the St. Hyacinthe College boys, then on a visit to the Quebec Seminary scholars,

of the house, and communicating, at high tide, with the St. Lawrence. It is provided with row boats, canoes, &c.

This long, narrow pond, served in 1759, in lieu of a ditch, to one of General Montcalm's redoubts; for a succession of years, in summer, it has been the source of unspeakable delight, on every weekly holiday, to the Seminary scholars.—*Crede experto.*

On the 7th March, 1850, the pupils, in solemn conclave, and after exhaustive discussion of several names proposed—among which that of Montigny (after the great Bishop Laval, Abbé de Montigny, founder of the *Petit Séminaire* in 1668) came prominently to the front—decided that their pleasant trysting place should be known to succeeding generations as Maizerets.

Maizerets is the name of the venerable Superior of the Quebec Seminary, during whose protracted tenure of office this valuable property was acquired by this educational institution. Revd Louis Ango des Maizerets closed his career, on the 22nd April, 1721, at the ripe age of 85 years, loved and regretted.

The main road, overhung by wide-spreading elms, leads past the lofty, turreted dome, extensive buildings and pleasure grounds of the *Provincial Lunatic Asylum*, founded in 1845; first, in Col. Guky's roomy stone stables, (1) adjoining the Duchesnay Manor, by three of the leading physicians of Quebec, Doctors James Douglas, Joseph Morrin and Joseph Frémont, and then transferred to the present location. The east wing, occupied by the females, stands on the site of the old *Château de Bonne*, where Judge de Bonne, an active politician in his day, and also a learned jurist, resided for years, in the early part of the century. No more suitable, nor healthy locality, could have been selected as a home for the 1,000

(1) This commodious receptacle of Col. Guky's stud was taken down in 1887.

unfortunates, bereft of reason, and over whom the Provincial Government is expected to watch. The streamlet, known as the *Rivière des Taupières*, winds through the leafy seclusion and flows under the rustic iron, suspension bridge of Glenalla, now Villa Mastai

During our war with the United States, in 1812-14, this diminutive, though deep brook was assigned as the western limit of the paroled American prisoners—some 40 odd, officers and privates—taken at Detroit, &c.; among them, Generals Hull, Winchester and Chandler; they were at first located in the *Château de Bonne*. Capt. Mathew Bell's cavalry escorted them to Quebec in the winter of 1813, and they were placed in the house, No. 81, St. Louis street—in which the historian Hon. Wm. Smith expired, on 17th December, 1847—now the residence of Sheriff Chs. Alleyn. Their fellow prisoner, taken at Queenston, Col. (afterwards Genl. Winfield Scott), had the run of the city on parole. Col. Scott won laurels in the Mexican war, and acquired, on account of his bustling activity and love of display, the well remembered *sobriquet* of *old Fuss and Feathers*. The stately, athletic Colonel, however lived under *parole* with Colonel (afterwards Major General) Glasgow, the Commander of the Quebec Garrison, in 1813. In 1817, we shall find him again, within our walls, an honored guest, under the hospitable roof, at Marchmont, *Grande Allée*, of Sir John Harvey, who subsequently became Governor of one of the British Colonies.

The eastern *parole* limit of the unhappy (1) warriors was the second stream occurring on the road to the falls:

(1) The *Quebec Mercury* of 9th November, 1813, advertises for the capture of Abraham Walter, pilot, native of Grandfield, aged 24 years, who had deserted from Beauport on the 6th November, 1813. Captain Kempt, the agent for the prisoners of war, offers for his apprehension one guinea reward over and above the Provincial reward allowed in such cases.

le ruisseau de l'ours, Bear Creek, whose waters yet furnish motive power to mills in the second range of Beauport, and, until a few years back, to an extensive grist mill—now in ruins—formerly owned by the late William Brown. In 1759, this stream had, at this spot, steep banks, since solidly bridged over, as portion of the public highway. The hollow formerly existing was then designated, and frequently appears in Chevalier Johnstone's and Capt. John Knox's diaries of the siege, as the "ravine at Beauport." What lively scenes Benedict Arnold's myrmidons enacted in this locality during the crucial winter of 1775-6?

Col. Jos. Bouchette mentions the erection here of a distillery, about 1790, by the Hon. John Young.

A year or two later, Prince Edward—Her Majesty's father—then a jolly Colonel of Fusiliers, twenty-four years of age, might have been met, on bright summer mornings, trotting his pair of Norman ponies over the Beauport road, from Haldimand House to the city, with the fascinating Madame de Saint Laurent at his side.

Half a century later, in 1841, the *Curé de Beauport*, the Revd. Abbé C. Chiniquy, the idol of the Beauport teatottlers, was raising the Temperance pillar which now, on the north side of the road, attracts the attention of tourists.

Let us hie back to this historic *ruisseau de l'ours*.

What gave it its sporting namè ?

I have a faint remembrance of a bear story, more than two hundred years old, in which the local Nimrod, Seigneur Giffard, whilst lying *perdu* for wild geese—one spring—on the sedgy banks of this river, is stated to have spied a huge bear roaming in the neighborhood, mayhap in quest of the seigniorial mutton. Gaunt, tired, possibly unconscious of evil intent, Bruin was lapping

the crystal draught of the *ruisseau*. To substitute in his long duck gun, slugs, for goose shot, was the affair of an instant for the sporting Laird, and lo ! Bruin's brave spirit was wafted to where all good bears go !

Let us cross Bear Creek close to the front door of the Beauport Manor and ask about the Seigneur. " Who was the first Seigneur of this flourishing village ? " I hear you say—

Here is what we read in history :

Seigneur Robert Giffard or Giffard, *Sieur de Beauport*, a native of Perche, left old for New France, in 1627. Later on, we find him an English prisoner of war. Taken on board of Rocmont's fleet, he it was who gave the parish its name, and, as its first Seigneur, watched over its feeble beginnings. We shall find him a practising surgeon at Quebec, in 1634 : the calling at that distant time must have been a bit of a sinecure.

He applied for and was granted by the Company of New France, the Seigniory of Beauport, on the 14th January, 1634, according to a Parliamentary return printed in 1852 ; on the 31st December, 1635, says Colonel Bouchette. Giffard had several sons and daughters ; two of the latter married the brothers Juchereau, the sires of the warlike clan of Duchesnays who occupied the Beauport manor for nearly two centuries.

Robert Giffard, a man of importance in his day, was elected Church Warden, at Quebec, in 1646. It is recorded that the Jesuit Fathers selected his house, at Beauport, to celebrate their first mass. The lettered and sporting Esculapius died on the 14th April, 1668, and was buried in the cemetery at Beauport.

Let us now knock at the chief entrance of the Manor !

Had we, with us, Jean Guion, we might possibly have a chance of meeting his worthy contemporary. François Boullé, Seigneur Giffard's faithful farmer of the 14th March, 1634. Alas ! Both are enjoying their long rest,

for the last two hundred and fifty years, in yonder rustic necropolis.

But I was forgetting that of the venerable Duchesnay Manor some disjointed ruins are all that now remain, of a residence endeared to Canadians for having been the head-quarters of the chivalrous Marquis of Montcalm during the thrilling summer of 1759. The circumstance of the sojourn of the French General, at that Manor, had so aroused the cupidity of the Quebec treasure seekers after the hurried departure of the Gallic legions, that cellars and outer courts were more than once dug up for gold and silver, supposed to have been concealed and forgotten there prior to their hurried retreat. These Doustirswivels might have saved themselves much labor, many midnight vigils, suffumigations and incantations, under suitable planetary influence for searches,—with or without “a hand of glory, by the light of a taper, manufactured from the fat of an executed murderer,—when the clock strikes twelve at midnight”—had they chosen to bear in mind, that during the drooping, closing years of French rule, the chief circulating medium at Quebec was card money, supplemented with Bigot's *Exchange* on the French treasury—destined to be dishonored.

Some time after the destruction by fire of the old Manor, in 1879, a mysterious inscription was unearthed from the ruins. Mrs. Guly, the owner of the property, kindly forwarded it to the President of the *Literary and Historical Society* for examination. It gave rise to a very lively discussion in the English and French press.

The tablet was a circular plate of lead or pewter nine inches in diameter, one-quarter of an inch in thickness. The fire had much injured it. It appears to have contained within its rolls, originally, coins, but the diggers apparently had abstracted them; also some document, which alas!

crumbled into dust when exposed to the air. The inscription, as well as can be deciphered, ran thus :

I.H.S. M.I.A. (1)

LAN 1634 LE

NTE

25 IVILET.IE.ETE-PLA

PREMIERE.P.C.GIFART

SEIGNEVR.DE.CE.LIEV (2)

The Beauport strand was privileged, by its proximity to Quebec to play a conspicuous part in the numerous sieges which have beset the old city

There, in 1690, 1759, 1760, 1775, the invader left in marks of blood, his foot-prints. Some of Canada's most noble sons found there a glorious death, others a no less glorious record of services rendered to their country.

During the occupation by the English of Quebec by the Kirkes, 1628-33, Beauport, with the exception of the *Ferme des Anges*, had little to do with these unauthorised conquerors, as peace had been proclaimed between England and France, when the Kirkes took Quebec. It was very different in 1690—*Mère Juchereau*, *Monseignat*, *Walley* and *Davis*, have each a stirring tale to tell. Admiral Sir William Phips' abortive attempt to capture the old rock, on the 16th October, 1690, whilst his second in command, Major John Walley, landed and headed a detachment on the Beauport flats, has brought out creditably the successful and stout resistance offered by Count de Frontenac, "speaking from the mouth of his cannon," and whilst his lieutenants *Prevost*, *Longueuil*, de *Ste. Hélène*, at the head, of his regulars and *Beaupré* and

(1) *Jesu Hominum Salvator* ; *Maria*, *Joseph*, *Anna*.

(2) For explanation, vide *Picturesque Quebec*, pages 440-8.

Lorette volunteers, met and routed Major Walley's Puritan Boston host

What an exciting discovery it must have been for the sentinels on the Sault-au-Matelot batteries, when they, at day break, on the 16th October, 1690—spied the slowly moving lights of the Massachusetts fleet, thirty-four armed vessels, gliding past the Point of Orleans, and casting anchor in view of Quebec, thronged with soldiery,—in their French eyes, merciless heretics, who, “it had been reported, meant to kill them all, after cutting off their ears to make necklaces”?

A grand spectacle awaited Admiral Phips' entrance in our port. As Parkman well remarks: “One of the grandest scenes on the western continent opened upon his sight. The wide expanse of waters, the lofty promontory beyond, and the opposing heights of Levi, the cataract of Montmorenci, the distant range of the Laurentian Mountains, the warlike rock with its diadem of walls and towers, the roofs of the Lower Town clustering on the strand beneath, the *Château St Louis* perched at the brink of the cliff, and over it the white banner spangled with *fleurs-de-lis*, flaunting defiance in the clear autumn air.”

The dramatic account of Admiral Phips' repulse has been too often given and too well, for me to attempt to repeat in here. I shall confine myself to a bare mention of a few incidents which happened during the week of alarm, which marked the operations of Major Walley, on the Beauport beaches, in his vain attempt to cross the St. Charles at the ford and assail the city in reverse. Walley's van, though brave levies of Massachusetts fishermen and farmers, had no mean enemy to contend with. In one of the engagements, Frontenac in person sallied forth at the head of 1000 soldiers — Montreal, Three Rivers and Quebec men — to wait on the south side of the St. Charles, near the ford, for the appearance of the invaders, whilst Baron de Longueuil and his chivalrous

brother, LeMoynes de Ste. Hélène, headed the Canadian Militia. Both were wounded, Ste. Hélène fatally. He was buried on the 4th December, 1690, in the *Hôtel-Dieu* cemetery, at Quebec. His two other brothers, LeMoynes de Bienville and LeMoynes de Maricour, won laurels in this memorable campaign, whilst the sturdy Seigneur of Beauport, Juchereau de Saint Denis, more than sixty-four years of age, in the act of leading his armed peasants, lost an arm. For his bravery, the French Monarch awarded him a patent of nobility. He was more fortunate than his companion-in-arms, the Chevalier de Clermont, an officer of distinction, who was killed.

The Boston invaders, on re-embarking, had been compelled to leave behind 5 cannons, 100 lbs. gunpower and 40 or 50 cannon balls. A detachment of armed peasants from Beauport and the adjoining parishes, aided by 40 scholars from the St. Joachim Seminary, led by *le Sieur Carré*, a fighting inhabitant, of Ste. Anne du *Petit Cap*, seized and held the guns, in spite of the detachment sent from the fleet to recapture them. Governor de Frontenac was so well pleased with their spirited conduct, that he presented one of the captured guns to the Seminary scholars and another to the *Sieur Carré*. (1)

The little Church, in process of construction in the Lower Town Market Place, since 1688, and still in existence, was named, in commemoration of Phip's defeat. "*Notre-Dame-de-la-Victoire*," and King Louis XIV ordered a handsome medal to be struck, in memory of it — the well-known *Kebeka Liberata* Medal.

The occupation of Beauport and adjoining parishes round Quebec, by Arnold and Montgomery's New Englanders, in 1775-6, gave rise in this locality to many strange incidents, unrecorded by the general historian.

The following, I gather, from an account recently furnished me :—

SEIGNIOR DUCHESNAY, at Beauport, in 1775 — His farmer, Vincent Giroux ; current prices of horses, cows, sheep, chickens, turkeys, geese, that fall. Jeremiah Duggan, the hair-dresser : the part he played in the blockade of Quebec.

The following document occurs among the family records of the late Henry F. Duchesnay, Esq., M.P., for Beauce. Mr. Duchesnay was a lineal descendant of that fighting seignior of Beauport, Juchereau Duchesnay, who lost his arm, in 1690, whilst repelling the invasion of Phips and who received from the French King, letters of *noblesse* for his meritorious conduct.

It purports to be a true copy of a claim made by Seignior Duchesnay, in the fall of 1776, on the Government for indemnity on losses suffered whilst upholding the King's authority. The losses are on farm produce, &c. The claim is sworn to before Hon. Thomas Dunn, a loyal official of the period. The Caldwells, Allsops and others had preferred similar claims for which His Excellency, Guy Carleton, had them indemnified. The document is curious as indicating the current rate of prices of several objects still in general use. A rapacious Irish hair-dresser, rejoicing in the name of Jeremiah Duggan, was a leading figure in this raid on the Tories, as the Loyalists were then styled.

The Duchesnay stone manor, the head-quarters of General de Montcalm during the siege of 1759, after being the family seat of the Duchesnays for nearly two centuries, became about 1845 the property of the late Col. B. C. A. Gagy.

*Statement of the losses caused to Mr. Duchesnay by the
American invasion, in 1775.*

" Vincent Giroux, farmer, residing in a house belonging to Mr. Duchesnay, Seignior of Beauport, declares under oath that at the end of November, 1775, there came to Mr. Duchesnay's residence, at Beauport, a band of about fifty armed rebels, commanded, as they asserted, by one Jeremiah Duggan, also present.

" That the said Duggan, who was well known to deponent, entered the house, asked for eatables and told deponent that he (Duggan) knew that deponent had fattened a cow — that he had killed pigs and that, at the instant, Duggan declared himself master of the house.

"That on this day Duggan and comrades seized all articles of furniture—removed them to the garret of the house, locked the door of the garret and took the key away

"That the said Duggan visited other farm houses, leaving other rebels in charge of M. Duchesnay's house, forbidding them to interfere with the garret, where the furniture was.

"That this guard remained at this house—but that other parties of rebels succeeding one another, broke into the garret and carried away the furniture stored there, a few days before Christmas.

"That from date of entry of the rebels, in the said house—that is from the end of November, 1775, to the beginning of May last, (1776), they took the live stock, house furniture, grain, hay and other objects belonging to the said Mr. Duchesnay."

The old record very clearly discloses the worth, in 1775, of numerous house utensils, cattle and farm produce, some of which have not apparently increased much in value after a hundred years. Hay does not, each fall, fetch more than \$8 per hundred bundles at Beauport; horses seem higher in value. Turkeys and geese are a trifle more in price. The 15 couple of domestic pigeons "lifted" by Jeremiah Duggan's pals, from the manor, recall by their presence the old feudal privilege of the seigneur, to keep pigeons—*le droit de colombier*—as Lord of the Manor; in this case might have been added, *Sic vos, non vobis*. The Beauport andirons may yet, possibly, be doing duty in some antique New England home, with the picture of the "Mayflower" over the mantelpiece. Jeremiah and his hungry gang of raiders, bent on having their fat goose for Christmas, 1775, with great foresight inspected, and with success, the seigniorial larder, also carrying away the kitchen utensils, a roasting apparatus, a skewer, a gridiron (without even asking for "the loan" of it) and a goodly supply of cedar pickets, to do the cooking and broil the steak.

On the 6th May following the English frigate "Lowestoff," rounding Pointe Levi, was the signal for the hasty departure of the hungry Sons of Independance and the occasion for loud English cheers, when the standard of Britain was run up the flagstaff on Cape Diamond. Hurrah!

A central figure in the parish of Beauport, in full view of the city and of the green Isle of Orleans, stands out: the Roman Catholic temple of worship. The diminutive structure of 1759, has been replaced by the large and handsome edifice of our own day.

Who could tell of the fervent orisons and daily prayers sent up to Heaven, during the ever memorable summer of 1759, in the cherished fane, to avert the war of extermination, of which the colony was threatened ? It adjoined Montcalm's headquarters ; its steeple, on the 28th June, 1759, was selected by Governor de Vaudreuil as a safe and suitable observatory from which he could feast his eyes on the sure destruction of the English fleet, then lying, since the 23rd June, at anchor near the Island of Orleans. Monsieur Deslouches, a French naval officer, had designed and equipped at great cost several " infernal engines " to wit : five fire-ships and two large rafts, which he had sent down at ten o'clock that night from the Lower Town, with the ebb, to wipe out the British squadron of 60 ships.

Capt. John Knox, of the 43rd, an eye witness and accurate observer, in his *Journal of the Siege*, pronounces the display the grandest fire works, conceivable. Though according to Montcalm, who had no faith in them, they had cost " a million," they turned out worse than a failure. Some having been set on fire too soon grounded before reaching the fleet ; others were courageously taken in tow by the fearless British tars, in their boats, and run ashore, where their rigging and hulls blazed away until the morning " with no other harm, says Parkman, than burning alive one of their own captains and six or seven of his sailors who failed to escape in their boats." Knox relates how the " air and adjacent woods reverberated with sonorous shouts and frequent repetitions of *alls well*, from our gallant seamen on the water."

The whole of that night scene evidently was one of dismal and appalling grandeur.

What would you give for the prospects of promotion in the French Navy, of Deslouches, the originator of this costly and primitive torpedo experiment ?

Governor de Vaudreuil, dejected and crestfallen, hurried back to his doomed city.

Parkman vividly recalls this incident :

" There was an English outpost at the Point of Orleans ; and about eleven o'clock the sentries descried through the gloom the ghostly outlines of the approaching ships. As they gazed, these mysterious strangers began to dart tongues of flame ; fire ran like lightning up their masts and sails, and then they burst out like volcanoes. Filled as they were with pitch, tar and every manner of combustible, mixed with fireworks, bombs, grenades, and old cannon, swivels and muskets loaded to the throat, the effect was terrific. The troops at the Point, amazed at the sudden eruption, the din of the explosions and the showers of grape shot, that rattled among the trees, lost their wits and fled.

The blazing dragons hissed and roared, spouted sheets of fire, vomited smoke in black, pitchy volumes and vast illumined clouds, and shed their infernal glare on the distant city, the tents of Montcalm, and the long red lines of the British army, drawn up in array of battle, lest the French should cross from their encampments to attack them in the confusion." (*Montcalm and Wolfe*, Vol. II, p. 211)

The Montmorenci falls are still known to old French peasants as *La Vache* (the Cow) on account of the resemblance of their foaming waters to milk, though others have attributed the name to the noise, like the bellowing of a cow, which is made by the roaring torrent pending the prevalence of certain winds. They present, when swollen by spring floods or by autumnal rains, a most imposing spectacle. The volume of water, though much less than that of Niagara, falls from a much greater height, viz., 251 feet. When the sun lights up its brilliant prismatic colors, the undulating mass of foam, rainbow-tinted, assumes hues of marvellous brightness. Beauport's wondrous cataract may be seen under various attractive aspects.

I have ridden back from it to the storied city, at sunset, watching entranced, the departing orb of day, shedding its golden rays on the quaint, old metal-sheathed roofs

of Quebec, and the city windows looking westward ; the whole panorama, a realm of fairy land lit up with the quivering sheen of diamonds.

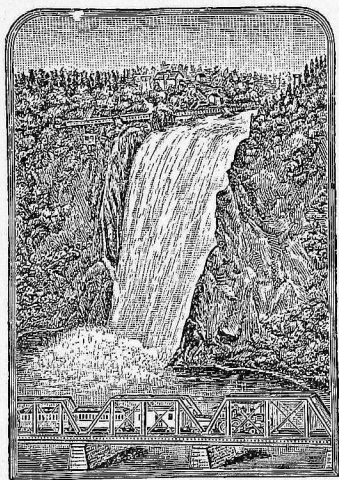
I also remember, on a brisk, starry night amid-winter, contemplating in dreamy, rapt silence, a novel spectacle, seldom vouchsafed to Quebecers. The snowy peak or cone at the foot of the cataract, had been scooped out by an enterprising city *restaurateur*, to represent a vast, glittering palace, provided with icy couches, seats, &c., a cold, bright, but fitting throne for the Frost King, illumined by weird Chinese lamps, reminding one of Cowper's glowing description of imperial Catherine's Russian ice palace of 1787 :

Silently as a dream, the fabric rose,
Ice upon ice, tho' well adjusted parts
.....
Lamps gracefully disposed, and of all hues,
Illumine every side.....
So stood the bright prodigy.....
.....
Convivial table and commodious seat.....
.....
A scene of evanescent glory, once a stream,
And soon to glide into a stream again

(THE TASK, book V., 127)

About a mile and a half from the bridge, occurs the geological curiosities, denominated the *Natural Steps*, adjacent to cascades of three or four yards in depth.

"The rocks are so-called because they exhibit," says, Lossing, "a series of rectangular gradations resembling stairs. They are composed of shaly limestone and supposed by some, to have been formed by the abrasion of the waters, and by others to be original in their shapes. For an eighth of a mile the river rushes in irregular cascades among these rocks, in a very narrow and tortuous channel its surface white with foam, and here and there



Montmorenci Falls.

sending up fleeces of spray. On the bold, rocky bank we sat, watching the rushing waters, and made an early dinner of sandwiches."

Sweetser adds that fine specimens of trilobites have been found in the vicinity.

Over the strand at the foot of the Fall, adjoining the vast saw mills of the Messrs. Hall & Price, a muddy beach of more than a mile broad extends at low tide. You can now at this spot hear the whistle of the *Quebec, Montmorenci* and *Charlevoix Railway* conveying its myriads of halt and rheumatic pilgrims to *La Bonne Sainte Anne*, a cherished shrine, fourteen miles lower down. Very different scenes greeted here the eye on a sultry July afternoon (the 31st in 1759); a deadly encounter between Britton and Gaul. Read the oft-told tale in Garneau and Parkman. Wolfe paid dearly for his ill-timed and rash assault, from an unprotected position on the beach: attempting to scale the wet, perpendicular heights flanked with earth works, protected by woods, bristling with cannon and crowned by expert French-Canadian marksmen. He lost nearly 500 men, in killed and wounded, including those scalped by the Hurons and other savages. The dauntless English leader and his rash grenadiers made a grave mistake and the heroic Frenchman Montcalm failed to make the most of a victory which the tide and elements brought to an unsatisfactory close. (1)

(1) A full account of the siege of Quebec and battle of Beauport Flats appears in the *Maple Leaves*, for 1864, and in *Quebec, Past and Present*.

QUEBEC TO CAP ROUGE

RETURNING BY ST. FOYE ROAD.

A few doors from the Kent House on St Louis street, occurs the St Louis Hotel, the head quarters of tourists, salmon and trout fishers.

No american traveller or pleasure seeker should pass, unnoticed the modest tenement (Gobert's House) close to Ste. Ursule street where Brigadier General Montgomery's body was laid out on the 31st December, 1775.

An other land mark in the vicinity is the solid old Sewell manor, built in 1804, now the head quarters of the *Dominion* school of Cavalry.

On emerging from St. Louis Gate, the first object which attracts the eye is the Skating Rink. Adjoining stood the old home of the Prentices, in 1781,—Bandon Lodge, (1) once the abode of Sandy Simpson, (2) whose cat-o'ninetails must have left lively memories in Wolfe's army. Did the beauteous damsel about whom Horatio, Lord Nelson, raved in 1782, when, as Commander of H. M.'s frigate *Albemarle*, he was philandering in Quebec, ever live here? (3)

(1) The ornate residence of Hon. Jos. Shehyn. M. P. P., occupies now this historic site.

(2) SAUNDERS SIMPSON.—“ He was Prevost Marshall in Wolfe's army, at the affairs of Louisbourg, Quebec and Montreal, and cousin of my father's. He resided in that house, the nearest to Saint Louis Gate, outside, which has not undergone any external alteration since I was a boy.”—From *Diary of Deputy Commissary General Jas. Thompson*.

(3) Recent evidence extracted by the historian Miles out of the Thompson papers and letters, lead to strengthen the theory previously propounded by me, and to indicate Miss Mary Simpson, daughter of Saunders Simpson, as the famed Quebec beauty of 1782.

This seems very likely. The Parliament Buildings, an imposing *block* facing east, north, south and west with a spacious court yard in the centre, a jet-d'eau and lawns are erected on the north side of the *Grande Allée*.

The Parliament and Departmental Buildings, the largest public edifice in the Province of Quebec, begun in 1878, are now completed at a cost of \$1,393,784.40. It forms a square, each side of which externally measures 300 feet and encloses a court 198 x 195 feet.

The style of architecture, though not over ornate, is what was used in public edifices of the XVII century. Embossed pilasters in rustic work, rising from the base-ment up to the cornice, close the salient angles of each projection.

The height of the body of the edifice from the ground to the great cornice is 60 feet, English measure, and 72 feet to the top of the cornice above the attics.

A heraldic *Lion passant*, between two fleur-de-lys and three maple leaves, displays the arms of the Province of Quebec. On the piers of the first story are cut in relief, the escutcheon of the two first Lieutenant-Governors of the Province of Quebec ; sculptured on the central window of the second story, is visible from afar, the "year" when the structure was commenced, "1878", and on the side windows are inscribed the monograms of the Governor General and Lieutenant-Governor, under whose administration the edifice was built.

Niches on different points of the edifice will exhibit statues of Jacques Cartier, of Champlain, of Maisonneuve, Laval, Brebœuf, Viel, Olier, Frontenac, Wolfe, Montcalm, Levi, de Salaberry, Elgin ; \$28,000.00 has been voted for this object and an able sculptor, Mr. Hebert, is now pushing on in Paris, this work of art. A statue of the historian F. X. Garneau, will also be erected in the grounds, near the fountain.

The interior of the building, will furnish a complete epitome of Canadian history, by the heraldic groups,

armorial inscriptions, &c., on the pannellings and stair cases.

Opposite, looms out the handsome Drill Hall and its adjunct the Cavalry Riding shed. "Ferguson's house," next to it, noted by Professor Silliman in his "Tour between Hartford and Quebec in 1819," is now difficult to recognize; its late owner A. Joseph, Esq., added so much to its size. It is now leased to Monsieur Boulé and rejoices in the name of *Le Lion d'Or*. Its proximity to the Legislative Halls, will doubtless make it a popular resort for members of the Provincial Legislature. Another landmark of the past deserves notice—the ex-Commander of the Forces' lofty quarters; from its angular eaves and forlorn aspect, it generally went by the name of "Bleak House." I cannot say whether it ever was haunted, but it ought to have been. (1) We are now in the *Grande Allée*—the forest avenue, which two hundred years ago led to Sillery Wood. Handsome terraces of cut stone dwellings erected by Hon. P. Garneau, Messrs. Joseph, Hamel, Duquet, Roy, Bilodeau, add much to the appearance of this fashionable neighborhood. On turning and looking back as you approach Bleak House, you have an excellent view of the Citadel, and of the old French works, which extend beyond it, to the *cime du Cap*, overlooking *l'Anse des Mères*. A little beyond the Commander's house, at the top of what is generally known as Perrault's Hill, stands the Perrault homestead, dating back to 1820, *l'Asile Champêtre*, lately owned by Mrs. Henry Dinning, but by the expiration of the lease-hold of 99 years, claimed by the Ursuline Nuns of Quebec. To the east of it, on a most commanding position, on the *Buttes-à-Nepveu*, stands the old Freer Mansion, rebuilt and adorned by John Roche, Esq.—*The Hillocks*.

(1) The widening and paving of the *Grande Allée*, deserve also to be noted as signs of progress.

The adjoining range of heights, at present occupied by the Martello Tower, is known as the *Buttes-à-Nepveu*, from the name of one of their earliest occupants under French rule.

“It was here that Murray took his stand on the morning of April 28th, 1760, to resist the advance of Levi, and here commenced the hardest-fought — the bloodiest action of the war, which terminated in the defeat of Murray, and his retreat within the city. The Martello Towers are bomb-proof, they are three in number, and form a chain of forts extending along the ridge from the St. Lawrence to the River St Charles. The fact that this ridge commanded the city, unfortunately induced Murray to leave it and attempt to fortify the heights, in which he was only partially successful, owing to the frost being still in the ground.

The British Government were made aware of the fact, and seeing that from the improved artillery, the city was now fully commanded from the heights, which are about seven hundred yards distant, decided to build the towers. Arrangements were accordingly made by Col. Isaac Brock then commanding the troops in Canada. In 1806, the necessary materials were collected, in the following year their construction commenced. They were not, however, completed till 1812. The original estimate for the four was £8,000, but before completion the Imperial government had expended nearly £12,000. They are not all of the same size, but like all Martello Towers, they are circular and bomb-proof. The exposed sides are *thirteen* feet thick and gradually diminish like the horns of the crescent moon, to *seven* feet in the centre of the side next the city walls. The first or lower story, contains tanks, storerooms and magazine; the second has cells for the garrison, with port-holes for two guns. On the top there used to be one 68-pounder carronade, two 24, and two 9-pounders.” (*Wm. J. Anderson*).

A party of Arnold's soldiers ascended these heights in November, 1775, and advanced quite close to the city walls, shouting defiance at the little garrison. A few shots soon dispersed the invaders, who retraced their steps to Wolfe's Cove. On the *Buttes-à-épave*, the great criminals were formerly executed. Here, la Corriveau, the St. Valier Lafarge, met her deserved fate in 1763, after being tried by one of General Murray's Court Martials for murdering her husband. After death she was hung in chains, or rather in a solid iron cage, at the fork of four roads, at Levis, close to the spot where the Temperance monument has since been built. The loathsome form of the murderess caused more than one shudder amongst the peaceable peasantry of Levis, until some brave young men, one dark night, cut down the horrid cage, and hid it deep under ground, next to the cemetery at Levis, where close to a century afterwards, it was dug up and sold to Barnum's agent for his Museum.

Sergeant Jas. Thompson records in his diary, under date 18th Nov., 1782, another memorable execution :

" This day two fellows were executed for the murder and robbery of Capt. Stead, commander of one of the Treasury Brigs, on the evening of the 31st Dec., 1779, between the Upper and the Lower Town. The criminals went through Port St. Louis, about 11 o'clock, at a slow and doleful pace, to the place where justice had allotted them to suffer the most ignominious death. It is astonishing to see what a crowd of people followed the tragic scene. Even our people on the works (Cape Diamond) prayed Capt. Twiss for leave to follow the hard-hearted crowd." It was this Capt. Twiss who subsequently furnished the plan and built a temporary citadel, in 1793.

Eleven years later, in 1793, we have, recorded in history, another doleful procession of red coats, the Quebec Garrison, accompanying to the same place of execution a mess-mate (Draper), a soldier of the 7th Fusiliers, then

commanded by the young Duke of Kent, who, after pronouncing the sentence of death as commander, over the trembling culprit, kneeling on his coffin, as son and representative of the Sovereign, exercised the royal prerogative of mercy and pardoned poor Draper.

Look down Perrault's hill towards the south. There stand, with a garden plot and trees in the foreground, the Military Home,—where infirm soldiers, their widows and children, could find a refuge. It has since been purchased and converted into the "Female Orphan Asylum." It forms the eastern boundary of a large expanse of verdure and trees, reaching the summit of the lot originally intended by the Seminary of Quebec for a Botanical Garden; subsequently, it was contemplated to build a new seminary there, to afford the boys fresh air. Alas! other counsels prevailed.

Its western boundary is a road leading to the new District Jail,—a stone structure of great strength, surmounted with a diminutive tower, admirably adapted, one would imagine, for astronomical pursuits. From its glistening cupola, the Provincial Observatory is visible to the east.

I was forgetting to notice that substantial building, dating from 1855—the Ladies' Home. The Protestant Ladies of Quebec have here, at no small expense and trouble, raised a fitting asylum, where the aged and infirm find shelter. This, and the building opposite, St. Bridget's Asylum, with its fringe of trees and green plots, are real ornaments to the *Grande Allée*.

The old burying ground of 1832, with all its ghastly memories of the Asiatic scourge, has assumed quite an ornate, nay, a respectable aspect. Close to the toll-bar on the *Grande Allée*, may yet be seen one of the meridian stones which serve to mark the western boundary of the city, west of the old Lampson Mansion. On the adjoining domain, well named "Battlefield Cottage,"

formerly the property of Col. Charles Campbell, now the handsome residence of Mr. Alphonse Charlebois, who added a new front to the house, a conservatory and out houses, was the historic well out of which a cup of water was obtained to moisten the parched lips of the dying hero, Wolfe, on the 13th September, 1759. The well was filled in a few years ago, but not before it was nigh proving fatal to Col. Campbell's, then young son— (Arch. Campbell, Esq., of Thornhill.) Its site is close to the western boundary fence, in the garden behind "Battlefield Cottage."

Here we are at those immortal plains — the Hastings and Runnymede of the two races once arrayed in battle against one another at Quebec. The Plains of Abraham are the eastern boundary of Marchmont, formerly owned by John Gilmour, Esq., now magnificently rebuilt by Thos. Beckett, Esq.

Opposite to the west extremity of Marchmont may be seen indistinctly from the road, John Burstall's, commodious mansion — on a well wooded estate recently bought from the Marquise de Bassano — *née* Symes — a magnificent and some smaller elms, deck its lawns; hence, its name ELM GROVE.

A few minutes more brings the tourist to Honb. J. E. Price's villa-Wolfe-field, where may be seen the precipitous path up the St. Denis burn, by which the Highlanders British soldiers gained a footing above, on the 13th and September, 1759, and met in battle array, to win a victory destined to revolutionize the New World. The British were piloted in their ascent of the river by a French prisoner brought with them from England—Denis de Vitré, formerly, a Quebecer of distinction. Their landing place at Sillery was selected by Major Robert Stobo, who had, in May, 1759, escaped from a French prison in Quebec, and joined his countrymen the English, at Louisbourg, from whence he took ship again to meet

Saunders' fleet at Quebec. The tourist next drives past Thornhill, Sir Francis Hinck's old home, when Premier to Lord Elgin. Adjoining Thornhill amidst trees, glistens the shining roof of *Villa St. Denis*, Israël J. Tarte's cosy cottage, built close to the diminutive stream, the *ruisseau St. Denis*, up which climbed, in 1759, brave Wolfe, at the spot where it leaps into *Wolfe's Cove*, west of Marchmont hill. In view may be seen from the St. Louis road, the new stable, farm buildings and well tilled fields of the intelligent agriculturist who now owns it. Opposite, appear the leafy glades of Spencer Wood, so grateful a summer retreat, that Lord Elgin used to say. "There he not only loved to live, but would like to rest his bones." Next comes Spencer Grange, the seat of J. M. LeMoine, Esq., ; then Woodfield, the homestead of the Hon. Wm. Sheppard (1) in 1847, now of Messrs. John I. and Jas. Gibb. (2) The eye later dwells on the rustic Church of St. Michael, embowered in evergreens ; close to which, looms out, at *Sous les Bois*, the stately convent of *Jesus-Marie* ; then you meet with villas innumerable—one of the most conspicuous is Benmore House, Honble Col. Rhodes' country seat. Benmore House is well worthy, of a call, were it only to procure a *bouquet*. This is not merely the Eden of roses ; Col. Rhodes has combined the farm with the garden. His underground rhubarb and mushroom cellars, his boundless asparagus beds and strawberry plantations, are a credit to Quebec and to the new Minister of Agriculture, P. Q. The highway which branches off towards Ste. Foye, is called the Gomin

(1) Hon. W. Sheppard died in 1867—regretted as a scholar, an antiquary, a type of the old English gentleman

(2) This realm of fairy land, so rich in nature's graces, so profusely embellished by the late James Gibb, Esq., President of the Quebec Bank, was recently sold for a Cemetery, and if not denuded of trees, is likely to continue as an ornament to St. Louis road.

road, after one of its earliest inhabitants, Dr Gomin, a french botanist, whose dwelling stood, in the last century, on the north side. A few acres to the west, a conspicuous landmark is ROSLIN, the ornate homestead of Lt. Col. Joseph Bell Forsyth. Amidst a plantation of lovely trees grown by the owner of the ground, peeps out MONTAGUE COTTAGE, the residence of Alfred P. Wheeler, Esq., on the north side of the road, adjoining the Sillery Rectory.

Next come Clermont (1) Beauvoir, (2) Kilmarnock, (3) Cataraqui, (4) Kilgraston, Kirk-Ella, (5) The Highlands, Bardfield (6) Dornald, (7) Meadow Bank, (8) Ravenswood, (9) until, after a nine miles drive, Redclyffe closes the rural landscape—Redclyffe, (10) on the top of Cap Rouge promontory. There, many indications yet mark the spot where Roberval's ephemeral colony wintered as far back as 1542. One can return to the city, by the Ste. Foye Road, skirting the classic heights where General Murray, six months after the first battle of the Plains, lost the second, on the 28th April, 1760; the Ste. Foye Church was then occupied by the British soldiers. Your gaze next rests on Holland House, Montgomerys head-quarters in 1775, behind which is Holland

- (1) The stately home of Lt. Col. Ferdinand Turnbull.
- (2) The picturesque villa of R. R. Dobell, Esq.
- (3) A mossy old hall founded by Mr. McNider in the beginning of the century; now occupied by the Graddon family.
- (4) The gorgeous mansion of Mrs. Chas. E. Levey.
- (5) The property of Robert Campbell, Esq.
- (6) The picturesque cottage of Alfred Furniss, Esq.
- (7) Founded by the late Hon. John Neilson.
- (8) The highly cultivated farm and summer residence of Gustavus Stuart, Barrister, Esq.
- (9) The beautiful home of W. Herring, Esq.
- (10) Recently acquired by Amos Bowen, Esq.

Tree, overshadowing, as of yore, the grave of the Hollands (1)

The view from the Ste Foye road, of the gracefully meandering St Charles, below, especially during the high tides, is something to be remembered. The tourist shortly after detects the iron pillar, surmounted by a bronze statue of Bellona, presented in 1855, by Prince Napoléon Bonaparte — intended to commemorate the fierce struggle at this spot, of 28th April, 1760. In close vicinity, appear the bright *parterres* or umbrageous groves of *Bellevue*, (2) Hamwood, (3) Bijou, (4) Altamont, (5) *Sans-Bruit*, and the gothic arches of Finlay Asylum; soon he re-enters by St John's suburbs, with the broad basin of the St. Charles and the pretty Island of Orleans staring him in the face. A trip to the Island will also repay trouble; half an hour of brisk steaming will do it. The Island contains hotel accommodation. Let him cross then to St. Joseph, Levis, in the ferry steamer, and go and behold the most complete, the most formidable, as to design, the most modern earthworks, making one forget those of Antwerp. They are capable of containing three regiments of soldiers. At a point to the north-east of the lower fort, a plunging fire from above can be brought to bear, which would sink the most invulnerable ironclad in the world.

(1) For account of the duel, which laid low one of the Hollands see *Picturesque Quebec*. The tree, however, has lately been destroyed by a storm.

(2) A stately Convent of Congregational Nuns.

(3) The ornate country seat of Robt. Hamilton, Esq.

(4) The cosy dwelling of Andrew Thomson, Esq., President, Union Bank.

(5) The homestead of Hon. David A. Ross, L. C.

QUEBEC TO INDIAN LORETTE.

Of the many attractive sites in the environs of the city, few contain in a greater degree than the Huron village of Lorette, during the leafy months of June, July and September, picturesque scenery, combined with a wealth of historical associations. The nine miles intervening between Quebec and the rustic *auberge* of the village, thanks to an excellent turnpike, can be spanned in little more than an hour. I shall now attempt to recapitulate some of the sights and incidents of travel which befell me, while escorting to Lorette an old world tourist, of very high literary estate, the Revd. Arthur Penhryn Stanley, then Dean of Westminster and Chaplain to Her Majesty. Fortunately for myself and for my genial but inquisitive companion, I was fresh from the perusal of Bressani, Ferland and Faillon, as well as the excellent French sketch "*Tahourenché*," which A. N. Montpetit had published, to whom I take this early opportunity of making due acknowledgment. My agreeable and distinguished companion had spent one day in the old capital, sight-seeing. He had devoted the whole forenoon, visiting

THE CITADEL ON CAPE DIAMOND,
THE SITE OF THE OLD FRENCH WALLS
WOLFE AND MONTCALM'S MONUMENT,
THE LAVAL UNIVERSITY—ITS MUSEUM AND PICTURE
GALLERY,
THE LITERARY AND HISTORICAL SOCIETY AND ITS
MUSEUM,
THE FRENCH BASILICA—ITS RELICS, PAINTING, &c.,

THE URSULINE CONVENT AND ITS OIL PAINTINGS,
THE DUFFERIN TERRACE—THE DUFFERIN IMPROVE-
MENTS,
THE KENT GATE,
THE NEW PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS,
THE PLAINS OF ABRAHAM,
SPENCER WOOD AND ITS GRAND RIVER VIEWS,

where His Honor Lieut.-Governor Letellier had asked some of the Quebec *litterati* to meet the literary lion, after luncheon. The Dean had engaged a comfortable carriage and driven down to the FALLS OF MONTMORENCI, the *promenade obligée* of all tourists, — crossing over to the east bank and contemplating the striking panorama and glittering distant city roofs, from the very spot, mayhap, on which Wolfe, in July, 1759, had stood, whilst settling the details of the campaign, which by its results, was to give the Anglo-Saxon, he who rejoices in "Chatham's tongue," the supremacy in the New World.

The NATURAL STEPS and the historic ford adjacent thereto, defended in 1759 by Montcalm's militiamen and Indians, had been inspected ; nothing had escaped the eagle glance of the learned man. My functions as Ciceronne, confined to a visit to Lorette, were to commence on the morrow

With a mellow autumnal sun, just sufficient to bronze the sombre tints, lingering at the close of the Indian summer, we left the Citadel, where Dean Stanley was the guest of the Governor General, Lord Dufferin, and drove through *Fabrique* and Palace streets, towards the unsightly gap in our city walls, of yore yclept Palace Gate, which, thanks to his powerful initiative, we expect yet to see bridged over with graceful turrets and Norman towers. The New City Gates and imposing Dufferin

Terrace have since been built, a lasting proof of his Lordship's interest in the welfare of Quebec.

A turn to the west brought us opposite to the scarcely perceptible ruins of the Palace (1) of the French Intendants, destroyed by the English shells in 1775, to dislodge Arnold and Montgomery's New England soldiery.

The park which intervened formerly between it and the St Charles, many years back, was converted into a wood yard to store the fuel for the garrison ; a portion now is used as a cattle market. Opposite, stand the station and freight sheds of the Can. Pacific Railway ; the road skirts the park towards the populous St Roch suburbs, rebuilt and transformed since the great fire of 28th May, 1845, which destroyed 1,600 houses, occupying the site of former spacious pasture grounds for the city cows, hence styled by the early French *La Vacherie*. In a trice, we reached Dorchester bridge, the second one, built there in 1822—the first opened with great pomp by His Excellency Lord Dorchester in 1789, having been constructed a few acres to the west, and called after him.

One of the first objects on quitting the bridge and diverging westward, towards the Charlesbourg road, on the river bank, is the stately, solid, antique mansion of the late Mr Chs. Smith, who at one time owned nearly all the broad acres intervening between this house and *Gros Pin*. The area took, for a time, the name of Smithville ; it was inherited by several members of his family, who built cosy cottages thereon. These green fields fringed with white birch and spruce plantations, are

(1) Originally a brewery owned by Intendant Talon, and sold to the French King in 1686, for 15,000 *écus*. Later on, the Intendant's Palace, in magnificence, rivalled the *Château St. Louis*. Messrs. Boswell's extensive Malt House was built in 1886, on its still solid foundations.

watered by the St Charles, the *Kahir-Koubat* (1) of ancient days. In rear of one of the first villas, *Ringfield*, owned by Geo. Holmes Parke, Esq., runs the little stream, the *Lairet*, at the confluence of which Jacques-Cartier wintered in 1535-6, leaving there one of his ships, the *Petite-Hermine*, of 60 tons; its decayed oak timbers were exhumed in 1843 by Jos. Hamel, City Surveyor of Quebec. Our antiquaries are starting doubts anent this discovery. The discussion may yet culminate, in a second *Querelle d'antiquaires* ! A very remarkable vestige of French domination exists behind the villa of Mr Parke — a circular field (hence the name Ringfield) covering about twelve acres, surrounded by a ditch, with an earth work once about twenty feet high, to the east, to shield its inmates from the shot of Wolfe's fleet lying at the entrance of the St. Charles, below Quebec. A minute description has been given by General Levi's aide-de-camp, the *Chevalier* Johnstone (2), of what was going on,

(1) *Kahir-Koubat* "a meandering stream." Ahatsistari's house (formerly Poplar Grove, the homestead of L. T. McPherson Esq), on the north bank of the St. Charles, is now called *Kahir-Koubat*. Here, formerly, dwelt, we are told, Col. De Salaberry, the hero of Chateauguay, until 1814.

(2) An eye-witness, the *Chevalier* Johnstone, thus writes :

"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.....

"It is impossible to imagine the disorder and confusion that I found in the hornwork.....

"The hornwork had the River St. Charles before it, about seventy 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 gun-holes 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

in this earthworth, where at noon, on the 13th Sept., 1759, were mustered the disorganized French squadrons, in full retreat from the Plains of Abraham towards their camp at Beauport. Here, on that fatidical day, was debated the surrender of the colony, the close of French power, at the first settlement and winter quarters of the French pioneers—Cartier's hardy little band.

From this spot, at eight o'clock that night (13th Sept.), began the French retreat towards Charlesbourg church; at 4 a. m. the army was at Cape Rouge, disordered, panic-stricken.

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.....

"M. de Vaudreuil was closeted in a house in the inside of the hornwork with the Intendant (Bigot) and with some other persons. I suspected they 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. de 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 scandalously a dependency for the preservation of which so much blood and treasure had been expended. On leaving the house, I met Mr. 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 the 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 fled like lightning to the hornwork."—(*Johnstone's Diary of Siege of Quebec, 1759*).

On ascending a hill (Clearihue's) to the north, the eye gathers in the contour of a dense grove, hiding in its drooping folds "Auvergne," the former secluded country seat of Chief Justice Jonathan Sewell, now owned by George Alford, Esq.

A mile to the north, in the deep recesses of Bourg Royal, rest the fast crumbling and now insignificant ruins of the only rural *Chateau* of French origin round Quebec. Was it built by Talon, or by Bigot? an unfathomable mystery. Silence and desertion at present reign supreme, where of yore Bigot's heartless wassailers used to meet and gamble away King Louis's card money and *piastres*.

"And sunk are the voices that sounded in mirth!
And empty the goblets and dreary the hearth.

The tower or boudoir, where was immured the Algonquin maid Caroline, (1) the beautiful, that too has crumbled to dust. The *Rossignol* and Hermit thrush now warble their soft melody over the very spot which once echoed the dying shriek of this dusky Rosamond; the poniard of a rival had struck deeply, had struck home. Charlesbourg, in part, colonized by Intendant Talon's quiet peasantry, with its white cottages, its frugal colonists, its erect cedar picket fences, like stockades or French sentries forgotten to prevent Indian surprises,

(1) Beyond the unmistakable vestiges of its having been of early French construction, there is nothing known of the origin under French rule, of Bigot's little *Chateau*. History is replete with details about his peculations and final punishment in the Bastille of France; possibly the legends in prose and in verse, which mantle round the time-worn ruin, have no other foundation than the fictions of the poet and the novelist. Thanks to Amédée Papineau, W. Kirby, Jos. Marmette, Edmond Rousseau, Beaumanoir, Bigot's Chateau, is now immortalized.

amidst its lands, which fan-like all radiate (1) from a common centre, the parish church, is not an unapt type of the primitive New France village.

But let us hurry on, over the pleasant road, meandering round the crest of the highlands, towards the quaint Indian settlement of Lorette. Here we are at last, but where are the wigwam of the chief medicine man, his *chichiquois* and *totems*? I had expected an Indian greeting such as rejoiced the ears of friend *Ahatsistari*, when recently he escorted there the light-hearted officers of the French frigate *Laplace*, anchored under Cap Diamond.

"*Quaig ! quaig ! oiataro !* (Good morning ! Good morning ! Friend !) and the response "*Quiag ! Quaig !* (Good morning ! Good morning !) was ready, when instead of the great Chief *Tahourenché*, a comely young woman, with nothing in her air to remind you of Pocahontas, in classic French, informed us that if it was her father *Paul* we were seeking, she regretted to say, he was not at home. We were politely asked to come in and rest, and as I was known to her father, a silver tray with French wine was brought in ; proud we felt in pledging the health of the great *Tahourenché*, whose hospitable roof, says *Ahatsistari*, has sheltered " dukes, counts and earls," as well as many men famous in letters, war and trade.

(1) Louis XIV, granted to his Canadian Intendant Talon, in 1665, the lands of Bourg-Royal, Bourg La Reine, Bourg-Talon. The great Intendant had located French settlers here ;—the lots were divided and tapered off to a point round the church, so that in the event of an Indian raid the tolling of the bell—*le tocsin*—might call them to arms and make them concentrate in one spot.

TAHOURENCHE.

"I'm the chieftain of this mountain,
Times and seasons found me here,
My drink has been the crystal fountain,
My fare the wild moose or the deer."

(*The HURON CHIEF, by Adam Kidd.*)

There is a faithful portrait of this noble savage, such as drawn by himself and presented, we believe, to the Laval University at Quebec; for glimpses of his origin, home and surroundings, we are indebted to an honorary chief of the tribe, Ahatsistari. (1)

Paul *Tahourenché* (François Xavier Picard), Great Chief of the Lorette Hurons, was born at Indian Lorette in 1810; he is consequently in 1879, 69 years of age. tall, erect, well proportioned, dignified in face and deportment; when habited in his Indian regalia: blue frock coat, with bright buttons and medals, plumed fur cap, leggings of colored cloth, bright sash and armlets, with war axe, he looks the *beau idéal* of a respectable Huron warrior, shorn of the ferocity of other days. Of the line of Huron chiefs who preceded him, we can furnish but a very scant history, Adam Kidd, who wrote the *Huron Chief* in 1829, and who paid that year a visit to the Lorette Indians and saw their oldest chief, *Oui-a-ra-lih-to*, having unfortunately failed to fulfil the promise he then made of publishing the traditions and legends of the tribe furnished him on that occasion. Of *Oui-a-ra-lih-to*, we learn from Mr. Kidd, "This venerable patri-

(1) Ahatsistari, such the name of the former great Huron warrior, which Mr. Montpetit was allowed to assume when elected Honorary Chief of the Council of Sachems, possibly for the service rendered to the tribe, as their historiographer.

arch, who is now (in 1829) approaching the precincts of a century, is the grandson of *Tsa-a-ra-lih-to*, head chief of the Hurons during the war of 1759. *Oui-a-ra-lih-to*, with about thirty-five warriors of the Indian village of Lorette, in conjunction with the Iroquois and Algonquins, was actually engaged in the army of Burgoyne, a name unworthy to be associated with the noble spirit of Indian heroism. During my visit to this old chief—May, 1829—he willingly furnished me with an account of the distinguished warriors, and the traditions of different tribes, which are still fresh in his memory, and are handed from father to son, with the precision, interest and admiration that the tales and exploits of Ossian and his heroes are circulated in their original purity to this day among the Irish.” Mr. Kidd alludes also to another great chief, *Atsistari*, who flourished in 1637, and who may have been the same as the Huron Saul *Ahatsistari*, who lived in 1642.

THE HURONS OF LORETTE.

Of the powerful tribes of the aborigines, who, in remote periods, infested the forests, lakes and streams of Canada, none by their prowess in war, wisdom in council, success as tillers of the soil, intelligence and lofty bearing surpassed the Wyandats, or Hurons. (1) They numbered 15,000 souls, according to the historian Ferland; 40,000

(1) The French named the Wyandats, Hurons, from their style of wearing their hair—erect and thrown back, giving their head, says the historian Ferland, the appearance of a boar's head, “une hure de sanglier.”

according to Bouchette, and chiefly inhabiting the country bordering on Lakes Huron and Simcoe; they might, says Sagard, have been styled the "nobles" among savages in contradistinction to that other powerful confederacy, more democratic in their ways, also speaking the Huron language, and known as the Five Nations (Mohawks, (1) Oneydoes, Onondagas, Cayugas and Senecas,) styled by the French the Iroquois, or Hiroquois, from the habit of their orators of closing their orations with the word "Hiro"—*I have said*.

"Tis a curious fact that the aborigines whom Jacques Cartier had found masters of the soil, at Hochelaga (Montreal,) and Stadacona (Quebec,) in 1535, sixty-eight years later on, in 1603, when Champlain visited these Indian towns, had disappeared: a different race had succeeded them. Though it opens a wild field to conjecture, recent investigations seem to indicate that it was the Huron-Iroquois nation who, in 1535, were the *enfants du sol* at both places, and that in the interim, the Algonquins had, after bloody wars, dispersed and expelled the Huron-Iroquois. The savages with whom the early French settlers held intercourse can be comprised under two specific heads—the Algonquins and the Huron-Iroquois—the language of each differing as much, observes the learned Abbé Faillon, as French does from Chinese.

It would take us beyond the limits of this sketch to recapitulate the series of massacres which reduced these warlike savages, the Hurons, from their high estate to that of a dispersed, nomadic tribe, and placed the Iroquois, or Mohawks, at one time nearly destroyed by the Hurons, in the ascendant.

(1) The Dutch called them Maquas; the English, Mohawks, probably, from the name of the river Mohawk which flows into the Hudson.

Their final overthrow may be said to date back to the great Indian massacres of 1648-49, at their towns, or missions, on the shores of Lake Simcoe, the first mission being founded, in 1615, by the Friar L. Caron, accompanied by twelve soldiers sent by Champlain in advance of his own party. The Jesuit missions were attacked by the Iroquois in 1648; St. Louis, St. Joseph, (1) St. Ignace, (2) Ste. Marie, (3) St. Jean, (4) successively fell, or were threatened; all the inmates who escaped sought safety in flight; the protracted sufferings of the missionaries Brebœuf and Gabriel Lallemant have furnished one of the brightest pages of Christian heroism in New France. Brebœuf expired on the 16th March, and Lallemant, on 17th March, 1648. A party of Hurons sought Manitoulin Island, then called Ekaentaton; a few fled to Virginia; others succeeded in obtaining protection on the south shore of Lake Erie, from the Erie tribe, only to share later on, the dire fate of the nation who had dared to incorporate them in its sparse ranks.

Father P. Ragueneau (the first writer, by the by, who makes mention of Niagara Falls—*Relations de 1648*;) escorted three or four hundred of these terror-stricken people to Quebec on the 26th July, 1650, and lodged them in the Island of Orleans, at a spot since called *L'Anse du Fort*, where they were joined, in 1651, by a party of Hurons, who in 1649, on hearing of the massacre of their western brethren, had asked to winter at Quebec. For ten years past, a group of Algonquins, Montagnais and Hurons, amidst incessant alarms, had been located in the picturesque parish of Sillery; they, too,

(1) The mission of St. Joseph, composed of 400 Huron families, was suddenly attacked by the Iroquois on the 4th July, 1648.

(2) St. Ignace was surprised and taken on the 16th March, 1649.

(3) Ste. Marie mission-house was given to the flames by the Jesuits themselves on the 15th May, 1649.

(4) St. Jean was ravaged on 7th December, 1642.

were in quest of a more secure asylum. Negotiations were soon entered into between them and their persecuted friends of the West ; a plan was put forth to combine. On the 29th March, 1651, the Sillery Indians, many of whom were Hurons, sought a shelter, though a very unsecure one, in a fortified nook, adjoining their missionary's house, on the land of Eleonore de Grand-maison, purchased for them at *l'Anse du Fort*, in the Island of Orleans, on the south side of the point opposite to Quebec.

Here they set to tilling the soil with some success, cultivating chiefly Indian corn, their numbers being occasionally increased during the year 1650, by their fugitive brethren from the West, until they counted above 600 souls. Even under the guns of the picket fort of Orleans, which had changed its name to Ile Ste. Marie, in remembrance of their former residency, the tomakawk and scalping-knife reached them ; on the 20th May, 1656, 85 of their number were carried away captives, and six men killed, by the ferocious Iroquois ; and on the 4th June, 1656, they had to fly before their merciless tormentors. The big guns of Fort St. Louis, which then stood at the north-west extremity of the spot on which — Dufferin Terrace has lately been erected, seemed to the Hurons a more effectual protection than the howitzers of *Anse du Fort*, so they begged from Governor Daillebout for leave to nestle under them in 1658. T'was granted. When the Marquis de Tracy had arranged a truce with the Iroquois in 1665, the Huron refugees bade adieu to city life and to city dust. Two years later, we find them ensconced at Beauport, where others had squatted on land belonging to the Jesuits ; they stopped there one year only, and suddenly left, in 1667, to pitch their wigwams for a few years at Côte St. Michel, four and a half miles from Quebec, at the Mission of Notre-Dame de Foye, now called Ste. Foye. On the 20th December, 1673, restless

and alarmed, the helpless sons of the forest sought the seclusion, leafy shades and green fields of *Ancienne Lorette* (1). Here they dwelled nearly twenty-five years. The youths had grown up to manhood, with the terrible memories of the pass still fresh in their minds. One fine day, allured by hopes of more abundant game, they packed up their household gods, and finally, in 1697, they went and settled on the elevated *plateau*, close to the foaming rapids of St. Ambroise, now known as Indian, or *Jeune, Lorette*.

'Tis here we shall now find them, 336 souls all told (2) living in comparative ease, successful traders, exemplary Christians, but fast decaying Hurons.

"The Hurons," says Ahatsistari, (3) "are divided into four families; that of the *Deer*; of the *Tortoise*; of the *Bear*; of the *Wolf*. The children hail from the maternal side. Thus, the great Chief François-Xavier Picard — *Tahourenché* — is a *Deer*, and his son Paul is a *Tortoise*, because (Her Highness) Madame *Tahourenché* is a *Tortoise*; a lithe, handsome, amiable woman for all that.

"Each family has its chief, or war captain; he is elected by choice. The four war captains choose two

(1) This parish was called after the celebrated Church of *Santa Casa*, of Loretto, in Italy. The Huron missionary, father Chaumonot, had disposed their huts around the church, which he had erected in imitation of the Loretto Chapel in Italy, where he had seen a vision of angels.

(2) A census of the settlement taken on 19th January, 1879, exhibit the population as composed of 336 souls, divided as follows: Adult Males, 94; Adult Females, 137; Boys, 49; Girls, 56. Total 336. 143 males to 193 females; bachelors must have been at a premium in the settlement. We understand that a complete history of the tribe is now in course of preparation by the Revd. Prosper Vincent, a son of Chief Vincent.

(3) An excellent sketch in French has been published of *Tahourenché* and his tribe, in the *Opinion Publique*, under the *nom de plume* of Ahatsistari, which we think ourself warranted in crediting to the elegant pen of A. N. Montpetit, one of their honorary Chiefs.

council chiefs ; the six united select a grand chief, either from among themselves or from the honorary chiefs, if they think proper."

The Lorette Chapel dates back, as well as the *Old Mill*, to 1731. In 1862 the Chapel suffered much by fire.

The tribe occupies land reserved by Government, under the regulations of the Indian Bureau of Ottawa. "Indian Lorette comprises from forty to fifty cottages, on the *plateau* of the falls—spread out, without design, over an area of about twenty square acres. In the centre, runs the king's highway, the outer half sloping down towards the St. Charles. The most prominent objects are the Church, a grist mill and Mr. Reid's paper mill ; close by, a wooden fence encloses " God's acre, " in the centre of which a cross marks the tomb of Chief Nicholas. " (1) It is, indeed, " a wild spot, covered with the

(1) Probably the same as alluded to in a quaint old engraving in our possession. Under the portrait of Chief Nicholas is printed " Nicholas Vincent, Isawanhonhi," principal Christian chief and Captain of the Huron Indians, established at *La Jeune Lorette*, near Quebec, habited in the costume of his country, as when presented to his Majesty George IV, on the 7th of April, 1825, with three other chiefs of his nation, by *Generals Brock and Carpenter*, the chief bears in his hand the wampum or collar, on which is marked the tomahawk given by his late Majesty George III. The gold medal on his neck was the gift of His Majesty on this presentation.

" They were accompanied and introduced into England on the 14th December, 1824, by Mr. W. Cooper, who, though an Englishman, they take to be a chief of their nation, and better known to them as chief *Tourhaunchi*."

N. B.—It may be well to say that from the earliest times the Lorette Indians have been in the habit of electing as " Honorary Chiefs " Quebecers of note, who may have rendered service to the tribe. An oil painting is now in the possession of Noble Campbell, son of the late Wm. Darling Campbell, of Quebec, exhibiting the installation as a Chief, in 1837, of the late Robert Symes, J. P. of Quebec.

primitive forest and seamed by a deep and tortuous ravine, where the St. Charles foams, white as a snow-drift, over the black ledges, and where the sunshine struggles through matted boughs of the pine and the fir, to bask for brief moments on the mossy rocks, or flash on the hurrying waters..... Here, to this day, the tourist finds the remnants of a lost people, harmless weavers of baskets and sewers of mocassins, the Huron blood fast bleaching out of them." (*Frs. Parkman.*)

Of "free and independent elector" none here exist, the little Lorette world goes on smoothly without them. "No Huron on the reserve can vote. No white man is allowed to settle within the sacred precincts of the Huron kingdom, composed, 1st, of the lofty *Plateau* of the village of Indian Lorette, which the tribe occupy. 2nd. Of the forty square (40 x 40) acres, about a mile and a half to the north-west of the village. 3rd. Of the Rocmont settlement, in the adjoining County of Portneuf, in the very heart of the Laurentine Mountains, ceded to the Hurons by Government, as a compensation for the Seignior of St. Gabriel, of which Government took possession, and to which the Hurons set up a claim.

"In all that which pertains to the occupation, the possession and the administration of these fragments of its ancient extensive territory, the usages and customs of the tribe have force of law. The village is governed by a Council of Sachems; in cases of misunderstandings an appeal lies to the Ottawa Bureau, under the control of the Minister of the Interior (our Downing street wisely abstaining to interfere, except on very urgent occasions). Lands descend by right of inheritance; the Huron Council alone being authorized to issue location tickets; none are granted but to Huron boys, strangers being excluded. Of course, these disabilities affect the denizens of the reserve only; a Huron (and there are some, *Tahourenché*, Vincent and others) owning land in his own

right elsewhere, and paying taxes and tithes, enjoys the rights and immunities of any other British subject."

From the date of the Lorette Indian settlement in 1697, down to the year of the capitulation of Québec—1759—the annals of the tribe afford but few stirring incidents : an annual bear, beaver, or cariboo hunt ; the return of a war party, with its scalps—English, probably as the tribe had a wholesome horror of meddling with the Iroquois.

An occasional *pow-wow* as to how many warriors could be spared to assist their trusted and brave allies, the French of Québec, against the heretical soldiers of Old or New England.

We are in possession of no facts to show that these Christianised Hurons differed much from other Christianised Indians ; church services, war-councils, feasting, smoking, dancing, scalping and hunting, filling in, sociably, agreeably or usefully, the daily routine of their existence. Civilization, as understood by Christianised or by Pagan savages, has never inspired us with unqualified admiration.

The various siege narratives we have perused, whilst they bring in the Indian allies, at the close of the battle, to "finish off" the wounded at Montmorenci, in July, 1759 ; at the Plains of Abraham, in September, 1759 ; at Ste. Foye, in April, 1760, generally mention the Abenakis for this charming office of *friseurs*. The terror, nay, the horror, which the tomahawk and scalping knife inspired to the British soldiery, was often greater than their fear of the French musquetoons.

British rule, in 1759, if it did bring the Hurons less of campaigning and fewer scalps, was the harbinger of domestic peace and stable homes, with remunerative contracts each fall for several thousands of pairs of snow-shoes, cariboo mocassins and mittens for the English regiments tenanted the citadel of Québec, whose

wealthy officers every winter scoured the Laurentine range, north of the city, in quest of deer and cariboo, under the experienced guidance of Gros Louis, Sioui, Vincent, and other famous Huron Nimrods.

The chronicles of the settlement proclaim the valour and wisdom of some of their early chiefs; conspicuous appears the renowned Ahatsistari, surnamed the Huron Saul, from his early hostility to missionaries; death closed his career, on the verdant banks of Lake Huron, in 1642, a convert to missionary teachings.

At the departure of the French, a new allegiance was forced on the sons of the forest; St. George and his dragon for them took the place of St. Louis and his lilies. The *Deer*, the *Bear*, the *Tortoise* and the *Wolf*, however, have managed to get on well with the *Dragon*. In 1776, Lorette sent its contingent of painted and plumed warriors to fight General Burgoyne's inglorious campaigns. The services rendered to England by her swarthy allies in the war of 1812 were marked; each succeeding year, a distribution of presents took place from the Quebec Commissariat and Indian Department. Proudly did the Hurons, as well as the Abenakis, Montagnais, Micmac and Malecite Indians bear the snow-white blankets, scarlet cloths and hunting-knives awarded them by King George, and by the victors of Waterloo. Each year, at midsummer, Indian canoes, with their living freight of hunters, their copper-coloured squaws and black-eyed papooses, paddled from Labrador, Gaspé, Ristigouche, Baie des Chaleurs, and pitched their tents on a point of land at Levi, hence called Indian Cove, the city itself being closed to the grim monarchs of the woods, reputed ugly customers when in their cups. A special envoy, however, was sent to the Lorette Indians on similar occasions. The Indians settled on Canadian soil were distinguished for their attachment

to England, who has ever treated them more mercifully than did "Uncle Sam."

What with war medals, clothing, ammunition, fertile lands specially reserved at Lorette, on the Ristigouche, at Nouvelle, Isle Verte, Caughnawaga, St. Regis, Pointe Bleue, the "untutored savage," shielded by a beneficent legislation, watched over by zealous missionaries, was at times an object of envy to his white brethren; age or infirmity, seldom war, tore him away from this vale of sorrow, to join the Indian "majority" in those happy hunting grounds promised to him by his Sachems.

The sons of the forest were ever ready to parade their paint, feathers and tomahawks, at the arrival of every new Governor, at Quebec; and to assure Ononthio (1) of their undying attachment and unswerving loyalty to their great father or august mother "who dwells on the other side of the Great Lake." These traditions have descended even to the time when *Ononthio* was merely a Lieutenant-Governor under Confederation. We recollect meeting, in plumes and paint, on the classic heights of Sillery, on the 31st March, 1873, a stately deputation, composed of twenty-three Hurons from Lorette, returning from Clermont, the country seat of Lieutenant-Governor Caron, where they had danced the war-dance for the ladies, and harangued, as follows, the respected Laird of Clermont, just appointed Lieutenant-Governor :

ONONTHIO :

Aisten tiothi non8a (2) tisohon dekha hiatononstati
deson8a8endio daskemion tesontariaï denon8a ation dati-
to8anens tesanonronh8a nionde, aon8a deson8a8endio

(1) Means the *Great Mountain*, the name they gave Governor de Montmagny and his successors.

(2) The 8 is pronounced *oui*.

de8a desakatade ; a8eti desanonronk8anion datito8anens
chia ta skenralethe kiolaoutou8ison tothi chia hiaha a8eti
dechienha totinahiontati desten de sendete ataki atichiaï
a8eti alonthara deskemion ichionthe desten tiode ti aisten
orachichiaï.

Rev. Prosper *Sa8atonem*. The Memory Man. (Rev.
Mr. Vincent, a Chief's son, then Vicar at Sillery.)

Paul *Tahourenché*, 1st Chief. The Dawn of Day.

Maurice *Agnolin*, 2nd Chief. The Bear.

Francis *Sassennio*. The Victor of Fire.

Gaspard *Ondiaraletché*. The Canoe Bearer.

Philippe *Theon8atlasta*. He stands upright.

Joseph Gonzague *Odilonrohannin*. He who does not
forget.

Paul Jr, *Theianontakhen*. Two United Mountains.

Honoré *Télanontoukhè*. The Sentry.

A. N. Montpetit *Ahatsistari*. The Fearless Man —
And others ; in all, 23 warriors.

[TRANSLATION].

“ The chiefs, the warriors, the women and children of
our tribe, greet you. The man of the woods also likes
to render homage to merit ; he loves to see in his chiefs
these precious qualities which constitute the statesman.

“ All these gifts of the Great Spirit : wisdom in
council, prudence in execution, and that sagacity we
exact in the Captains of our nation, you possess them
all, in an eminent degree.

“ We warmly applaud your appointment to the exalted
post of Lieutenant-Governor of the Province of Quebec,
and feel happy in taking advantage of the occasion to
present our congratulations.

“ May we also be allowed to renew the assurance of our devotion towards our August Mother, who dwells on the other side of the Great lake, as well as to the land of our forefathers.

“ Accept for you, for Madame Caron and your family, our best wishes.”

P. S. — Whilst closing these lines, we learn that *Tahourenché* and his Huron braves will again be allowed (1) to renew the assurance of their devotion and loyalty to our gentle Queen, and that ere many suns set, in full costume they will offer to *Ononthio*, her envoy and her accomplished daughter, the Princess Louise, their respectful homage, under the whispering pines of Spencer Wood, where oft' of yore have roamed their forefathers.

4th June 1879.

(1) The Lorette Hurons paid their respects to His Excellency and to H. R. H., the Princess Louise, later on, but not at Spencer Wood.

CHATEAU-BIGOT.

ITS HISTORY AND ROMANCE.

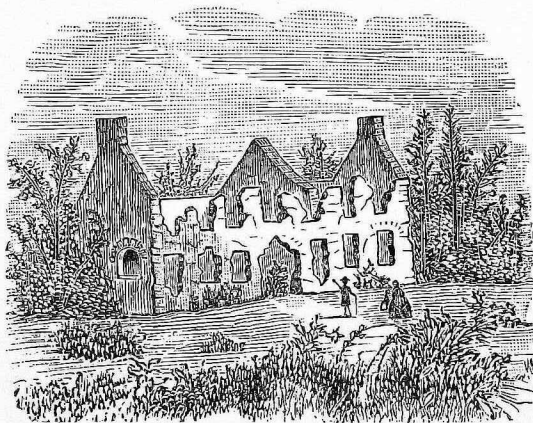
“ Ensconced 'mid trees this chateau stood—
'Mid flowers each aisle and porch ;
At eve soft music charmed the ear—
High blazed the festive torch.

But, ah ! a sad and mournful tale
Was her's who so enjoyed
The transient bliss of these fair shades—
By youth and love decoyed.

Her lord was true—yet he was false,
False—false—as sin and hell—
To former plights and vows he gave
To one that loved him well.”

THE HERMITAGE.

From time immemorial an antique and massive ruin, standing in solitary loneliness, in the centre of a clearing at the foot of the Charlesbourg mountain, five miles from Quebec, has been visited by the young and the curious. It was once a two-story stone building, with thick ponderous walls. In length, it is fifty-five feet by thirty-five feet broad — pierced for six windows in each story, with a well proportioned door in the centre. In 1843, at the date of my first visit the floor of the second story was yet tolerably strong ; I ascended to it by a rickety, old staircase. The ruin was sketched in 1858, by Col. Benson Lossing and reproduced in *Harper's Magazine* for January, 1859. The lofty mountain to the north-west of it, is called *La Montagne des Ormes* ; for more than a



Chateau-Bigot — *The Hermitage*, as sketched, in
1853—for *Harper's Magazine*, by the American
historian BENSON J. LOSSING.

century, the Charlesbourg peasantry designate the ruin as *La Maison de la Montagne*. The English have Christened it *The Hermitage*, whilst to the French portion of the population, it is known as Chateau-Bigot, and Beaumanoir ; and truly, were it not on account of the associations which surround the time-worn pile, few would take the trouble to go and look at the dreary object.

The land on which it stands was formerly included in the *Fief de la Trinité*, granted between 1640 and 1650 to Monsieur Denis, a gentleman from La Rochelle, in France, the ancestor of the numerous clan of Denis, Denis de la Ronde, Denis de Vitré, &c. (1) This seigniory was subsequently sold to Monseigneur de Laval, a descendant of the Montmorenci who founded in 1663 the Seminary of Quebec, and one of the most illustrious prelates in New France : the portion towards the mountain was dismembered. When the Intendant

(1) I am happy to be able to throw some additional light on the early times of this mysterious ruin, which has so perplexed Quebec antiquaries. Tis probable this stately mansion was built by the great Intendant Talon, as the Baronial *chateau*, permitted by his grant, (see *Seigniorial Documents*, 1852—" page 444 and 448) according to which he was empowered to establish gaols, a fourpost gibbet..... a post with an iron collar on which his arms should be engraved." Of all this redoutable feudal pomp, there are no vestiges now extant. Of how the *chateau* fared from Talon's time to Bigot's, we have failed to unearth any information.

After the conquest, the land came by purchase into the possession of the Stewart family, lately represented by the Hon. John Stewart's. A most interesting but lengthy letter from one of the Stewart, describing the winter months he spent at the Hermitage in 1775-6, whilst Arnold, held for Congress, the environs of Quebec is in my possession. Mr. Wm. Crawford, the late owner of the land and ruins, having kindly allowed me the use of his title-deeds. I read that " Charles Stewart, avocat et notaire demeurant à Québec, propriétaire du fief de Grand Pré, autrefois dit De la Mistanguenne ou Mont Plaisir, à la Canardière, par acte de vente du 26 Juin 1780, devant Jean Antoine Panet, N. P., concéda

Talon formed his Baronie Des Islets (1) he annexed to it certain lands of the *Fief de la Trinité*, amongst others that part on which now stand the remains of the old chateau, of which he seems to have been the builder, but which he subsequently sold. Bigot having acquired it long after, enlarged and improved it very much. He was a luxurious French gentleman who more than one hundred years ago, held the exalted post of Intendant under the French Crown in Canada. (2) In those days the forests which skirted the city were abundantly stocked with game : deer of several varieties, bears, foxes, perhaps even that noble and lordly animal, now extinct in the Province of Quebec, the Canadian stag or Wapiti, roamed in herds over the Laurentine chain of mountains and were

à titre de cens et rentes seigneuriales.....à Monsieur Jean Lees, le Jeune, Simon Fraser, le Jeune, et William Wilson, négociant en cette ville, 10 arpents de front situés dans le fief Grand Pré ou Mont Plaisir, à la Canardière, au lieu nommé La Montagne ou l'Hermitage, prenant d'un bout, vers le sud aux terres de Joseph Bédard et Jean-Baptiste LeRoux dit Cardinal, et allant en profondeur vers le nord, quatorze arpents ou environ, jusqu'à la vielle clôture du verger, icelui verger compris en la présente concession et vente, les dix arpents de front joignant du côté du sud-ouest au fief de la Trinité, appartenant au Séminaire, et du côté du nord-ouest à la terre de Jean Chattereau, ensemble la maison à deux étages, une grange et une étable en bois, construits sur les dits dix arpents.

The property was resold the 12th August 1805, by John Lees *et al.*, to Charles Stewart, Esq., Comptroler of Customs, Quebec.

(1) May 1675, Louis the XIV and Colbert granted to Monsieur le comte Talon, Intendant, the seigniory des Islets, "together with those three neighboring villages to us belonging the first called Bourg Royal, the second Bourg la Reine, the third Bourg Talon, subsequently changed into the Barony of Orsainville."—*Ferland*, II Vol., p. 69.)

(2) Hawkin's Picture of Quebec will give us an idea of the splendour in which the Intendant lived in his town residence :

"Immediately through Palace Gate, turning towards the left, and in front of the Ordinance building and store-houses, once

shot within a few miles of the *Chateau* St. Louis. This may have been one of the chief reasons why the French Lucullus owned the castle, which to this day bears his name — a resting place for himself and friends after the chase. The profound seclusion of the spot, combined with its beautiful scenery, would have rendered it attractive during the summer months, even without the sweet repose it had in store for a tired hunter. Tradition ascribes to it other purposes, and amusements less permissible than those of the chase. A tragical occurrence enshrines the old building with a tinge of mystery.

François Bigot, thirteenth and last Intendant of the Kings of France in Canada, was born in the province of Guienne, and descended of a family distinguished by professional eminence at the French bar. His Commission bears date "10th June, 1747," the Intendant had the charge of four departments : Justice, Police, Finance and Marine. He had previously filled the post of Inten-

stood an edifice of great extent, surrounded by a spacious garden looking towards the River St. Charles and as to its interior decorations, far more splendid than the Castle of St. Lewis. It was the Palace of the Intendant, so called, because the sittings of the Sovereign Council were held there, after the establishment of the Royal Government in New France. A small district adjoining is still called *Le Palais* by the old inhabitants, and the name of the gate, (since removed) and of the well-proportioned street which leads to it, are derived from the same origin.

"The Intendant's Palace was described by LaPotherie, in 1698, as consisting of eighty *toises*, or four hundred and eighty feet of buildings so that it appeared a little town in itself. The King's stores were kept there. Its situation does not at the present time appear advantageous, but the aspect of the River St. Charles was widely different in those days. The property in the neighborhood belonged to the Government, or to the Jesuits ; large meadows and flowery parterres adorned the banks of the River, and reached the base of the rock ; and as late as the time of Charlevoix, in 1720, that quarter of the city is spoken of as being the most beautiful. The entrance was into a court, through a large gate way, the ruins of which, in St. Valier street, still remain."

dant in Louisiana, and also, at Louisbourg. The disaffection and revolt which his rapacity caused in that city, were mainly instrumental in producing its downfall and surrender to the English commander, Pepperell, in 1745. Living at a time when tainted morals and official corruption ruled at court, he seems to have borrowed his standard of morality from the mother country : his malversations in office, his extensive frauds on the treasury, some £400,000 ; his colossal speculations in provisions and commissariat supplies furnished by the French government to the colonists during a famine ; his dissolute conduct and final downfall, are fruitful themes, wherefrom the historian can draw wholesome lessons for all generations. Whether his Charlesbourg (then called Bourg Royal) castle was used as the receptacle of some of his most valuable booty, or whether it was merely a kind of Lilliputian *Parc-aux-Cerfs*, such as his royal master had, tradition does not say. It would appear, however, that it was kept up by the plunder wrung from sorrowing colonists, and that the large profits he made by pairing from the scanty pittance the French government allowed the starving residents, were here lavished in gambling, riot and luxury.

In May, 1757, the population of Quebec was reduced to subsist on four ounces of bread per diem, one lb. of beef, HORSE-FLESH OR CODFISH ; and in April of the following year, this miserable allowance was reduced to one-half. " At this time," remarks the historian Garneau, " famished men were seen sinking to the earth in the streets from exhaustion."

Such were the times during which (1) Louis XV.'s minion would retire to his Sardanapalian retreat, to

(1) These were times in which royalty did not shine forth in peculiarly attractive colors. On one side of the English Channel loomed out the effeminate figure of the French Sultan, Louis XV., revelling undisturbed in the scented bowers of his harem, the

gorge himself at leisure on the life-blood of the Canadian people, whose welfare he had sworn to watch over ! Such, the doings in the days of La Pompadour. The results of this misrule were soon apparent : *the British lion quietly and firmly placed his paw on the coveted morsel*. The loss of Canada was viewed, if not by the nation, at least by the French Court, with indifference. Voltaire gave his friends a banquet at Ferney, in commemoration of the event ; the court favorite congratulated Majesty, that since he had got rid of these “ fifteen thousand arpents of snow,” he had now a chance of sleeping in peace ; the minister Choiseul urged Louis the XV to sign the final treaty of 1763, saying that Canada would be *un embarras* to the English, and that if they were wise they would have nothing to do with it.

In the mean time the red cross of St. George was waving over the battlements on which the lilly-spangled banner of Louis XV, (1) had proudly sat with but one interruption for one hundred and fifty years, the infamous Bigot was provisionally consigned to a dungeon in the Bastille—subsequently tried and exiled to Bordeaux ; his property was confiscated, whilst his confederates and abettors

Parc-aux-Cerfs ; La Pompadour, managing state matters ; on the other, a Brunswicker, (George II) one who, we are told, “ had neither dignity, learning, morals, nor wit—who tainted a great society by a bad example : who, in youth, manhood, old age, was gross, low and sensual : ”—although Mr. Porteus, (afterwards My Lord Bishop Porteus) says the earth was not good enough for him, and that his only place was heaven!—whose closing speech to his dying, loving, true-hearted Queen is thus related by Thackeray : “ With the film of death over her eyes, writhing in intolerable pain, she yet had a livid smile and a gentle word for her master. You have read the wonderful history of that death-bed ? How she bade him marry again, and the reply the old King blubbered out, “ *Non, non, j'aurai des matresses*. There never was such a ghastly farce.”—(*The Four Georges*.)

(1) In 1629, when Quebec surrendered to Kerth.

such as Varin, Breard, Maurin, Corpron, Martel, Estebe and others, were also tried and punished by fine, imprisonment and confiscations : one Penisseault, a government clerk (a butcher's son by birth), who had married in the colony, but whose pretty wife accompanied the Chevalier de Levi on his return to France, seems to have fared better than the rest.

But to revert to the chateau walls, as I saw them on the 4th June, 1863.

After a ramble with an English friend through the woods, which gave us an opportunity of providing ourselves with wild flowers to strew over the tomb of the "Fair Rosamond," (1) such as the marsh marygold, clintonia, uvularia, the starflower, veronica, kalmia, trillium, and Canadian violets, we unexpectedly struck on the ruin. One of the first things which attracted notice was the singularly corroding effect the easterly wind has on stone and mortar in Canada : the east gable being indented and much more eaten away than that exposed to the western blast. Of the original structure nothing is now standing but the two gables and the division walls ; they are all three of great thickness ; certainly no modern house is built in the manner this seems to have been. It must have had two stories, with rooms in the attic and a deep cellar : a communication existed from one cellar to the other through the division wall. There is also visible a very small door cut through the cellar wall of the west

(1) The fascinating daughter of Lord Clifford, famous in the legendary history of England, as the mistress of Henry II, shortly before his accession to the throne, and the subject of an old ballad. She is said to have been kept by her royal lover in a secret bower at Woodstock, the approaches to which formed a labyrinth so intricate that it could only be discovered by the clew of a silken thread, which the King used for that purpose. Queen Eleanor discovered and poisoned her about 1173—(*Noted names of Fiction*, 1175. See also *Woodstock*.—*Waverley-Novels*.)

gable ; it leads to a vaulted apartment of eight feet square : the small mound of masonry which covered it might originally have been effectually hidden from view by a plantation of trees over it. What could this have been built for, asked our romantic friend ? Was it intended to secure some of the Intendant's plate or other portion of his ill-gotten treasure ? Or else as the Abbe Ferland suggests : (1) " Was it to store the fruity old Port and sparkling Moselle of the club of the Barons, who held their jovial meetings there about the beginning of this century ? " Was it his mistress's secret *boudoir* when the Intendant's lady visited the chateau, like the Woodstock tower to which Royal Henry picked his way through " Love's Ladder ? " *Quien sabe ?* Who can unravel the mystery ? It may have served for the foundation of the tower which existed when Mr. Papineau visited and described the place fifty-eight years ago. The heavy cedar rafters, more than one hundred years old, are to this day sound : one has been broken by the fall, probably, of some heavy stones.

(1) I am indebted to my old friend the late Abbe Ferland for the following remark : " I visited Chateau-Bigot during the summer of 1834. It was in the state described by Mr. Papineau. In the interior, the walls were still partly papered. It must not be forgotten that about the beginning of this century, a club of *Bon vivants* used to meet frequently in the Chateau."

(Three celebrated clubs flourished here long before the Stadacona and St. James' Club were thought of. The first was formed in Quebec, about the beginning of this century. It was originally called, says Lambert, the Beef Steak Club, which name it soon changed for that of the Barons Club. It consisted of twenty-one members, " who are chiefly the principal merchants in the colony, and are styled barons. As the members drop off, their places are supplied by knights elect, who are not installed as barons until there is a sufficient number to pay for the entertainment which is given on that occasion." J. Lambert, during the winter of 1807, attended one of the banquets of installation, which was given in the Union Hotel (now Morgan's Tailoring Store facing the Place

There are several indentures in the walls for fire places, which are built of cut masonry ; from the angles of one, a song sparrow flew out, uttering its anxious note. We searched and discovered the bird's nest, with five spotted, dusky eggs in it. How strange ! in the midst of ruin and decay, the sweet tokens of hope, love and harmony ? What cared the child of song if her innocent offspring were reared amidst these mouldering relics of the past, mayhap a guilty past ? Could she not teach them to warble sweetly, even from the roof which echoed the dying sigh of the Algonquin maid ? Red alder trees grew rank and vigorous amongst the disjointed masonry, which had crumbled from the walls into the cellar ; no trace existed of the wooden staircase mentioned by Mr. Papineau ; the timber of the roof had rotted away or been used for camp-fires by those who frequent and fish the elfish stream which winds its way over a pebbly ledge towards Beauport. It is well stocked with small trout, which seem to breed in great number in the dam near the Chateau.

d'Armes.) The Hon. Mr. Dunn, the President of the Province, and administrator during the absence of Sir Robert. S. Milnes, attended as the oldest baron. The Chief Justice and all the principal officers of the government, civil and military, were present. This entertainment cost 250 guineas. The Barons club, says Wm Henderson, was a sort of *Pit Club*,—all, Tories to the backbone. It was a very select affair—and of no long duration. Among the members, if my memory serves me right, were John Coltman, George Hamilton, Sir John Caldwell, Sir George Pownall, H. W. Ryland, George Heriott, (Postmaster and author), Mathew Bell, Gilbert Ainslie, Angus Shaw. (*Notes of W. Henderson, of Hemison.*)

The other club went under the appropriate name of "Sober Club"—*lucus a non lucendo* perhaps : it flourished about 1811. It seems to me more than likely that it was the Club of Barons, and not the Sober Club, who caroused under the romantic walls of the Hermitage. The third Club flourished at Montréal ; it took the name of the Beaver Club, and was, I believe, composed of old *Northwesters*.)

Those who wish to visit the Hermitage, are strongly advised to take the cart-road which leads easterly from the Charlesbourg church, turning up. Pedestrians will prefer the other road ; they can, in this case, leave their vehicle at Gaspard Huot's boarding-house,—a little higher than the church of Charlesbourg,—and then walk through the fields skirting, during greater part of the road, the murmuring brook I have previously mentioned, but by all means *let them take a guide* with them.

I shall now translate and condense, from the interesting narrative of a visit paid to the Hermitage in 1831, by Mr. Amédée Papineau and his talented father, the Hon. Louis Joseph Papineau, the legend which attaches to it :

CAROLINE, OR THE ALGONQUIN MAID.

(BY AMÉDÉE PAPINEAU.)

“ We drove, my father and I, with our vehicle to the very foot of the mountain, and there took a foot-path which led us through a dense wood. We encountered and crossed a rivulet, and then ascended a plateau cleared of wood, a most enchanting place ; behind us and on our right was a thick forest ; on our left the eye rested on boundless green fields, diversified (1) with golden harvests

(1) It is painful to watch the successive inroads perpetrated by sports men and idlers on the old Chateau. In 1819, an old Quebecer, Mr. Wyse, visited it ; doors, verandah, windows and everything else was complete. He, too, lost his way in the woods, but found it again without the help of an Indian beauty. It was then known as the haunted house ; supposed to contain a deal of French treasure and called *La Maison du Bourg Royal*,

and with the neat white cottages of the peasantry. In the distance was visible the broad and placid St. Lawrence at the foot of the citadel of Quebec, and also the shining cupolas and tin roofs of the city houses ; in front of us, a confused mass of ruins, crenelated walls embedded in moss and rank grass, together with a tower half destroyed, beams, and the mouldering remains of a roof. After viewing the *tout ensemble*, we attentively examined each portion in detail—every fragment was interesting to us ; we with difficulty made our way over the wall, ascending the upper stories by a staircase which creaked and trembled under our weight. With the assistance of a lighted candle, we penetrated into the damp and cavernous cellars, carefully exploring every nook and corner, listening to the sound of our own footsteps, and occasionally startled by the rustling of bats which we disturbed in their dismal retreat. I was young, and therefore very impressionable. I had just left college ; these extraordinary sounds and objets at times made me feel very uneasy. I pressed close to my father, and dared scarcely breathe ; the remembrance of this subterranean exploration will not easily be forgotten. What were my sensations when I saw a tombstone, the reader can imagine ? ‘ Here we are, at last ! ’ exclaimed my father, and echo repeated his words. Carefully did we view this monument ; presently we detected the letter ‘ C ’, nearly obliterated by the action of time ; after remaining there a few moments, to my unspeakable delight we made our exit from this chamber of death, and, stepping over the ruins, we again alighted on the green sward. Evidently where we stood had formerly been a garden : we could still make out the avenues, the walks and plots, over which plum, lilac and apple trees grew wild.

“ I had not yet uttered a word, but my curiosity getting the better of my fear, I demanded an explanation of this mysterious tombstone. My father beckoned me towards a shady old maple ; we both sat on the turf, and

he then spoke as follows :—You have, no doubt, my son, heard of a French Intendant, of the name of Bigot, who had charge of the public funds in Canada some where about the year 1757 ; you have also read how he squandered these moneys and how his Christian Majesty had him sent to the Bastille when he returned to France, and had his property confiscated. All this you know, I shall now tell you what, probably, you do not know. This Intendant attempted to lead in Canada the same dissolute life which the old *noblesse* led in France before the French Revolution had *levelled* all classes. He it was who built this country seat, of which you now contemplate the ruins. Here, he came to seek relaxation from the cares of office ; here, he prepared entertainments to which the rank and fashion of Quebec, including its Governor General, eagerly flocked : nothing was wanting to complete the *eclat* of this *little Versailles*. Hunting was a favorite pastime of our ancestors, and Bigot was a mighty hunter. As active as a chamois, as daring as a lion was this indefatigable Nimrod, in the pursuit of bears and moose.

“ On one occasion, when tracking with some sporting friends an old bear whom he had wounded, he was led over mountainous ridges and ravines, very far from the castle. Nothing could restrain him ; on he went in advance of every one, until the bloody trail brought him on the wounded animal, which he soon dispatched.

“ During the chase the sun had gradually sunk over the western hills ; the shades of evening were fast descending : how was the lord of the manor to find his way back ? He was alone in a thick forest : in this emergency his heart did not fail him,—he hoped by the light of the moon to be able to find his way to his stray companions. Wearily he walked on ascending once or twice a high tree, in order to see further, but all in vain : soon the unpleasant conviction dawned on him that, like others in

similar cases, he had been walking round a circle. Worn out and exhausted with fatigue and hunger, he sat down to ponder on what course he should adopt. The Queen of night, at the moment shedding her silvery rays around, only helped to show the hunter how hopeless was his present position.

Amidst these mournful reflections, his ear was startled by the sound of footsteps close by : his spirits rose at the prospect of help being at hand ; soon he perceived the outlines of a moving white object, Was it a phantom which his disordered imagination had conjured up ? Terrified, he seized his trusty gun and was in the act of firing, when the apparition, rapidly advancing towards him, assumed quite a human form : a lith figure stood before him with eyes as black as night, and raven tresses flowing to the night wind ; a spotless garment enveloped in its ample folds this airy and graceful spectre. Was it a sylph, the spirit of the wilderness ? Was it Diana, the goddess of the chase, favoring one of her most ardent votaries with a glimpse of her form divine ? It was neither. It was an Algonquin maid one of those ideal types whose white skin betray their hybrid origin—a mixture of European blood with that of the aboriginal races. It was Caroline, a child of love born on the shores of the great Ottawa river : a French officer was her sire, and the powerful Algonquin tribe of the Beaver claimed her mother.

“ The Canadian Ni nrod, struck at the sight of such extraordinary beauty, asked her name, and after relating his adventure, he begged of her to show him the way to the castle in the neighborhood, as she must be familiar with every path of the forest. Such is the story told of the first meeting between the Indian beauty and the Canadian Minister of Finance and Feudal Judge in the year 175.—

"The Intendant was a (1) married man : his lady resided in the Capital of Canada. She seldom accompanied her husband on his hunting excursions, but soon it was whispered that something more than the pursuit of wild animals attracted him to his country seat : an intrigue with an Indian beauty was hinted at. These discreditable rumors came to the ears of her ladyship : she made several visits to the castle in hopes of verifying her worst fears : jealousy is a watchful sentinel.

"The Intendant's dormitory was on the ground floor of the building : it is supposed the Indian girl occupied a secret apartment on the flat above ; that her boudoir was reached through a long and narrow passage, ending with a hidden staircase opening on the large room which overlooked the garden,

"The King, therefore, for his defence
Against the furious Queen,
At Woodstock builded such a bower,
As never yet was seen.
Most curiously that bower was built,
Of stone and timber strong."

(Ballad of Fair Rosamond.)

"Let us now see what took place on this indetical spot on the 2nd July, 175.—It is night ; the hall clock has just struck eleven ; the ceaseless murmur of the neighboring brook, gently wafted on the night wind, is scarcely audible : the (2) Song Sparrow has nearly finished his evening hymn, while the (2) *Sweet Canada* bird,

(1) Error—he was a bachelor. These unions were not uncommon. We find the Baron de St. Castin marrying Matilda, the beautiful daughter of Madocawando : he became a famous Indian Chief, helping D'Iberville, in Acadia, and left a numerous progeny of olive colored princesses with eyes like a gazelle's—(J. M. L.)

(2) *Melospiza melodia*.

(3) *Zonotrichia leucophrys*.

from the top of an old pine, merrily peels his shrill clarion. Silence the most profound pervades the whole castle ; every light is extinguished ; the pale rays of the moon slumber softly on the oak floor, reflected as they are through the gothic windows ; every inmate is wrapped in sleep, even fair Rosamond who has just retired. Suddenly her door is violently thrust open ; a masked person, with one bound, rushes to her bed side, and without saying a word, plunges a dagger to the hilt in her heart. Uttering a piercing shriek, the victim falls heavily on the floor. The Intendant, hearing the noise, hurries up stairs, raises the unhappy girl who has just time to point to the fatal weapon, still in the wound, and then falls back in his arms a lifeless corpse. The whole household are soon on foot ; search is made for the murderer, but no clue is discovered. Some of the inmates fancied they had seen the figure of a woman rush down the secret stair and disappear in the woods about the time the murder took place. A variety of stories were circulated ; some pretended to trace the crime to the Intendant's wife, whilst others alleged that the avenging mother of the creole was the assassin ; a few again urged that Caroline's father had attempted to wipe off the stain on the honor of his tribe, by himself dispatching his erring child. A profound mystery to this day surrounds the whole transaction. Caroline was buried in the cellar of the castle, and the letter " C " engraved on her tombstone, which, my son, you have just seen."

More than a century has now elapsed since the period mentioned in this narrative. I search in vain for several of the leading characteristics on which Mr. Papineau descants so eloquently : time, the great destroyer, has obliterated many traces. Nothing meets my view but mouldering walls, over which green moss and rank weeds cluster profusely. Unmistakable indications of a former garden there certainly are, such as the outlines of walks over which French cherry, apple and gooseberry trees grow

in wild luxuriance. I take home from the ruins a piece of bone ; this decayed piece of mortality may have formed part of Caroline's big toe, for aught I can establish to the contrary. Chateau-Bigot brings back to my mind other remembrances of the past. I recollect reading that pending the panic consequent on the surrender of Québec in 1759, the non-combattants of the city crowded within its walls ; this time not to ruralize, but to seek concealment until Mars had inscribed another victory on the British flag. I would not be prepared to swear that later when Arnold and Montgomery had possession of the environs of Quebec, during the greater portion of the winter of 1775-76, some of those prudent English merchants (Adam Lymburner at their head), who awaited at Charlesbourg and Beauport, the issue of the contest, did not take a quiet drive to Chateau-Bigot, were it only to indulge in a philosophical disquisition on the mutability of human events ; nor must I forget the jolly pic-nics the barons held there some eighty years ago. (1)

On quitting these silent halls, from which the light of other days has departed, and from whence the voice of revelry seems to have fled for ever, I recrossed the little brook, already mentioned, musing on the past. The solitude which surrounds the dwelling and the tomb of the dark-haired child of the wilderness, involuntarily brought to mind that beautiful passage of Ossian (2) relating to the daughter of Reuthamir, the " white bosomed " Moine :—" I have seen the walls of Balclutha, but they

(1) The Hon. Mr. Dunn, Administrator of the Province in 1807, was the senior baron ; Hons. Mathew Bell, John Stewart, Messrs. Muir, Irvine, Lester, McNaught, Grey Stewart, Munro, Finlay. Lymburner, Paynter, these names were doubtless also to be found amongst the Canadian barons ; the Hon. Chas. de Lanaudière, was the only French Canadian member.

(2) Book of Carthlon.

were desolate. The fire had resounded in the halls : and the voice of the people is heard no more. The thistle shook there its lonely head ; the moss whistled to the wind. The fox looked out from the window's the rank grass of the wall waved round its head. Desolate is the dwelling of Moina, silence is in the house Raise the song of mourning, O bards ! over the land of strangers. They have but fallen before us : for one day we must fall."

II PART:

LAKE ST. JOHN

**The land of the Wa-nâ-nish. — Our Trout Lakes
and Clubs. — Our Summer and Winter Sports.**



REFERENCES :

- A Little Saguenay Fish and Game Club.
- B Talbot Club.
- C Laurentides Club.
- D Tardivel Club.
- E Stadacona Club.
- F Paradise Fin and Feather Club.
- G Metabetchouan Club.
- H Ecarté Club.
- I A. L. Light.
- J Quaguakamaksis Club.
- K Springfield Club.
- L Winniniche Fishing Grounds.
- M Winniniche Fishing Club.

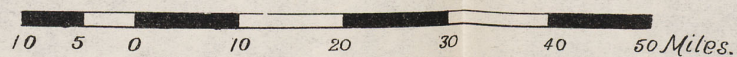
NOTE :

The Fishing Rights on Lake Edward and Lake Kiskising belong to the Railway Co.

THE QUEBEC & LAKE ST. JOHN RAILWAY

AND BRANCH LINES.

Scale.



TO
OUR OLDEST SPORTING FRIEND
CHARLES LANMAN

OF GEORGETOWN, WASHINGTON, WHOSE PEN AND
PENCIL HAVE DONE MUCH IN THE PAST, TO
MAKE KNOWN OUR WOODS AND LAKES.

These hasty notes are gratefully inscribed.

J. M. LeMOINE.

Spencer Grange, 4th June, 1889.

QUEBEC TO LAKE ST. JOHN

Roberval Hotel, 16th May, 1889.

It was with feelings of intense relief, that I left this morning, the dusty and parched streets of old Quebec, and took my seat on the *Quebec & Lake St. John* train, (1) next to a sporting friend, bound, like myself, to the land of the Wananish.

Do not for all that, fancy, I was in quest of the peerless king of our great Northern Inland sea — the land — locked salmon of Lake St. John?

Oh! no: the season when this dainty gentleman nibbles at the fly, was not yet, and besides, I bid adieu, long since, to the rosy dream of my youth, fly-fishing.

A few years back, I had performed the same journey, but under far less pleasant auspices. No railway, nor

ORIGIN OF Q. & L. S. J. RY (1)

Quebec & Gosford Railway, as a *wooden* railway, commenced construction in 1869-1870. Route, Quebec to Gosford. Suspended operations in 1872-73. Failure: wooden rails. In 1879, an *Iron* road was commenced, and continued slowly till 1883, when H. J. Beemer took the contract to complete line to Lake St. John, and completed it to Roberval in 1888.

Distance Quebec to Roberval.....	190 miles
to complete and under contract, Eastern Extension to Chicoutimi (5 miles completed).....	65 "
Roberval to St. Prime.....	5 "
La Tuque Branch.....	30 "
St Gabriel.....	10 "

Total..... 300 "

H. G. Joly, first president in 1869-70; W. M. Baby, President

palace cars in those days, to span the mighty, unexplored trackless wilderness, north of Quebec.

The trip to Chicoutimi was made in that dear old tub, the defunct steamer *Clyde*; the weather being propitious, it was pleasant enough.

Alas! for the remainder of the route! the intervening seventy miles from Chicoutimi to St. Gédéon, on the eastern shore of Lake St. John!

How can I becomingly recall that dire tale of discomfort and misery?

Rain began to pour as soon as we passed the *Terres Rompues* and fell without intermission, until we reached, at Hébertville, the house of Henry Dery, an old forester and native of *Jacques Cartier*, who, as he informed us, had been called after the pioneer of salmon fishers on the *Jacques Cartier*, Dr. Henry, staff surgeon to His Majesty's Forces, at Quebec, in 1828 — the charming author of *Trifles from my Port Folio*.

Ere the era of railways, travellers had many painful experiences in the Saguenay region.

I had resigned myself to being jolted on a *buckboard*, over one hundred hills, comprised in the seventy miles of highway from Chicoutimi to Lake St. John, on roads rendered nearly impassable by rain. It was mud and

in 1875; Hon. E. Chinic, Vice-President, 1875; John Ross, Esq.; J. B. Renaud, Hon. P. Garneau and W. Withall, Directors, 1875; J. J. Rickon, chief engineer.

S. Peters, Esq., President; H. J. J. B. Chouinard, Vice-President. Hon. D. A. Ross, John J. Ross, Jules Tessier, M.P.P., J. D. Brousseau, G. G. Stuart, Hon. F. Langlier, J. A. Gagné, Chicoutimi, Directors; J. G. Scott Sec. and Manager, 1889.

Quebec & Lake St. John Railway Lumbering & Trading Co.

Frank Ross, Esq., President; E. Beaudet, Vice-President; Hon. A. P. Caron, Hon. P. Garneau, Hon. I. Thibaudeau, J. A. Piddington, Gasp. LeMoine, Directors; J. G. Scott, Secretary Manager, 1889.

rain—rain and mud all the time—a sticky, grey, uncanny, diluted earth, bespattering one from head to foot.

The weather was so repulsive, that even the Saguenay muskitoes (and every traveller knows how much, in summer, they enjoy an outing) were remaining in doors.

There were other troubles : the absence of hosteleries in this distant region. Experience had taught me long ago, that the *Hôtels de Tempérance* and *Repos des Voyageurs*, as a rule, were frauds of the very worst type.

Having disregarded the advice of an old traveller and come, unprovided with canned meats, I had to make the most of ham and eggs—*des omelettes au lard*.

It was ham and eggs for breakfast, eggs and ham for dinner and ham and eggs for tea : this unvaried regime was beginning to get irksome, when my friend and myself, found ourselves one night at a place, where there was nothing but ham *solus* for supper. The daughter of the house, a buxom lass, informed us in a suppliant way that their hens had given up laying ; that she had thought of getting the parish priest to pray over them! . . .

“ On strike, are they ? ” inquired my youthful friend. *Je ne sais, monsieur*, replied Angelina, *mais, ça va très mal cet été*.

We were well repaid however for all our hardships when old Henry Dery and his assistant landed us safely from his canoe on Alma Island, at the *Grande Décharge* : my companion having procured a permit from W. Griffith, Esq., of Quebec, the proprietor of this marvellous fishing station, soon set to work. Before two hours were over, he had landed more wananish than he could carry back to camp : the *remou de la vache caille*, seemed alive with these alert denizens of the lake ; they sported their dark fins at the surface, amidst the clots of froth, caused

by the surging and roaring rapids ; two, in their eagerness to take the fly, actually jumped into the canoe.

It was the grandest sight, in the way of fly fishing, I had ever witnessed.

* * *

“ All aboard ! ” sung out the conductor of the train at the Palais station and off we went.

Having plenty of time on hand and being desirous of procuring all possible information about the railway, recently completed, I unfolded the railway map and time-table ; my friend kindly explained every point on our journey, which I then and there jotted down.

ST AMBROISE (10th mile from Quebec.)

A magnificent view of the valley of the St. Charles, opens as well as of the city of Quebec, Levis, the Island of Orleans ; elevation, 450 feet about tide level. The heaviest grade on the railway is here ; two miles long, ascending 132 feet per mile ; one embankment on this grade (30 feet high) cost \$50,000. This station is less than two miles from the celebrated falls of Lorette and the village of the Huron Indians, which I have previously described.

JACQUES CARTIER RIVER (16th mile.)

The railway bridge crosses the falls of this river — a substantial iron structure, built by Clarke, Reeves & Co. Philadelphia, 60 feet above water. The river is navigable for 5 miles above the bridge, to and beyond the village of Jacques Cartier. The Jacques Cartier and its deep pools immortalised in prose by Dr. Henry, Chs. Lanman, Chs. Hallock, R. Nettle, Geo. M. Fairchild, Jr., is a very picturesque river ; the valley abounds in exquisite scenery.

LAKE ST. JOSEPH, (24th mile.)

This beautiful lake, 8 miles long and 22 miles, in circumference, is rapidly becoming one of the favorite summer resorts of Quebecers (1). It is surrounded by mountains, clad in magnificent hardwood trees, Maple, Birch, Beech, Ash, &c., reaching down to the waters edge. The scenery around this lake is thought by many to be superior to that of Lake Memphramagog. The water is very deep and clear, and the excellent beach of hard sand, sloping gradually into the lake offers excellent facilities for bathing. On the side of the lake, opposite to that touched by the railway, the land is more level, and much of it is under cultivation. A summer hotel—the “Lake View House”—has been opened here, and between it and the railway station, the steamer “Ida” makes four trips daily in connection with trains to and from the city. The steamer also makes a daily trip around the lake; a trip occupying about two hours, and, with its ever changing variety of scenery and pure mountain air, affording an opportunity of spending a delightful afternoon. The water is so deep that the steamer runs close along shore, at the foot of the mountains. In the autumn, the wooded shores of this lake are one mass of blazing scarlet;

(1) “A journey of but one hour brings the adventurer to Lake St. Joseph, a beautiful sheet of water with twenty miles of crooked circumference, embellished with many cosy, verdure-embowered nooks and oft-recurring vistas of charming scenery. This lovely water affords an abiding place to the trout, the black bass, and the voracious togue or lake trout. In outline this splendid fish somewhat resembles the salmon, although a little more chunky and less symmetrical. It has a brownish back, a bright, pearly lustre underneath, is covered with circular sienna spots, and has a broad, long-forked tail. It is a powerful fish, and gives a good fight, indeed a hard fight, if a thirty-pounder happens to take the hook, and such are often found in this lake.” (*Kit Clarke.*)

the trip in the steamer is a continuous feast to the eye of the lover of nature. The points of interest in the voyage are the "Sergeants Lighthouse", a rock jutting into the lake, named after some military veteran of olden times, the "Round-top Mountain" at the head of the lake; on summit of which there is a small lake, the *Rivière aux Pins*, which feeds Lake St. Joseph; the "Blueberry Strand"; Morrissey's Bay, at the south end of the lake, the scene of the Hanlan-Hosmer boat race, and the outlet, near the railway station, where a dancing platform has been erected in a shady grove, for the use of picnic parties. Sewells Mill is situated on the outlet, at the station, and cuts up annually about ten million feet of lumber. Wharves, at which the steamer calls, have been built near the station, at Mr. Thomas' cottage, at Gurry's Hotel and at the Lake View House. Trout, Shad and Black Bass, here; and lake trout (fork tail) have been caught weighing 32 pounds.

LAKE SERGEANT, (29th mile.)

Is a beautiful sheet of water; along its shore the railway runs for about 2 miles. It is the resort of bass and perch; at one time a favorite lake, but, now, depleted of its speckled beauties, by overfishing.

BOURG LOUIS, (31st mile.)

Has not much of interest, to tourists. Here is the manor house of the old Panet family, the proprietors of Bourg Louis seignior.

ST. RAYMOND, (36th mile.)

Approaching this village, the railway takes a long down grade, skirting the side of a mountain, and descending into the valley of the River St. Anne. St. Raymond, a beautiful village with its clean white houses, and groves

of elm trees, lies in this valley. The two branches of the River St. Anne, one flowing from the east; the other from the north, known as the "Little Saguenay" from its resemblance in miniature to the wild scenery of the celebrated river, join together a little below the village. The geological formation is very singular, consisting of three distinct plateaux, level and well cultivated. The view from the highest of these is magnificent. The angler who makes St. Raymond his headquarters, may make excursions every day in a different direction always finding a new lake or stream where good sport may be had. The workshops and car shops of the railway are in this village, and since the construction of the road, its population has exactly doubled. A brass band is one of the modern improvements introduced; a convent is spoken of. Many families from Quebec and Montreal make St. Raymond their residence for the summer months.

ALLEN'S MILLS, (43rd mile.)

A new saw mill has been started at this station on the outlet of Lake Simon; it promises to become quite a busy place.

PERTHUIS, (52nd mile.)

A large new mill has been completed here by Mr. E. L. Sewell, which, it is expected, will cut up about 5 million feet of lumber this year.

RIVIÈRE A PIERRE, (58th mile.)

This is a new settlement started, in 1886, the land being comparatively level, a large number of settlers have taken up lots. It promises soon to become quite a thriving place. An extensive saw mill, is built here which will employ a number of hands. A few years ago

this was the unbroken forest. To-day there is quite a village. A little higher up, the Rivière à Pierre widens into some very beautiful lakes.

BATISCAN SUMMIT, (66th mile.)

At this point, the summit between the waters of the *Rivière à Pierre* and the River Batiscan, the railway passes along a ledge cut out of the solid rock in the mountain side, and glancing from the car windows on the opposite side, I looked down on the tops of tall pine trees in the abyss below.

BATISCAN RIVER, (68th to 88th mile.)

The railway follows the east bank of this river for 20 miles ; its valley affords some of the finest scenery in the province, especially at the mouth of the Miguick which flows into the Batiscan at the 76th mile, at the mouth of the Jeannotte, at the 81st mile, and at the 88th mile where the railway crosses it, to reach the Island of Lake Edward. At the Miguick, a pretty lake—Lake Bellevue—has been leased from Government, for fishing purposes ; on the opposite side of the Batiscan, the *Laurentides Fish and Game Club* have secured a chain of lakes, abounding in trout. Beyond the Batiscan bridge, the railway runs for 24 miles on the Island of Lake Edward, better known to foreign tourists as *Lac des Grandes Isles*, touching the northern side of the lake of that name, at the 112th mile, from Quebec. Lake Edward is 18 miles in length or more than twice the size of Lake St-Joseph. It abounds in fish of large size and being leased to the Hotel Company, whose new hotel has just been opened, for the reception of tourists, it naturally offers especial attractions to the disciples of Old Isaac. I found Mr. Baker, the manager, a shrewd, civil, and obliging host : he pointed out to me the rare facilities of

the post, for recreation and sport. Two fairy little steam launches, the *Ripple* and the *Emma*, were lying at anchor, close to the shore and a whole fleet of boats and canoes intended for the use of the inmates of the Lake Edward house, which also provides guides.

I am not at all surprised at the enthusiastic account Kit Clarke, gives of this Elysium of trout fishers, at the risk of disturbing the peace of mind of Mr. Jean R. Stebbins. (1)

"Beneath the umbrageous protection of majestic forests, hidden deep in the sheltered recess of a trackless wilderness, bordered completely by pompous wood-crowned mountains, reposes in peaceful seclusion *Lac des Grandes Isles*

"A rarer panorama of lovely scenery cannot be unfolded between the oceans. Were it bordered by the snow-capped Alps, *Lac des Grandes Isles* would far transcend in grandeur the peerless journey from the Schweitzerhof Quai to Fluelen. True, there is no Rigi, no Vitznau with its precipitous railway, no Pilatus in an opulence of rainbow hues, no Axenstrasse and no chapel to mark the spot of the Liberator's escape, but there are a thousand tongues ever murmuring the comeliness of primitive nature in an endless anthem of praise.

"*Lac des Grandes Isles* affords a delightful home to vast numbers of *salmo fontinalis* — the jeweled crown-princes of their valiant race. Many large streams empty their waters into the lake, and, ere the first snows fall, legions of trout congregate in these streams and procreate their kind. The legends related of this annual event are almost beyond belief, the assertion being boldly advanced, by those worthy of all credence, that the fish are crowded in like pins in a row.

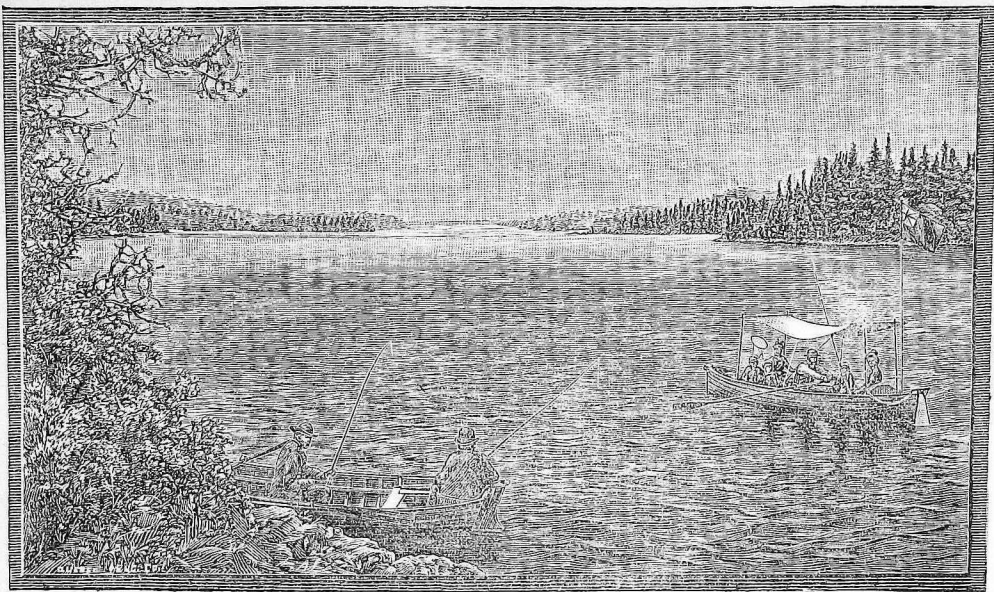
(1) See *Forest and Stream* of 16th May 1889, for particulars of this lively correspondance.

"The story is authentic of two young men from a New England city, who, in one day at the lake, filled a flour barrel to overflowing with big trout, and taking them home, made a grand display of their quarry in the city hall of their native town. This narrative is true, and not to be classed with that told of the depleted Rangeley Lakes, wherein one man, in seven hours, landed five hundred trout, or one and a fifth every minute, not even once stopping "ten minutes at Poughkeepsie for refreshments." This dainty allegory was doubtless sent forth to bolster, if possible, the departed glory of a once famous fishing resort, and, as usual in such attempts, was ridiculously overdone. On Tuesday, Sep. 11, 1888, at Lac des Grandes Isles, the writer, with two friends, took seventy trout during the heat of the day; whose gross weight reached one hundred and fifty-four pounds, or an average of more than two pounds each. Three days later these fish were distributed among friends in New York, and if judgment may be passed upon official statements, they proved as good in the eating as in the landing."

"The only habitation upon all the shores of Lac des Grandes Isles is here, perched upon a rocky edge of the island. It is primitive indeed, but replete with creature comforts, and is the summer home of the (1) Paradise Club of Anglers, which is doubly fortunate in having selected for its President that esteemed gentleman, eminent jurist and foremost among riflemen, Hon. Henry A. Gildersleeve, of New-York." (2)

(1) "Kit Clarke escaped the turmoil of the Centennial celebration by a few days' fly casting on the brooks of Monroe Co., Pa. Result—a creel of nice trout. On May 20 he starts northward to explore a new country, where it is claimed, big trout are as thick and bite as hard as mosquitoes and black flies." (*The Angler*.)

(2) "The Paradise Fin and Feather Club are erecting their club house at Lake Edward, Canada. Judge Henry Gildersleeve,



Lake Edward — (*Lac des Grandes Isles.*)

We soon hope to welcome back this gifted and enthusiastic angler :— whose dainty booklet (1) will doubtless draw northward hundreds of disciples of the gentle craft.

That skilful wordpainter, Adirondack Murray, thus describes some of our northern lakes :

“ One hundred miles from Quebec the tourist will find himself, as the train stops, at Lake of the Great Islands— than which I know of nothing lovelier, nor likelier to please the angler or the health and pleasure seeker.

LAKE OF THE GREAT ISLANDS

(*Lake Edward.*)

“ There may be a thousand lakes between Quebec and Lake St. John, but certainly there cannot be many so completely beautiful as this Lac des Grandes Isles, misnamed on the railroad maps and schedules Lake Edward. Its size is sufficient to rank it among the chiefest of the region, for it is over twenty miles in length, and at its widest section, six or eight in breadth. But it is, in fact, far larger than these figures suggest, for it is characterized by islands of great size, some of them miles in length and width, and also by wide and deep bays, which penetrate far in between the adjacent hills, some with broad, unobstructed entrances, and others with such narrow openings lakeward that one must search closely to find them, and which, when you are a little way within,

H. C. Miner, Kit Clarke, J. Charles Davis, Dr. Duncan, J. Kline Emmet, Jr., Grover Cleveland and Jas. T. Davis, principal members of the club will visit their trout water on the first day of June and remain there untill the merry little black fly and mosquito drive them cityward.” (*The Angler.*)

(1) “ *Where the Trout Hide.* KIT CLARKE. Brentano-Publisher New-York, 1889.

become lost to the eye, so that you seem to be in some other lake, without outlet, for the circle of the green enclosure seems perfect, and the surrounding hills shut you as completely from the world beyond them, as were those who lived in the happy valley of Rasselas.

“ These deep bays, whose waters search out the land inwardly to so great a distance, often have many islands, both small and great, so that the careless canoeman can almost be lost in them, and be compelled to rediscover the entrance which admitted him to this lovely solitude. For the reader must remember that those northern lakes are, at this writing, almost altogether unvisited, and that on and around them he finds nature absolutely undisturbed by man and his rude doings, which so mar her loveliness and introduce harsh, discordant noises into the realm of her sweet harmonies. ”

Whilst making inquiries at Lake Edward, when the new hotel would be open, I noticed on the platform car, a pretty new steam launch—on its way to Metabetchouan, Lake St. John. Mr. Harry Poole, the owner of this fairy white craft, rejoicing in the appropriate name of *The Swan*, civilly informed me that the *Swan*, in a day or two would sail over the glad waters of Lake St. John, that she was intended for the use of the sporting world, generally, which he expected at his new hotel : we regretted much that time prevented my friend and self from accepting his civil invitation to go with him, on an exploring tour, and view the frothy rapids and pools of the Metabetchouan and *Grande Décharge*, where the Wananish hide, though the season had not yet opened.

Lake Batiscan discharges into that river about 4 miles above the 88th mile. It is a large lake surrounded by lofty mountains, those at its head being over 1000 feet above its waters. Lake Batiscan is leased from Government by A. Ludgers Light, Esq., of Quebec,



Quiatchouan Falls.

The railway skirts lake Kiskisink, 135 miles from Quebec: a boy rushed to the train as it stopped, with a string of good size trout, caught here that very morning: they readily found a purchaser. This lake is the source of the Metabetchouan River, a grand angling stream, which empties its waters into Lake St. John.

Few indeed were the objects of interest between Kiskisink station and the Chambord Junction, 42 miles further, when the grand, never to be forgotten view of the lake opened on our enraptured eyes.

On the Ouiatchouan River, which empties into the lake, but a short distance from it are the Ouiatchouan (1) falls.

"They are very beautiful, but to be seen to best advantage, as is the case of all Falls, should be seen at short distance and looking upward. Not that these falls are less than the greatest on the continent in height, for they stand in the very first rank as to altitude. Niagara is 180 feet in height if I remember rightly, Montmorenci 220, (2) while these falls near Lake St. John are 280 feet in height! And in early summer, when the river runs downward with full banks, one must search far to find a finer sight than the white torrent tumbling as from the clouds.

But if the tourist, for any reason, would stop sooner, he need not, by any means, go clean on to Lake St. John to find health, pleasure and game."

After landing, among other freight, Harry Poole's pretty steam launch, the *Swan*, en route for Metabetchouan, the train whirled us into Roberval; several acres on the picturesque shores, were flooded by the spring overflow of the lake which rises 20 feet. We hurried to

(1) *Ouiatchouan*, "means the moving white color" in *Montagnais*.

(2) Montmorenci falls, 275 feet.

the hotel, where a hot supper awaited us, prepared by a considerate hostess Mrs. Baker : broiled Wa-nâ-nish (1) and delicious white fish caught that very day, in front of the hotel. We were informed that though in advance of the season, we were welcome ; what more could we wish for ?

In looking over this hasty sketch, I notice that I have omitted mentioning an incident, which though it may seem of minor importance, affects in a powerful degree the welfare of all travellers in bush lands, as the hot spell comes on : the presence of black flies and mosquitoes. I recollect seeing, nay feeling the lance of two warlike fellows—veritable Zulous in armor, on my way from the train—possibly, lying in ambush and mistaking me, for some of those “cultured” Bostonians or cosmopolitan New-Yorkers, who may later on, invade their wild domains, within the “three miles limit.”

OUR TROUT LAKES

HOW TO REACH THEM

I leave the town with its hundred noises,
Its clatter and whirr of wheel and steam,
For woodland quiet and silvery voices,
With a forest camp by a crystal stream.

—G. W. Nears.

The Lake St. John Railway, which now furnishes means of communicating with the Quebec markets to

(1.) Wa-nâ-nish with the accent on second syllable, means in Montangais dialect “Petit Saumon,” small salmon, says Mr. Ernest Gagnon, the clever-writer of a sporting sketch in the *Revue Géographique Internationale*, intituled : *Au Pays des Ouananiches*.

the 40,000 settlers of that region, has also opened up to colonization, some of the richest land in this province, from Roberval westward ; the climate being more mild than that of Quebec, the season earlier, and malaria unknown in that locality, colonization and lumbering is advancing at a giant's strides : the contractor, Mr. Beemer, unquestionably deserves our congratulations for the energy displayed by him in constructing this road under no ordinary difficulties.

There are features about the Lake St John Railway, which cannot be overlooked : the rare facilities of locomotion, offered to a numerous, a well-to-do class of sportsmen, anglers, tourists, attracted from the United States and Canadian cities. The road opens out for enjoyment or for profit, some hundreds of lakes, north of Quebec, and brings this paradise of anglers, within the reach of all, at a most insignificant cost.

Instead of trudging as formerly through the northern wilds and venturing heavy laden, over hundreds of arduous *portages*, from lake to lake, the choicest fishing grounds can now be safely and pleasantly got at in two or three hours. For instance, the Bastican bridge, can be reached in three hours for a fare of \$2.75 : one of the *landing* places of the Quebec fishing clubs, who have recently purchased from Government the leases of some of the adjoining trout lakes : there are plenty more lakes in the market.

Several most delightful fishing excursions are now open to anglers round Quebec, and the routes to the same can be either extended, varied or lessened *ad infinitum* : it is asserted, that north, east and west of Quebec, more than three hundred lakes and lakelets, crystal streams, sequestered pools, alive with trout of several varieties, can be counted. The Quebec clubs and private individuals do not own fishing privileges in more than twenty, and charming little sheets of water are discovered every day in the depths of the Laurentides,

to which the Lake St. John Railway leads. Some noted Bostonians (1) have already found their way hither and are spending their holidays, camped on the banks of the Batiscan river.

FIRST FISHING EXCURSION.

The populous and comparatively new parish of St. Raymond, 36 miles from Quebec, now of so easy access by the new line of railway, has become a favorite starting point for the disciples of "Old Isaak". It contains more than 3,000 souls, a handsome village church, a number of general stores, five or six boarding houses.

It is easy to secure a guide and a canoe, if wanted, on the shortest notice: the charge varies from \$1 to \$1.50 per diem.

The country round St. Raymond abounds in trout streams—diminutive lakes and surging waterfalls. The most noted are:—

1. Lac Sept Isles
2. " aux Chiens.
3. " aux Deux Truites.
4. " au Cœur.
5. " à l'Epaule.
6. " Clair.
7. " Waskawan.
8. " Fortin.
9. " aux Ventres Rouges.
10. " aux Cèdres.
11. " Perth.
12. " Sergeant, close to railway track.

(1) Last season a brilliant writer in *Harper's Magazine*, C. H. Farnham, pitched his tent for the summer close to the teeming pools of the Batiscan, where his friend, the historian Francis Parkman and Lord Landsowne paid him a pleasant visit.

These lakes disembogue generally in the river Ste. Anne, which divides itself into two branches at St. Raymond, the eastern branch winding in the direction of a place called *Petit Saguenay*, because, it was at one time considered to offer the most direct route to the Saguenay district. Some, however, mingle their crystal waters with the river Portneuf and the fierce and raging Jacques Cartier, whose eddies are surmounted by salmon up to Dery's bridge.

The lakes vary in size from one to four miles. *Lac Sept Isles* is the biggest. The largest fish is caught in this lake and in *Lac aux Chiens*, such as the variety known to the Canadian peasant as, *Queues Fourchues*, and to the Huron Indian as, *Touladi*, weighing from 12 to 15 lbs.

Lac Clair, four miles from the depot of the defunct Gosford Wooden Railway, is still in renown. But this, like many other lakes, requires the eye of the overseer in the close season. Lake St. Joseph has suffered by being overfished. I can recollect when *Touladi* of 25 lbs. weight used to be frequently caught in winter or in the spring under the ice. For all that, it harbors yet in abundance, frisky, speckled beauties. On the 18th of June instant, I met at the Lake St. Joseph station, a city youth staggering under the weight of fish, captured by him the day previous, with fly and bait, in about twelve feet of water at the mouth of the lake, 25 dozen of fine trout.

Lake St. Joseph, however, can afford to reign supreme, in its own quiet, sylvan loveliness.

It is an elysium, even without the attractions of the finny tribes, which roam through its wavelets: the railway and the "Ida," have brought this blissful abode within an hour's travel from the city.

Can there be any purer pleasure for the robust in health or even the pale invalid, at midsummer, to tear

himself away from city dust and St. Peter street worry, taking the afternoon Lake St. John Railway, over whose rising destinies, watches with maternal care its tireless manager, Mr. J. G. Scott, and rushing with a full head of steam, through the emerald meadows of the Little River St. Charles, up the cool, green glens of Lorette, over the picturesque Jacques Cartier Bridge, until the sunset lands him at the Lake station, where awaits him either his trusty birch bark canoe, or else that fairy craft, the *Ida*, ready, the sweet creature, to convey him rapidly across our winsome "Windermere" to the peaceful haven, yclept "Lake View Hotel," where Mynheer White's broiled trout is simmering on the kitchen range, a dish fit for Apollo; the trout followed by a chop *cuite à point*, and accompanied by a dainty cup of Souchong or Mocha, and cream, with, as an indiscreet French guest added "*au besoin, une bouteille de Medoc, ou d'Eau de Saint Léon, pour les gens de tempérance.*"

To morrow, at break of day, we go fishing, for, as the Venerable Izaak Walton has it:— "No life, my honest scholar, no life so happy and so pleasant, as the life of a well-governed angler, for when the lawyer is swallowed up with business and the statesman is preventing or contriving plots, there we sit on cowslip banks, hear the birds sing, and possess ourselves in as much quietness as these silent silver streams, which we now see glide so quietly by us."

J. M. LEMOINE.

1st July, 1888.

SECOND FISHING EXCURSION.

“ There are, says W. W. Witcher, many good fishing grounds for the lake trout and brook trout—(*salmo ferox* and *salmo fontinalis*) in the immediate vicinity of Quebec, such as Lake St. Joseph, famous also for its black bass, Lake Seven Islands and the neighbouring Frog Lake, Perth Lake, Dog Lake and Red Trout Lake, all within a few miles of Lake ; St. Joseph also Clear Lake and its neighbors, Mackenzie Lake, Lake Jaune, Lake Sagamité, Burns Lake, Lake Bonnet, Lake Berryman, Lake Beauport abounding in trout of exquisite flavour. Lake St. Charles occasionally yielding splendid catches, despite the merciless treatment its teeming waters are subjected to ; Lakes Philipe and St. Joachim, below the Ste. Anne River are well stocked ; Lake Gravel and Grand Lac, at Murray Bay, are old favorites. And on the south shore of the St. Lawrence, you may fairly revel in fresh pastures of trouty luxuriance by taking the rail cars to Somerset station, driving a few miles into the interior and whipping such quiet pools as Lake Joseph, Lake William, Trout Lake, and the connecting streams up towards Black Lake.”

I am indebted to a Waltonian friend, for the following sketch of the old Megantic region and lakes :

THE MEGANTIC LAKES

Have you heard of great Megantic, where the sights are so
[romantic?
That the traveller often lingers on the landscape he admires ;
Stands to view the winding river, while the balmy breezes quiver,
On the vast extending vista, where the vision never tires.

There are rough and rugged mountains, there are floods and
[flowing fountains,
There are lovely lakes expanding in the valley to be seen ;
There are peaks that cast their shadows over undulating meadows,
But the winter scene is grandest where the woods are ever green.

In the dark'ning distance yonder, there are hills that stood the
[thunder.
Of the ages long departed ere this continent was known ;
Lofty woodlands most enchanting, sylvan ranges gently slanting
Downward, to the chain of waters that for centuries have flown. (1)

A. McKILLOP.

“ Truly has the bard said, the landscape of Megantic is most lovely ; but though the hills and dales, mountains and valleys are grandly beautiful, yet they are eclipsed by the charming aspect of the lakes, that run through the county — four in a string, pearls on the “ Thames ” necklace ; the upper one, Black Lake, is situate in a wild region, full of minerals and where now are worked several rich asbestos quarries. A few miles further down runs Trout Lake, well deserving its name, and below that again, its waters emptying themselves into Lake William one of the most lovely lakes to be seen in the wide universe ; both hidden between high mountains, clothed

(1) Suggested during a sleigh ride over the hills that overlook Lake Joseph and the valley of the Thames, to the beautiful estate of the late COL. CHAS. CAMPBELL, near the Village of St. Ferdinand, on the shores of Lake William, Halifax.

to their summits, in summer, with the most luxuriant vegetation, where abound the stately elm, the wide spreading black birch, the magnificent maple without a branch for 40 or 50 feet, from the ground and then branching out with enormous limbs that keep other giants of the forest at a distance and make these woods have a peaklike appearance. Here and there, the mighty pine, cedar and spruce give variety to the monotony that would otherwise be, if there were but one description of timber. The lake itself is about 5 miles long and from $\frac{1}{2}$ to $1\frac{1}{2}$ broad, having the most lovely points or capes as seamen would call them, jetting out into its waters and which form picturesque bays which present even on stormy days when the outer water is studded with white caps, a placid and mirror-like appearance, so protected are they by the woods or hills that surround them, from every breeze that otherwise might ruffle their surface. In one of the recesses of these sunny bays, has sprung up within a couple of decade, the large village of St. Ferdinand, with its stately church, seminary, convent and various factories, surrounded with prettily designed houses and cottages, and where "all save the spirit of man is divine." When first the traveller catches a glimpse of this romantically situated village, when topping the crest of the hill on the Gosford Road, from which he looks down upon it and the Bay, he becomes lost in bewilderment at the beauty of the scene, and if, at the time when the *Angelus* bell might on a still evening be ringing, his senses become enraptured by the musical chimes which air, water and the eternal hills echo, throw back and assert that an omniscient One reigns and gives to us poor mortals on earth a faint view of paradise. Truly St. Ferdinand is a favored spot.

And lastly comes Lake Joseph or as the Scotch who settled upon it, call it, Lock Lemond; it vies with Lake William, in its beauty, but lacks its breadth."

"CLAYMORE."

THE TROUT LAKES ABOUT QUEBEC

“ Away to the brook ;
All your tackle out-look,
Here’s a day that is worth a year’s wishing
See that all things be right,
For’t would be a spite
To waist tools when a man goes a’fishing. ”

—*Cotton’s Poems*—1689.

Having in a previous communication pointed out the importance of the Quebec and Lake St. John Railway, as an outlet to the numerous settlers in that fertile section, I shall now lay before the reader the information I was able to gather on the recent angling operations connected with the trout lakes during a late visit to this district. Few incidents last spring caused a more pleasurable flutter of excitement among the lovers of sport in Quebec, than the news that the builder of the Quebec and Lake St. John Railway, Mr. Beemer, had successfully pushed his operations as far as River Batiscan, and that in a very few weeks a solid iron bridge across its dark and deep pools, would give anglers and others, access to the very depths of our northern wilds, in which according to Mr. Bureau, the Crown lands explorer, lakes and streams are so numerous that fully one-third of the area is represented by water.

Two of our leading fish and game clubs at once sent out exploring parties, on the report of which, each of them acquired for a term of years from the Crown Lands Department, the lease of a group of lakes. These clubs were the “Stadacona Fish and Game Club” and “Les Laurentides,” the first limited to forty members and the last, to twelve members. Private individuals joined in the new scheme and for weeks nothing was heard in the streets among the disciples of the gun and rod—but

trout lakes and hunting grounds. One of the first cares was that of providing each fishing stand with a house for the sportsmen, and a lodge for the overseer. The services of the latter would be in requisition all the year ; especially in autumn and winter, when it is customary to deplete our lakes of trout — tons of them being conveyed in a frozen state to our markets.

In reply to an enquiry I made, I learned that seventy-five miles from Quebec, the river Myguick discharges into the Batiscan. The Club, *Les Laurentides*, had leased from the Government a group of lakes — an area of considerable extent. The chief lakes were those of the valley of Lac des Isles, Lac Vert, Lac Long and thirty or so more, of less extent. There is abundance of fish in these lakes, varying in weight from two to three and four lbs., grey speckled trout with pink flesh and square tails. Deer, caribou, beaver, otter and grouse (*la perdrix*) are numerous throughout the whole region. Four and a half miles from the Myguick river, the Jeannotte stream occurs. It faces a group of lakes not yet leased, an area of 60 miles, comprising the great Lac au Lard, Lac Vermillion and a swarm of smaller lakes, though some of them are pretty considerable. A little further on occurs another group about 10 to 15 miles from the River Batiscan, comprising Lac Trompeur and several minor lakes not yet explored. To the west, group, leased to the Stadacona Fish and Game Club, is an area of forty or fifty miles. The chief trout lakes here are Lac aux Rognons, Lac Long, Lac du Centre, Lac Cariboo, Rivière aux Rognons and several others of lesser size. Some of these lakes are situated on the islands of Lake Edward. This island is formed by the rivers Batiscan and Jeannotte, whose source is in Lake Edward. Nearly all these lakes discharge into the Batiscan, except a few which mingle their waters with those of the River Jeannotte. Fish, in our opinion, is just as abundant in one group as in the others.

Lake Bastican is well supplied with fish. The Crown Lands explorer, Mr. Bureau, claims to have seen a red trout taken out of it weighing 9 pounds. The Bastican would be of easy access by rail by cutting a path through the bush, of about ten miles, but could also be ascended in a birch canoe, from the Beaudet station. The following statement of the extent of several of the lakes now leased or to be leased was furnished me by an official of the Crown Lands Department :

Grand Lac, Batiscan.....	6	miles in length.	
L. Claire.....	2½	"	"
L. des Passes.....	9	"	"
L. de la Croix.....	3	"	"
L. à la Loutre.....	1½	"	"
L. de la Grosse Roche...	1½	"	"
L. au Lard.....	4	"	"
L. aux Rognons.....	1½	"	"
L. Vermillion.....	1¼	"	"
L. Archange.....	1½	"	"
L. à la Belle Truite.....	2	"	"
Petit Lac Ha ! Ha !.....	2½	"	"
Grand Lac Ha ! Ha !....	3	"	"
Lac Long.....	½	"	"
L. des Sables.....	2½	"	"

In looking over the chart, one is surprised at the innumerable lakes, big and small, which will be accessible further north when the railway is completed. L. Upikoban, Grand Lac Metasquash, L. Saint Henri, L. Hugh, L. Quiquathanshisa, L. à la Place, L. Kamamutgonique, L. Kispahigonish, L. à la Carpe, L. auxBrochets, L. aux Betsies, L. au Canot, L. aux Canards, L. Croche, L. Simon, L. Blanc, L. Talbot, L. à Beaujour, L. à la Pièche, Raven Lake, Lake Gemine, Lac des Deux Bras, Lac Kakiskopetenne, L. du Renversé, L. à Moisie, L. à la Biscuit, Herne Lake, St. George Lake Burrett Hill

Lake, Rainey Lake, Cariboo Lake, Lac Baptiste, Lac Etoile, Mirror Lake, Lac Kakiskagamak, Rat Lake, Lac Naquagami, Lac Najoualand, Lac Ecarté, Lac Doré, Lac des Commissaires, Lac Bouchette, Lac Ouatchouan, Lac de la Belle Rivière, and hundreds of others that I might add.

July, 1887.

LIST OF FISHING CLUBS ALONG THE LINE OF THE
Q. & L. S. J. RAILWAY.

1. Little Saguenay Fish & Game Club.
2. Talbot Club, open to public on payment of small fee.
3. Laurentides Club.
4. Tardivel Club.
5. Stadacona Club.
6. A. L. Light, Large lake Batiscan.
7. Metabetchouan Club
8. Paradise Fin & Feather Club.
9. Lake Quaquakamaksis.
11. Springfield Club.
12. Rivière Noire Fishing Club.
13. Lac au Lard Club.

THE METABETCHOUAN FISHING & GAME CLUB.

(Incorporated.)

Hon. O. H. Platt, U. S. S.,	Président.....	Meriden Conn.
" Stephen W. Kellogg,	Vice-President.....	Waterbury "
John C. Chamberlain,	Sec.-Treas.....	Bridgeport "
W. R. Briggs, members.....		"
A. Chamberlain,	"	Meriden Conn.
John W. Coe,	"	" "
Joseph W. Davis,	"	New-York.
Geo. H. Esterbrook,	"	Boston, Mass.
Walter Hubbard,	"	Meriden Conn.
H. W. Lines,	"	" "
Wm. B. Mackay,	"	" "

Allan W. Page,	numbers.....	New-York.
Jas. P. Platt,	"	Meriden Conn.
Geo. L. Porter, M. D.,	"	Bridgeport "
Maj. D. M. Read,	"	" "
Hon. M. W. Seymour,	"	" "
A. Swords,	"	Stanford "
Prof. W. K. Townsend,	"	New-Haven "
Geo. H. Wilcox,	"	Meriden "
R. W. Stocking,	"	Quebec Q.
Hon. Th. W. Downs,	Hon. member.....	Bridgeport Ct.

LOWER PART OF METABETCHOUAN RIVER

THE FISHING & GAME CLUB.

E. S. Brewer, President.....	Springfield Mass.
D. N. Coats, Vice-President	" "
E. M. Coats, Sec. & Treas.....	" "
Frank D. Foot, members.....	" "
R. W. Day, "	" "
Louis H. Orr, "	" "
Walter H. Hessen, "	" "
E. C. Barr, "	" "
Dr. S. W. Bowles, "	" "
Col. M. V. B. Edgerby, "	" "
Dwight O. Gilmore, "	" "
Henry S. Dickinson, "	" "
Col. H. M. Phillips, "	" "
E. A. Alden, "	" "
N. D. Bell, "	" "
A. B. Wallace, "	" "
John Pettigrew, "	" "
W. H. Lockwood, "	Hartford County.
Charles McKnight, "	Springfield, Mass.

UPPER PORTION OF METABETCHOUAN RIVER. (28 miles)

PHILADELPHIA FISHING & GAME CLUB.

Amos R. Little, President.....	Philadelphia, Penn.
David G. Yates; Vice-President.....	" "
F. H. Downs, Secretary & Treasurer.....	Quebec Q.
George Childs Dupwell;	" "
W. Borden & others	" "

THE LAURENTIDES CLUB, QUEBEC.

President : E. B. Garneau.
 Vice-President : Louis F. Burroughs.
 Secretary : J. Geo. Garneau.
 Treasurer : Joseph Winfield.
 Directors : C. A. Pentland, Crawford Lindsay, Charles J. Burroughs, J. I. Lavery, James H. Anderson.

48 members and 4 honorary members—its best lakes are *Lac des Isles*, *Lac Traverse* and *Lac Fou*.

LOWER PART OF LAKE EDWARD.

THE PARADISE FIN AND FEATHER CLUB.

Judge Henry A. Guildersleeve.....	President.....	New-York
John C. Davis.....	Vice-President....	" 1874
Joseph K. Emmet, jnr.....	Secretary.....	Albany
Birkett Clarke.....	Treasurer.....	New-York
William F. Duncan, M. D.....	Members.....	"
James T. Davis	"	"
John Woods.....	"	"
E. R. Lewis, M. D	"	"
H. C. Taylor.....	"	"
Hon. Grover Cleveland, ex-Pres. U.S.	"	"
W. W. Randall	"	"
Charles W. Thomas.....	"	"
C. B. Jefferson	"	"
H. C. Miner	"	"
L. Richardson.....	"	"
Hon. Hugh J. Grant, Mayor N-Y. City	"	"
William Moser, jr.....	"	"
Aug. Piton.....	"	"

LITTLE SAGUENAY FISH AND GAME CLUB.

C. A. Scott, C. E.....	President.....	Quebec
E. A. Panet, N. P.....	Vice-President.....	St. Raymond
C. S. Parke, M. D.....	Secy.-Treasurer.....	Quebec
J. C. Teneyck, atty. at law...	Members.....	New-York
W. S. Downes,	"	Birmingham, Conn.
W. L. Bennett,	"	New Haven, "
Revd. M. Frechette	"	St. Croix, P. Q.
John Sherring Budden.....	"	Quebec
W. W. Welch, secy. Quebec Fire Ass. Co.	do	"
A. G. Demers, of Ths. May & Co.	do	"

STADAGONA FISH AND GAME CLUB OF QUEBEC

H. T. Machin, President,	Quebec
F. Holloway, Vice-President,	"
W. C. Seaton, Treasurer,	"
J. L. Bell, Superintendent,	"
J. E. Livernois, Secretary.	"
J. L. Welch, J. J. Codville, T. S. Hetherington, John Hamilton,	
W. Dobell, T. Beckett and E. Fitch.—Limited to twelve members.	

ASCENT OF THE FIRST STEAMER TO THE MISTASSINI FALLS.

Lake St. John, 17th May, 1889.

I readily accepted the invitation of Mr. B. A. Scott, manager of the Roberval Lumber Co. to form one of a small party desirous of exploring, in the *Peribonka*, the falls of the Mistassini river, 21 miles from its mouth : a feat never yet performed by steam. The *Peribonka*, launched last autumn, was subsidized by the provincial government for the promotion of the colonization of

the Lake St. John district, by facilitating communication between the different settlements on the lake. It is a handsome and powerful craft — 97 feet keel — built expressly to draw, but little water—so as to adapt herself—to the shallow waters on the lake shore—though there is a depth of 100 feet in the centre.

The present time seemed particularly suitable for exploring the numerous tributaries of Lake St. John, as the spring-overflow of the lake—some eighteen or twenty feet—was at its height. The river Mistassini is two miles broad at its mouth, tolerably deep in some parts, 300 miles long and dotted all through with innumerable, beautifully wooded isles. Its banks are wild and unsettled, except a straggling thatchcovered house, here and there—about eleven miles from its entrance. The *Peribonka* made the ascent to this unexplored region in charge of an experienced old woodsman—a special pilot for the occasion—amidst sunshine and rain accompanied by very vivid lightning and thunder. The little boat would rush through a fog bank, slacken off speed or stop, just as the weather and fog permitted—under perfect command.

At 9 P. M., the fog having increased, it was judged prudent to anchor for the night. The stream being deep with a bold shore, the *Peribonka* was moored in front of a woodman's hut, close to the shore ; our party landed without any trouble : the whistle was blown ; all listened in rapt silence to the tremendous echo leaping from one range to the next,—no steamer had ever ventured there before. The woodman and trapper, monsieur Lalancette, jr., surrounded by his numerous progeny, rushed to the beach and discharged his fowling piece, inviting us to visit his modest roof. The ceremony of shaking hands over, Madame Lalancette gave us most graphic sketches of her forest life — free from the bustle and noise of the outer world.

Few white men, in summer, ascend the Mistassini in their canoes,— ; in winter, the lumbermen use her house as a camp. She told us of an eccentric professor and two students camping on the shore last summer, Professor Julian C. Jaynes, of Hartford, who, she vowed, lived on roasted frogs and broiled crows, after skinning them ; she added an anecdote about a bull frog, which much amused us.

Professor Jaynes, according to madame Lalancette must have been no ordinary angler ; he is stated to have caught, at the foot of the Mistassini falls so many Wa-nâ-nish, that his creel full, he deemed right to return the rest to their native element.

Monsieur Lalancette, jr., related with *gusto*, his various experiences as a trapper of otter, minx, even of beaver—though beaver were getting, he said, very scarce. No red deer and few Caribou on the shores of the wild Mistassini—but occasionally, bears on the hills, in the blueberry season. During his whole career, he had, he said, trapped in a steel trap set for otter, but one *carcajou* (wolvereen)—but then he was a wopper—as fierce, with his lacerated paw, as ten thousand wild cats.

“ Any round here ” inquired my sporting friend ?

I do not think so, replied, the disciple of fur, fin and feather.

This exciting camp gossip went buzzing through our brain, the live long night, when we retired to our improvised bunks, over one of which floated the Union Jack to scare away the mosquitoes, probably ; no other noise, in the pitchy darkness, but the *brek ! brek !* of Professor Jaynes friends, the frogs.

About midnight, my sporting friend awoke, sprung up, vowing, he had heard the howls of a *carcajou*, close to where the *Peribonka* was moored : the door of Madame Lalancette's hut opened, to let in her disconsolate pet—the house, dog, *Prince*, forgotten in the cold fog outside, wining ; then all was again wrapped in silence.

At break of day, the *Peribonka* got up steam : and with a lovely sunshine, we steamed up to the mysterious falls which few white men have seen—none certainly, from the deck of a steamer : the patches of froth and soon after, the roar of the falls hidden by three intervening islands were noted. These islands girt with rocks, create strong and dangerous rapids ; the *Peribonka* turned back : on a council of the authorities, it was decided to try the rapids again. We shot past the two last islands and came in full view of the roaring cauldron ; but no further could we go, and the descent was made at race horse speed. An old trapper firing a gun in response to our salute, the steamer's whistle, the effects in these wild woods were loud, grand indescribable. One incident much amused us : the terror of the sheep and some cows, on hearing the boat's whistle ; they retreated at a gallop up a hill—concealing themselves in a thicket.

Such my pleasant experience of a visit—the first ever made by a steamer—to the falls of the Mistassini, where the celebrated french *savant*, André Michaux, was botanising on the 22nd August 1792.

Doubtless if the water does not get too low, from the summer drought, the *Peribonka*, will more than once be put in commission to explore this inaccessible fastness of the north.

J. M. L.

LAKE ST. JOHN.—*The land of the Wa-na-nish.*

“ *Multa latent in majestate naturæ.* ”

(PLINY.)

“ Lake St. John, says Murray, is a geological curiosity and a geographical surprise ” : we think so too. It is 30 miles long by about 26 miles broad, is situated in latitude 48° north, longitude 72° west, a large sheet of

water, nearly circular in shape which covers an area of about 700 square miles. *Picouagami* which means "flat lake" is its name in the Montagnais dialect. Nineteen (1) rivers, if not more, carry the tribute of their waters to Lake St. John.

The Peribonka "the curious river" the largest is about 400 miles long : the Mistassini, about 300 miles in length. The Ashuapmouchouan, "the river where they watch the Moose" is the smallest of the three.

RIVERS FLOWING INTO LAKE ST. JOHN (1)

COMMENCING NEAR LITTLE DISCHARGE SOUTH SIDE OF LAKE

Names of Rivers	Length	Navigable ?
Boudreault	3 miles..	No
Grandmont	10 " ..	No
(1) Cushpagan or Belle Rivière	30 " ..	No
Cushpaganishe	30 " ..	No
Metabetchouan	80 " ..	1 mile, Good Harbor
Au Foin	10 " ..	No
(1) Ouiatchouan	30 " ..	No
Ouiatchouanishe	50 " ..	No
La Chasse	8 " ..	No
Iroquois	40 " ..	No
Ashuapmouchouan	150 " ..	to St. Felicien, 10 miles
Tiquabe	50 " ..	10 "
Mistassini	300 " ..	to 1st falls 20 "
La Savanne	8 " ..	No
Willie	8 " ..	No
Petit Peribonka	100 " ..	to 1st falls 9 "
Grand Peribonka	400 " ..	do 12 "
Cochon	15 " ..	No
La Pipe	8 " ..	No

(1) Length of these rivers only given to 1st lakes. A number of small streams flow into these lakes, these streams are from 10 to 30 miles in length.

B. A. Scott.

“ The lake has but one outlet, divided for the first eight miles into two branches by Alma Island, at the foot of which the Grande Décharge, after a circuit of twelve miles in mighty rapids, unites with the Petite Décharge, to form La Décharge du Lac St. Jean..... a mighty stream which after a turbulent course of some thirty miles above Chicoutimi.... becomes the Saguenay. ”

This watery expanse was discovered by the Jesuit Dequen, on 15th July 1647. After remaining as it were a *terra incognita* for two centuries, though explored and reported on by Provincial commissioners selected for that purpose : Col. Jos. Bouchette, Andrew Stuart, Esq. K. C., in 1829, its exuberant soil attracted about forty-five years ago, the attention of the redundant population of the counties of Islet, Kamouraska, &c.; the great trouble was how to reach this *ultima thule* of civilization and find a market for its agricultural products.

Kamouraska had an enlightened and far seeing pastor, the Revd. Mr. Hebert ! alas ! his death is reported, a few months ago at Kamouraska : he became by his untiring energy and successful efforts, as it were, the re-discoverer of Lake St John. The valley of the lake, which in the days of Jacques Cartier and Roberval, in 1543, must have formed part of that weird “Kingdom of Saguenay” visited by the first explorers of our soil and travelled over by Fathers Dequen, Dablon, Crepieul, has now on the lake shores blossomed out into ten flourishing parishes viz : St. Gedeon de Grammont, St. Joseph d’Alma, Saint Cœur de Marie, (Mistouk), St. Henri de Peribonka, Ste. Méthode, St. Félicien—the pearl of the lake settlements, St. Prime, Notre-Dame de Roberval, St. Louis de Chambord : two sweet names to French *legitimistes* !

(These two latter are separated by the old H. B. post of Metabetchouan and are thus two of the oldest R. C. Mission stations,) and St Jérôme.

The patriotic curé Hébert bequeathed his name to a settlement which has since become a flourishing parish, *Hebertville*. I had the pleasure of visiting it, in 1883, on my way to the *Grande Décharge*.

There is a healthy sign of progress in these ten parishes, cut out of the forest *primaeval*, explored by Fathers Drulletes and Dablon, in 1660 and, in 1672, by Father Albanel, on his way, with M. de St. Simon, to the distant shores of Hudson Bay, where on the 28th June, 1672, they triumphally raised the fleur-de-lys banner of the Great Louis XIV ; each parish has now one or more cheese factory in operation. Nor is the education of the youth of both sexes, forgotten : parish schools are springing up ; a suitable building was acquired on 1st August 1882, by the Ursulines Nuns of Quebec and a convent of their order, opened there, with great éclat, under the superintendence of a much respected prelate, the first Bishop of Chicoutimi, Monsgr. Dominique Racine : a handsome new structure has now superseded it. In August last, Messrs. Cressman & Baker erected for tourists, their magnificent hotel, which was honored by a visit of His Excellency Lord Stanley and the Vice-Regal party : the elevated site selected on the shore of the lake, the wild scenery on every side and its proximity to the haunts of Wana-nish, Trout, Doré, White fish, &c., bid fair to attract here hundreds of sportsmen and pleasure seekers. We regretted much, on our way to the Peribonka river, in the new steamer *Peribonka*, time did not allow us to land at the Montagnais reserve and old Hudson Bay Post : a writer in the *Empire*, describes as follows, his visit there, last August.

“ On Sunday I visited with a number of other tourists this Indian reserve at Pointe Bleue. The Montagnais, who gather here for their summer mission and for the manufacture of their canoes, hunt in winter the woods that lie between Betsiamis on the Lower St. Lawrence,

and Mistassini lake. They are probably the most interesting tribe in North America, and certainly no other Canadian Indians can nearly approach them in darkness of skin. They are so decidedly copper-colored that the Hurons, of Lorette, would appear quite pale-faced alongside of them. Here and there I picked out one of somewhat doubtful origin, and in almost all of such cases was but little surprised to learn that they had been born in the vicinity of the Hudson Bay Company's posts at Lake Mistassini or James' Bay. The children and younger women of the tribe are, as a rule, healthy looking and full in the face. The men and the older women are almost invariably marked with hollow cheeks and other symptoms of an approaching decline. There are scarcely any old men or women in the tribe. The hardships that they endure are certainly responsible for the absence of longevity. They spend their winter nights in tents or lodges, sleeping upon *sapin* boughs piled up on the snow, and when game is scarce they not unfrequently feel the pangs of hunger for several days together, while many of their number have been known to die of starvation. The squaws display great admiration for gay colors and wrap their shoulders in the brightest of bright cotton handkerchiefs, which are also used as head dresses for the girls. The costume of a Montagnais matron is incomplete without the tribal tuque, similar in shape to the ordinary tuques of Canadian snowshoers, but with the point caught down in front to the band, and the whole formed of alternate pointed stripes of red and black, each stripe piped in blue. The distinguishing feature of a Montagnais belle is the manner of dressing her deep black hair. This is divided in two by a parting at the back, and at each side it is fastened in front of her ear in a large roll finished off around the middle exactly like a hank of yarn. I attended their service on Sunday in the little Indian church and heard them sing in their own peculiar language in adoration of the Virgin."

On the occasion of his recent visit to Lake St. John, His Excellency the Governor-General was presented by Mr. Commins, agent of the Hudson's Bay Company, on behalf of the Company with a couple of magnificent bearskins and a splendid birch bark canoe. The Montagnais Indians of Pointe Bleue presented the Governor with the following address in their own language :—

Tehe etshimau katsual'shet,

Usham ni mirueritenan tshi petamarats emijikain mametshitiskuem, tshi utus pamokots ote ntshiskatats, kassino etamiskatats kie mak e naskumitats.

Ome eshijueiats nileinats ofsiparo tie tshe tshi tshisse-rianiats ushkuats mishimik no.

Tshil ka miskupapistut tshe olshimaskneu nimierueritenan e napamitats, alo tahisserimits Tshipesuau ote tshshitiskuem, miam Tshe Otehismaskueu itaekakust.

Ustunil eakun kie uir tshe ispush shatshiakant eokum ispush uilamatats,

N tan eliniuiats,

Kamistuiats, 22 etsnisluaskant epopushum 1888.

Translated into English, the address would read somewhat as follows :—

“ May it please your Excellency—Great Chief of the generous heart :—The news that you were coming with your noble spouse to visit the Montagnais filled us with joy. This is why we are all here to meet and salute you. Thanks. This word is in our hearts and is written on the bark to prove our sincerity. Representative of the Queen, you are welcome amongst us.”

In his charming volume *EN CANOT*, Judge A. B. Routhier, has described the delightful outing, he had enjoyed in July 1882, with Count Foucault, professor Claudio Jannet, both of Paris, and some other friends skimming in their light canoes over the quiet waters of Lake St. John, or descending the foaming rapids of the

Great Discharge and crossing their picturesque *portages*. In speaking of the *Pointe Bleue* Indians, he mentions an extremely beautiful and very youthful bride, who two weeks previous, had wedded one of his indian guides. Alas ! for human bliss, at the time we write, the graceful Pocahontas "whose queenly deportment, piercing black eyes and raven tresses" had struch with such admiration the Parisian tourists, was still in the flush of youth and beauty, sitting disconsolate in her wigwam, grieving over the recent loss of her second husband — surrounded by her sister's children — the angel of fecundity having ignored her nuptial couch !

At the time we write Messrs. Frank Ross and H. J. Beemer, are just completing an extensive steam saw mill, on the end of a point facing westwardly the Roberval Hotel : its active and energetic manager, B. A. Scott, Esq., predicts success to the mill and to Roberval and so say we.

Roberval Hotel, 16th May, 1889.

J. M. L.

THE LAKES AND THE LAKERS.

The paradise of anglers, north of Quebec, has given rise to a literature of its own, so far, chiefly in prose. Doubtless, the sons of Phoebus-Apollo will shortly, sing its praise, in their mellifluous "winged words."

In a treatise recently published, intituled *Chasse et Pêche*, we took pleasure in enumerating the leading works, written so far on our salmon rivers and trout streams. It may not be out of place, to mention for the benefit of those interested in this kind of literature, the names of these writers.

First in 1839, the interesting sketches of the Jacques Cartier salmon pools — the river Murray, *Rivière*

aux Canards et Rivière Noire on the lower St. Lawrence, contained in Dr. Wm. Henry's *Trifles from my Portfolio*, a rare *incunabula* at present.

In 1858, Richard Nettle of Quebec brought out his useful Manual on Pisciculture, which so pleased His Excellency, Sir Edmund Walker Head, that he conferred on him the important post of *Superintendent of Fisheries*.

In 1860, Longman, Green, Longman & Roberts, of London, published for Sir James Edward Alexander, Col. of the 14th Regt., stationed at Quebec, Revd. Dr. W. Agar Adamson's tastefully illustrated book *Our Salmon Rivers*—a volume much sought after to this day.

In 1863, we published a small treatise on Deep Sea and River Fisheries.

Canada is deeply indebted to Charles Lanman, of Georgetown, Washington, for the series of works he wrote on Canadian scenery, fly fishing and adventures in Canadian woods. His position as private secretary to the Hon. Daniel Webster, and, his being an accepted writer in the American press, gave his utterances peculiar weight, beyond the line 45°.

Frank Forester (Henry William Herbert) of New York, the prince of sportsmen, brought out prominently his adventures with gun and rod, at Quebec, about 1842.

Charles Hallock, the first editor of *Forest & Stream*, dwelt lovingly, in his voluminous works, on the charms of our lakes, waterfalls, trout streams.

Frederick Tolfrey, of England, that dashing young Royal Engineer officer, whose rod and line whipped so many of our lakes and who enriched our sporting annals by his *Sportsman in Canada*, published, in 2 vols. in London, in 1845.

Robert B. Roosevelt wrote, in 1862, *The Game Fish of the North* and *The Game Birds of the North*, both useful works.

Several interesting works on Canadian sports have followed recently.

The Pleasures of Angling, by GEORGE DAWSON, Sheldon & Co., New-York, 1876.

Sport with Gun and Rod in American Woods and Waters, edited by Prof. ALFRED M. MAYER, New-York, The Century Co., 1883.

The American Salmon Fisherman, Hy. P. Wells, 1886.

Geo. M. Fairchilds, jr., New-York, has also contributed some excellent sporting sketches, in *Forest and Stream*, *Outing*, &c., these old favorites of the sporting craft.

The latest works on our Northern lakes, are the attractive writings of W. H. H. Murray, Kit Clarke, Leroy Milton Yale, and J. G. Aylwin Creighton.

Scribner's Magazine for May 1889, contains a well written illustrated paper on THE LAND OF THE WANANICH from the pens of Leroy Milton Yale, and J. G. A. Creighton, formerly of the *Montreal Gazette*, now of the civil service, Ottawa. We have read it with care and commend it to our readers.

"This region," say the authors of the paper, "was better known to the French colonists two centuries ago than it is to the average Canadian to-day.

"Traders had their eyes on the supposed El Dorado as early as Roberval's ill-fated expedition in 1543, and as soon as Champlain established La Nouvelle France, the port at Tadoussac attracted the Indians from the upper Saguenay. The "Relations des Jésuites" for 1647 and 1652 give accounts of Père De Quen's voyages to Lake St. John. In the Relation of 1658, the various river routes to Hudson's Bay are described with much greater accuracy than in the would-be discoveries of sensational writers of the present time. In 1661, Fathers Gabriel Druillettes and Claude Dablon, in "the first voyage made toward the Northern Sea," got as far as Lake Nikouban at the head of the Ashuapmouchouan, where a great trading fair was held annually by the Indians. But for fear of the Iroquois, who were then on the war-path, they would have anticipated Père Albanel's journey

to Hudson's Bay in 1672. In 1680, an adventurer named Peltier had a trading post at Nikouban.

"It was not till 1842 that the expiration of the lease of the King's Posts to the Hudson's Bay Company, the successors of the North-west Company and of the farmers of the *Domaine du Roi*, ended two centuries of monopoly which had represented the region to be an Arctic desert. But the energy of the Prices, "the Lumber Kings," and of colonization societies, formed in the counties along the Lower St. Lawrence among the descendants of the Normans and Bretons who gave English blood its strongest strain of adventure, has filled the triangle between Ha Ha Bay, Chicoutimi and Lake St. John with thickly settled parishes, and strung out a chain of settlements round the south and west shores of the lake to 120 miles from Chicoutimi. Except the missions and posts which connected Tadoussac with Mistassini and Hudson's Bay, there was not a settlement on the Saguenay till 1838. Ten years later the colonists were at Lake St. John, and now the population is over 40,000. Protected from the cold winds of the Gulf, with a climate and winter better and shorter than at Quebec, and a soil in which the long hot days of the brief northern summer bring to quick maturity such semi-tropical products as maize, melons, hemp and tobacco, the region has developed slowly, because so isolated. To get to Quebec there were the Saguenay steamers in summer or a long round over the mountains by roads impassable for weeks in autumn and spring, and running through a hundred miles of wilderness.

"But whatever value the region may have for the settler or charms for the eye of the tourist, it has for the angler an unique attraction — it is the land of the wananish. And what is a wananish?

"In appearance a fresh-run salmon and a fresh-run wananish do not differ much more than salmon from different rivers. The back of a wananish is greener blue,

and in a fish just out of water can be seen to be marked with olive spots, something like the vermiculations on a trout ; the silvery sides are more iridescent, the X marks are more numerous and less sharply defined ; the patches of bronze, purple and green on the gill-covers are larger and more brilliant, and with them are several large round black spots. As the water grows warm the bright hues get dull, and toward autumn the rusty red color and hooked lower jaw of the spawning salmon develop. As the wananish, unlike the salmon, feeds continuously, and in much heavier and swifter water than salmon lie in, it has a slimmer body and larger fins, so that a five pound wananish can leap higher and oftener than a grilse and fight like a ten-pound salmon. The variety of its habits, which are a compound of those of the trout and those of the salmon, with some peculiarities of its own, gives great charm to wananish-angling, and opportunity for every style from the "floating fly" on tiny hooks to the "sink and draw" of the salmon cast. It takes the fly readily when in the humor, though wary and capricious like all its relations, and fights hard, uniting the dash of the trout with the doggedness and ingenuity of the salmon.

"In railway and hotel prospectuses, the wananish weighs from five to ten pounds. In Lake St. John and the Décharge, the average is two and a-half ; four-pounders are large and not too plentiful, while six-pounders are scarce. The wananish is, however, much longer than a trout of the same weight ; a five-pounder, for example is twenty-five inches long, twelve in girth, and looks like an eight-pound salmon. Now and then solitary fish of great size are seen, old *habitants* dating from "les premières années" when "ça en bouillait, Monsieur, des gros comme des carcajous" (it just boiled, sir, with ones as big as wild-cats), but they are intensely wary and carefully guarded by the demon of ill-luck. Oh ! the agonizing memory of that wananish which, after a two

hours' fight, made even tough old Theodose lose his head and—the fish. Mr. David Price is credited with an eleven-pounder — the Prices always did things on the largest scale — but among some thousands, we have seen only one seven-pounder. With a rod of eight to ten ounces one gets almost the excitement of salmon fishing — without its hard work and vexation of spirit, for the number and gameness of the fish make up for the smaller size. They are unfortunately decreasing fast, both in number and weight. In the Grande Décharge, where, on account of the wananish's peculiar ways, the pools were always few in proportion to the extent of water, there are but a few places now where a day's sport is certain, and these are in private hands. Settlement and netting in the lake have had a great affect, and the opening up of markets by the railway will hasten the extinction of this beautiful game fish."

We all hope not. But let us now give our readers an idea of the scenery of the district, as described by YALE and CREIGHTON :—

" The road lies pleasantly near the border of the lake, and its course can be traced, right and left, round the oval contour, by the slender white thread of houses on the slopes that lead from the broad sand beaches to the low hills which close in the landscape on three sides. At intervals the sparkle of tincovered spires shows where the churches bring the wide-scattered parishes to a focus. To the west a snowy patch, visible from all round the lake, like the topsail of a ship hull down, marks the three hundred feet fall of the Ouiatchouan ; Iles des Couleuvres and Iles de la Traverse appear only as stripes of lighter green against the dark forests of the mainland ; Roberval is high enough on its slaty bed studded with corallites and madrepores to be seen as a cluster of white dots ; but Pointe Bleue is a mere bank of indigo cloud on the far horizon, and only an Indian's eyes could distinguish the Hudson's Bay Post and the buildings on the Indian

Reserve from the crests of the waves which even a light summer breeze raises so fast and high. An outpost flash from the church of St. Prime just indicates where, at the mouth of the Ashuapmouchouan, Fathers Druillettes and Dablon started "on the road to enter for good and all into the lands of Sathan," but northward there is nothing but water and sky, for the sand dunes and *savannes* of the unsettled northern shore are far below the horizon. Eastward the long curve of yellow sand, banded red and black with beds of iron ore rich in garnets, ends in the low blue bluffs and rocky islets that guard the mouths of the Decharges, and is backed by the wooded ridge between the lake and the Saguenay, over which rise the distant peaks that border the Shipshaw.

"The houses differ little from the ordinary French Canadian farm-houses of other sparsely settled districts. Built of squared logs well calked with the beaten bark of the white cedar or white oakum, they are frequently sheathed with large pieces of birch-bark held in place by hand-split laths of cedar, while the curved-eaved roof, in default of shingles, is covered in the same manner. The barns are often thatched with straw, but the out-buildings frequently present a greater appearance of thrift than the houses. One picturesque outbuilding always catches the eye—the oven. That altar of weekly burnt-offering which was the glory of the New England kitchen is here set up out-of-doors, as if to give it the sanctity of isolation. On a substructure of logs the oven is built of stones plastered over with clay; over all, if the family can afford it, is a pent-roof of boards."

Kit Clarke thus describes the Wa-nâ-nish: "As every man conceals within himself a hidden life, so Lake St. John holds within its bosom a life multitudinous, wonderful and beautiful. "The terrestrial forests," says Darwin, "do not contain anything like the number of animals that these of the water do." In their hidden home in this great lake, safe from the disturbances of

man, are myriads of finny creatures absolutely unknown to the most enthusiastic angler, yet "the bravest of the brave"—warriors endowed with a prowess and heroism unsurpassed among all of their kind

Two or three American lakes to which this piebald champion has been transplanted know him as the land-locked salmon; but in Lake St. John alone does he display his amazing and obstinate strength, his marvelous finesse, his tempestuous somersaults and his tremendous fighting qualities. Weight for weight, in my opinion, he is immeasurably the grandest game fish that has yet fallen to the fisherman's lure.

The winninish in formation bears an exceedingly close resemblance to *salmo salar*—the illustrious salmon. He is silvery white in color, with pronounced irregular black spots on head, and opercle, and with very large fin power, especially in the caudal, which is immense. The open fins at once reveal the source of his inordinate strength, while his dauntless courage is the native attribute of his species. In these waters he rarely exceeds seven pounds in weight, while but few are taken that reach five pounds. In general outline the winninish is a far more graceful fish than the salmon, and in delicacy and flavor of flesh is infinitely more palatable than either salmon or trout.

As a game fish, affording stimulating sport and fomenting excitement in his captor, he is the absolute sovereign of the watery kingdom. The sportsman whose hook for the first time impales the fish will be dumbfounded at the tremendous leaps and fiery struggles of this heroic antagonist. His vigorous contentions are astounding, while at every leap into the air he turns a complete somersault, all the while shaking his head with the fierceness of an enraged tiger. These terrific leaps are so continuous that one seems to be fighting the fish in the air as much as in the water."

.....
"The winninish are most plentifully taken in the Peri-

bonca River, on the north side of the lake, and at the Grand Discharge, the outlet of the lake as it passes into the Saguenay River. In the spring they are baited with raw beef or the white meat of suckers, and I was told they took the fly in June, but although I tried various kinds of flies I did not get a "strike" or see a rise. Afterwards I learned that July was the proper time for fly-casting, and that then the fish rise with avidity.

The lightest winninish that fell to my rod weighed two pounds, and the heaviest, a trifle under five pounds. In six days I took thirty-eight, and could readily have taken many more, but I had enough.

Why they are dubbed "land-locked" I cannot understand, for in these waters they have free and easy access to the sea by way of the Saguenay and St. Lawrence Rivers, and have often been taken in the latter river.

My belief is that they are a distinct species of salmon, and that they will soon become extinct, like *thymallus tricolor*, save in waters where they are bred and preserved."



MULTA LATENT IN MAJESTATE NATURAE

IN THE WILD WOODS OF CANADA. (1)

It would be hard, I think, for a man to spend a holiday more pleasantly and beneficially than in the Canadian woods. Hunting leads him into beautiful scenery ; his method of like induces a due contemplation of nature and tends to wholesome thought. He has not much opportunity for improving his mind with literature, but he can read out of the great book of Nature and find "books in running brooks, sermons in stones and good in everything."—*Moose Hunting in Canada by the EARL OF DUNRAVEN.*

"Spending a holiday pleasantly in the Canadian woods" is a boon not only within the reach of the sterner sex : more than one gentle, venturesome, high-spirited lady in Canada to our knowledge has indulged in such active a pastime without detriment to her health—mayhap, adding roses to her cheek, vigor to her frame, elasticity to her footsteps, self-reliance to her mind for scenes and trials in after life. Before detailing some memorable instances, in connection with our wild sports, it may not be out of place to describe the hunting grounds round Quebec, the game they contain, the guides used for its capture, through the pathless forest, pending the season sacred to that grim monarch, King Hiems. The pleasures of the chase are coeval with the pre-historic man : they are reckoned as fresh, as seductive in the nineteenth century as they were known to be at the dawn of civilization : the only requisite is game. Its size, ferocity or wariness matters little : man's ingenuity is sure to devise means to subdue or outwit it. Though Canada has long ceased to be the grand "fur country" of old, eagerly sought after and grasped by powerful European trading companies, it still, in many

(1) From Carnival No. of *Montreal Star*.

parts, abounds with game. Countless herds of deer of every description roam over the boundless and seldom-travelled territory reaching from Quebec to the lone land of the north, and during the winter months the hardy trapper successfully lures to his snares and pitfalls, the bear, the minx, the musk ox, the beaver, the wily fox, &c. One order of mammalia, in Canada, still continues to furnish the aborigines the greater part of his winter outfit, and materially helps to replenish his scanty larder : the deer family. It comprises several species : the moose, the elk or Wapiti, the Virginian or red deer, the Arctic or Barren Ground Caribou and its southern cousin, the Woodland Caribou (1). The lordly Wapiti or Canadian elk, once common in the Ottawa Valley and Western Canada, has been extinct here, for more than one century ; it exists, however, yet in the far west. The most graceful member of the tribe, the Red Deer, still abundant in Ontario, of late years has made its appearance in our forests round Quebec ; the enormous, ungainly moose is becoming scarce ; but the Woodland Caribou, in some localities, is as numerous as ever.

THE MOOSE.

By his great size the moose might claim to rank as the king of the species ; an old male occasionally stands eighteen hands high, attains in weight 1,500 pounds, and when standing erect on his long legs, with outspread antlers, thick, bristling mane, in his wintry dark coat, presents a striking, though an uncouth, appearance on the whitened plain. In September his coat is brownish gray. His ears are nearly twelve inches long. The horns,

(1) Though modern writers persist in recognizing but one form of caribou, *Rangifer Groenlandicus*, Quebec sporting folks insist on two forms ; the *Barren Ground Caribou*, Le Caribou des Plaines ; *Woodland Caribou*, Le Caribou des Bois.

confined to the male, palmated at his fourth year, attain their prodigious size when he is five years old ; they sprout in April and are dropped in December, so that they are, at best, during the rutting season in September, when they are freely used by the jealous bucks in fierce combat. The moose, though easily domesticated and as useful as a draught horse, cannot be depended on when advancing in years. The animal, whilst using his horns in attacking man or beast, when pressed by dogs, employs his fore and hind legs and kicks out most desperately. Deep snow in his travels does not suit him. Sometimes moose horns weigh from fifty to sixty pounds. The young, usually two in number, are brought forth in May. A calf moose, though a grotesque little creature, may be made quite a pet of and comes readily to its master's call for food, which, however, must be placed within its reach, as its long legs make it awkward for it to bend. It being difficult for a moose to crop grass on a level ground, he resorts to the foliage or buds of trees for a considerable portion of his food. The young and tender shoots of the birch, maple, mountain ash, poplar, are its chief provender in the spring. During the summer of chews the roots of the pond-lilies, of the willow and of other aquatic plants. In winter, his long incisive teeth are used to strip off the bark and buds from various shrubs and trees. A species of shrub, called moose-wood, is for him a cherished morsel.

With the first snow, the moose seeks the thickly-wooded heights, and prepares his winter-quarters in a dense grove, until failing food-supplies beckon him to go forth in search of pastures new. The winter-quarters are what our Indian guides call a "*ravage*," and what is known to deer-stalkers as a *moose-yard*; a curious site in winter, from ten to one hundred acres in area, according to the number of moose it is intended to harbor, intersected, crossed and recrossed in all directions by moose-

trails, overgrown by shrubs and forest trees, denuded of buds and foliage, twelve feet from the soil ; as high, in fact, as the moose standing on his hind legs can reach. The location of the moose-yard is, as a rule, permanently settled on by the beginning of November, when the wandering bucks have quieted down after the rutting season. As the snow increases in depth, the animal circumscribes the area of the *ravage* and nips the buds and branches which are the handiest to him. The female with her young generally "yards" separately, until the latter are one year old. Bulls from three to ten years old also select separate yards ; very old bulls frequently lead solitary lives and yard alone on some sequestered, sheltered mountain peak in winter ; in summer they may be found in a cool thicket, in the neighborhood of a lake or rivulet.

Sometimes as many as nine bulls have been found in one yard ; generally the number does not exceed four or five ; sometimes a cow and the calves of two seasons. The mode of travel of the moose in the deep snow is peculiar. Once alarmed by the hunter on snowshoes, all will start at a swinging, long trot, each treading into one another's footprints. To any other than an experienced eye, it looks like the track of one moose only. The leader, when tired, steps aside ; the herd passes on and he closes the march. Moose are said not to live beyond fifteen years. The two years old bucks are the longest-lived. They are gifted with an acute sense of sight and smell. In the spring, they frequent the neighborhood of lakes and live on aquatic plants, and during the heated season they immerse themselves in water to escape the mosquitoes. The heights of land in rear of Baie St Paul, known as Les Jardins, in the county of Charlevoix, are favorite haunts of the moose in winter, where our Nimrods hunt them in November and December.

THE WAPITI OR CANADIAN STAG.

Civilization has assuredly had a baneful influence on many wild animals in Canada, by destory their haunts. Instead of capturing them, as in the days of Baron Lahontan, in the thickets round Stadacona, the hunter, in quest of several of the most notable specimens, has to explore the distant shores of the Mackenzie and Red Rivers.

Dr. Robert Bell, F. R. S. C., kindly furnishes us with the following notes, which from his explorations in the far west and scientific knowledge, we are inclined to think very reliable.

“Up to about 1878, the Wapiti was tolerably numerous in the province of Manitoba, west of Manitoba lake and westward to about the longitude of the Great Bend of the south Saskatchewan. His extreme northern range is about Edmunton, on the north Saskatchewan. He is not found in the Athabasca McKenzie River regions, but he ranges across the mountains all the way to the Pacific Ocean and is (or was until late years) found on Vancouver Island. The favorite haunts of these animals are in the half-wooded regions and along wooded valleys in the prairie country. . . .

In 1872-74, I remember the Wapiti was numerous along the margin of the prairie country from Lake Manitoba northward and along the southwestern border of the great forests to the north-east. I brought home a number of pairs of their antlers and some of them, very large.

I do not know how far they ranged east in former times: some years ago, I presented to McGill College, Montreal, a nearly complete pair of antlers with part of the skull holding them together, which was taken from a bog on the margin of a lake just behind Kingston, Ont. I have heard of their antlers being dug up occasionally

in the western part of the western peninsula—county of Essex. ”

At present the Wapiti recalls visions of a distant, one might add, nearly of a fabulous past for the province of Quebec. What thrilling encounters the pursuit of this stately ruminant must have afforded our hardy ancestors ! What glorious sport the noble animal still has in store for the western hunter ! We can recall a curious tradition, current in Montmagny, in the rose-tinted days of our youth, — handed down from several generations. Whilst whipping for trout, the limpid pools of the diminutive Rivière des Perdrix, a tributary of the Bras St. Nicholas, which marries its dark current with the rapid Rivière du Sud, at St. Thomas, an old forester, our guide in many an angling excursion, confided to our attentive ear, the story of a giant caribou, wapiti, or moose, he could not say which,—as told him by his octogenarian grand sire. “ All St. Thomas that day,” said he, “ was agitated. A gigantic animal had scudded past on the glare ice of the river, with the rapidity of a railway train. Was it a caribou—a moose, or some other monster of the forest ? Who could say ? Startled by a woodcutter’s dog, on the rocky heights of a range or concession called Le Buton, it took, panic-stricken, a mountain path, frequented in winter by wood hewers. It followed it at the top of its speed, the owner of the dog, his horse and loaded sleigh blocking the path. At one bound the gigantic animal cleared the obstruction and rushed past towards the river, landing on the ice and heading for a long and lofty bridge, which, like a black ribbon, connects both shores of the river, a few acres lower than the railway bridge. This vast structure seemed to startle him, and rather than venture under its arches, he slightly diverged to the right, crossed over the ice at the Bras and continued his headlong and mad career towards a settlement called La Basse Bretagne, half way between St.

Thomas and Cape St Ignace, where he got confused, lingered in a fir grove, where he soon was despatched by a combined attack of the local *chasseurs*, who turned out with guns and dogs."

The wapiti or Canadian stag is also known as the American elk. Much larger than the Virginian deer, it is provided with lofty horns, not palmated. Its color is yellowish brown above. According to tradition, this deer was not uncommon north of the St. Lawrence one hundred and fifty years ago. A large and elegant animal, much resembling the stag of Europe, its existence is known in Eastern Canada by its horns and scattered bones discovered in the forest when the land is cleared. A pair of horns from the head of a full grown wapiti weighs from 35 to 45 lbs, whilst those of the red deer weigh about 4 or 5 lbs. Its horns have been found in the County of Renfrew, and while excavating for the Rideau Canal about 55 years back, "the perfect skeleton of a wapiti was exhumed at the Hogs Back, near the site of the present City of Ottawa."

The horns fall off in February or March and are reproduced in four or five months to their full size; during the growth they are covered with velvet like those of the common red deer. Though easily domesticated and thriving in parks, the males become vicious as they grow old and will sometimes, in a fit of passion attack their best friends.

Judge Caton, who had in his park, at Ottawa, Illinois, a large herd of deer of different kinds, furnishes a startling instance, illustrative of the wapiti's habits and disposition, in a paper read in 1868 before the Ottawa Academy of Sciences. The accident occurred on the 10th September, 1868, and the victim, Mr. M. Dimock, who had imprudently introduced himself and two friends in the closed park, where more than fifty specimens of the deer family

were kept for scientific study by the sporting jurist and naturalist, was gored to death by an elk four years old.¹

"In the autumn the males are subject to an ungovernable passion, roaming to and fro over the plains, and fighting most desperate battles with each other. Their cry is described as a shrill whistling, quivering noise, which can be heard at a distance of one mile, and it is not very unlike the braying of a jackass. It is prolonged and acute, consisting of the successive sounds *a, o, u*, uttered with such vehemence as to offend the ear. While emitting this whistle or cry they turn their heads upwards and backwards," so says a reliable writer. "The teeth are much prized by the Indians also to ornament their dresses. A 'Queen's' robe of antelope's skins presented to Mr. Audubon, decorated with the tecth of fifty-six elks, was valued at no less than thirty horses." Alas! the noble beast has deserted our latitudes and, with the buffalo, roams still in large herds in the western prairies.

THE RED OR VIRGINIAN DEER.

Of the five species of the genus in North America, one only, the Virginian deer, ranges in Canada.

The Virginian deer is a beautiful and graceful little animal, formerly more confined to Ontario, but of late years very common on the south side of the St. Lawrence, in the vicinity of Quebec; seldom seen on the north side. Last year, forty odd were captured in the counties of Bellechasse and Montmagny. It is reddish or bluish gray, according to the season, the young are spotted with white, the horns of moderate size, curving forward, with the concave part in front — they are occasionally palmated and weigh from 4 to 5 lbs. The male

1. *American Cervus*: Paper read before the Ottawa Academy of Sciences, 21st May, 1868, by John D. Caton, LL. D., late Chief Justice of Illinois.

alone has horns. This deer has a long tapering pointed head, and large, soft bluish black eyes, full of intelligence. The legs are slender, but well formed, and in proportion to their size, possessed of prodigious muscular strength, while the body is moderately stout and flexible. The doe gives birth in May or June to one or two, rarely to three calves, which she carefully conceals in a clump of bushes. The Virginian deer "yard" in winter in a cedar or spruce swamp several together. In spring time they resort to the uplands and feed in the cultivated fields; their provender during the night is leaves, tender grasses, berries, peas, turnips. The buck generally selects a clump of low bushes, where he makes a comfortable bed with plenty of soft leaves. Like the moose, they seek the water in the night to protect themselves against flies and mosquitoes.

They are fattest in autumn; in December the bucks become lean. In September they are pugnacious and fight fiercely with their antlers, occasionally, locking their horns together, and perish, when they fail to disengage them. They occasionally use their front feet as weapons of defence. They are easily domesticated and become very much attached to the children of the house, rushing to their call for cake or other delicacies. The Crown Land Agent at Montmagny, Mr. Eugène Renault, kept for years a pair of red deer, who used to follow him like house dogs. More than once I have admired their shy, affectionate ways. The buck was captured alone on 25th January, 1887, tired out by plodding his way through six feet of snow. A very high fence is required to retain them, they will easily leap over an enclosure eight feet high. The late Lieutenant-Governor of the province of Quebec, the Honorable Luc Letellier, had some elegant specimens at Spencer Wood; they, however, escaped, one reaching the woods, opposite Quebec. The strides of this deer, when pursued, are

marvellous ; Mr. Renault measured an ordinary stride of the biggest of his pets and found it covered eighteen feet of ground.

THE CARIBOU.

As these lines are not addressed to scientists and systematists, but to the lovers of out door sports, a much more genial class, we have to tell not of one only, but of two species of caribou, on our territory. The Arctic or Barren Ground, which on rare occasions has been shot on the sterile coast of Labrador and on the Baie St. Paul and Murray Bay heights, at the *Cruche* on River Malbaie. His color is lighter than that of the other species, the Woodland Caribou ; his horns are nearly twice the size of his compeer, though his compact body weighs nearly one half less. He scarcely reaches in weight 200 lbs., and the woodland ruminant attains 500 lbs. and more. The sense of smell in both species is excessively acute ; the wary Indian never attempts to approach him except up wind and by lying in ambush. As winter draws near he quits the northern barren grounds of Hudson Bay and takes to the hills, roaming over immense distances and sejourning for months on our Laurentine mountains. He wanders back north in the spring to the shores of the frozen ocean, where he does bring forth their young, whilst the Woodland caribou migrates to the south. Much more shy and swift, the Woodland species seeks in summer swamps, where he thrives on mosses, on buds and leaves of several shrubs. The Esquimaux capture the Barren Ground Caribou, in concealed pits dug in the snow, or by snares made with deer skins, thongs, of great strength, or by imitating his call. Our Woodland caribou is a marvel of agility and endurance ; for all that, he is surprised and falls a victim to that fearful denizen of our northern forests, the Carcajou ; or Indian Devil. This shy, swift

deer travels in herds and can walk, trot or gallop alike gracefully and rapidly ; some think him fleetier than the moose. When pursued, the caribou, if possible, takes to a swamp or will swim or wade through a lake to escape and ascend even a mountain when the tired hunter has to give up the pursuit, after tracking him on snowshoes for days. Not one hunter in a thousand can successfully stalk in summer, the flying wanderer *Oïior Euro*.

INDIAN GUIDES

Though of late years, lithe and reliable foresters, of French Canadian descent, have successively piloted city Nimrods through our swampy woods in quest of deer, when Charles Cauchon, of Château Richer, among them became so expert, as to be known as the King of Northern Hunters," the arduous duties of finding and following the large game, in the past, generally devolved on Indian trappers. The Huron Village at Lorette, nine miles northwest of Quebec, for years was taxed to supply experienced deer stalkers to sportsmen.

Francis Gros-Louis, Vincent, *Tahaurenché*, the half-breeds Charles, George, Pierre, Theodnle, Nephone *Polinock* were for years the guiding spirits in the numerous hunting excursions organized by Quebec sportsmen.

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Few however, can tell who were the guides employed half a century back by Col. (afterwards General) Codrington, of the Coldstream Guards, then stationed at Quebec, to escort him and his handsome wife through our northern wilds inquest of deer.

COL. AND MRS. CODRINGTON'S OUTING AT QUEBEC
IN 1838.

Whilst casually glancing recently over Kinglake's "Invasion of the Crimea," we were struck with the reflexion the historian makes at page 506, vol. I, where General Codrington formed the resolve to storm the Grand Redoubt, ascribing to the quickness of glance of a man accustomed to hunting, the general's ability to decide at once what to do on any great emergency. Where did the chivalrous leader, we asked, get his hunting experience? Was it that acquired sixteen years previous, at Quebec, when he was issuing from the Dalhousie chain gate, on the citadel, accompanied by his spirited and beautiful spouse, both intent on an outing after deer on the Laurentian Mountains? Was it, the pursuit and capture of our noble game which helped so to nerve his arm and quicken his vision in the perilous charge he was then leading on his gray Arab? Was it, reverting to Quebec scenes, this invigorating outdoor exercise which heightened the bloom on the cheek of his comely helpmeet and made her the admired of all in our Quebec Assembly balls? We hear an inquisitive reader ask: Who were their Indian guides? Was it, *Gros-Louis, Sioui, Vincent, Tahourenché*?

What game did the valiant Colonel bring home? Where those antlers which deck the main hall in the citadel bequeathed by Col Codrington? Ah! we fear we can throw no light on these particulars. All we can vouch for is that his accomplished English wife returned from the hunt as fresh, as blooming as ever.

Are the toils and fatigues of a Canadian hunstman not too much for members of the gentler and weaker sex?

We think so; nay, we have seen even the proud lords of creation occasionally break down after an exhausting pursuit of one or two days' duration.

DR. JAMES DOUGLAS AND MISS DOUGLAS' OUTING AT
QUEBEC IN 1853.

For denizens of the Ancient Capital, it is scarcely necessary to describe one of its leading citizens so well remembered as the learned and eccentric surgeon, the late James Douglas, the worthy successor in surgery of Dr. Fargues. Dr. Douglas closed his career in Philadelphia in 1886, aged 87 years.

He owned at Beauport a charming summer retreat, in which he varied his leisure hours between the culture of flowers and the scientific researches which his books and his museum of Egyptian mummies and curios afforded him.

Blest with wealth, the doctor liked out-door sports, and each autumn devoted a few weeks to hunting caribou and moose on the northern districts round Quebec.

On one occasion his only daughter — a bright, active, high-spirited girl, about 20 years old — prevailed on her father to allow her to accompany him in one of his hunting excursions. Indian guides were procured as well as snowshoes and toboggans to bring the stricken deer to camp ; but it appears on this occasion, one of the toboggans bore not a stricken deer — but a tired young lady, whose snowshoes had given out, though Miss Annie was not the worse of her outing and lived many years to tell of her sporting experience in Canadian woods.

But enough of these reminiscences of the past ; let us close with the saying of a Roman Nimrod :

Venandi studium cole.

THE GRANGE, SPENCER WOOD, }
New Year's Eve, 1888. }

J. M. LEMOINE.

QUEBEC AND ITS HISTORIC PAST.

(From *Canadian Illustrated News*, 16th Sept. 1882.)

"We insert the address by the President of the Literary and Historical Society, James McPherson LeMoine, together with a few preliminary remarks, delivered at the Harbour excursion in the steamer *Canada*, and the luncheon given to the Delegates of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, on their visit to Quebec, 26th August, 1882 :

Jacques Cartier landed on the banks of River Saint Charles, September 14.....	1535
Quebec founded by Samuel de Champlain, July 3.....	1608
Fort St. Louis built at Quebec.....	1620-4
Quebec surrendered to Admiral Kirk.....	1629
Quebec returned to the French.....	1632
Death of Champlain, the first Governor, Dec. 25.....	1635
Settlement formed at Sillery.....	1637
A Royal Government instituted at Quebec.....	1663
Quebec unsuccessfully beseiged by Admiral Phipps.....	1690
Count de Frontenac died Nov. 28.....	1698
Battle of the Plains of Abraham, Sept. 13.....	1759
Capitulation of Quebec, Sept. 18.....	1759
Battle of Ste. Foye—a French victory, April 28.....	1760
Canada ceded by treaty to England.....	1763
Blockade of Quebec by Montgomery and Arnold, November 10.....	1775
Death of Montgomery, Dec. 31.....	1775
Retreat of Americans from Quebec, May 6.....	1776
Division of Canada into Upper and Lower Canada.....	1791
Citadel of Quebec built by the Imperial Government.....	1823
Insurrection in Canada.....	1837
Second Insurrection.....	1838
Union of the two Provinces, in one.....	1840
Dominion of Canada formed, July 1.....	1867
Departure of English troops from Citadel.....	1870
Second Centenary of Foundation of Bishopric of Quebec, by Monseigneur Laval, Oct. 1, 1674.....	1874
Centenary of Repulse of Arnold and Montgomery before Quebec, on 31st Dec., 1775, 31st December.....	1875
Dufferin Plans of City embellishment, Christmas day.....	1875
Departure of the Earl of Dufferin, 18th October.....	1878
Arrival of the Marquis of Lorne and Princess Louise, 20th Nov.....	1878
Dufferin Terrace named, 9th July.....	1879
Dufferin City Gates, St Louis and Kent erected.....	1879

Mr. LeMoine, as it was growing late, added the following brief remarks :

“Ladies and Gentlemen.—The annals of this vast dependency of Britain, which we are proud to call our country, vaster even in extent than the territory of your prosperous republic, are divided into two distinct parts. The first century and a half — 1608 to 1759 — represents the French domination. Though totally alien in its aims and aspirations from the succeeding portion, it has nevertheless for Quebec an especial charm, most endearing memories. It was the fruitful era of early discovery, missionary zeal and heroism, wealthy, fur trading companies — shall we call them monopolies ; — incessant wars with the ferocious aborigines and sanguinary raids into the adjoining British provinces. When the colony expanded, an enlarged colonial outfit called into existence more powerful machinery, more direct intervention of the French monarch : a Royal Government in 1663, to save and consolidate the cumbersome system based on the Seigniorial Tenure in land ; a mild form of feudalism implanted at Quebec by the *Grand Monarque*. It would take me far beyond the limits I have prescribed myself, were I to unravel the tangled web of early colonial rule or misrule, which until the conquest by Britain in 1759, flourished, under the lily banner of the Bourbons, on yonder sublime cliff. Let us revert then, to that haunted dreamland of the past ; let us glance at a period anterior to the foundation of Jamestown, in 1607, even much anterior to the foundation of Ste. Augustine, in Florida. On the north bank of the river St. Charles, about a mile from its entrance, Jacques Cartier wintered in 1535. What a difference in the tonnage of the arrivals from sea, in September, 1535 ; the “ Grande Hermine”, 120 tons ; the “ Petite Hermine”, 60 tons ; the “ Emerillon”, 40 tons ; and, in August 1860, Captain Vine Hall’s leviathan, the “ Great Eastern”, of 22,500 tons !

What terror the shipping news that morning of September, 1535, must have caused to swarthy Donnacona, the Chief-tain of the Indian (Iroquois or Huron) town of Stadacona ! the first wave of foreign invasion had surged round the Indian wigwams which lined the northern declivity of the plateau on which Quebec now stands (between Hope Gate and the Côteau Ste. Geneviève) ! Of course you are aware this was not Cartier's first visit to the land of the north ; his keel had, in 1534, furrowed the banks of Newfoundland and its eternal fogs ; in 1541-2, he had wintered a few miles, higher than we now are — at Cap Rouge — west of Quebec. Then, there occurs in our annals of European settlement, a gap of more than half a century. No trace, nor descendants on Canadian soil, of Jacques Cartier's adventurous comrades. The wheel of time revolves ; on a sultry July morning (3rd July, 1608), the venerated founder of Quebec — Samuel de Champlain — equally famous as an explorer, a discoverer, a geographer, a dauntless leader, and what to us, I think, immeasurably superior, a God fearing, Christian gentleman — with his hardy little band of Norman artificers, soldiers and farmers, amidst the oak and maple groves of the lower town, laid the first stone of the " Abitation " or residence, so pleasantly, so graphically described by your illustrious countrymen, Parkman and Howells.

Ladies and gentleman, I have promised you the briefest of discourses ; but if, instead of pointing out to you the historical spots, brought under your notice in the course of our excursion, it were my lot to address, as a Canadian annalist, such an appreciative audience as I see here, what glowing pictures of soldierlike daring, of Christian endurance, of heroic self-sacrifice, could be summoned from the pregnant pages of Champlain's journal and from that quaint repository of Canadian history, the *Relations* of the Jesuits ? you would, or I am much mistaken, be deeply moved with the story of the

trials, sufferings and devotion to king and country of the denizens of this old rock ; your heart would warm towards that picturesque promontory — sometimes, seemingly dear to sunny old France.

One occasionally would be tempted to forgive her cruel desertion of her offspring in its hour of supreme trial.

From the womb of a distant past would come forth a tale of deadly, though not hopeless, struggles with savage or civilized foes — a tale harrowing, not however devoid of useful lessons. The narrative would become darker, more dreary, when to the cruelty of Indian foemen would be added, as oft' was the case, the horrors of a famine or the pitiless severity of a northern winter. A transient gleam of sunshine would light up the canvass when perchance, the genius of a Talon, the wisdom of a Colbert, or the martial spirit of a Frontenac succeeded in awakening a faint, canadian echo on the banks of the Seine. In those winding, narrow, uneven streets, the forest-avenues of Montmagny and de Tracy, which now resound to no other sounds but the din of toil and traffic, you would meet a martial array of fearless, gay cavaliers, and plumed warriors, hurrying to the city battlements to repel the marauding savage or the foe from Old or New England, equally objects of dread. From the very deck of this steamer, with the wand of the historian you would conjure the thrilling spectacle of powerful fleets, in 1629, in 1690, and in 1759, anchored at the very spot which we now cross, belching forth shot and shell on the sturdy old fortress, or else, watch flotillas of birch bark canoes laden with lithe, tattooed, painted warriors landing on that beach, bearing peace offerings to great Ononchio. Varied, indeed, would be the panorama which history would unroll. Finally, you might cast a glance on that crushing 13th of September, 1759, which closed the pageant of French rule on our shores, — when all the patriotism of the yeomanry lead by the Canadian *Gentils-*

hommes — the Longueuils, Vaudreuils, De Beaujeus, de St. Ours, La Naudière, &c., was powerless against the rapacity and profligacy of Bigot and his follow plunderers and parasites

These were the dark days of the colony under French rule ; a glimpse of the doings in those times suffices to explain why French Canada, deserted by France, betrayed by some of her own sons, accepted so readily as a *fait accompli* the new regime ; why, having once sworn fealty to the new banner implanted on our citadel by the genius of a Chatham, it closed its ear and steeled its heart even against the blandishments of the brave, generous Lafayette, held out in the name of that grand old patriot and father of your country, George Washington."



HUNTING & FISHING.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC.

CLOSE SEASONS—HUNTING.

1. Moose and caribou..... From 1st Feb. to 1st Sept.
2. Deer..... " 1st Jan. to 1st Octob.

A. B.—The hunting of moose, caribou or deer with dogs or by means of snares, traps, &c., is prohibited.

No person (whiteman or Indian) has a right, during one season's hunting, to kill or take alive—unless he has previously obtained a permit from the Commissioner of Crown Lands for that purpose—more than 2 moose, 3 caribou and 4 deer.

After the first ten days of the close season, all railways and steamboat companies and public carriers are forbidden to carry the whole or any part (except the skin) of any moose, caribou or deer, without being authorized thereto by the Commissioner of Crown Lands.

3. Beaver, mink, otter, marten, pekan. From 1st April to 1st Nov.
4. Hare " 1st Feb. to 1st Nov.
5. Musk-rat (only in the counties of Maskinongé, Yamaska, Richelieu and Berthier)..... " 1st May to 1st April following.
6. Woodcock, snipe, partridge of any kind " 1st Feb. to 1st Sept.
7. Black duck, teal, wild duck of any kind..... " 15th April to 1st Sept.

N. B.—Nevertheless in that part of the Province to the East and North of the counties of Bellechasse and Montmorency, the inhabitants may, at all seasons of the year, but only for the purpose of procuring food, &c., shoot any of the birds mentioned in No. 7.

And at any time of the year, between one hour after sunset and one hour before sunrise. It is also forbidden to keep exposed, during such prohibited hours, lures or decoys, &c.

8. Birds known as perchers, such as swallows, king birds, warblers, flycatchers, woodpeckers, whipporwills, finches, (song-sparrows, red-birds, indigo birds, &c.) cow-buntings, titmice, goldfinches, grives, (robin, woodthrushes, &c.) kinglets, bobolinks, grackles, grosbeaks, humming birds, cuckoos, owls, &c., except eagles, falcons, hawks and other birds of the falconidæ, wild pigeons, king-fishers, crows, ravens, waxwings (*récollets*) shrikes, jays, magpies, sparrows and starlings... } From 1st March to 1st Sep.
9. To take nests or eggs of wild birds... At any time of the year.

N. B.—Fine of \$2 to \$100, or imprisonment in default of payment.

No person who is not domiciled in the Province of Quebec, nor in that of Ontario can, at any time, hunt in this Province without having previously obtained a license to that effect from the Commissioner of Crown Lands. Such permit is not transferable.

Fee: \$20.

" \$10.00 for members of a " fish and game Club " duly incorporated in the Province of Quebec.

- | | |
|---|----------------------------|
| 1. Salmon (angling) | From 15th Aug. to 1st Feb. |
| 2. Speckled trout, (<i>salvelinus fontinalis</i>) | " 1st Oct. to 1st January |
| 3. Large grey trout, lunge & winninish. | " 15th Oct. to 1st Dec. |
| 4. Pickerel | " 15th April to 15th May |
| 5. Bass and Maskinongé | " 15th April to 15th June |
| 6. Whitefish | " 19th Nov. to 1st Dec. |

Fine of \$5 to \$20, or imprisonment in default of payment.

N. B.—Angling by hand, (with hook and line), is the ONLY means permitted to be used for taking fish in the lakes and rivers under control of the Government of the Province of Quebec.

No person, who is not domiciled in the Province of Quebec, can, at any time, fish in the lakes or rivers under control of the government of this Province, not actually under lease, without having previously obtained a permit to that effect from the Commissioner of Crown Lands. Such permit is only for the time, place and persons therein indicated.

DEPARTMENT OF CROWN LANDS,
Quebec, 8th May, 1889.

E. E. TACHE,

Assistant-Commissioner of
Crown Lands.

WORKS
OF
J. M. LEMOINE, F. R. S. C.

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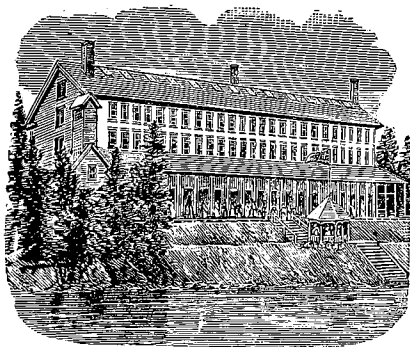
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Doctors of our day not only have sung its praises, but thousands testify to its healing properties in multitudinous disorders; while druggists feel alarm that Galen's teachings,—and even Hahnemann's—pale before Nature's remedy, **ST. LEON WATER.**

A word as to the location of these Springs, which have brought blessings of health to so many. They are situated in Maskinongé Co., P. Q., nearly equidistant and within easy access from Montreal and Quebec. From 300 to 400 guests can be accommodated at the **Springs Hotel**. So famed is this water that with each return of early Summer crowds flock from all points. Many pronounced incurables come and about 90 per cent go away rejoicing in good health. Such testimony establishes beyond dispute the remarkable powers of **ST. LEON WATER.**

The increasing popularity of this WATER with the public, not excepting the Medical Faculty [a sure sign of its excellence]

clearly shows "that kind Nature's healing balm" is as much, or even more to be trusted than the long prescriptions culled from the Books of Galen.

A three hours' ride from Montreal or Quebec will land the visitor at Louiseville, five miles from the Spring. Last Summer saw 17,500 visitors who drank and bathed there, about one half of whom suffered as follows:—From Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Kidney and Liver Diseases, Indigestion, Constipation, Uric Acid, Gravel, Biliousness, Headache, Blood Poison, Bronchitis, Heartburn, Bright's Disease, Diabetes, &c. "We carry them to the Springs," said the 'bus-driver, "sore, stiff, sick, moaning, and many withered skeletons. They return in one to four weeks, not a sad groaning company, but full of health and frolic; refusing to ride they bound along the foot-paths heading the 'bus; myself grinning a pocket loss grin of 25c. a head." One and all incurables, so-called, return in perfect health or amazingly benefitted—incontestable proof of the virtues of St. Leon Mineral Water.

Not only do invalids resort to St. Leon Springs, but those in full health, determined to have "a good time" at this favorite Summer resort. Here can be had good manly and womanly exercise, such as boating, cricket, lawn tennis, football, bowls, tennis, and many other amusements.

Were these Springs situate in England or on the Continent of Europe, they would be designated as a "Spa," and be flocked to by myriads. As it is, each year brings around an additional influx of visitors who thoroughly enjoy themselves, while inhaling the beneficial air surrounding this *sanitarium*. As before mentioned, the invalids, after a brief sojourn, leave cured, at far less cost and with more certainty, than had they remained at home under the care of their regular Professional Attendant.

In a word, there is no place within easy reach of Quebec or Montreal where so much health, and recreation can be had at slight expense than at St. Leon Springs. Try it.

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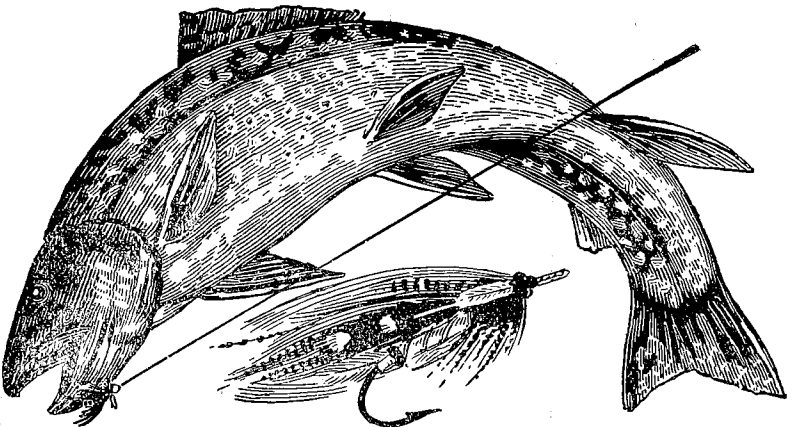
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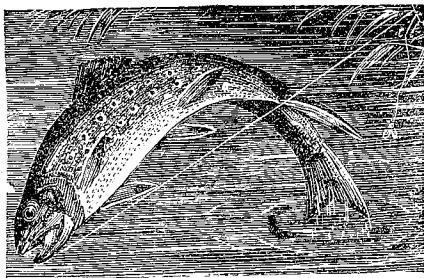
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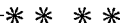
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Tents and full camp outfits, charts and maps of lakes and rivers north of Quebec, cooks and laborers, furnished to order. An angler and sportsman myself, I can appreciate the needs and position of campers in the woods.

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In Seal, Persian Lamb, Astracan, &c.

Ladies Fur lined Circulars and Dolmans, Seal skin and Fancy Fur Satchels in great variety.

Sleigh Robes and Travelling Rugs, Black, Brown and Grizzly Bears, Red and Arctic Fox, &c., &c.

A large variety of Gentlemen's fur coats, adjustable collars and cuffs, and caps in all the latest styles.

Fancy Fur Rugs for Drawing Rooms

Indian Curiosities and Novelties in Ladies and Gentlemen slippers, made of Bear skin, Seal skin, Caribou, &c.



CONDENSED TIME TABLE.

Quebec to Lake Edward, all the fishing stations and Lake St. John.

Leave Quebec daily except Sunday.....	8.10 A.M.
Arrive at Lake Edward.....	1.55 P.M.

DINNER

Arrive at Chambord Junction.....	5.04 P.M.
Arrive at Roberval (Lake St. John).....	5.35 P.M.

Leave Roberval (Lake St. John) daily except Saturday	9.00 P.M.
Leave Chambord Junction.....	9.30 P.M.
Arrive at Lake Edward.....	12.38 A.M.
Arrive at Quebec.....	6.50 A.M.
An Express train leaves Quebec for Lake St. John and intermediate stations every Saturday night at...	9.15
Arriving at Lake St. John (Roberval) at.....	7.00 A.M.
Also Leaving Roberval every Monday at.....	9.00 A.M.
Arriving at Quebec at.....	8.15 P.M.

**Monarch parlor and sleeping cars on all through trains.
Excellent hotel and restaurant accommodation
at Lake Edward and Lake St. John.**

LOCAL TRAIN SERVICE.

Quebec and St. Raymond and intermediate stations.

Leave Quebec daily (except Sunday) at.....	5.30 P.M.
Arrive at Lake St. Joseph.....	6.48 P.M.
Arrive at St. Raymond.....	7.15 P.M.

Leave St. Raymond.....	7.00 A.M.
" ".....	5.40 P.M.
Arrive at Quebec.....	8.40 A.M.
" ".....	8.15 P.M.

ALEX. HARDY,

Gen. Freight and Pass. Agt.

Quebec, May, 1889.

J. G. SCOTT,

Sect'y Manager.