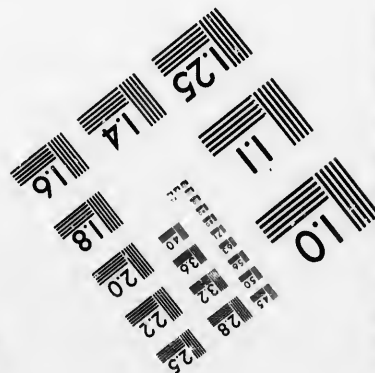
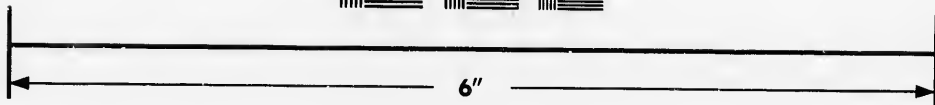
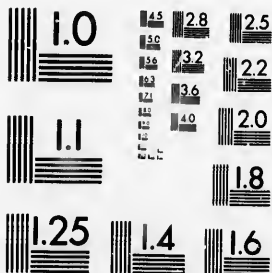


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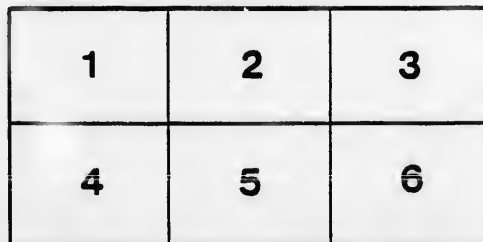
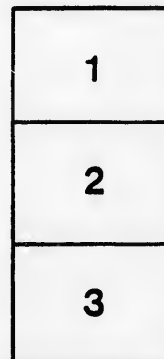
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HISTORICAL NOTES
ON THE
ENVIRONS OF QUEBEC.

DRIVE TO INDIAN LORETTE.

INDIAN LORETTE.

JAHOURENCHÉ, THE HURON CHIEF.

THE ST. LOUIS AND THE ST. FOY ROADS.

THE CHAUDIERE FALLS.

These Historical Jottings are intended to supply the omissions in the
Guide Books.

By J. M. LEMOINE,

AUTHOR OF "QUEBEC PAST AND PRESENT;" "ALBUM DU TOURISTE;"
"MAPLE LEAVES;" AND "CHRONICLES OF THE ST. LAWRENCE."

Montreal:

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1880.

TO
HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS LOUISE

These historical notes on the Environs of Quebec are,
by permission,

Most Respectfully Inscribed

BY

J. M. LEMOINE.

SPENCER GRANGE, near Quebec, }
4th June, 1879. }

A VISIT TO THE 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, such 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 turn-pike, can be spanned in little more than an hour. I shall now attempt to recapitulate some of the sights and incidents of travel which recently befell me, while escorting to Lorette an Old World tourist, of very high literary estate. 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 my friend, Mr. Montpetit, had published, to whom I take this early opportunity of making due acknowledgment. My agreeable and illustrious companion had spent one day in the old capital, sight-seeing. Possessed of a guide-book, of "*Quebec Past and Present*," of my *Tourists' Note Book*, which he had pondered and inwardly digested, he had devoted the whole forenoon, visiting

THE CITADEL OF 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 (1646)—ITS RELICS, PICTURES, ETC.
THE URSULINE CONVENT AND ITS FAMOUS OIL PAINTINGS,
THE DUFFERIN TERRACE—THE DUFFERIN IMPROVEMENTS,

THE KENT GATE,
THE NEW PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS,
THE PLAINS OF ABRAHAM,
SPENCER WOOD AND ITS GRAND RIVER VIEWS,

where His Honor the Lieut.-Governor had assembled some of the Quebec *literati* to meet the great literary lion after luncheon. Our friend had engaged a comfortable carriage and driven down to the FALLS OF MONTMORENCY, the *promenade obligée* of all lettered Quebec 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 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 famous 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 cicerone, confined to a visit to Lorette and the Chaudière Falls, 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 St. Louis Hotel, the headquarters of tourists, and rapidly drove through *Fabrique* and Palace streets, towards the unsightly gap in our city walls, of yore yeleft Palace Gate, which all Lord Dufferin's *prestige* failed to protect against vandalism, but which, thanks to his initiative, we expect soon to see *bridged over* with graceful turrets and Norman towers.

A turn to the west brought us opposite to the scarcely perceptible ruins of the Palace* of the French Intendant

* 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 *Chateau St. Louis*.

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 was many years back converted into a wood-yard to store the fuel for the garrison; a portion now is used as a cattle market; opposite, stand the depot and freight sheds of the North Shore 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, styled by the early French *La Vacherie*. In a trice we reach 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. The bridge, as a means of crossing from one shore to the other, is an undoubted improvement on the scow used up to 1789.

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 Hon. W. Smith, who at one time owned nearly all the broad acres intervening between this house and *Gros Pin*. It took for a time the name of Smithville and was inherited by several members of his family, who built cosy houses thereon. These green fields, fringed with white birch and spruce plantations, are watered by the St. Charles, the *Kahir-Koubat** of ancient days. In rear of one of the villas, *Ringsfield*, owned by Geo. Holmes Parke, Esq., runs the diminutive stream, the *Lairet*, at the confluence of which

* *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.

Jacques Cartier wintered in 1535-6, leaving there one of his ships, the *Petite Hermine*, of 60 tons, whose decayed oak timbers were exhumed in 1843 by Jos. Hamel, City Surveyor of Quebec. 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 earthwork 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, before Quebec. A minute description has been given by General Levi's aide-de-camp, the *Chevalier* Johnstone*,

* 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 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 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 so scandalously a dependency for the preservation of which so much blood and treasure had been expended. On leaving the house, I met M. Dalquier, an old, brave, downright honest man, commander of the Regiment of Bearn, with the true character of a good officer—the marks of Mars all over his body. I told him it was being debated within the house to give up Canada to the English by a capitulation, and I hurried him in to stand up for the king's cause, and advocate the welfare of the country. I then quitted the hornwork to join Poularies at the Ravine of Beauport, but having met him three or four hundred paces from the hornwork, on his

of what was going on in this earthwork, 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 fatal day, was debated the surrender of the colony—the close of French rule; here also, close by, in 1535-6, was the cradle of French power, 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 Cap Rouge, disordered, panic-stricken. Eh! where was the heroic Levi?

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' 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

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.*)

maid Caroline*, 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 well. 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, amidst its lands, which fan-like all radiate† from a common centre, the parish church, is not a bad 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, for a glimpse of which my companion is longing. Here we are at last, but where is the wigwam of the chief medicine man, his *chichiquois* and *totems*? I had expected an Indian greeting such as rejoiced the ears of my friend *Ahatsistari*, when recently he escorted there the light-hearted officers of the French frigate, *Laplace*, anchored under Cape Diamond.

"*Quaig! quaig! oiataro!* (Good morning! Good morning! Friend!)" and the response "*Quaig! quaig!* (Good morning! Good morning!)" was ready, when instead of the

* Beyond the unmistakable vestiges of its having been of early French construction, there is nothing known of its 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 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, Beaumanoir, Bigot's *Chateau*, is now immortalized in song.

† 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.

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, he was not at home, she regretted to say. 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.

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*.)

We give here 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.*

Paul *Tahourenché* (François Xavier Picard), Great Chief of the Lorette Hurons, was born at Indian Lorette in 1810; he is consequently at present 70 years of age. He is 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, leggins of colored cloth, bright sash and armlets—he looks the *beau ideal* of a respectable Huron warrior, shorn of the ferocity of other days. Of the line of Huron chiefs we can furnish but a very meagre history. Adam Kidd, who wrote the *Huron Chief* in 1829, and who paid that year a visit to the Lorette Indians and seen their oldest chief, *Oui-a-ra-lih-to*, having unfortunately failed to fulfil

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

the promise he then made of publishing the traditions and legends of the tribe furnished him on that occasion, an omission which doubtless will shortly be supplied by the historian of the tribe, the Rev. Mr. Vincent. Of *Oui-a-ra-lih-to*, we learn from Mr. Kidd, "This venerable patriarch, 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 twenty-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 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 LÔRETTE.

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.* They numbered 15,000 souls according to the historian Ferland, 40,000 according to Bouchette, and chiefly inhabited 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 (Mokawks †, 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, 68 years later on, in 1603, when Champlain visited these Indian towns, had disappeared: a different race had succeeded them. Though it opens a wide field to conjecture, recent investigations seem to indicate that it was the Huron-

* The French named the Wyandats, Hurons, from the 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.*"

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

Iroquois nation who, in 1535, were the *enfants du sol* at both places, and 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—in 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 ascendancy.

Their final overthrow may be said to date back to the great Indian massacres of 1648-9, at their towns, or missions, on the shores of Lakes Simcoe, the first mission being founded in 1615 by the Friar LeCaron, 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*, St. Ignace †, Ste. Marie ‡, St. Jean ||, successively fell, or were threatened; all the inmates who escaped sought safety in flight; the protracted sufferings of the missionaries Brebœuf and Gabriel Lallemand have furnished one of the brightest pages of Christian heroism in New France. Brebœuf expired on the 16th March, and Lallemand on 17th March, 1649. A

* The Mission of St. Joseph, composed of 400 Huron families, was suddenly attacked by the Iroquois on the 4th July, 1648.

† St. Ignace was surprised and taken on 11th March, 1649.

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

§ St. Jean was ravaged on 7th December, 1649.

party of Hurons sought Manitoulin Island, then called Ekaentoton; 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 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, 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 insecure one, in a fortified nook, adjoining their missionary's house, on the land of Eleonore de Grandmaison, 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 tomahawk and scalping-knife reached them, on the

20th May, 1656; 85 of their number were carried away captive, and six 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. 'Twas granted, When the Marquis de Tracy had arranged a truce with the Iroquois in 1665, the Huron refugees bade adieu to city life and 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 Cote St. Michel, four and a half miles from Quebec, at the Mission of Notre Dame de Foye, now called Ste. Foye. On the 29th December, 1673, restless and alarmed, the helpless sons of the forest sought the seclusion, leafy shades and green fields of *Ancienne Lorette*.* Here they dwelt nearly twenty-five years. The youths had grown up to manhood, with the terrible memories of the past still fresh in their minds. One fine day, allured by hopes of 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,†

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

† A census of the settlement taken on 19th January, 1879, exhibits the population as composed of 336 souls, divided as follows:—Adult Males, 94; Adult

living in comparative ease, successful traders, exemplary Christians, but fast-decaying Hurons.

"The Hurons," says Ahatsistari,* "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 Francois 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 council chiefs; the six united select a grand chief, either from among themselves or from among 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

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 Rev. Prosper Vincent, a son of Chief Vincent.

* 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 ourselves warranted in crediting to the elegant pen of A. N. Montpetit, one of their honorary Chiefs.

marks the tomb of Chief Nicholas.* It is, indeed, "a wild spot covered with the 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."

Of "free and independent electors" none here exist; the little Lorette world goes on smoothly without them. "No Hurons 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

* Probably the same as alluded to in a quaint old engraving, which, we saw on 30th May at the Rink Exhibition of Arts and owned by Mr. Emile Bureau of the License Department. 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 state 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. A large oil painting is now in the possession of W. D. Campbell, Esq., of Quebec, exhibiting the installation as a Chief, in 1837, of the late Robert Symes, Esq., of Quebec.

the Laurentine Mountains, ceded to the Hurons by Government, as a compensation for the Seigniorship 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 misunderstanding an appeal flies to the Ottawa Bureau, under the control of the Minister of the Interior (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, *Tahourenchè*, Vincent and others) owning lands in their 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 Quebec—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 the Iroquois; an occasional *pow-wow* as to how many warriors could be spared to assist their trusted and brave allies, the French of Quebec, 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, fishing and hunting, filling in, 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 Montmorency, 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 use of the tomahawk and scalping knife inspired to the British soldiery, was often greater than their fear of the French sabres and French musquetoons.

British rule, in 1759, if it did bring the Hurons less campaigning and fewer scalps, was the harbinger of domestic peace and stable homes, with very remunerative contracts each fall for several thousands of pairs of snowshoes, cariboo mocassins and mittens for the English regiments tenanting the citadel of Quebec, 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 Malicite Indians bear the snow-white blankets, scarlet cloths and hunting-knives awarded them by George the King, and by the victors of Waterloo. Each year, at midsummer, the Indian canoes, with their living freight of hunters, their copper-coloured squaws and black-eyed papooses, rushed from Labrador, Gaspé, Restigouche, Baie des Chaleurs, and pitched their tents on a point of land at Lévi, 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 loyalty to England, who ever treated them more mercifully than did "Uncle Sam."

What with war medals, clothing, ammunition, fertile lands specially reserved at Lorette, on the Restigouche, at Nouvelle, Isle Verte, Caughnawaga, St. Regis, &c., 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 tomahawk, at the arrival of

every new Governor at Quebec, and to assure Ononthio* 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. When it was fashionable to honour French Canadian Lieutenant-Governors, 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† tisonon dekha hiatanonstati deson-8a8endio daskemion tesontariaï denon8a ation datito-8anens tesanonronh8a nionde, aon8a deson8a8endio de8a desakatade; a8eti desanonronk8anion datito8anens chia ta skenralethe kiolaoutou8ison tothi chia hiaha a8eti dechienha totinahiontati desten de sendete ataki atichiaï a8eti alatonthara deskemion ichionthe desten tiodeti aisten ora-chichiaï.

Rev. Prosper Sa8atonen. The Memory Man. (Rev. Mr. Vincent, a Chief's son, then Vicar at Sillery.)

* Means the *Great Mountain*: the name they gave Governor de Montmagny and his successors.

†The 8 is pronounced *oui*.

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

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

Francis *Sassennio*. The Victor of Fire.

Gaspard *Ondiaraletlé*. The Canoe Bearer.

Philippe *Theon8atlasta*. He Stands Upright.

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

Paul Jr. *Theianontakhen*. Two United Mountains.

Honoré *Telanontoukhé*. 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 those 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 Mrs. Caron and your family, our best wishes.”

P. S.—While closing these lines, we learn that *Tahourenche* and his Huron braves will again be allowed 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 *Ononthie*, 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."

SPENCER GRANGE, 4th June, 1879.

J. M. LEMOINE.

THE DRIVE TO CAP ROUGE BY ST. LOUIS ROAD, RETURNING BY STE. FOYE ROAD.

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Indian Lorette is also accessible by the St. Foye turnpike, diverging northward by the *Suette* road, past St. Foye church; the route is lined with a number of pretty country seats and neat dwellings, beginning at Mount Pleasant. Let us take the other road.

On emerging from St. Louis Gate, the first object which attracts the eye is the spacious structure of the Skating Rink; the only charge we can make against it is that it is too close to St. Louis Gate. 'Tis the right thing in the wrong place. Adjoining stood the old home of the Prentices, in 1791,—Bandon Lodge,* once the abode of Sandy Simpson,† whose cat-o'nine-tails must have left lively memories in Wolfe's army. Did the beauteous damsel about whom Horatio, Lord Nelson, rave in 1782, when, as Commander of H. M.'s frigate *Albemarle*, he was philandering in Quebec, ever live here?‡ This is more than I

*The palatial residence of Jos. Shelyn, Esq., M.P.P., now occupies this historic site.

† SAUNDERS SIMPSON.—“He was Prevost Marshall in Wolfe's army, at the affairs of Louisbourg, Quebec and Montreal, and cousin of my father. 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.*

‡ Recent evidence extracted by Dr. H. H. Miles out of the Thompson papers and letters, lead to strengthen the theory previously propounded, and to indicate Miss Mary Simpson, daughter of Saunders Simpson, as the famed Quebec beauty of 1782.

can say. Close by looms out the long tea-caddy-looking building, built by the Sandfield-Macdonald government in 1862,—the Volunteer Drill Shed. Its length, if not beauty, attracts notice. "Ferguson's house," next it, noted by Professor Silliman in his "Tour between Hartford and Quebec in 1819," is now difficult to recognize; its present owner, A. Joseph, Esq., has added so much to its size. This antiquated dwelling certainly does not belong to the new dispensation. Another landmark of the past deserves notice—the ex-Commander of the Force's 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.* We are now in the *Grande Allée*—the forest avenue, which two hundred years ago led to Sillery Wood. 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 extremity of the Cape, overlooking *l'Anse des Mères*. A little beyond the Commandant's house, at the top of what is generally known as Perrault's Hill, stands the Perrault homestead, dating back to 1820, *l'Asyle Champêtre*,—now handsomely renovated and owned by Henry Dinning, Esq. The adjoining range of heights, at present occupied by the Martello Towers, is known as the *Buttes-à-Nepveu*. "It was here that Murray took his stand on the morning of April 28th, 1760, to resist the advance of Levis, 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-

* Paint and extensive repairs have very much improved the historical house—this year tenanted by George Stewart, jr., Esq., author of "*Lord Dufferin's Rule in Canada*," "*The Great St. John Fire, 1877*," &c.

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 yards distant, decided to build the Towers. Arrangements were accordingly made by Col. Brock, then commanding the troops in Canada. In 1806, the necessary materials were collected, and 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.

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-Nepveu*, the great criminals were formerly executed. Here, La Corriveau, the St. Vallier Lafarge, met her deserved fate in 1763, after being tried by one of Governor 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 Levi, 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 Levi, until some brave young men, one dark night, cut down the horrid cage, and hid it deep under ground, next to the cemetery at Levi, where close on 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 November, 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 December, 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 was 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 16th 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 stands, with a few shrubs and trees in the foreground, the Military Home,—where infirm soldiers, their widows and children, could find a refuge. It has recently 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 their 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, Commander Ashe's Provincial Observatory is visible to the east. A lofty red fence surrounding the western portion of this Tolbooth, might have been seen from the St. Louis Road. It invested the abode of crime with a sanguinary aspect. During the middle ages, when great criminals were occasionally flayed alive, this blood-red circumvallation might have been mistaken for the bleaching hides of murderers, heretics, sorcerers and witches. It has ever, in my mind, been associated with a warning to erring humanity. Beware of the red Fence.*

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 may find shelter. This, and the building opposite, St. Bridget's Asylum,

* Since these lines were written, the red has disappeared under a coat of whitish paint.

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with its fringe of trees and green plots, are decided 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 owned by Michael Conolly, Esq., 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 son then young,—(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.

A few minutes more brings the tourist to Mr. Price's villa, Wolfe-field, where may be seen the precipitous path up the St. Denis burn, by which the Highlanders and British soldiers gained a footing above, on the 13th 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 Hincks' old home, when Premier to Lord Elgin; opposite appear the leafy glades of Spencer Wood, so grateful a summer retreat, that my Lord 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* in 1847, now of Messrs. John L. and James Gibb.† The eye next dwells on the rustic Church of St. Michael, embowered in evergreens; close to which looms out, at *Sous le Bois*, the stately convent of *Jesus-Marie*; then you meet with villas innumerable—one of the most conspicuous is Benmore, Col. Rhodes' country seat. Benmore 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.

Next come Clermont,‡ Beauvoir,|| Kilmarnock,§ Cataraqui,** Kilgraston,†† Kirk-Ella,‡‡ Meadow Bank, Ravenswood,||| until, after a nine miles' drive, Redclyffe closes the rural landscape—Redclyffe,§§ on the top of Cap Rouge

* My old friend died in 1867—regretted as a scholar, an antiquarian, and the type of the old English gentleman.

† 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 graveyard.

‡ The stately home of Thomas Becket, Esq.

|| The picturesque villa of R. R. Dobell, Esq.

‡‡ A mossy old hall founded by Mr. McNider in the beginning of the century; now occupied by the Graddon family.

** The gorgeous mansion of Chas. E. Levy, Esq.

†† The property of John Burstall, Esq.

‡‡ The highly cultivated farm and summer residence of And. Stewart, Esq.

||| The beautiful home of W. Herring, Esq.

§§ Recently acquired by James Bowen, Esq.

promontory. There, many indications yet mark the spot where Roberval's ephemeral colony wintered as far back as 1542. You can now, if you like, return to the city by the same route, or select the St. 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 St. Foye Church was then occupied by the British soldiers. Your gaze next rests on Holland House, Montgomery's headquarters in 1775, behind which is Holland Tree, overshadowing, as of yore, the grave of the Hollands.*

The view, from the St. 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 Napoleon 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*,† *Hamwood*,‡ *Bijou*,|| *Westfield*,§ *Sans-Bruit*, and the narrow gothic arches of Finlay Asylum; soon the traveller 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. Let him drive down next to see the Montmorency Falls, and the little room which the Duke of Kent, Queen Victoria's father, occupied there in 1793. A trip to the Island of Orleans by the ferry will also repay trouble; half an hour of brisk steaming will do it. The Island contains passable hotel accommodation. Let him cross then to St.

* For account of the duel, which laid low one of the Hollands, see *Maple Leaves* for 1863. The tree, however, has lately been destroyed by a storm.

† A stately Convent of Congregational Nuns.

‡ The ornate country seat of Robt. Hamilton, Esq.

§ The cosy dwelling of And. Thompson, President Union Bank.

|| The homestead of Hon. D. A. Ross Atty.-Genl., P. of Q.

Joseph, Lévi, in the ferry steamer, and go and behold the most complete, the most formidable, as to plan, the most modern earthworks in the world, 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.

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THE FALLS OF THE CHAUDIERE.

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A tourist of cultured mind and familiar with classic lore, standing on the lofty brow of the *Chaudière*, might without any peculiar flights of the imagination, fancy he beholds around him a solitary dell of that lovely TEMPE immortalised in song :

“ Est nemus prærupta quod undique claudit
Saxa—per quæ Peneus ab imo
Effusus Pindo, spumosis volvitur undis
Dejectisque, tenues agitantia fumos,
Nubila conducit, summis aspergine silvas
Impluit, et sonitu, vicina fatigat.”

The falls of the *Chaudière*, in their chief features, differ entirely from the majestic cascade of Montmorenci.

“ To a person who desires nothing more than the primary and sudden electric feeling of an overpowering and rapturous surprise, the cascade of Montmorenci would certainly be preferable, but to the visitor, whose understanding and sensibilities are animated by an infusion of antiquated romance, the Falls of the *Chaudière* would be more attractive.”*

This favorite resort of tourists is accessible by two modes of travel. We would assuredly advise visitors, both on account of the striking objects to be met with, to select the water route, going the land route on their return: a small steamer plies daily, for a 10 cent fare, at stated hours, from the Lower Town market place, touching at Sillery and

* From Travellers' Guide Book, 1829.

skirting the dark frowning cliffs of Cape Diamond, amidst the shipping, affording a unique view of the mural-crowned city. After stopping five minutes at the Sillery wharf, the steamer crosses over and lands its passengers nearly opposite the R. C. Church of St. Romuald, which with its frescoed ceiling and ornate interior is one of the handsomest temples of worship round Quebec. Vehicles are abundant at St. Romuald, and an hour's drive will land the tourist on the weird and romantic brink of the *Chaudière*, either by following the lower road on the beach, skirting the adjoining highland, or taking the parallel road on the heights.

“Although yielding in grandeur to Niagara and Montmorenci, it possesses features more interesting than either. The river, in its course of one hundred miles over a rugged bed full of rapids and falls, is here narrowed to a width of between three hundred and four hundred feet, and is precipitated over a height of about one hundred and thirty feet, preserving the characteristic features of its *boiling* waters, till it mingles with the St. Lawrence. Hence it has received the appropriate name of *Chaudière* or *Caldron*. Instead of descending in one continuous sheet, it is divided by large projecting rocks into three channels or cataracts, which, however, unite before reaching the basin below. A globular figure is imparted to the descending volumes of brilliant white foam, in consequence of the deep excavations of the rocks, and the clouds of spray produce in the sunshine a most brilliant variety of prismatic colors. The dark-green foliage of the dense forests that overhang the torrent on both sides, forms a striking contrast with its snow-white foam.

“The wild diversity of rocks, the foliage of the overhanging woods, the rapid motion, the effulgent brightness

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and the deeply solemn sound of the cataracts, all combine to present a rich assemblage of objects highly attractive, especially when the visitor, emerging from the wood, is instantaneously surprised by the delightful scene. Below, the view is greatly changed, and the falls produce an additionally strong and vivid impression.

“If strangers only view the Falls from one side of the river, the prospect from the eastern shore is recommended as preferable.

“The Falls of Montmorenci are not immediately surrounded by any rugged scenery, calculated to strengthen and perpetuate the peculiar emotion which is excited by the first glimpse of the cascade, but the dreary wildness in the foliage of the encircling forest, the total absence of every vestige of human improvement, and the tumultuous waves and commotion and effulgence that incessantly occupy the mind and rivet the senses of the beholder in the survey of the *Chaudière*, conjoined with the wider expansion and larger quantity of water in the stream, in the opinion of many visitors, more than compensate for the greater elevation from which the waters of the Montmorenci are precipitated.”

On returning to the town of Lévi, the tourist, taking the upper road, may visit the Falls of Etchemin, where have existed for close on a century, the extensive saw-mills of Sir John Caldwell; they are now owned by Henry Atkinson, Esq.

MEMORABILIA.

Jacques Cartier landed on the banks of the Saint Charles.....	Sept. 14, 1535
Quebec founded by Samuel de Champlain.....	July 3, 1603
Fort St. Louis built at Quebec.....	1620
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 formed at Quebec.....	1663
Quebec unsuccessfully besieged 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 Generals Montgomery and Arnold.....	Nov. 10, 1775
Death of Montg nery.....	Dec. 31, 1775
Retreat of Americans from Quebec.....	May 6, 1776
Division of Canada into Upper and Lower Canada.....	1791
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.....	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.....	Dec. 31, 1875
Dufferin Plans of City embellishment, Christmas Day.....	1875
Departure of the Earl of Dufferin.....	Oct. 18, 1878
Arrival of the Marquis of Lorne and Princess Louise.....	Nov. 20, 1878

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