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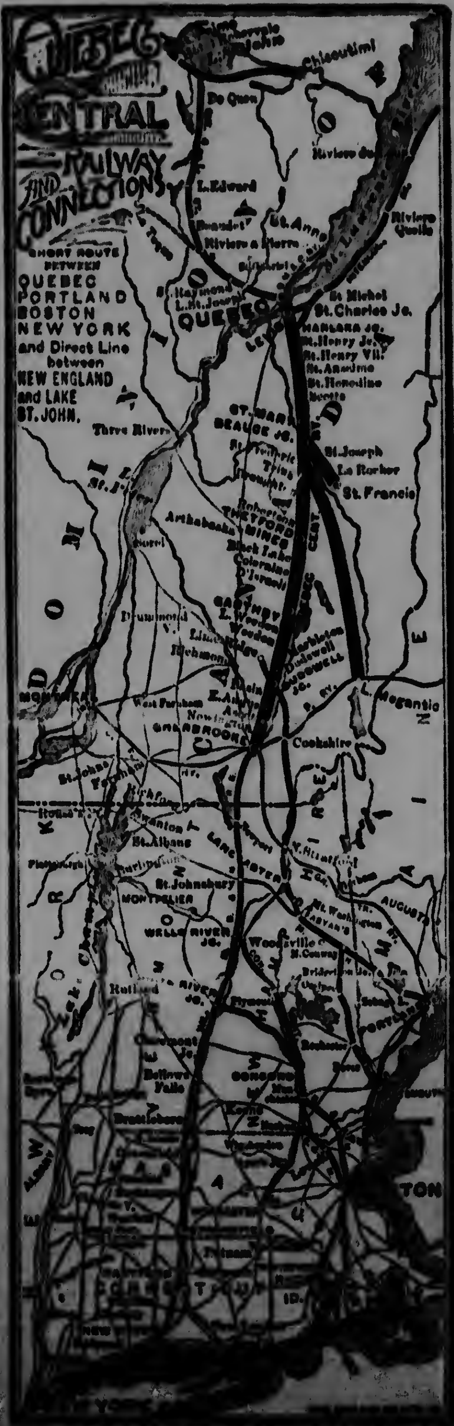
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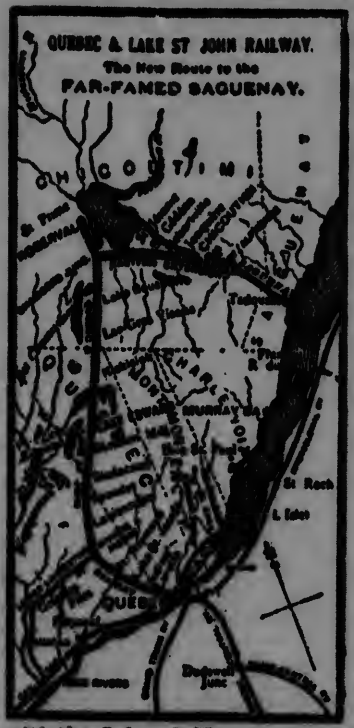

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Dédication.

—§—

Because he represents what is best, and consequently most worthy of preservation in Canadian literature, and because of the interest he has taken in the preparation and publication of this work, and the assistance he has cheerfully rendered me in connection therewith,

I DEDICATE THIS BOOK

to my friend and colleague,

GEORGE STEWART, Esq.

D. Litt., LL.D., D.C.L., F.R.S.C., F.R.G.S., &c

—: THE :—

GUIDE TO QUEBEC

BY

E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

"The best local guide-book of Quebec is that by E. T. D. Chambers."
—Baedeker's Handbook to the Dominion of Canada, page 38.

PUBLISHED BY

Quebec Morning Chronicle.

QUEBEC

"She gleams above her granite throne;
Her gray walls gird her ample zone;
She queens the North, supreme, alone."

So sings the poet of the Sierras. And in introducing his inimitable picture of Quebec, he sounds for us the following melodious passage:

"One enters upon the story and description of this wonderful city with great hesitation and feeling of unfitness. For Dickens, Le-Moine, Bancroft, Howells, and indeed a hundred of others have said great things of these battlements, cemented together by the best blood of centuries. Quebec is the storehouse of American history, and the most glorious of cities,—beautiful, too, as a picture."

And what Joaquin Miller found wonderful and glorious and beautiful in Quebec is just what tourists of every class and every land find equally so. She stands at the very threshold of this strong and impatient New World, in this age of progressive activity and

enterprise, like a little patch of mediæval Europe, transplanted, it is true, upon a distant shore, but shutting out by her mural surroundings the influences that the whole of the surrounding continent has failed to exercise upon her.

Hard by the nineteenth century Niagara of relentless worry and bustle, yet apparently beyond the reach of that resistless torrent of commercial competition and turmoil of contention for financial supremacy, she continues upon the calm and even tenor of her peaceful way, unmindful of the disquiet and unrest prevailing without her walls. Time works few changes in Quebec. True to the traditions of her pious founders, she remains to this day the city of Champlain and Laval. The battlements behind which she remains secluded were erected by the religious fervor, missionary zeal and enduring fortitude of "the pioneers of France in the New World," strengthened by the language, the customs and the religion of the "Old-World France," whence they sprung. Cemented further, as the American poet so beautifully expresses it, "by the best blood of centuries," these battlements have successfully defied alike the ravages of ruthless time and relentless foe. Her gates, thrown wide and hospitably open to peaceful visitors, have been defiantly closed in the face of invading forces, and even under the most adverse circumstances capitulation was only agreed to on condition that the peculiar fortifications of her people, erected by the devotion of their early leaders, should be perpetually maintained. It was this maintenance of their ancient ramparts that secured to England the allegiance of her French subjects in the New World, when her English-speaking colonists broke into open revolt. It secured to Britain the fortress of Quebec, and caused the repulse of the brave Montgomery. It stands to-day an apparently insurmountable barrier to the annexation of Canada to the United States, and elicited from a prominent French Canadian statesman the assurance that the last gun in defence of

British sovereignty in Canada would be fired by a French Canadian. No Chinese wall was ever more jealously guarded or more remarkable in its effects upon the territory which it enclosed, than these peculiar old battlements of a comparatively modern city. "Progress," says Joaquin Miller, "has gone by the other way. No greasy railroad has yet come screeching and screaming up the heights that Wolfe climbed. She sits above the tide of commerce." The number and influence of her priests and churches, the wealth and dimensions of her conventual establishments, the piety and virtue of her people, the variety and extent of her educational institutions, the unexcelled beauty of her natural surroundings, the absence of commercial turmoil and competition, and the story of her glorious past, are alike the objects of her pride.

"History, too, is everywhere around. She arises from the Ramparts replete with daring deeds, and from the Plains equally celebrated for feats of arms, and again she exclaims: 'Here I am'."

How Americans See Quebec.

As a rule, American tourists do not see Quebec at all, not even those that visit the city for the express purpose of doing so. In a quaint little volume printed in 1831, by Thomas Cary & Co., and entitled "Quebec and its Environs," the author says:

"It is to be observed that our American friends unfortunately visit Quebec as the last lion in their tour, and generally disembark from the steamboat from Montreal, remain 24 hours, and then return without seeing anything except a cursory view of the city, whereas Quebec and the environs abound in the most romantic and charming views, certainly not equalled in the Canadas, and to all admirers of the beauties of nature affording a rich treat." And what was true in 1831 is equally so in 1895.

There is scarcely a foot here which is not historic ground, which is not consecrated by well-established fact or tradition, to the memory of deeds of heroism, of instances of undying piety and faith. The daring explorers of half a continent, European heroes of martial strife and strategy and their dusky chieftain allies, noble matrons and self-sacrificing missionaries, whose doings live for ever in the burning pages of Parkman, Lever, Charlevoix and Casgrain, have left behind them here monuments of their zeal for the cause of religion and fatherland, or immortalized the ground which once they trod, the soil for which they fiercely contended, the spot where first they planted the symbol of their religion, or the dust which they reddened with their blood. The old walls of the city are covered with historical ivy. And the tourist who would think nothing of spending weeks in less healthful localities and less hallowed associations and surroundings, will often be satisfied that he has done Quebec when he has cast a hurried glance at the Plains of Abraham and the Monument to Wolfe, and driven rapidly over streets rendered historic by the blood of heroes and martyrs, the red man's daring deeds and the carefully preserved traditions of the historian and the novelist. Often in laying out the plan for a summer trip extending over several days and perhaps weeks of time, will he begrudge a couple of days to the city and environs of Quebec, in his apparent anxiety to get back to the heated sands of New England watering-places, or the din and confusion of the large centres of American civilization, with their attendant bustle and heat and ten-story hotels.

A cursory glance from Dufferin Terrace, of the magnificent view which spreads itself around and below, sometimes satisfies him that he has thoroughly familiarized himself with scenery such as is seldom equalled and never excelled, which forms the subject of many a noted and wonderfully painted canvas, and upon which eminent

artists have feasted their eyes day after day for months together. This city itself and its immediate locality have afforded new and varied treats at every turn, for several weeks at a time, to royal and noble visitors, such as the Prince of Wales, the late Duke of Albany, the Princess Louise, Prince George of Wales, the Duke of Connaught, the late Dean Stanley, Francis Parkman, Joaquin Miller, W. D. Howells, Archdeacon Farrer, the late Matthew Arnold, and many others whose names stand high on the roll of fame or of letters.

Nor are Quebec's surroundings of less interest than the attractions of the city itself. European travellers have traced the greatest resemblance between the country, the houses and the members of the French Canadian peasantry and those of the old French provinces of Normandy and Picardy. New lines of railway and colonization roads have opened up communication with chains of large lakes, wonderful in their picturesque scenery, and not less remarkable in the marvellous swarms and superiority of the finny tribes which inhabit them. Whether the tourist at Quebec be sportsman, naturalist or geologist, a little observation will place temptations in his way seductive enough to influence him to an indefinite prolongation of his stay. Audubon and Waterton in years gone by spent several weeks in and around Quebec, making a special study of the Canadian Fauna, and admirable public collections of stuffed specimens may be seen at Laval University and in the museum of the High School. That well known scientist, Sir William Dawson, of Montreal, first President of the Royal Society of Canada, devotes special attention in some of his books, to the peculiar geological formations and volcanic upheavels noticeable in the strata in the immediate vicinity of the city. Quebec's claims as a summer resort are unsurpassed upon the continent of America. If these claims are brought more prominently to the notice of the tourist by means of this little book, in so successful a manner as to induce him to remain

here for a sufficient length of time to investigate them for himself, the author knows that he may count upon his sincere and lasting gratitude.

Look on the vision awakened in the poetic mind of the brilliant author of "Roughing it in the bush,"—Mrs. Moody (Suzanna Strickland):—

"Every perception of my mind became absorbed into the one sense of seeing, when, upon rounding Point Levis, we cast anchor before Quebec. What a scene! Can the world produce another? Edinburgh had been the *beau ideal* to me of all that was beautiful in nature, a vision of the Northern Highlands had haunted my dreams across the Atlantic; but all these past recollections fade before the present of Quebec. Nature has ransacked all her grandest elements to form this astonishing panorama. My spirit fell prostrate before the scene, and I melted involuntarily into tears."

The late Henry Ward Beecher recorded his impression of Quebec thus:—"Queer old Quebec! of all the cities on the continent of America, the quaintest. Here was a small bit of mediæval Europe perched upon a rock and dried for keeping, in this north-east corner of America, a curiosity that has not its equal in its kind on this side of the ocean. We rode about as if we were in a picture book, turning over a new leaf at each street."

W. D. Howells, the American novelist, thus describes the emotions stirred in him by the contemplation of Quebec:—

"Montcalm laying down his life to lose Quebec is not less affecting than Wolfe dying to earn her. The heart opens towards the soldier who recited on the eve of this costly victory, 'the Elegy in a Country Churchyard,'—which he 'would rather have written than beat the French to-morrow,' but it aches for the defeated general, who, hurt to death, answered, when told how brief his time was: 'So much the better; then I shall not live to see the surrender of

Quebec!' In the city for which they perished, their fame has never been divided."

A more recent writer says:—" One has only to dip into the historical memories which clothe the ancient City of Quebec, to find within what a tangle of romance, chivalry and heroism this town has lifted upon its sombre walls. Francis Parkman in sad refrain over the lost glories of old France in the New World, says: 'The French Dominion is a memory of the past; and when we wake its departed shades, they ride upon us from their graves in strange romantic guise. Again their ghostly campfire seems to burn, and the fitful light is cast around on lord and vassal, and black-robed priest. * * * A boundless vision grows upon us, an untamed continent, vast wastes of forest verdure; mountains silent in primeval sleep; river, lake and glimmering pool; wilderness, oceans mingling with the sky. * * * Men steeped in antique learning, pale with the close breath of the cloister here spend the noon and evening of their lives.'

'I rubbed my eyes to be sure I was in the nineteenth century,' says the great Thoreau in giving his first impressions of Quebec.

'Apart from the realities of this most picturesque city, there are associations clustering about it which would make a desert rich in interest. The dangerous precipice along whose front Wolfe and his brave companions climbed to glory; the Plains of Abraham, where he received his mortal wound; the fortress so chivalrously defended by Montcalm, and his soldier's grave dug for him, when yet alive, by the bursting of a shell, are not the least among them, or among the gallant deeds of History.' The last few lines express the thoughts of Charles Dickens.

Quebec has seen the years of two centuries and is growing towards the close of the third. Through all this period the quaint old town has passed and wears the wrinkled brow. At one time it was

the scene of tragedy, toned by the waves of passing splendour and luxury, at another the busy mart of foreign trade. All these moods in the life of the city have left their mark, and it would be difficult to imagine a town more quaint or picturesque."

Origin of the name "Quebec."

THE very origin of Quebec's name has been associated with legend by the chroniclers of her romantic past. Some of the derivations ventured by etymologists are as ingenious as they are fanciful. The word "Quebec" has been compared with the "Kopek" of the original occupants of the site, said to have been the expression of welcome used by them on the appearance at Stadacona of Jacques Cartier and his expeditionary force, in view of their hesitation to meet them, and which the Frenchmen considered as equivalent to their own *Débarquez!* Others, again, have traced the origin of the name to the exclamation "Quel bec!" (what a cape), attributed to a Norman sailor at his first glance of the rocky promontory. It is now all but universally conceded that the name is of Indian origin. It is first found in the writings of Champlain, who says:—"We came to anchor at Quebec, which is a strait of the river of Canada;" and Abbé Faillon, commenting upon this statement, adds: "This name, which in the language of the Micmac Indians, signifies 'straits' or 'narrowing' of a river (*rétrécissement*), and Champlain's manner of speaking, in calling Quebec, not the town yet to be built, but the locality penned up from the river, show how utterly unfounded are the other interpretations imagined for the name of Quebec.'

Charlevoix in his "Journal" addressed to the Duchess of Lesdiguières, writes:—

"Above the Island (of Orleans) the river narrows all at once to such an extent, that in front of Quebec it is not more than a mile

wide. It is this which has given to this place the name of Quebeio or Quebec, which in the Algonquin language signfies 'narrowing.' The Abenaquis, whose language is a dialect of the Algonquin, name it Quelibec, which signifies 'that which is closed,' because from the mouth of the Chaudière, by which river these Indians come to Quebec from the vicinity of Acadia, the Point of Levis which laps over the Isle of Orleans, entirely hides the South Channel. The Isle of Orleans hides the North Channel, so that the port of Quebec appears (from Chaudière) to consist only of a large bay." According to Rev. J. M. Bellenger, an old missionary, to whom the Micmac language was perfectly familiar, "Quebec" comes from the word "Kébéqué," which he frequently heard applied by his Indian guides to a "narrowing of the waters formed by two tongues or points of land protruding into them." Lescarbot and the Abbé Maio agree with Messrs. Charlevoix and Bellenger, and Parkman (1) is of opinion that the origin of the name can no longer be doubted.

Father Arnaud, the famous missionary to the Indians, still holds to the Montagnais origin of the name; and according to this veteran authority, the aboriginal greeting to the first French arrivals here of "Kepek! Kepek!"—"disembark!" or "come ashore," was mistaken for the name of the promontory behind the natives towards which they pointed, and upon which the Upper Town of Quebec is now built, or of the Indian settlement near by; and "Kepek" or Quebec it has remained ever since, though its Indian name was "uapistikoiats" or "white cape," the French equivalent of which, Cap Blanc, is still applied to a portion of the city lying in the shadow of the great rock crowned by the Citadel. Another Indian name for the locality,—Stadacona, means "a crossing upon floating wood."

(1) "The Pioneers of France in the New World," page 301, edition of 1883.

When much of what is now the site of St. Roche suburbs was covered with water at every high tide, the mouth of the St. Charles was frequently blocked with drift wood, so much so that the then inhabitants frequently crossed over it on foot from one side of the bay to the other.

Cape Diamond, which bears the Citadel upon its summit, takes its name from the numerous quartz crystals, sparkling like diamonds, which are found upon it.

The Chateau Frontenac.

BEYOND any question, the finest hotel site in the world is that occupied by Quebec's magnificent new hostelry, the Chateau Frontenac, which first threw open its doors for the reception of guests in December, 1893. Erected upon the very margin of the world-renowned Dufferin Terrace,—overlooking a magnificent panorama of river, mountain, island, fortress and forest scenery,—standing upon the exact site of the famous Chateau St. Louis of historic memories,—its towers, spires, arches and turrets in keeping with the chateau architecture of the sixteenth century,—it lends itself with grace to its surroundings, and the famous Terrace above referred to,—over 500 yards in length and 180 feet immediately above the St. Lawrence and the Lower Town, is the promenade balcony of its guests. In its halls the traveller may smoke the pipe of peace with the ghosts of departed chieftains; he may listen to the secret councillings of the representatives of kings, or hear the merry revellings of red coats round the mess. The boom of the noon-day cannon, the tread of the sentry without, will ever remind the guest of an historic past. The mighty river flowing silent to the sea, laps the very base on which it stands. The proud ships spreading white

sails to the sun, the chasm cut by yonder waterfall, the quaint Canadian villages nestling on its banks of green, or the smaller hamlet hiding away like a rare flower in some remote valley, hemmed in by tree-clad mountain and the dome of summer sky—what a picture to gaze upon from one's room. And how home-like and comfortable are the rooms in this princely Chateau, and how unexcelled anywhere are the *cuisine* and *menus*, have been testified to by the Earl and Countess of Aberdeen and their suite, by the Goulds, the Vanderbilts, the Astors and thousands of prominent tourists from all parts of the world.

The architecture of the building is that of an old *chateau*, of the age of Frontenac himself, or more properly speaking, perhaps, that of the century preceding it,—the age of the early days of Champlain, the builder of the Chateau St. Louis and his contemporaries. In form the building is something like a horseshoe, the space in the centre being occupied by a large court yard, measuring 170 by 100 feet. The main entrance is found in this court, which is reached through a handsome arch of stone, supported at the sides by colonnades of the same material. The exterior of the archway faces St. Louis street and is surmounted by the historic keystone bearing a Maltese Cross and the date 1647. This stone was discovered in 1784 by the workmen engaged in levelling the yard in which Haldimand's Chateau was in course of erection. Mr. J. Edmond Roy, who has admirably summed up much that has been written on the subject, is of the opinion that in olden times, the original Order of Knights of Malta intended to establish a priory in Quebec, and that Governor Montmagny, himself a Knight of Malta, laid the foundations of a house for the use of such priory in 1647, and had this stone prepared to insert in the walls. (1.) It is let into the stone above the gate.

(1.) *L'Ordre de Malte en Amérique*, by J. E. Roy, 1888.

The principal material used in the construction of the walls is a handsome fire-brick, which was brought from Scotland specially for the purpose. The foundation walls and the pretty and graceful cornices, the turrets and the upper parts of the round and hexagonal towers are built of a rich grey stone from the quarries of Lachevrotière. The roofing throughout is of copper, which harmonizes very prettily with the color of the brick.

The turrets and towers lend to the whole structure the appearance of a mediæval castle perched upon a precipice. On Des Carrières street the building's frontage is 283 feet, opposite to the Place d'Armes 70 feet, facing the Post Office 100 feet and towards the Terrace 120 feet. This variety in the different directions in which the building fronts affords a view, the range of which extends from the Citadel to Lorette if seen from the upper stories and to Beauport as seen from below. From the extremity of the wing facing on to Des Carrières street to the extremity of that overlooking the Terrace the distance is 120 feet.

The main building from the court yard is surmounted by a large shield bearing the arms of Frontenac carved in stone. Immediately within the main entrance, guests find themselves in a handsome vestibule and facing the office of the hotel; the counter and all other furnishings being of antique oak. The main vestibule is some 62 feet long and of moderate width, being entirely distinct from the rotunda and writing rooms. There is therefore neither excuse nor opportunity for loungers to sit or remain about the main entrance or the foot of the principal staircase or of the main elevator, both of which lead up from it, and so ladies feel as perfectly comfortable and at home in entering the vestibule upon arrival in the house, or when coming down to the hotel office, the news stand, the ticket or telegraph office, as if they were in their own drawing-room. Once in the vestibule, the visitor is at once struck with the beauty of the mosaic stone

flooring and the richness of the woodwork and mural decorations. The carved oaken mouldings and dentil cornices are very elaborate and beautiful. Upon the walls are a variety of inlaid tapestries. Facing the guest as he approaches the foot of the grand staircase are the arms of Frontenac, and these, painted upon his shield and supported by knights in 16th century armor, are repeated over the ticket office and news stand. Frontenac and Montmagny are each of them represented in complete armour, with shields, and the arms of the Province are surmounted in some cases with the names of distinguished Viceroys, including those of Champlain and Sherbrooke in addition to those already mentioned. There are also the arms of the Dominion and the Province, in some cases supported by griffins, and the dates "1608-1893," marking of course the epochs of the founding of Quebec and of the erection of the hôtel, or more correctly speaking, perhaps, at all events so far as the intentions of the designer are concerned, if not chronologically, those of the construction of the two *chateaux* upon very nearly the same site, that of the primitive Chateau St. Louis of Champlain, and that of the princely Chateau Frontenac of modern Quebec.

The rotunda, which is next to the writing room, and quite easily reached from the vestibule, is circular in shape, 47½ feet in diameter, —a very handsome apartment occupying the entire space upon this floor within the large circular tower. On account of its shape and situation, its windows afford magnificent views of the Terrace, the river and Levis, not only immediately in front but on either side. The same remark, of course, applies to the Ladies' Parlor, which is in the same tower immediately above the rotunda and of the same size. The rotunda is floored in mosaic, like the main vestibule. The ceiling is paneled in very handsome designs by oak mouldings, and within these, are depicted alternately, the arms of Frontenac, of the

Province and of the Dominion. The two fire-places in the rotunda are of Sienna marble and have very rich mantel pieces.

The walls of the corridor leading from the main vestibule to the coffee-room are decorated with paintings on tapestry, in enlarged size, of the design from the reverse of the old bank tokens issued as penny pieces many years ago.

The coffee-room is a spacious apartment on the first floor, occupying the extremity of the wing that stretches towards St. Louis street. As in the case of the dining-room, which is immediately above it, the windows on the south side look across the court yard and over the Terrace and garden in the direction of the Citadel, and on the north side overlook the Post Office and the Place d'Armes. Its dimensions are almost those of the dining-room, which measures 58 feet by 45. Over the large open fire-place, which is of Tennessee marble, is the motto from the crest of the city of Quebec: "*Natura Fortis, Industria Crescit.*" The walls are a rich brown color, with illuminated frieze below the cornices, and oak wainscotting.

The dining-room is situated, as already mentioned, in the Place d'Armes extension of the Chateau, on the second floor, immediately above the coffee-room. It has a breakfast-room in the hexagonal tower as an annex, and together they have a seating capacity of three hundred. The floors of both are of oak in herring-bone pattern. The most attractive features of the dining-room itself are the magnificent views from the windows and the rare and beautiful tapestries that decorate the walls and are inserted all around them within the oaken-framed panels. These tapestries represent the history of the foundation of Rome. They are equally of interest, because they represent an important event in the history of the Roman Empire, and because the characters depicted are costumed after the fashion of the 16th century, the epoch of the architecture of the Chateau. The

treatment of the room, in keeping with the character of the whole building,—is exactly what would have been executed at the epoch referred to, excepting, of course, that up to the end of the 17th century,—tapestries were only hung upon rings on the walls and never fastened, for the reason that the nobles, copying the customs of the kings, travelled from castle to castle with their tapestries, which, together with their trophies of war, were the only ornaments of the stone walls. The dining-room mantel is a very beautiful and very elaborate piece of work.

On the same floor as the dining-room are the drawing-room and ladies' parlor. The parlor being immediately above the rotunda, in the large circular tower, corresponds with it in shape and dimensions, while the drawing-room is immediately above the hotel office. The view from both includes the river and opposite shores. The wood-work in both apartments is of white mahogany and the fire-places are of the handsome marble known as Jaune Lamartine, lined with soapstone. The parlors and drawing-rooms, as well as the corridors, and in fact all the rooms on the first, second and third flats are carpeted in first quality Axminsters. The furniture in the drawing-rooms and parlors is beautifully upholstered, partly in brocade and partly in corduroy to match the delicate tints of the walls. All around the upper cornice of the circular parlor are suspended electric light lamps in a delicate shade,—some forty altogether, in addition to the bracket lights.

The hotel contains no less than 170 bed-rooms, 93 of which are supplied with bath-rooms. Many of them are *en suite*, and connected by inside passages apart from the public corridors. All have wardrobes and open fire-places, the grates being surrounded with Minton tiles of various shades.

Take it all in all, it is doubtful if there is to be found anywhere so elegant and so comfortable a hotel, for its size, as this Chateau.

Dufferin Terrace.

DUFFERIN Terrace is an incomparable promenade and the pride of Quebec. It is a planked platform jutting out along the very brink of the cliff, where the southerly part of the Upper Town looks over and down towards the St. Lawrence, 182 feet below. It is 1500 feet long. There is not such another in the whole world. The original Terrace bore the name of Durham, after a former popular Governor General, and was only 250 feet in length. It was Lord Dufferin who suggested the prolongation that was made in 1879, and whose name it has since borne. The city paid the cost of the work, amounting to $13,000, and the plans were designed by Chevalier Baillairgé, City Engineer. Unfortunately it has become necessary to condemn, as unsafe, and to close against the public, a small portion of this magnificent promenade, at the end that lies just under the Citadel. This is in consequence of the disastrous landslide that occurred from the face of the rock immediately below the end of the Terrace on the fatal night of the 19th September, 1889. The rocky *debris* may be seen below, that in its fall crushed and buried seven or eight houses to a depth of twenty to thirty feet, hurling between fifty and sixty souls into eternity without a moment's warning.

What a matchless landscape bursts upon the delighted beholder from this magnificent Terrace! Forest, field and flood, the pale, soft blue of distant hills and the overhanging rock of the frowning granite Cape, sweetly undulating meadow slopes and the wild grandeur of yon rugged steepy cliffs, fertile fields bespangled with the neatly white-washed houses of comfortable Canadian farmers, and the broad bosom of the majestic St. Lawrence heaving beneath the burden of gigantic greyhounds of the Atlantic, saucy little tugs,

thrifty market steamers and white-winged ships of the Canadian timber-fleet.

Nature has here indeed been most lavish in the distribution of her favors, and this Terrace and the Citadel above are the spots whereon to stand to view to the very best advantage one of the most brilliant combinations in the whole round of her kaleidoscopic wonders. Let us stand a while and feast the eyes upon the unrivalled scene. Then we may climb the grassy surface of the Glacis, which slopes down from the edge of the moat that separates it from the King's Bastion. From no other standpoint in the old city may the tourist better view the remarkable panorama of scenic beauty stretching away out from the Gibraltar of America than from this King's Bastion in the Citadel of Quebec, whence rises the flagstaff that floats the emblem of Britain's sovereignty in this old French Province.

We are alongside of it now, with only a deep ditch between. The bold heights of Levis on the other side of the stream, the broad expanse of water looking towards the sea, with the picturesque Isle of Orleans stretching down from opposite the Falls of Montmorency to below the saintly shrine of the miracle-working St. Anne, form a picture whose beauty is but seldom equalled, and around which clusters such a stock of legendary lore and historic memories that the very air seems haunted by the spirits of dead saints and heroes. Nor is the setting unworthy of the picture. Those are the Laurentian mountains that form the deep blue background stretching away in the distance towards the north for nearly two hundred miles, and full of the interest excited by all far northern latitudes. Till within the last few years the interior of this mountain region had been practically an unknown land. Many of the secrets of these Laurentian mountains still remain locked within their own bosoms. Recent surveys have brought to light many interesting facts concern-

ing them, hitherto veiled in obscurity, but they cover thousands of square miles of country which the foot of the white man has scarcely yet trodden.

We cannot cross the moat into the Citadel here, so we will again descend to the Terrace. On fine summer evenings this promenade is the resort of thousands of citizens, always including a large representation of the youth and beauty of Quebec. Two or three times a week there is music on the Terrace, and on band nights it is thronged with fashion and gayety.

The Governor's Garden.

THERE on your left is a pretty little shady retreat, of which the principal attraction is the twin-faced monument to Wolfe and Montcalm, erected in 1827 and 1828, in joint honor of the illustrious contending generals, who gained a common fame and met a common death. It was Lord Dalhousie, then Governor-General of Canada, who originated the sentimental and pretty idea of this monument, erected by the descendants of those who had met in mortal combat nearly seventy years before. The corner-stone was laid with masonic grand honors on the 15th November, 1827, by R. W. Provincial Grand Master Claude Dénéchaud, a distinguished French Canadian Freemason and Member of Parliament.

This monument is strictly classical in the proportions of every part. To the top of the surbase is sixteen feet from the ground, on this rests the sarcophagus, seven feet eight inches high. The obelisk measures forty-two feet eight inches, and the apex two feet one inch, making altogether sixty-five feet from the ground. The dimensions of the obelisk at the base are six feet by four feet eight inches, tapering conically to the apex, when the sides are diminished to three feet two inches by two feet five inches.

The following inscription, composed by Dr. Fisher, is carved on the front of the sarcophagus:

MORTEM, VIRTUS, COMMUNEM, FAMAM, HISTORIA,
MONUMENTUM, POSTERITAS DEDIT.

Which may be translated as follows:—

"Valor gave them a common death, history a common fame, and posterity a common monument."

On the rear is the following, altered from that which was inscribed upon the plate deposited with the foundation stone:

HUJUSCE
MONUMENTI IN VIRORUM ILLUSTRIUM MEMORIAM
WOLFE ET MONTCALM,
FUNDAMENTUM, P.C.
GEORGIUS COMES DE DALHOUSIE IN SEPTENTRIONALIS AMERICÆ
PARTIBUS
AD BRITANNOS PERTINENTIBUS SUMMAM RERUM ADMINISTRANS:
OPUS PER MULTOS ANNOS PRÆTERMISSUM QUID DUCI EGREGIO
CONVENIENTIUS?
AUCTORITATE PROMOVENS EXEMPLO STIMULANS MUNIFICENTIA FOVENS.
A. D. MDCCCXXVII
GEORGIO IV BRITANNIARUM REGE.

Every foot of the land over which the Terrace is constructed is historic ground. Deeds of military prowess and daring seem still to hover in the air behind and below you on every side.

On the narrow ledge of land immediately below, and lying between the river and the base of the perpendicular rock, is built a portion of the Lower Town. The rock is so perpendicular and the

strip of land at its foot so narrow that you must advance to the very front of the Terrace to get a good view of the antique Lower Town. Narrow as is the ledge upon which it is built, it was at one time much narrower still, for a good portion of it has been reclaimed from the river.

The Fall of Montgomery.

FOLLOW with the eye the single narrow street that skirts around the foot of Cape Diamond, hemmed in by the river until it is compelled to hug the cliff for safety. That is Champlain street; and in that narrow pass, immediately below the Citadel, the brave Montgomery fell, mortally wounded, in the snow, at the head of his men, in his rash and daring attack upon Quebec on the night of the 31st December, 1775. He had hoped to surprise the battery that guarded the narrow pass, under cover of the night and of a heavy snow storm. His advance was seen, however, by the Sergeant in charge of the battery, who reserved his fire until the brave American and his little band were close to the muzzles of the guns. At the critical moment the word of command was given, and the cannon and musketry belched out an unexpected fire.

Montgomery was one of the first to fall, and all who failed to beat a precipitate retreat fell with him, literally mowed down by the irresistible grape that swept the narrow gorge. His frozen body was found next morning in the snow, and later we shall visit the scene of the house, lately demolished, in which it was laid out, and the site of the grave in which for forty-three years it lay buried.

The defeat of Montgomery and of the invading American army was celebrated, in Quebec, on the anniversary of the fight, for twenty-five years afterwards, by banquettings, dances, military re-

views and religious services. On 31st December, 1776, an officer who was present in the Cathedral (the present Basilica), at the thanksgiving service conducted by the Bishop, records that "Eight unfortunate Canadians, who had sided with the rebels, were present, with ropes about their necks, and were forced to do penance before all in the church and crave pardon of their God, Church and King." Several years ago, some of the generous-hearted Irish Canadians, residents of that part of the city lying under the cliff, raised a small subscription and erected with it upon the face of the rock, immediately overhanging the scene of Montgomery's death, a large sign-board, painted black, and bearing in raised gilt letters the inscription "Here Montgomery Fell, Dec. 31st, 1775." Patriotic countrymen of the dead General, in response to the appeal of the gifted Mrs. Isabel Garrison, of Chicago, who is supported in Canada by Sir William Van Horne, and in the United States by the descendants of Montgomery and the Sons of the American Revolution, propose, if accorded the site, to erect a suitable monument here to his memory. The City Council of Quebec has unanimously given its approval to the project at the request of the author of this book, acting on behalf of the parties above referred to.

Church of Notre Dame des Victoires.

ALMOST directly below the north end of the Terrace where the cliff recedes further from the river, and the streets and houses grow thicker together, is the little church of Notre Dame des Victoires. The building was until lately as plain within as it is without. In commemoration of the defeat of the English invaders under Sir William Phipps in 1692, the fête of Notre Dame de la Victoire was established, to be annually celebrated in this church on the 7th of October; and after the shipwreck of the second English

fleet of invasion in 1711, which the French colonists regarded as little if anything less than a miraculous interposition in their favor, the church received the name of Notre Dame des Victoires. During Wolfe's siege of Quebec in 1759, its roof and upper portion were destroyed by the fire of the Levis batteries. It was subsequently rebuilt upon the old walls and during the year 1888 its interior was neatly frescoed.

Champlain's Old Fort.

THERE are any number of other historic recollections clustering around and below the Terrace. The large building immediately below old Durham Terrace, and a little to the south of the Church of Notre Dame des Victoires, is the Champlain Market Hall. On market days there may be seen in the neighboring square the picturesque spectacle of a number of *habitant* women—the wives of French Canadian farmers—sitting selling the produce of their gardens and dairies, which is piled in the boxes and bags by which they are surrounded. The several small steamers lying five and six abreast in two or three tiers at the market wharf are the market boats which brought the *habitant* women and their butter, eggs, onions and homespun cloth from their riverside homes and farms. Very near the present site of the market building there below, Champlain, the zealous crusader, the bold explorer, the founder of Quebec, erected his first building in 1608. It included a habitation, a fort and stores. Gradually the land surrounding it was cleared of trees and turned into a garden. One morning, while directing his laborers, Champlain was called inside by one of his men, who revealed to him a conspiracy amongst some of his followers to murder their commander and deliver Quebec into the hands of some Basques and Spaniards lately arrived from Tadoussac. One Duval, a locksmith,

was the author of the plot, and so prompt was the action of the founder of the little colony, that the conspirators were arrested the selfsame night, and soon Duval's body was swinging from a gibbet, and his head, says Parkman, "displayed on a pike, from the highest roof of the buildings, food for birds and a lesson to sedition."

The next land that was cleared in Quebec after that of which Champlain had made a garden around his habitation was in rear of where we are just now standing looking down at the Lower Town. Let us turn around and walk a few feet toward the site. It is now covered by

The Place d'Armes.

the little ring of green and trees, and gently playing fountain and by the English Cathedral. On a portion of the land so cleared, Champlain erected the

Chateau St. Louis,

destined to be so famous in Canadian history. Its cellar still remains under the wooden platform of the present Durham Terrace, adjoining the Chateau Frontenac.

We have just walked over it. Behind the Chateau was the area of the fort, now the Place d'Armes or Ring. Let us pause a little here, for we stand upon the site of the old fortress of Quebec, which was for over two centuries the seat of the Canadian Government, and during the various periods of its existence the scene of some of the most stirring events in the History of New France.

Often, in its earlier days, were its terror-stricken inmates appalled at the daring adventures of the ferocious Iroquois, who, having passed or overthrown all the French outposts, more than once threatened the fort itself and massacred friendly Indians within

sight of its walls. At a later era, when the colony had acquired some military strength, the Castle of St. Louis was remarkable as having been the site whence the French Governors exercised an immense sovereignty, extending from the mouth of the Mississippi river to the great Canadian lakes, and thence along their shores and those of the St. Lawrence to the Gulf of the same name.

Those interested in further details of the old fort will find it fully described in the entertaining pages of Parkman. (1)

In 1690 the large hall of the Castle witnessed an exciting scene. An English fleet under Sir William Phipps had sailed up the river against Quebec. The Admiral sent a messenger ashore under a flag of truce to demand the surrender of the garrison. He was conducted, blindfolded, to the Castle, and when the bandage was removed from his eyes, he found himself in the presence of the Governor, the haughty Count de Frontenac, and his brilliantly uniformed officers. He presented Phipps' written summons to surrender, and demanded an answer within an hour. Frontenac did not avail himself of the proffered delay. He promptly told the messenger to return to his master and inform him that he recognized no King of England but James, and that William of Orange was a usurper. Then being asked if he would give his answer in writing, "No," replied Frontenac; "I will answer your General only by the mouth of my cannons." And he kept his word. Phipps made an ineffectual attempt to bombard the city, but the guns from the fort poured shot into his vessels with a deadly aim, carried away his ensign, disabled some of his ships, and compelled him to beat so precipitate a retreat that his own vessel cut its cable and left its anchor behind it. (2)

(1) "Old *Régime*" in Canada, page 419.

(2) An interesting account of Frontenac's parley with the messenger from Phipps, and the unsuccessful Siege of Quebec, in 1690, is to be found in Parkman's "Frontenac and New France," page 264.

After the British victory of 1759 and the consequent cession of Canada by the French in 1760, the English Governors resided in the Chateau St. Louis, and subsequently to 1791 it was occupied also by the Executive Council. In 1808, the Castle was considerably enlarged and repaired, and then measured 200 feet long by 40 broad. It was destroyed by fire in 1834, and Lord Durham caused the ruins to be removed, and built the first Terrace, which was called after him.

The so-called Chateau, which until the month of March, 1891, stood on the edge of the Terrace to our left as we leave the promenade, was erected in 1784 by Sir Frederick Haldimand, Governor-General, as a wing of the old castle. It was occupied by the Laval Normal School up to the time that it was demolished, to make way for the erection of the Chateau Frontenac. Haldimand Castle, its predecessor, is thus described in Thompson's Diary:—"Haldimand Castle soon became a building of note. On the 19th January, 1787, the anniversary of the Queen's Birthday, Charlotte of Mecklenburg, consort of George III,—the first grand reception was held there. In the following summer, the future monarch of Great Britain, William IV (the Duke of Clarence), the sailor Prince, aged 22 years, visited his father's Canadian lieges. Prince Wm. Henry had then landed on the 14th of August, in the Lower Town, from H. M. frigate *Pegasus*. Tradition repeats that the young Duke of Clarence enjoyed himself amazingly among the *beau-monde* of Quebec, having eyes for more than the scenic beauties of the 'ancient capital,' not unlike other worthy Princes who came after him. Among other festivities at Quebec, Lord Dorchester, Governor-General, the successor to Sir Frederick Haldimand, on the 21st August, 1787, treated H. R. Highness to a grand pyrotechnic display, Prince William and his company being seated on an exalted platform erected by the overseer of public works, James Thompson, over a powder magazine joining the

end of the new building (Haldimand Castle), while fireworks were displayed on an eminence fronting it below the old citadel." The powder magazine referred to is thought by the best authority to be vaulted chambers which it was found necessary to demolish in order to conform to the plans of the new hotel.

In the early part of the century there was a Riding School near the site of the Chateau which was subsequently transformed into a theatre. It was destroyed by fire in June, 1846, during a panoramic performance, and from forty-five to fifty people perished in the flames.

The English Cathedral.

ON or near the site now occupied by the English Cathedral, probably a little nearer the Terrace, and adjoining the Place d'Armes or Ring, which alone separates it from Dufferin Terrace and the site of the old Chateau, formerly stood the ancient church and convent of the Recollet Fathers, which was destroyed by fire in 1796. Before the erection of a Protestant Church in Quebec, Protestant services were permitted at times by the Recollet Fathers, in their old church.

The British Government took possession of the grounds after the fire that destroyed the church. Father de Bérey, the Superior and last survivor of the Recollet Fathers in Canada, was accorded a pension by the British Government. He belonged to a noble French family and was an ex-army chaplain. In Quebec he was on terms of intimacy with the Duke of Kent and frequently entertained him at dinner. Many instances of his brilliant wit are on record. Once he was asked if he had heard of the arrival in town of a country priest who was a noted *gourmand* and had a much greater weakness for being entertained than for entertaining. "Yes," replied the Supe-

rior, "I saw him to-day, going about seeking whom he may devour." On another occasion, when he was a very old man, an officer at dinner asked him if the report was true that Napoleon had received a dispensation from the Pope for the French priests to marry. "Don't you see," said the Father, "that for me it would be only mustard after dinner." (1.)

At the suggestion of Bishop Mountain, the first Anglican Bishop of Quebec, whose see extended to the frozen ocean on the north and to the Pacific on the west, the Government of King George III erected the present Cathedral which was consecrated in 1804. It is a plain though substantial structure in the Roman style of architecture, measuring 135 by 73 feet. It should be visited by tourists, not for its architectural beauty, but for the splendor of its mural monuments, chancel window and elaborate solid silver communion service. This latter, which is of exquisite workmanship, and cost £2,000 sterling, attracted numbers of visitors while on exhibition in London, where it was made by Rundell & Bridge. Together with the altar cloth and hanging of the desk and pulpit, which are of crimson velvet and cloth of gold, and the books for divine service, this communion plate was a present from King George III. There is in the tower a very sweet peal of eight bells, of which the tenor bell is about 16 cwt. The church has an excellent organ and a dean and chapter with good cathedral choral services on Sunday evenings. The Dean, Rev. Dr. Norman, is also Rector of Quebec and resides in the Rectory situated in the cathedral grounds. In the chancel is a large marble monument in memory of the Right Rev. Jacob Mountain, first Bishop of Quebec, surmounted by the bust of the first occupant of the see, who procured the erection of the building. The chancel window is a memorial of the third Bishop of the

(1.) *Mémoires par* P. Dethispé, page 65.

Diocese, the late Dr. Jehoshaphat Mountain. In both design and coloring, it is considered one of the richest pieces of stained glass on the continent. The central portion represents the Ascension: the Baptism and Transfiguration being represented in the side windows. On the other side of the chancel from Bishop Jacob Mountain's monument is that to his successor, Bishop Stewart. Another marble slab commemorates the death of the Duke of Richmond and Lennox, while Governor-General of Canada, which was caused by hydrophobia, arising from the bite of a pet fox in 1819, and whose body reposes in a vault beneath the church building. Other mural monuments are in memory of Hon. Carleton Thomas Monckton, fifth son of the fourth Viscount Galway, and great nephew of the Hon. Brigadier General Monkton, who succeeded to the command of the British Army upon the death of General Wolfe: of the late General Peter Hunter, Lieut.-Governor of Upper Canada and Commander-in-chief of the forces: of Lieut. Baines, of the Royal Artillery, who lost his life in the great fire of 1866, which destroyed a large portion of St. Roch's suburbs, and of Major Short, whose body was blown into fragments by a premature explosion of gunpowder while he was gallantly fighting a conflagration in the suburbs of St. Sauveur. Overhanging the chancel are the remnants of two old and tattered flags. These are the old colors of the 69th British regiment of foot deposited here in 1870, by Lieut.-Col. Bagot, on the occasion of new colors being presented the regiment on the Esplanade here, by H. R. H. Prince Arthur. These warlike standards were deposited in the Cathedral with elaborate ceremonial attended by a striking military pageant. This is believed to be the only Cathedral on the continent containing the colors of a British regiment of the line. The Governor-General's pew is seen surrounded by curtains, in the north gallery, and here have worshipped at various times, a number of members of the Royal Family of England. The pulpit has been

occupied by numbers of leading divines, including the late Dean Stanley, Archdeacon Farrar, and several American Bishops. In addition to the magnificent linden trees ornamenting the Cathedral enclosure, there was a venerable elm upon the grounds prior to September, 1845, in which month it was blown down, and beneath whose umbrageous branches, legend has it that Jacques Cartier assembled his followers upon their first arrival in Canada. (1.)

THE
Court House and Union Building.

OTHER noticeable buildings upon the Place d'Armes, are the new Court House, immediately south of the Cathedral, one of the handsomest and most substantial of Quebec's modern edifices, and the old Union Building in the north-east corner of the square, now owned and occupied by the estate of D. Morgan, tailor and outfitter, but in 1808, and for some time afterwards, the rendezvous of the famous Club of Barons. This Place d'Armes, which in the time of the French was called the Grande Place, was the scene of frequent military parades and a fashionable promenade. In 1650, the Huron Indians, who had been driven from Lake Simcoe, encamped here.

The Post Office and Chien d'Or.

TAKING leave for a while of the Place d'Armes and its wealth of historical associations and surroundings, let us turn the corner of the Union Building, to the north, for the brief space of a short block of buildings, until we come to Buade street.

(1.) Since most of the above was written, Mr. F. C. Wurtele, of Quebec, has published a lecture upon the English Cathedral, in which may be found a number of historical details.

so called after Louis de Buade, Count of Frontenac. From each quarter of the compass at these cross streets, history and romance, the attractions of nature as well as those of art, acts of heroism and deeds of blood, relics of the past and rare historic treasures, the foot-prints of warriors, and the former surroundings of the early Jesuit missionary-martyrs, stand beckoning us onward. Which way shall we take? We have left behind us Dufferin Terrace and the Place d'Armes; in front is the Palace of the Cardinal, and further on the Grand Battery and Laval University. On our left are the site of the old Jesuit Barracks, the Basilica of Quebec and some of the oldest residences in Canada. On the right, and close to us, is the Post Office Building, in the northern facade of which is the figure of a rather tame-looking stone dog, gnawing a bone. And thereby hangs a tale. Not to the dog alone, but to its entire surroundings. This is how it happened. And it came to pass under the French regime, that the proprietor of the old house that formerly stood upon the site of the Post Office, was named Nicholas Jacquin Philibert. Now Philibert had some disagreement, some say with Pierre Legardeur, Sieur de Repentigny, an officer who had been quartered in his house;—according to other writers, with Bigot, the Intendant or Lord-Lieutenant himself. To revenge himself he placed this tablet in the front of his house, with the accompanying lines:

Je suis un chien qui ronge l'os,
En le rongeant je prends mon repos,
Un temps viendra qui n'est pas venu,
Que je mordray qui m'aura mordu.
1736.

which may be translated as follows:

I am a dog gnawing a bone,
While I gnaw I take my repose,
The time will come, though not yet,
When I will bite him who now bites me.

Wilder versions state that Philibert was assassinated by Legardeur, and that Philibert's brother or son pursued the assassin to Europe, and later to Pondicherry, East Indies, and slew him. If there be any truth in this story, the killing of de Ropentigny could not have been prior to 1760, since his name occurs upon the list of those officers who served under the Chevalier de Levis at the battle of St. Foye, on the 28th April, 1760. Le Moine has an interesting chapter on *Le Chien d'Or* (1) which took its name from the fact that the sculptured figure of the dog seems always to have been, as now, in gilt.

F. Kirby, of Niagara, has woven into the warp of this tragic story, a marvellous romance of the time of Bigot, and introduced into it many of the leading characters that figured in Quebec, nearly a century and a half ago. (2)

H. R. H. Princess Louise, when in Canada, assured Mr. Kirby of the pleasure with which Queen Victoria had read his interesting historical novel.

Before and for a long time after the siege of 1759, when Quebec fell into the hands of the British, the old building was used as a coffee-house, while from 1775 to 1800, it was known as Freemasons' Hall, and the lodges in Quebec held their meetings there. The proprietor of the house in 1782, was Miles Prentice, himself a Freemason and formerly a sergeant in the 78th regiment under Wolfe. He had either a daughter or a niece of remarkable beauty and in the bloom of youth. The immortal Nelson, then the youthful commander of the "Albermarle," a frigate of 26 guns, convoyed some merchantsmen to Quebec in 1782 and was one of the *habitués* of Prentice's Hotel. The future admirer of Lady Hamilton was so smitten with

(1) See "The history of an Old House," in LeMoine's Maple Leaves, Quebec, 1873, page 99.

(2) The "Golden Dog," by F. Kirby.

the young lady that he offered her marriage. His friends, however, succeeded in withdrawing him from the sway of a passion which threatened to destroy his career, and Miss Prentice became, later, the wife of a distinguished officer, Major Mathews, Governor of Chelsea Hospital, England. In the pages of "L'Album du Touriste," (1) is a reference to a sound cowhiding, which the Duke of Clarence, afterwards William IV, received in this neighborhood, at the hand of an irritated father, whose daughter, the Duke was in the act of following too closely.

But turn to the east. What a unique termination! It ends in a staircase! And yet it is not so unique after all in Quebec. Three or four other streets do the same, serving to remind the traveller of those in Guernsey or Malta. We shall scarcely have time to descend the stairs just now into Mountain Hill, so will satisfy ourselves with the view to be had from their summit. Feast the eye for a few minutes upon the magnificent scene of river and island and shipping and opposite shore that forms the picture here spread out before us! And yet it is one of a hundred equally beautiful views to be had from various points of the heights of Quebec. This vacant space on the opposite side of the street, surrounded by iron railings is

The Site of the Old Parliament House

THE building which was here destroyed by fire in April, 1883, served as the studio of the artists of Confederation. Within its walls was moulded the form of that constitution which united in one Dominion, the scattered North American colonies comprised between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, while securing to the people of each, their own provincial autonomy and self-government in local

(1). "*L'Album du Touriste*," by J. M. LeMoine, Quebec, 1872, page 45.

affairs. This parliament house was constructed in 1859 and 1860, at a cost of $60,000, to replace the former one, also destroyed by fire. On a portion of this site was the first cemetery used by the early French settlers, and in a corner of this cemetery is supposed to have been the tomb of Samuel de Champlain, founder of Quebec. Such, at all events, is the very reasonable conclusion to which Dr. Harper has arrived, after a minute investigation of the theories and writings on the subject, of Abbés Laverdière and Casgrain, of Messrs. Cauchon, Drapeau and Dionne. The citizens of Quebec, under the presidency of Judge Chauvèau, are about to erect a monument of Champlain at a cost of $30,000, near the site of the old Chateau St. Louis, between Dufferin Terrace and Place d'Armes, and close to the Terrace entrance to the Chateau Frontenac.

The Cardinal's Palace.

WE may now retrace our steps to the cross road, where we stood a few minutes ago, and continuing along Fort street, by which we left the Place d'Armes at the Union Building, and which was so called because it led from the Lower Town landing to the Fort, we have in front of us the entrance gates of the palace of the first Canadian Cardinal,—His Eminence Cardinal Taschereau,—a large and handsome stone building. Quebecers will not soon forget the elaborate *fêtes* and ceremonial which marked, in 1886, the conferring of the barretta upon His Eminence.

The throne room of the palace is a very handsome apartment, all its furniture and hangings being of cardinal red. Protestants as well as Roman Catholics pay their respects to Cardinal Taschereau when he holds his receptions here, for, in addition to the personal popularity of the Canadian Prince of the Church, his elevation to the cardinalate is considered by all Quebecers as a signal honor confer-

red by Rome upon Canada. Continuing on our way past the palace gates, we quickly arrive at

The Grand Battery.

HERE, on the very edge of the cliff overlooking the river, are mounted in a long row, a number of heavy guns. They are now of obsolete pattern, however, and would be of little service in action. The road is narrow and winding, and from it may be had a splendid view of the river and surrounding country. At intervals, too, platforms provided with seats have been erected. The grounds of Laval University are separated from the Battery by a high stone wall. The tourist will find much to interest him and delight the eye, by sitting and resting awhile upon one of the Grand Battery benches, if he has the necessary time at his disposal, before returning to his hotel for luncheon. He will be glad of the rest, too, if he has taken us for a guide all morning, and must have spent a rather busy half day, in seeing and examining what we have pointed out to him since he left his hotel after breakfast, *en route* for Dufferin Terrace. There is, too, a something in the air here, call it ozone, if you will, that no matter how late you take your breakfast, will ensure you a good appetite for lunch by one o'clock. If you have followed the directions herein so far contained, you may not have walked a mile in all, yet you have made good use of your time, and have the satisfaction of knowing that you have gained a wealth of historic and legendary lore, that no intellectual traveller of the present day can afford to be without.

The afternoon of the first day in Quebec cannot be better spent anywhere, than in either the Basilica or Laval University, both of which are within five minutes' walk of the Chateau Frontenac,

The Basilica.

THE construction of the old Cathedral of Quebec was commenced in 1647, (1) and it was consecrated in 1666, by Monseigneur Laval, the first Bishop of the colony. As early, however, as 1645, the French Governor de Montmagny, and the inhabitants of the city, had appropriated the proceeds of twelve hundred and fifty beaver skins to the building of the church. The first mass was said in it on the 24th December, 1650, by Rev. Father Poucet, who also celebrated midnight mass the same night. The definite opening of the sacred edifice took place on the 31st March, 1657, and it has never since closed its doors, except for the making of the repairs necessitated by the disastrous effects of the siege of 1759. The original diocese of Quebec when this, its metropolitan church, was erected, comprised the territory now occupied by no less than sixty dioceses. The history of this old church is, to a great extent, the history of Canada, and of civilization in America. A flood of memories comes to the mind of the student of history upon examining the records of the great men of New France whose bones repose within its walls, and whose deeds, whether in the evangelization of the Indians, at the cost, in many instances, of martyrdom, or in the heroic defence of their country against impossible odds, have excited the sympathy and admiration of succeeding generations. The church authorities have preserved these records of a memorable past by erecting tablets on the walls of the church, to the memory of the Jesuit and Recollet missionaries and of the four French governors whose bones are interred beneath the building.

(1) The corner stone was laid by Father Lallemant, Superior of the Jesuits, whose brother was tortured to death by the Iroquois, and by M. de Montmagny, Governor of the colony and a Knight of Malta, on the 23rd September, 1647.

The design of the chancel is in imitation of that of St. Peter's at Rome. This church superseded the chapel of the Jesuits' College, which was for some time used as the parochial church of Quebec. It was not till 1874, that the sacred edifice was raised to the dignity of a Basilica. It has suffered much from fires occasioned by the storming of the city during the several sieges through which it has passed, but the foundations and parts of the walls are still the same, having now existed for nearly two and a half centuries. In the yard at the back of the presbytery adjoining the chancel, and immediately in rear of the Basilica, are still to be found the relics of the foundation walls of the chapel, built by Champlain in 1633, in commemoration of the recovery of the country the year before from the English, into whose hands it had fallen in 1629. This chapel was called by Champlain the "Chapelle de la Recouvrance," and was for the time being, the parish church of Quebec. It was destroyed by fire in 1640. The founder of Quebec had erected a still earlier chapel in the Lower Town, in 1615, near where is now the foot of the Dufferin Terrace elevator, but it was destroyed, together with Champlain's other buildings in the Lower Town, in the siege of 1629.

The Basilica is 216 feet in length by 108 in breadth, and is capable of accomodating 4,000 worshippers. It cannot boast of much external symmetry, and is distinguished rather for solidity and neatness, than for splendor or regularity of architecture. Within it is very lofty, with massive arches of stone dividing the naves from the aisles. There is, however, much more than its antique and internal beauty, to attract the attention of tourists. It contains some of the most remarkable and valuable objects of art on the continent. Upon its walls hangs a rich collection of paintings, most of them by noted European masters and invaluable as works of art. These were mostly secured by Canadian priests in France, after the Reign of Terror in 1793, in which the ordinances of religion were prohibited and the

property of churches and monasteries, in Paris, confiscated and scattered. One, however, has a most remarkable history of its own. This is the magnificent canvas that hangs over the high altar and has for its subject the Immaculate Conception. It is supposed to be after Lebrun, if not the actual handiwork of the great master.

More than a hundred years ago, it came into the possession of a family named Lemaistre, residing on the Island of Guernsey, in what manner is now unknown, though it is supposed to have been captured from some French vessel, during a naval skirmish. At all events, it was considered of no great value, for it remained for a period rolled up in an attic room, which was used as a receptacle for old furniture, costumes of former days and other curiosities. Captain Lemaistre, the son of the proprietor, was, in 1770, in Quebec. Here he was Deputy Adjutant-General of the forces and secretary of the Lieutenant-Governor. When Lieutenant-Governor Cremahe was recalled to England, and succeeded by Lieutenant-Governor Hamilton, Lemaistre remained in Canada with the new Governor. His heart had crossed the sea, however, in the ship that took his old master home, having followed the pretty niece of Mr. Cremahe, Margaret Stuart, with whom he was desperately in love. Margaret was educated at the Ursuline Convent, and while there abjured Protestantism and was baptized in the convent chapel. Young Lemaistre had an intimate friend in a young ecclesiastic, then secretary to the Roman Catholic Bishop, Mgr. Briand, and to him he confided his secret. Mr. Plessis had heard the story of Margaret Stuart and the convent, and when the gallant young captain explained why he was so anxious to obtain leave of absence to visit England, his friend replied, "But Captain Lemaistre, I cannot wish you success in this matter unless you become a Catholic," and Lemaistre, who was naturally enough ready to promise anything just then, said that he would think about it. And so it happened, for Mgr. Briand was very

friendly with General Haldimand, that Lemaistre obtained leave of absence, and upon reaching England, was married to Miss Stuart. The honeymoon was spent in Guernsey, and one day, when ransacking the contents of the attic chamber, the bride came upon the religious picture. A wave of loving memory of far away Quebec swept over the young girl's heart, and she begged to be allowed to keep the canvas. It was 1793 when the Lemaistres returned to Quebec, and the picture was rolled up and taken with them. The Captain was now the Governor of Gaspé, but the office was a sinecure, and he took a house in Ste. Famille street, in this city. In the meantime, the young secretary of Mgr. Briand, and future Bishop of Quebec, had been raised to the dignity of the priesthood, and in the spring of 1792, had been appointed Curé of Quebec. Monsieur le Curé was naturally one of the first callers upon Captain and Mrs. Lemaistre, and the latter, producing the roll of canvas, asked his acceptance of the picture. "I will accept it gratefully," said the priest, "but not for myself, for another." It was framed and sent to him, and some days later he asked Captain and Mrs. Lemaistre to pass with him into the sanctuary of the Cathedral, and there, behind the altar, he showed them their picture, saying, with one of his bright smiles, "It is better to give to God than to man." (1)

Amongst the other paintings in the Basilica there is a Christ, but very different from the pictures of the Saviour with which the public may be familiar. This is the famous Van Dyck, and shews the son of God on the cross. It was painted in 1630, and presents a type of

(1) Much of the legendary coloring of the above story is drawn from a sketch entitled "*La Légende d'un Tableau*," first published in a Quebec newspaper in 1868, and for a copy of which the present writer is indebted to its author, Alderman Gagnon,—a well-known bibliophile of Quebec, whose brother, Mgr. Gagnon, is the secretary of Cardinal Taschereau.

the best Flemish school. The collection in this church belongs to the lot of paintings which Abbé Desjardins secured for a song, from the revolutionists of 1793, when the mob pillaged the churches and monasteries in their madness. Imagine Van Dycks, Fleurots, Blanchards, Lebruns, Marettis, Vignons, Restouts and Hallés, dropping into a Canadian Church for a few thousand francs! Two or three of these pictures to-day would bring the price, if sold at auction, which the whole collection cost. The rarest pictures in the city hang in the Basilica, and one may spend hours looking at them and contemplating the genius of their authors. Indeed, should one arrive at Quebec on a rainy day, the time could not be more pleasantly and profitably spent than by making the round of the picture galleries, all, save the elaborate collection at Laval University, being free to all. It would be better to reserve a fine bright day for Laval, for the pictures in that gallery should be seen by a good light. Catalogues of the pictures in the Basilica are furnished to visitors. The sacred vestments may be seen on application to the verger. They contain several sets presented to Bishop Laval by the great Louis XIV, including one set in beautiful and very valuable gold brocade. His Eminence Cardinal Taschereau frequently officiates in the Basilica in full canonicals.

The Seminary Chapel,

adjoining the Basilica, is a handsome new edifice only completed in 1891, and replaces that destroyed by fire a few years ago with a number of valuable art treasures that it contained, including a Saviour by Lagrence, and a representation of the Ascension by P. Champagne.

There are also here a number of supposed relics of the Saviour's passion, including portions of the cross, of the crown of thorns

and of the seamless robe, and a rich reliquary presented to the Seminary by Pope Leo XIII, heavily jewelled and valued at $50,000.

Both the Basilica and the Seminary Chapel face upon

The Old Market Square.

HERE in bygone days the French-Canadian *habitants'* wives used to sit in their carts or sleighs on market days, peddling out their farm produce to frequenters of the market, just as their successors do to-day on the existing markets outside St. John's gate and in Lower Town and St. Roche. This old market dated back to about 1686, and in 1844, covered wooden stalls for the accommodation of butchers were erected on the portion nearest Anne street, which was the site of the old Jesuit Church. They were torn down in 1877, when the new stone market building, called after Montcalm, was erected near St. John's gate. What a variety of scenes, tragic, gay, martial and religious, has this old square witnessed! Here in olden times stood the pillory used for the punishment of thieves and perjurers, and De Gaspé tells us in his memoirs that when he was a boy it was scarcely a month without a victim.

An Indian War Dance.

INDIAN alarms were frequent at Quebec between 1650 and 1660, and lively scenes more than once occurred as the Iroquois invaders sought to surprise the Fort, and drove into its shelter the Huron refugees that were encamped between it and the Jesuits' College. De Gaspé tells of an exciting scene he witnessed on the old market place on a Sunday afternoon towards the end of the last century. A number of Indians who were then encamped near Indian Cove, on the Levis side of the river, landed in town and ran so excitedly through the streets as to cause some inquietude to the com-

mandant of the garrison, who immediately doubled the guards at the gates of the city and of the barracks. They were but shirts and trousers, and hanging from the waists of many of them were human scalps, showing that they had participated in the recent war between the English and Americans. They were armed with tomahawks, their bodies were tattooed, their faces were painted in black and red, in which colors they appeared well determined to paint the whole town too. After dancing in small groups before the residences of the principal official personages, they finally assembled, to the number of four or five hundred warriors, no women having accompanied them, and commenced their hideous war dance in front of the Basilica, where the fountain is now situated, just as the faithful were emerging from the church after vespers. First there was the representation of a council of war, with harangues from their chief, then they marched around in single file after him imitating with their tomahawks the motion of paddles propelling a canoe. The refrain of their song was, "Sahontes! Sahontes! Sahontes! oniakerin ouatchi-chicono-ouatche!" then at a signal of their chief, there was absolute silence, until a general sniffing in the air indicated that they felt the approach of the enemy. All at once the chief gave a frightful yell which the others repeated in chorus, and darting amongst the spectators, brandishing awhile his deadly weapon, he seized hold of a young man, whom he slung over his shoulder and ran back into the circle of his warriors. Then placing his supposed victim down with his face to the ground, the Indian knelt over him, and made as though he was removing his scalp, subsequently appearing to slit open his body, and with his hand as a ladle to drink the blood of his enemy. Some of the more distant spectators feared a tragedy instead of a burlesque, and shouted, "save yourself my little Peter, they will skin you like an eel." With a dexterous movement and a

shout of triumph, the Indian had quickly turned himself about, and drawn from his side a human scalp which he held aloft as a proof of victory, and which had been painted a bright vermillion to give it a more ghastly and natural appearance. Little Peter lost no time, on finding himself released, in dashing out of harm's way, and making his escape through the crowd of spectators. (1)

The Angelus.

THOSE who have seen Millet's celebrated painting, may like to know of another *Angelus* painted by De Gaspé, (2) but the scene of which is placed upon this old Market Place, instead of in the green fields of old France. The subject dates back nearly a hundred years. Listen to the word painting of our author: "It is noon: the *Angelus* sounds from the belfry of the Cathedral: all the bells of the town announce the salutation of the Angel to the Mother of Christ, the beloved patroness of the Canadians. The *habitants*, whose vehicles surround the stalls, uncover their heads and devoutly recite the *Angelus*. Everybody follows the same worship: nobody ridicules this pious custom. Certain Christians of the nineteenth century seem to be ashamed of practising a religious act before anybody else. It is to say the least a proof of a weak and contracted spirit. The disciples of Mahomet, more courageous, pray seven times a day, and that in all localities, and in the very presence of timid Christians."

(1) "*Les Anciens Canadiens*," par Philippe Aubert De Gaspé, Quebec, 1877, page 132.

(2) "*Les Anciens Canadiens*," page 10. An admirable translation of De Gaspé's entrancing work, entitled: "The Canadians of Old," from the pen of Professor Chas. G. D. Roberts, F.R.S.C., of King's College, Windsor, Nova Scotia, the gifted Canadian poet, was issued in 1890 by the Appletons.

In the early part of the century, a small stream ran across the square in front of the barracks, from the direction of St. Louis street and down Fabrique street, eventually emptying itself into the St. Charles. A few old French houses are still found facing the square amongst the modern buildings which De Gaspé quaintly described as "reaching towards heaven as though they feared another deluge." One of these is the well-known tobacco establishment of Mr. Grondin, which was the scene of the first Quebec restaurant, kept in 1648 by one Jacques Boisdon, then having the sign "Au Baril d'Or," with the added words, "*J'en bois donc.*" Jacques Boisdon had the right by deed, signed by M. d'Ailleboust, Père Lallemand, and the Sieurs Chavigny, Godfroy and Giffard, to serve his guests, provided it was not during mass, the sermon, catechism, or vespers. To the north of the Square are the stores of Messrs. Fisher & Blouin, saddlers, where, in 1810, resided General Brock, the hero of Queenstown Heights.

Immediately opposite to the Basilica, on the other side of the Market Square, is Quebec's new City Hall, occupying the former site of

The Old Jesuits' College.

THIS famous establishment dates back to 1637, the year before John Harvard made his bequest to the University that now bears his name. Twelve arpents of land were here granted to the Jesuit Fathers, who had received as early as 1626, when Quebec contained but fifty souls, a gift of sixteen thousand *écus d'or* towards the intended structure, from a young nobleman of Picardy, Réné de Rohault, son of the Marquis de Gamache, who was about taking the Jesuit vows of poverty, chastity and obedience. The college was destroyed by fire in 1640. The new edifice which replaced it was

largely rebuilt in 1720. In 1763 it was taken possession of by the British Governor Murray for the accommodation of troops, and was subsequently known as the Jesuit Barracks. When, in 1870, the Imperial forces were withdrawn from Canada, the property passed into the possession of the Canadian Government, and a few years later the building was declared unsafe, and ordered to be demolished. Yet, when the vandals came to destroy it, the abundant use of dynamite was necessary to undo the work of the Jesuit Masons of 240 years before—"cemented," as an American poet (1) has said, "by the best blood of centuries." It occupied the four sides of a square and revelled in immense corridors and gloomy passages while impregnable vaults and cells abounded in the basement.

In levelling the foundations of that part of the building that formed the private chapel of the Jesuits, the workmen discovered, still resting upon the remains of the coffins in which they were interred nearly two and a quarter centuries before, the skeletons of the only three members of the Jesuit Order ever interred there, namely, those of Brother Jean Liegeois, the architect of the structure that for 224 years was both his monument and tomb, of Father Jean de Quen, the founder of the Tadoussac Mission, and the discoverer of Lake St. John, and of Father François Du Peron, one of the most active promoters of the Jesuit Mission to the Hurons. (2) All three skeletons were perfect to the smallest bone, when found, with the exception of that of Frère Liegeois which lacked the skull. His cold-

(1) Joaquin Miller.

(2) A complete recital of this discovery is to be found in a report to the Provincial Government by Mr. N. Faucher de St. Maurice, F.R.S.C., ex-M.P.P., Knight of the Legion of Honor, etc., who superintended the search. See "*Relation de ce qui s'est passé lors des fouilles faites par ordre du Gouvernement dans une partie des fondations du Collège des Jésuites de Québec,*" par Faucher de St. Maurice, Québec, 1879.

bloodied murder by the Iroquois invaders of the Christian Huron settlement at Sillery occurred on the 29th May, 1655. His head was severed from his body and carried some distance away, and his scalp borne off in triumph. (1) The three skeletons in question, after having mysteriously disappeared for nearly twelve years, were finally interred in a vault in the Chapel of the Ursuline Convent, on the 12th May, 1891. A magnificent public funeral marked the translation of the remains, and the Government of the Province of Quebec erected a mural monument bearing a suitable inscription to their memory, in the sanctuary in question, and almost immediately opposite to that in memory of General Montcalm.

In 1888, the late Prime Minister Mercier passed an act through the Provincial Legislature, to compensate the Jesuits for the loss of this and other of their property in Canada, which had long ago been declared forfeited to the Crown. A good deal of bigotry and fanaticism was aroused throughout the country by this settlement, but though strongly urged to veto the measure, both the Government at Ottawa and Lord Stanley of Preston, the then Governor-General, declined to do so.

City Hall.

GROUND was broken in the latter part of 1894 for the construction of the new City Hall, and at present writing the building is still incomplete. It is of a mixed style of architecture, with the Norman predominating and measures 200 feet upon the old Market Square, 120 upon St Anne street, and 178 upon Fabrique street. The

(1) For further particulars of his death and burial, and of the lives, adventures and death of Fathers DeQuen and DuPeron, see "A story of three skelotons," by E. T. D. Chambers, in "The Week," Toronto, of July 31st, 1891.

stone used in its construction comes from Deschambault, except that in the foundations, which is from quarries at Beauport and Chateau Richer. The building is to be three stories high with basement and attics. It will not only contain the City Council chamber, Mayor's office and space for the accommodation of all the officers and departments of the civic government, but also the Recorder's Court and the central fire and police stations.

S. N. Parent, Esq., member of the Legislative Assembly, is Mayor of the city, and the Municipal Council over which he presides consists of thirty members, three for each ward of the city. Ten are called Aldermen and twenty Councillors. The present members are Aldermen J. A. Bélanger, Samuel Bussières, François Delille, Narcisse Dion, jnr., Dr. Michel Fiset, Philéas Gagnon, Bernard Leonard, George Madden, Hon. John Sharples, M.L.C., George Tanguay, and Councillors C. Panet-Angers, Q.C., R. P. Boisseau, L. A. Boisvert, Archibald H. Cook, Q.C., J. B. Côté, P. J. Côté, Jean Drolet, T. Duchaine, Nap. Dussault, J. H. Gignac, Daniel Griffin, J. E. Martineau, Geo. Pâquet, Elzéar Pouliot, Noël Rancour, Edward Reynolds, Lawrence Stafford, Q.C., Jules Tessier, M.P.P., Misaël Thibaudeau and Elzéar Vincent.

The leading officials of the City Corporation are His Honor E. A. Déry, Recorder; H. J. J. B. Chouinard, City Clerk; C. J. L. Lafrance, City Treasurer; J. G. Leitch, City Auditor; Chevalier Chs. Baillargé, F.R.S.C., City Engineer; J. Gallagher, Water Works Engineer; Col. L. P. Vohl, Chief of Police; P. Dorval, Chief of the Fire Brigade.

The total estimated value of the real estate in the city of Quebec is about $36,500,000. Of this, some four millions represents the value of property belonging to the Corporation, which may be set against the city's bonded debt of $6,368,808. Out of the remaining $32,500,000 worth of real estate, only little over twenty-five million dollars

worth is subject to assessment for purposes of municipal taxation; the unassessed property, which is valued at over $7,313,000, consisting of Roman Catholic Church and School property and charitable institutions, estimated at $2,781,140, Protestant institutions at $439,280, Federal Government property, including the Citadel and fortifications, $2,316,800, Local Government property, including Parliament Buildings, &c., $1,776,000.

The net revenue of the Corporation for 1894-95 was $627,000. The assessment on real estate is 17½ cents in the dollar upon the annual value or rental. Business men pay a business tax, also based upon their rental, of 12½ cents in the dollar. The water-works are the property of the Corporation, and all citizens pay for that commodity at the rate of 12½ per cent upon their rental. School taxes are collected by the Corporation and handed over to the Roman Catholic and Protestant Boards of School Commissioners respectively. The present rate upon Roman Catholics is 2½ per cent upon their rental, and upon Protestants 3 per cent.

Quebecers owe a debt of gratitude to Mayor Parent and the members of the present City Council, which is the first municipal administration that has kept the expenditure within the revenue, thus putting an end to a long term of annual deficits in the municipal budget.

Laval University.

No cultivated visitor can afford to leave Quebec without inspecting the famous University of Laval, with its rare art treasures and varied historical associations. It has a main entrance on the Grand Battery, as already described, but may, too, be reached by a long passage from the Seminary, whose gates adjoin the front of the Basilica on the Market Square. At least half a day, or better, a whole day, should be devoted to this visit. The university proper is known,

sometimes, as the major seminary. The minor seminary, which, as already explained, adjoins it, is interesting to Americans, as having been the scene of the confinement of the American officers taken prisoners during the siege of the city by Arnold and Montgomery in 1775. It was founded in 1663, by Mgr. de Montmorency Laval, first Roman Catholic Bishop of Quebec and of Canada, who was allied to the royal family of France, and who left the greater part of his landed and other property to endow the institution. The original seminary building was destroyed by fire in 1701, and the university received its royal charter in 1852, and thereupon assumed the name of Laval. The university buildings are three in number, the principal having been erected in 1857. The main edifice is 198 feet in length, 60 in width, and 80 in height, and viewed from the river, is, after the Citadel, the most prominent building in the city. The buildings alone of the university and seminary are valued at over a million dollars. The university consists of four faculties,—Theology, Law, Medicine and Art, there being thirty-four professors and nearly three hundred students. Seven colleges and seminaries are affiliated with the university. There are several large halls, containing the museums of Geology, Natural History, Arts and Sciences. The Picture Gallery is yearly receiving large additions, while the library is the largest in Canada next to that in the House of Parliament at Ottawa, and contains 100,000 volumes, being also rich in valuable MSS relating to the early history of the country. From the promenade on the roof a magnificent view of the valley of the St. Charles and down the St. Lawrence can be had.

The museum contains 1,000 instruments in the department of physics, 8,000 specimens in mineralogy and geology: the botanical department, a large and remarkable collection of Canadian woods, artificial fruit, and 10,000 plants: zoology, over one thousand stuffed

birds, a large number of quadrupeds and thousands of fishes, insects, etc. Then there are Egyptian mummies, Indian skulls and weapons, and a variety of other curios, coins, medals, etc. Admission to the picture gallery is obtained on payment of a small fee. This gallery merits a protracted visit, both ancient and modern art being well represented, and though the showing of water colors is not strong, a few very good things may be seen. In oils, we have the work of such artists as Rosa Bonheur, Daniel Mytens, T. Daniel Legaré, Salvator Gastiglione, H. Vargason, Monticelli, Monnyer, Karl Vernet, Lucatelli, Salvatore Rosa, David Teniers, Van Mullen, John Opie, Peter Van Bloemen, Le Jeune, Vouet, Antoine Van Dyck, Pisanello Vittore, Tintoretto, F. Boucher and others. Catalogues may be had on application.

Round about the Chateau Frontenac.

THE Chateau Frontenac, as already related, is built upon historic ground, and you may stand upon the street in front of it, and see clustered around in close proximity a dozen or more localities redolent with memories of a romantic past.

Opposite to the Court House, on its St. Louis street side, we come first to the high-peaked antique Commissariat building, fitted out with solid iron shutters by the Imperial Government in the early part of the century, for the safe-keeping, before the era of banks and police in Quebec, of the specie to be paid out to the troops and army contractors. Immediately beyond it is Kent House, the town residence of H. R. H. the late Duke of Kent, when commander of the British troops in Canada. The old St. Louis Hotel building, now a boarding house, comes next, and the small low building immediately opposite the ladies' entrance, occupied as a shaving saloon, is report-

ed to have been at one time the headquarters of General Montcalm. Between it and the Court House is

The Masonic Hall.

ITS ground floor contains general American and Canadian railway and steamship offices. The hall contains, in its lodge room, some curious old chairs, covered with masonic devices, presented by the Queen's uncle, the Duke of Sussex, in 1807, to Sussex lodge, now St. Andrews No. 6 on the Registry of the Grand Lodge of Quebec; for both the royal Duke and his brother, the Duke of Kent, were zealous Freemasons.

The Academy of Music.

IMMEDIATELY adjoining the old St. Louis Hotel, on the westerly side, is the Academy of Music. It is the popular place of amusement here, and since it has always had the reputation of being occupied by first-class companies, performers are usually greeted with large audiences.

Two doors past the Academy there was demolished in 1893, a relic of "Ye olden times" in the shape of a little one storey house with high gables, that denoted the earliest style of French Canadian architecture. This was, according to Le Moine, the house in which the chivalrous Montcalm breathed his last. It will be remembered by those who have carefully studied the events of the memorable 13th of September, 1759, that Wolfe's intrepid rival rode in from his last battlefield, on his black charger, mortally wounded, and supported by two grenadiers, through St. Louis Gate, and on this very street told some poor women who were horrified at his appearance and called out that he was killed, not to weep for him as he was not seriously hurt. It is recorded that he expired at an early hour the

next morning, and it is believed that his death must have occurred in Dr. Arnoux's, into which he was carried, and which was situated in this old building, later the office of a livery stable and now replaced by a modern structure.

In the early part of this century, Queen Victoria's father, the Duke of Kent, frequently visited the old building, to inspect the work of Mr. F. Baillargé, a member of the Royal Academy of Paintings and Sculptures of France, and grand uncle of Chevalier Baillargé, City Engineer of Quebec. François Baillargé was a sculptor and made several of the statues in the Basilica. (1)

Immediately opposite, is the short street leading to the Ursuline Convent, known as Parloir street, on the north-west corner of which lived the Abbé Vignal, previous to his joining the Sulpicians in Montreal. In October, 1661, he was captured by the Iroquois at La Prairie de la Madeleine, near Montreal, roasted alive and partly eaten by those fiends incarnate. This street was originally called "*au parloir*," because it is the site of the foot-path that led "to the parlor" of the convent.

The Ursuline Convent.

THIS convent, founded in 16[illegible] by Madame de la Peltrie, is one of the most ancient in Canada. Built at first in 1641, it was destroyed by fire in 1650: rebuilt, it met with a similar fate in 1686. The foundations of that of 1641, and the walls of that of 1650 being used, a third structure was erected after the fire, and is still to be seen in rear of the modern wing, facing Garden and Parloir streets. The convent buildings, a pile of massive edifices of stone, two and three

(1) Biography of Chas. Baillargé, by Edgar La Selve, published by "La Revue Exotique Illustrée," of Paris, page 8.

stories high, are erected on ground covering an area of seven acres, surrounded by St. Louis, St. Ursule, St. Anne and Garden streets. The entrance faces the end of Parloir street. The chapel, which is 95 feet long and 45 broad, is quite plain outside, but the interior is pleasing though simple. On the right of the principal altar is seen a large grating which separates the church from the choir in which the nuns, who are cloistered, attend divine service. No man, not even the Chaplain, is allowed to enter the cloister, save the Governor of the country and members of the Royal family. The sisterhood of the convent numbers nearly a hundred, and its educational system is justly renowned.

The daughters of leading Canadian and American families are amongst the 250 or so of pupil-boarders in the institution, and there are also a large number of day pupils. Fraser's Highlanders were stationed in this convent during the winter of 1759, following the capture of Quebec, and the table on which the first sentence of death was signed by the British authorities against a woman, Madame Dodier, for poisoning her husband, is still to be seen in the rear part of the convent.

But to tourists, the most attractive feature of the institution is the chapel, which contains the mortal remains of Montcalm, and what are claimed to be the following relics:—the body of St. Clements from the Catacombs of Rome, brought to the Ursulines in 1687; the skull of one of the companions of St. Ursula, 1675; the skull of St. Justus, 1662; a piece of the Holy Cross, 1667; a portion of the Crown of Thorns, brought from Paris in 1830.

General Montcalm was buried here on the day following the fatal yet glorious fight of the 13th of September, 1759, on the Plains of Abraham. His appropriate tomb was an excavation in the rock formed by the explosion of a shell. Le Moine relates that in 1833,

it having been found necessary to repair the wall, an aged nun, Sister Dubé, who had, as a child, attended the funeral, pointed out the grave of Montcalm. The skeleton was found intact, and the skull placed in custody of the Chaplain.(1) A monument to the memory of the great General, erected September 14th, 1859, with an epitaph prepared in 1763, by the French Academy, deserves attention. Another was erected to his memory by Lord Aylmer in 1832, bearing an inscription of which the following is the translation:

HONOR
TO
MONTCALM!
FATE IN DEPRIVING HIM
OF VICTORY
REWARDED HIM BY
A GLORIOUS DEATH!

Of the works of art to be found in this chapel, the following description is from the accomplished pen of Dr. Geo. Stewart, F.R.S.S., who is moreover the author of the paper on Quebec in the Encyclopædia Britannica.

"It has no marbles of special account, but no city in the Dominion can boast of so many gems in oils, while in fine carvings on ivory, it may be questioned, whether in Rome itself or in Florence, two such glorious Crucifixes as may be found in the little Ursuline chapel can be seen. These Christs are wonderful pieces of work. They are probably five hundred years old, and the artist who carved them is unknown, but his splendid work stands out, and attests his genius. Some one in the Ursuline Convent will show these masterpieces with true French-Canadian politeness, and he will be careful to draw your

(1) "Quebec Past and Present," by J. M. Le Moine, F.R.S.C., page 373.

attention to the life-like character of the Christ's head, the magnificent correctness of the anatomy and the remarkable study of the veins which are disclosed. One never tires of looking at these two beautiful ivories, and it is almost worth a visit to Quebec to see them alone. But in this same Ursuline Chapel, which Howells has so cleverly limned in his delightful story of the Saguenay and of Quebec, are many paintings in oil, which may be seen for the asking. In the chapel there is that masterpiece of the French School, "Jesus sitting down at meat in Simon's house," by Philippe De Champagne. The coloring is striking, fresh and nobly done. When Prince Napoleon visited Quebec, some years ago, and saw this picture, he offered the holders any price that they might name for it. But the wise churchmen declined all offers. This Champagne belonged to the set which was sent to Quebec a hundred years ago from Paris, among a lot of paintings rescued from the French mob of the old time communists, and sent here by a good priest who once resided in Quebec, and knew that her people would appreciate treasures of that sort. Indeed, nearly all the really good pictures which this old city boasts, reached it in the way described. All schools of art are represented, and as a result we have here the works of the noted Italian, German, Spanish, Flemish, French and English painters of three or four centuries ago, though of course, only a few exhibit them at their best. In 1837, J. Prud'homme painted his Bishop of St. Nonus, admitting to penance Ste. Pelagie. It is a brilliant canvas and is shown here under a good light." (1)

(1) Geo. Stewart, D.C.L., F.R.S.C., in the Quebec *Morning Chronicle*, June 19th, 1889.

St. Louis Street.

RETURNING by Parloir street from the Ursuline Convent, we are again within a few hundred feet of the Chateau Frontenac. If time will permit, let us, prior to starting for a drive to the Citadel or Parliament House, stroll quietly as far as St. Louis Gate, up St. Louis street, so rich in historic associations and relics of the French regime. In his sketch on "St. Louis street and its storied past," dedicated to the Quebec Garrison Club, (Christmas 1890), Le Moine made use of a dialogue, in which he places in the mouth of his friend William Kirby, F.R.S.C., and author of the "Golden Dog" novel, the following suggestive utterance:—"St. Louis Gate! (I mean the old gate). Why, that takes one back more than two hundred years. One would like to know what King Louis XIII replied to his far-seeing Prime-Minister Cardinal de Richelieu, when he reported to him that a crooked path in wood-covered Stadacona, leading through the forest primeval, by a narrow clearance called La Grande Allée, all the way to Sillery, was called Louis street: that he, Richelieu, had ordered that his own name should be given to another forest path near the Côte Ste. Geneviève, now Richelieu street, and that it ran parallel to another uneven road, called after a pious French Duchess, d'Aiguillon street, whilst the street laid out due north, parallel to St. Louis street, took the name of the French Queen, the beautiful Anne of Austria. Did the royal master of Versailles realize what a fabulous amount of Canadian history would be transacted on this rude avenue of his nascent capital in New France?"

Passing by Campbell's livery stable, in the office of which Montcalm expired in 1759, when it was Dr. Arnoux's surgery, we come on the same side of the street to the old fashioned stone edifice, now bearing the street number 59, which was presented nearly 150 years

ago by the French Intendant Bigot, to the beautiful Angélique de Meloises, Madame Hughes Pean, as a New Year's gift. In consequence of Bigot's passion for the beautiful Madame Pean, her husband became prodigiously wealthy, having been sent away to a distant post, where every opportunity was afforded him of making a fortune. The author of "The Golden Dog" thus describes the old house: "It was a tall and rather pretentious edifice, overlooking the fashionable Rue St. Louis, where it still stands old and melancholy, as if mourning over its departed splendor. Few eyes look up nowadays to its broad facade. It was otherwise when the beautiful Angélique sat of summer evenings on the balcony, surrounded by a bevy of Quebec's fairest daughters, who loved to haunt her windows, where they could see and be seen to the best advantage, exchanging salutations, smiles and repartees with the gay young officers and gallants who rode or walked along the lively thoroughfare." Angélique's career is vividly related in Kirby's great novel. After telling the story of the part she was supposed to have played in the murder of her hated rival, Caroline, at Bigot's Chateau of Beaumanoir, a few miles out of the city, the author of the "Golden Dog" describes how this beautiful wretch became the recognized mistress of the Intendant—"imitating as far as she was able, the splendor and the guilt of La Pompadour, and making the palace of Bigot as corrupt, if not as brilliant, as that of Versailles. She lived, thenceforth, a life of splendid sin. She clothed herself in purple and fine linen, while the noblest ladies of the land were reduced by the war to rags and beggary. She fared sumptuously, while men and women died of hunger in the streets of Quebec. She bought houses and lands and filled her coffers with gold, out of the public treasury, while the brave soldiers of Montcalm starved for want of pay. She gave *fêtes* and banquets, while the English were thundering at the gates of the

Capital. She foresaw the eventful fall of Bigot and the ruin of the country, and resolved that since she had failed in getting himself, she would make herself possessor of all that he had, and she got it! She would fain have gone to France to try her fortune when the colony was lost, but La Pompadour forbade her presence there under pain of her severest displeasure. Angélique raved at the inhibition, but was too wise to tempt the wrath of her royal mistress by disobeying her mandate. She had to content herself with railing at La Pompadour with the energy of three Furies, but she never ceased to the end of her life to boast of the terror which her charms had exercised over the great favorite of the king. Rolling in wealth and scarcely faded in beauty, Angélique kept herself in the public eye. She hated retirement and boldly claimed her right to a foremost place in the society of Quebec. Her great wealth and unrivalled power of intrigue enabled her to keep that place down to the last decade of the last century. A generation ago, very old men and women still talked of the gorgeous carriages and splendid liveries of the great Dame de Pean, whom they had seen in their childhood, rolling in state along the broad avenue of Ste. Foye, the admiration, envy and evil example of her sex. Many people shook their heads and whispered queer stories of her past life in the days of Intendant Bigot, but none knew the worst of her. The forgotten chamber of Beaumanoir kept its terrible secret till long after she had disappeared from the scene of her extravagant life. The delight of Angélique was in the eyes of men, and the business of her life was to retain their admiration down to the last years of an incorrigible old age." (1)

In the early part of the present century this building was acquired by the Ordnance Department as officers' barracks, and is still occupied by some of the local staff.

(1). The "Golden Dog," by W. Kirby, pages 675 and 676.

Where Montgomery was laid out and buried.

A FEW doors further on, but on the opposite side of the street, is the newly erected residence of Chevalier Baillargé, F.R.S.C., City Engineer, being street number 72. This occupies the site of a low wooden building demolished in 1860, in which the body of the American General Richard Montgomery was laid after his unsuccessful and fatal attack upon Quebec, on the night of the 31st December, 1775. At that time, this old hut was the cooper's shop of one Gobert. When demolished it was some 250 years old. It was certainly one of the oldest buildings in the city, its rafters being formed of rough poles from which the bark had never been completely removed. A few steps further, on the same side of the street, and we come to the old City Hall,—an unpretentious building to be discarded in 1896 for the new structure facing the Basilica. Almost opposite to it, on the other side of the street, with projecting modern windows that have been recently added, is the Union Club House, the home of the aristocratic club of Quebec, and one of the most select and most complete institutions of the kind in the country. In 1812-13, it served as a place of confinement for the American prisoners taken at Detroit. Later it was the residence of the Hon. W. Smith, author of "Smith's History of Canada." The two houses adjoining, now occupied respectively by Judges Routhier and Bossé, formed one mansion, thirty years ago, which was occupied by Lord Monk, then Governor-General of Canada. We have now arrived at

The Esplanade.

THIS is the name given to the expanse of verdure, fringed with graceful maples and elms, extending from St. Louis to St.

John's gate, and lying at the foot of the green slope crowned by the city fortifications. It was formerly the parade ground of the Imperial troops, and reviews of Canadian forces sometimes occur here. In the large stone building on St. Louis street, at the head of the Esplanade, formerly resided Chief Justice Jonathan Sewell. It is now the official residence of Lt.-Col. C. E. Montizambert, of the Royal Regiment of Canadian Artillery and Commandant of Quebec.

In the old Cavalry barracks at the back of this building are the quarters of the "B" Field Battery R.C.A., consisting of some 70 men. Near by is the stabling for the horses of the Battery. That long building close to St. Louis Gate, is the Garrison Club, which is under the control of the military officers of the district, though civilians are admitted to membership upon certain conditions. The road that turns up parallel with the fortifications, past the end of the Club House, leads to the Citadel.

In the yard of the old storehouse at the side of the green slope, on the right hand side as one turns up the road, General Richard Montgomery was buried after his fatal invasion of Quebec, on the 31st December, 1775. De Gaspé relates (1) that a superb spaniel, belonging to the dead general, lay for days upon his master's grave, and that it was only when weakened by hunger after eight days' vigil that the uncle of the distinguished author, Charles de Lenaudière, aide-de-camp to Lord Dorchester, succeeded in removing the faithful animal from Montgomery's place of sepulture. The General's sorrowing widow, who was a daughter of Judge Livingston, of Claremont, on the Hudson, and had been but little more than two years married at the time of the General's death, gave her consent to the removal of his remains from Quebec, as also did the Canadian Government, and

(1) "*Mémoires par P. De Gaspé*," page 40.

they were exhumed on the 16th June, 1818, under the supervision of Mr. Louis Livingston, the nephew of Mrs. Montgomery, the location of the grave having been pointed out by Sergeant Thompson, formerly of the British army, and then eighty-nine years of age, who had assisted in the sepulture forty-three years before. The translation of the remains from Quebec to New York was made at the expense of the State of New York and in accordance with an act passed by its State Legislature, entitled: "An Act to honor the memory of General Richard Montgomery." Military honors were paid the cortege while *en route* to New York city through American territory, and on the 8th July, 1818, the remains were interred in St. Paul's Church, beneath the monument, sculptured in France, which had been erected to his memory by the order of Congress of the 25th January, 1776, and which bears an inscription from the pen of Benjamin Franklin. (1)

In December, 1894, while workmen were engaged in making repairs to the interior of the present military storehouse near the St. Louis Gate, the remains of the thirteen American soldiers of General Montgomery's army, who were killed with their gallant general in the early morning attack upon Quebec, December 31, 1775, were unearthed. Lieut.-Col. Forrest, in charge of the Stores Department, at once gave instructions to have them placed in a suitable coffin and reinterred under the flooring of the same building, and close to the spot where they were found. The two young daughters of G. M. Fairchild, jr., of Cap Rouge, learning of this, asked for, and obtained permission to set on foot a subscription among their little friends in the States to defray the cost of a suitable tablet to mark this last resting place of the brave fellows who had met death like

(1) See "Notes on General Richard Montgomery" in the transactions of the Royal Society of Canada for 1891, by Mr. Faucher de St. Maurice, LL.D.

true soldiers. The children's patriotic impulse received a generous response, and the New England press waxed eloquent upon the subject, and eulogized the spirit of the young Americans under whose initiative the fund was raised. The Minister of Militia, the Hon. J. C. Patterson, was graciously pleased to give his consent to the placing of the tablet as desired by the two little maids. Another place of pilgrimage is thus added for our American visitors. The tablet bears the following inscription: "Beneath this tablet repose the remains of thirteen American soldiers of General Montgomery's army, who were killed in the assault on Quebec, December 31st, 1775. Placed to their memory by several American children."

Through the gate, at this point, one obtains an excellent view of the Parliament House. This, as well as the Citadel, will be described later. The present affords a good opportunity for a brief study of

The City Gates and Fortifications.

OF all the historic monuments connecting modern Quebec with its eventful and heroic past, none have deservedly held a higher place in the estimation of the antiquarian, the scholar and the curious stranger than the gates of the renowned fortress. These relics of a by-gone age, with their massive proportions and grim, mediæval architecture, no longer exist, however, to carry the mind back to the days which invest the oldest city in North America, with its peculiar interest and attractions. Indeed, nothing now remains to show where they once raised their formidable barriers to the foe, or opened their hospitable portals to friends, but three handsome substitutes of modern construction and a number of yawning apertures in the line of circumvallation that represents the later defences of the place erected under British rule. Of the three gates—St. Louis, St. John and Palace—which originally pierced the fortifi-

cations of Quebec under French Dominion, the last vestige disappeared many, many years ago, and the structures with which they were replaced, together with the two additional and similarly guarded openings—Hope and Prescott Gates—provided for the public convenience or military requirements by the British Government since the Conquest, have undergone the same fate within the last few decades, to gratify what were known as modern ideas of progress and improvement, though vandalism would, perhaps, have been the better term. No desecrating hand, however, can rob those hallowed links, in the chain of recollection, of the glorious memories which cluster around them so thickly. Time and obliteration itself have wrought no diminution of the world's regard for their cherished associations. To each one of them, an undying history attaches and even their vacant sites appeal with mute, but surpassing eloquence to the sympathy, the interest and the veneration of visitors, to whom Quebec will be ever dear, not for what it is, but for what it has been. To the quick comprehension of Lord Dufferin, it remained to note the inestimable value of such heirlooms to the world at large; to his happy tact we owe the revival of even a local concern for their religious preservation; and to his fertile mind and æsthetic tastes, we are indebted for the conception of the noble scheme of restoration, embellishment and addition in harmony with local requirements and modern notions of progress, which has since been realized to keep their memories intact for succeeding generations and retain for the cradle of New France its unique reputation as the famous walled city of the New World.

The ramble around the old ramparts of Quebec, makes an exceedingly interesting and picturesque stroll, and the various views to be had therefrom, will amply repay the tourist for his trouble, especially if he be armed with a kodak, or has the time and talent

necessary for sketching or painting. Commencing therefore, with St. Louis Gate, we here start out upon the little tour.

St. Louis Gate.

IT has more than once been remarked by tourists that, in their peculiar fondness for a religious nomenclature, the early French settlers of Quebec must have exhausted the saintly calendar in adapting names to their public highways, places and institutions. To this pardonable trait in their character, we must unquestionably ascribe the names given to two of the three original gates in their primitive lines of defence—St. Louis and St. John's Gates—names which they were allowed to retain when the Gallic lilies paled before the meteor flag of Britain. The erection of the original St. Louis Gate undoubtedly dates back as far as 1694. Authentic records prove this fact beyond question; but it is not quite so clear what part this gate played in subsequent history down to the time of the Conquest, though it may be fairly presumed that it rendered important services, in connection especially with the many harassing attacks of the ferocious Iroquois in the constant wars which were waged in the early days of the infant colony, with those formidable and savage foes of the French. One thing is certain, however, that it was one of the gates by which a great portion of Montcalm's army, after its defeat on the Plains of Abraham, passed into the city on its way back, *via* Palace Gate and the bridge of boats over the St. Charles, to the Beauport camp. In 1791, after Quebec had fallen into British hands, St. Louis Gate was reported to be in a ruinous condition, and it became necessary to pull it down and rebuild it. Between this date and 1823, it appears to have undergone several changes; but in the latter year, as part of the plan of defence, including the Citadel, adopted by the celebrated Duke of Wellington,

and carried out at an enormous cost by England, it was replaced by the structure, retaining the same name. About this time seem to have been also constructed the singularly tortuous outward approaches to this opening in the western wall of the city, which were eventually so inconvenient to traffic in peaceful days, of whatever value they might have been from a military stand-point in troublous hours three quarters of a century ago. These were also removed with the gate itself in 1871. On the vacant site of the latter, in accordance with Lord Dufferin's improved project, the present magnificent archway with Norman spires and castellated turrets, was erected in 1879, by Mr. H. J. Beemer. Lord and Lady Dufferin, before their departure from Canada in 1878, assisted at the laying of the foundation stone of this structure.

Proceeding in a northerly direction along the summit of the fortification wall, until we come to where the Esplanade narrows into a simple glacis between the wall and the street, we reach

Kent Gate.

THE line of fortification was only cut through here to give a new avenue of communication between the Upper Town and the suburbs, some eighteen years ago. It consequently became necessary, in keeping with the æsthetic spirit of the whole Dufferin scheme, to fill up in some way this unsightly gap without interfering with traffic. It was finally decided to erect here one of the proposed memorial gates, which is altogether therefore an addition to the number of the already existing gates or their intended substitutes. This structure was designed to do homage to the memory of Edward, Duke of Kent, the father of Her Majesty Queen Victoria, who contributed from her own purse towards the cost of its construction, and whose daughter, H. R. H. Princess Louise, laid its foundation stone in 1879.

A very short distance to the north of Kent Gate we come to

St. John's Gate.

AS an interesting link between the present and the past St. John's Gate holds an equally prominent rank and claims an equal antiquity with St. Louis Gate. Its erection as one of the original gates of the French fortress dates from the same year, and its history is very much the same. Through it, another portion of Moncalm's defeated forces found their way behind the shelter of the defences after the fatal day of the Plains of Abraham. Like St. Louis Gate, too, it was pulled down on account of its ruinous condition in 1791, and subsequently rebuilt by the British Government in the shape in which it endured until 1865, when—the first of all the more modern gates—it was demolished and replaced, at an expense of some $40,000 to the city, by its present more ornate and convenient substitute to meet the increased requirements of traffic over the great artery of the upper levels—St. John street. It may be well to remark that St. John's Gate was one of the objective points included in the American plan of assault upon Quebec on the memorable 31st December, 1775; Col. Livingston, with a regiment of insurgent Canadians, and Major Brown, with part of a regiment from Boston, having been detailed to make a false attack upon the walls to the south of it and to set fire to the gate itself with combustibles prepared for that purpose—a neat little scheme in which the assailants were foiled by the great depth of snow and other obstacles.

Palais Gate.

PALAIS or the Palace Gate, claims attention as the third and last of the old French portals of the city, and derives its title from the fact that the highway which passed through it, led to the

palace or residence of the famous or infamous Intendants of New France, which has also given its name to the present quarter of the city lying beneath the cliff on the northern face of the fortress, where its crumbling ruins are still visible in the immediate neighborhood of the passenger terminus of the Canadian Pacific Railway. Erected under French rule, during which it is believed to have been the most fashionable and the most used, it bade a final farewell to the last of its gallant, but unfortunate French defenders, and to that imperial power which, for more than one hundred and fifty years, had swayed the colonial destinies of the Canadas, and contested inch by inch with England the supremacy of the New World, when Montcalm's defeated troops passed out beneath its darkening shadows on the evening of the fatal 18th September, 1759. After the capitulation of Quebec, General Murray devoted himself at once to the work of strengthening the defences of the stronghold, and the attention in this respect paid to Palace Gate appears to have stood him in good stead during the following year's campaign, when the British invaders, defeated in the battle of St. Foye, were compelled to take shelter behind the walls of the town and sustain a short siege at the hands of the victorious French under de Lévis. In 1791, the old French structure was razed by the English on account of its ruinous condition: but in the meanwhile, during 1775, it had gallantly withstood the assaults and siege of the American invaders under Montgomery and Benedict Arnold. The somewhat ornate substitute, by which it was replaced, is said to have resembled one of the gates of Pompeii, and seems to have been erected as late as the year 1830 or 1831, as, in the course of its demolition in 1874, an inscription was laid bare, attesting the fact that at least the timbers and planking had been put up by local workmen in 1831. It is not intended to rebuild this gate under the Dufferin plan on account of the great vol-

time of traffic, more especially since the completion of the Canadian Pacific Railway, to whose terminus the roadway which leads over its site is the most direct route. To mark that memorable site, however, it is intended to flank it on either side with picturesque Norman turrets rising above the line of the fortification wall.

Hope Gate.

HOPE Gate, also on the northern face of the ramparts, was the first of the two purely British gates of Quebec, and was erected in 1786 by Colonel Henry Hope, Commandant of the Forces, and Administrator of the Province, from whom it takes its name. It was demolished in 1874 for no reason, it would seem, but to gratify the vandal taste which raged at the time—this one, least of all the city gates, being an obstacle to the growing requirements of traffic, as will be readily understood from its situation and the style of its construction, which was an open archway. Like Palace Gate, too, it is not to be rebuilt—its approaches being easily commanded and its position on the rugged, lofty cliff being naturally very strong. Its site, however, will be marked in the carrying out of the Dufferin Improvements, should they ever be completed, by flanking Norman turrets.

Prescott Gate.

THE last of the city gates proper, wholly of British origin, but the first that grimly confronted in by-gone days the visitor approaching the city from the water-side and entering the fortress, is, or rather was Prescott Gate, which commanded the steep approach known as Mountain Hill. This gate, which was more commonly known as the Lower Town Gate, because it led to that part—

the oldest—of the city known by that name, was erected in 1797, (to replace a rough structure of pickets, which existed at this point from the time of the siege by the Americans in 1775), by General Robert Prescott, who served in America during the revolutionary war, and, after further service in the West Indies, succeeded Lord Dorchester as the British Governor-General in Lower Canada in 1796, dying in 1815 at the age of 80 years, and giving his name to this memento of his administration, as well as to Prescott, Ontario. Old Prescott Gate was unquestionably a great public nuisance in times of peace, such as Quebec has known for many years and as we hope it will continue to enjoy for many more; its demolition in 1871 consequently provoked the least regret of all in connection with the obliteration of those curious relics of Quebec's historic past—its gates. For reasons which are obvious, it would be impossible to replace Prescott Gate with any structure of a light character without impeding very seriously, the flow of traffic by way of such a leading artery as Mountain Hill. Indeed, the utility of all such accessories of an obsolete mode of warfare, and of much of the costly and comparative modern defences of Quebec has been altogether obviated by the great changes in the military art, which has supplied their shortcomings by means of the still more recent and formidable casemated forts and earthworks at Point Levis.

It is one of the proposals, however, of Lord Dufferin's plans to replace this gate by a light and handsome iron bridge of a single span, over the roadway, with flanking Norman turrets. (1).

(1). Much of the above description of the old gates of Quebec, and of Lord Dufferin's plans of city improvements, is condensed from the illustrated supplement of the Quebec *Morning Chronicle* of June 4th, 1876, now unfortunately somewhat rare.

The Hotel Dieu.

ABOUT five minutes' walk from the Chateau Frontenac, and an even less distance from the Upper Town Market Place and Basilica, are the Hotel Dieu Convent and Hospital, founded in 1639, by the Duchesse d'Aiguillon, niece of the famous Cardinal Richelieu, who brought out the Hospitalières Nuns and placed them in charge. This is the oldest institution of the kind in America.

The entrance to the chapel is on Charlevoix street. On his way thither from the hotel, the tourist, especially upon reaching St. John street, will be much interested in the curious angles at which some of the streets run, and notably Fabrique, Garneau and Couillard streets, forming at their intersection of John street a number of remarkable three-cornered lots having houses of the same irregular shape constructed thereon. Some of the earliest European habitations erected in Canada were built upon these streets, which were then mere Indian pathways. Like all the early public buildings in Quebec, the Hotel Dieu was destroyed by fire prior to the siege of 1759. It was subsequently rebuilt. Amongst the fine paintings that adorn the walls of the chapel, are the following:—

The Nativity	Stella.
The Virgin and Child	Noël Coypel.
Vision of St. Thérèse	Geul Monnagot.
St. Bruno in Meditation . . .	Eustache LeSueur.
The Descent from the Cross . .	Copy by Plamondon.
The Twelve Apostles	Copy by Baillargé the elder.
The Monk in Prayer	De Zurbaran.

Of greater interest however, than either of these, admirable though they be as works of art, are the relics of the early Jesuit

martyrs,—massacred missionaries. Here are deposited the bones of Father Lalemant, and the skull of the brave Brebœuf, the latter relic being contained in a silver bust of the missionary hero, sent by his kinsmen from France. The story of the martyrdom of these two heroes is graphically told by Parkman. (1). Dragged from their Huron Mission house at St. Ignace, south-east of Georgian Bay, by the savage Iroquois, they were bound to stakes and slowly tortured to death. Brebœuf continued to loudly exhort his Huron converts, and promised them Heaven as a reward. "The Iroquois, incensed, scorched him from head to foot to silence him; whereupon, in the tone of a master, he threatened them with everlasting flames for persecuting the worshippers of God. As he continued to speak with voice and countenance unchanged, they cut away his lower lip and thrust a red hot iron down his throat. They tied strips of bark, smeared with pitch, about Lalemant's naked body, and set fire to them. Next they hung around Brebœuf's neck a collar made of hatchets heated red hot: he, the indomitable priest, stood like a rock. A Huron in the crowd, who had been a convert of the mission, but was an Iroquois by adoption, called out with the malice of a renegade, to pour hot water on their heads, since they had poured so much cold water on those of others. The kettle was accordingly slung, and the water boiled and poured slowly on the two missionaries. 'We baptize you!' they cried, 'that you may be happy in heaven: for nobody can be saved without a good baptism.' Brebœuf would not flinch: and in a rage, they cut strips of flesh from his ribs, and devoured them before his eyes. Other renegade Hurons called out to him, 'you told us that the more one suffers on earth, the happier he is in Heaven. We wish to make you happy: we torment

(1), The Jesuits in North America, page 388.

you because we love you; and you ought to thank us for it.' After a succession of other revolting tortures they scalped him: when seeing him nearly dead, they laid open his breast, and came in a crowd to drink the blood of so valiant an enemy, thinking to imbibe with it some portion of his courage. A chief then tore out his heart and devoured it." Lalemant was tortured several hours longer, when one of the savages, tired of the entertainment, dispatched him with a hatchet. Such was the martyrdom of those whose relics are to be found in the chapel.

If we descend Palace Hill, which bounds the Hotel Dieu on the west, and continue in the direction of the Canadian Pacific Railway station, until we reach the plateau at its foot, we find ourselves close to the site of

Bigot's Old Palace.

THE ruins of a portion of this building have been transformed into ale and porter vaults, and are still to be seen in rear of Boswell's Brewery. When tenanted by the infamous French Intendants, the palace was employed for viler purposes. It was at once the abode of luxury and the scene of revelry and debauchery, where Bigot concocted his nefarious plottings and squandered the thousands which he robbed from the public treasury. Often he must have let himself into this princely palace with his latch key, in the wee sma' hours of the morning, after his disreputable *rendez-vous* with the fair, or rather dusky occupant of his country house, concealed in the woods of Charlesbourg two or three miles away.

An American gentleman who visited Quebec some time ago, got together the following somewhat hazy information concerning this illicit lover: "The ruffian of the tale had a very bad name, none other than Bigot. He was a French Intendant in the year 1747, and

was a scape-grace and boodler of the deepest dye. He had to skip out of France, because of certain deficiencies in the vaults of the bank of which he was manager, but even at that early history of the world he knew enough to come to Canada, where he was lionized by the ladies. He was rather fond of horsemanship, and taking lone drinks out in the country hotels. One evening he got pretty full, and could not find his way home before night overtook him. He did not care about ghost stories, for the ghost was in the habit of walking for him at the end of each month with a great big wallet of dollars; so he sat down under a tree and slept. Caroline was accustomed to climb a tree in that part of the wood every night for the purpose of making up probs for the morning papers, and, unfortunately for her, she choose the tree under which the Intendant was sleeping it off. They saw each other, and loved at sight, and they might have been ever so happy if Mrs. Bigot didn't happen to catch on to the racket. Caroline was sleeping one night in her forest bower dreaming about the very bright world she lived in, when the green eyed Mrs. Bigot crept in with a large snicker snee, and with a howl of rage and vengeance severed the carotid artery of the sleeping Indian beauty. When the Intendant heard of the row, he constituted himself judge and jury on his wife, hanged her first and tried her afterwards. He then scooped up all the cash and bonds in the Provincial Exchequer, and made his sneak in the dead of night to the States, where he soon got into Congress."

St. Rochs.

THE low-lying portion of the city, stretching away west from the scene of the old palace is St. Rochs suburbs. Upon its main thoroughfare, St Joseph street, are situated some of the finest

shops in Quebec, and the large and handsome parish church of St. Roche. St. Peter's (Church of England) is upon St. Valier street.

In this quarter, which is also the industrial district of the city, are to be found almost all the extensive tanneries and shoe factories for which Quebec is noted. In years gone by, ship-building was a great industry in St. Roche, twenty to thirty wooden ships having frequently been built in a single winter, along the banks of the St. Charles river, and sometimes almost double that number. The whole of this suburb was destroyed by fire in 1845, and numbers of human beings perished. It was again burned over in 1866. The population of St. Roche and St. Sauveur is almost entirely French-Canadian.

Its retail merchants do a very large business, not only with the farmers who reach the city with their produce by way of Dorchester Bridge or Little River Road, from the outlying country parishes, but with the thousands of factory operatives in their midst, and of professional men and others who gain their livelihood amongst them.

Most of the land upon which St. Roch's is built has been reclaimed from the river. There is a large convent opposite the parish church, and near by it a public market-place, called after Jacques-Cartier, the discoverer of Canada, where, as in the Lower Town, and again outside of St. John's Gate, the market-women sit in their carts on market days, dickering with prospective purchasers as to the prices for which they will sell their eggs, butter, flowers, vegetables, home-spun wool, and those French-Canadian "black puddings" that are so fearfully and wonderfully made. Industry and frugality have made some of these market-women and their families quite wealthy, —as wealth is counted in the rural districts of French-Canada. Nearly everyone of such families is represented by one at least of its members in the priesthood, or in the ranks of some of the other learned professions.

Close to the edge of the River St. Charles at the foot of St. Ours street,—which divides St. Rochs from St. Sauveur,—is the General Hospital,—a large institution established in 1693 by Mgr. de St. Valier, for the purpose of receiving and caring for old and infirm people and for those afflicted by disease. It is a cloistered convent and cared for by a Lady Superior and seventy nuns. Here was carried Benedict Arnold, who commanded with General Montgomery the New England Troops besieging Quebec in 1775, after he was wounded in the attack of the 31st December of that year.

St. Roch A. A. A.

THE building of the St. Roch Amateur Athletic Association, or, as it is properly called "*L'Association Athlétique des Amateurs de St. Roch*," the members being nearly all French speaking, though most of them speak excellent English, is situated on the corner of Dorchester and Charest streets. The building is a frame wooden structure, which is to be cased in brick, though at the time of writing this has not yet been done. It measures 120 x 36 feet and is 36 feet in height. The Association was formed in the spring of 1893 and its membership is about 200. The principal amusements are billiards, bowling, rackets and handball, for all of which the appliances and facilities are excellent. There is also a very good gymnasium in connection with the Association, which, as will be noticed, devotes itself almost wholly to indoor sports, though its members freely patronize the outdoor games and matches of the Q. A. A. A. Good baths are also at the disposal of the members. The association is controlled by a joint-stock company, composed of wealthy St. Roch merchants.

The Citadel and Fortification Walls.

THE Citadel, and the old fortifications, rank of course amongst the leading attractions of Quebec. The road leading up to the Citadel has already been pointed out, between the Garrison Club and St. Louis Gate. As there is a steep hill to climb, many prefer to drive to the entrance of the celebrated fortress.

Before arriving there, the tourist passes through a labyrinth of trenches, bordered on either sides by high walls blocked by earthworks, all of which are pierced with openings through which gleam the mouth of the cannon, and loopholed for musketry. The entrance to the Citadel is also barred by a massive chain gate, and also by the Dalhousie Gate erected in 1827, a massive construction of considerable depth. The Citadel covers an area of about forty acres on the highest point of Cape Diamond. The French erected wooden fortifications here, and spent so much money upon them and upon the other defences of the city, together with what was boodled by Bigot and his assistants, that Louis XIV is reported to have asked whether the fortifications of Quebec were built of gold.

The first under British rule were constructed by the Royal Engineers, and fell into decay at the end of the century. Their reconstruction dates back to 1823, and was carried out according to plans submitted to and approved by the Duke of Wellington, at a cost of about $25,000,000. The guard rooms are located in the Dalhousie Gate, the barracks are casemated and many of the other buildings are considered bomb-proof. The details of the alleged private underground passages communicating with certain localities without the fortress, are of course secrets that the military authorities keep to themselves. At the easterly end of the officers' quarters, a substantial row of stone buildings overlooking the river, are the

vice-regal quarters, where the Governor-General of Canada and his family reside during the latter part of the summer in each year.

In the centre of the square, tourists are shown a small brass cannon, captured by the British at Bunker's Hill. I think it was Joaquin Miller, who, when shown this formidable piece of ordnance, said to his guide, "well you've got the cannon but we've got Bunker's Hill." Henry D. Thoreau, who visited Quebec in 1850, says of the Citadel:—"Such structures carry us back to the middle ages. . . . The sentinel with his musket, beside a man with his umbrella, is spectral. . . I should as soon expect to find the sentinels still relieving one another on the walls of Nineveh. What a troublesome thing a wall is! I thought it was to defend me, and not I it." (1). The noon-gun on the Citadel still marks the meridian time as it did on the occasion of Thoreau's visit. He described it as "answering the purpose of a dinner horn." The fortifications are, as Thoreau says, omnipresent. No matter from what point you look towards Quebec for eight or ten miles away, they are still with their geometry against the sky. Nobody should miss the famous view of the river and the surrounding country from the King's Bastion, already referred to. Here is erected the flag-staff from which waves the emblem of Britain's sovereignty in these parts. It was by means of the halyard of this flag-staff that the American sympathizers, General Thaller and Colonel Dodge, in October, 1838, made their escape from the Citadel, where they were prisoners. They had previously drugged the sentry, and contrived to get safely out of the city, despite the precaution of the Commandant, Sir James McDonald, a Waterloo veteran.

The garrison of Quebec now consists of some 365 officers and men of the permanent Canadian Militia force, under the command as

(1). A Yankee in Canada. Chapter IV.

already mentioned, of Lieut-Col. Montizambert. Some 260 of these exclusive of officers, and comprising companies number one and two of the Royal Canadian Artillery, are quartered in the Citadel. The quarters of "B" Field Battery have been already indicated. Up to 1871 Quebec was garrisoned by British troops, of whom two regiments of the line with detachments of engineers and artillery were usually quartered here. When these 3000 men were withdrawn from Quebec in 1871, leaving the Gibraltar of America in charge of the Dominion force, it may readily be imagined what a loss was sustained by Quebec society and also by local tradesmen. It meant at one stroke a decreased expenditure of nearly half a million dollars a year.

In connection with the departure of the last of the Imperial troops from Quebec, Captain Wallace is cited by Walter Richards, author of "the Queen's Army," as furnishing the following curious and noteworthy coincidence: "The second and third battalions of the 60th Regiment, as part of the first English garrison of Quebec, were present in September, 1759, when the British ensign was hoisted over the Citadel by an officer of the Royal Artillery; and in November, 1871,—one hundred and twelve years afterwards, a detatchment of the first battalion of the 60th,—the remnant of the last English garrison of Quebec, consigned the Imperial flag to the keeping of another artillery officer, while the flag of the Dominion of Canada was hoisted in its stead." This famous Regiment, now known as the King's Royal Rifle Corps, was originally called the Royal American, having been raised in America in 1755. It was under this name that it was known at the siege of Quebec, under Wolfe, from whom it is claimed, it received its present proud motto:—*Celer et Audax.*

Literary and Historical Society.

QUEBEC is a storehouse of history, but its *sanctum sanctorum* is the Literary and Historical Society, whose quarters are in the Morrin College, on the corner of St. Anne and St. Stanislas streets. It was established as far back as 1824 by the Earl of Dalhousie, then Governor-General of Canada, and through his influence a Royal Charter was obtained for it. The scope of the society's operations is widespread, its collection of manuscripts and rare historical documents, printed and otherwise, is extensive and valuable, and the library and reading room are exceedingly good, and serve their purpose admirably. Such students of history as Francis Parkman, General Rogers, Ben: Perley-Poore, General James Grant Wilson, Mr. Edward Slafter and other men of mark have made frequent use of its collections of papers, and it stands to-day, as one of the foremost bodies of the kind on the Continent. Its President, Mr. Archd. Campbell, and its past presidents, Mr. Cyr. Tessier and Dr. Geo. Stewart, F.R.S.C., F.R.G.S., are ever ready to show any attention and courtesy that may be in their power to people of literary tastes visiting Quebec. Morrin College is called after Dr. Morrin, its founder, has two faculties, arts and divinity, and is affiliated with McGill University, Montreal. The building was used as a jail until June, 1867. In April, 1827, one Ducharme was hanged here for sheep stealing. The last execution at the old jail dates back more than thirty years, the condemned, who was one Meehan, from Valcartier, having been convicted of the murder of a neighbor, named Pearl, in a street squabble.

Churches.

IN close proximity to Morrin College, are the Methodist church and St. Andrews (Presbyterian). The Baptist church is a little below and inside of St. John's Gate, and Chalmers' (Presbyterian) is a little above the east of the Esplanade, on the upper part of St. Ursule. St. Patrick's, the parish church of the Irish Roman Catholics of Quebec, situated on McMahon street, close to both Palace and St. John streets, has one of the handsomest interiors in the city, its decorations being exceedingly beautiful. On St. John street, outside the gate, is St. Matthew's (Anglican), an exceedingly pretty structure both within and without, and possessing a new peal of bells. It has a surpliced choir and by far the richest, most attractive and most ornate service of any Protestant church in Quebec. There are also on this street a small French Protestant church, and the large new church of St. John Baptiste, erected to replace that destroyed by fire a few years ago. The remaining city churches are not of much interest to tourists, if we except the Basilica and English Cathedral, which have already been described at considerale length, and the large Roman Catholic Churches of St. Roche and St. Sauveur, upon the lower level of the city.

The Parliament House.

THE Parliament House and Departmental Buildings, situated immediately outside of St. Louis Gate, on St. Louis street, or as it is here called,—Grande Allée, are amongst the finest public edifices in Canada. Designed by Mr. E. E. Taché, of Quebec, their construction was commenced in 1878 and completed in 1887. The different varieties of stone employed in their erection were all quarried in the Province of Quebec. The buildings form a perfect square,

each side of which is 300 feet in length, and four stories in height with mansards, and towers at each corner. From the main tower facing the city, the view of Quebec and the surrounding country is unrivalled. The interior is well worthy of inspection, especially the handsomely tiled main corridors and the richly furnished chambers of the Legislative Council and Legislative Assembly. The bronze Indian group in front of the main entrance to Parliament House, is by Hébert, the Canadian sculptor now residing in Paris, in which city it was much admired for its boldness of conception and artistic design and execution. Heroic statuary of the principal actors in Canadian history finds a lodgment in the various recesses in the front facade of the Parliament House, those of Count Frontenac, of Generals Wolfe, Montcalm and de Levis, of Colonel DeSalaberry and Lord Elgin, being already in position. This block of provincial buildings has already cost between $1,500,000 and $2,000,000. It contains an excellent library, and in its vaults may be seen in very good condition, all, or nearly all, the original archives of New France, before the conquest by Great Britain in 1760. In these buildings, there was held in September, 1890, the ninth annual meeting of the American Forestry Association, on which occasion two hickory trees sent from the Hermitage, General Andrew Jackson's old home in Tennessee, were planted, where they may now be seen on the Grande Allée, or south side of the buildings. The venerable chief Sioui of the once powerful Hurons, accompanied by his son, both in full Indian dress, visited the association, and addressed the members, in French, in the following emotional language:—

"We are the children of the forest, come to welcome the friends of the forest. I wish you for my people joy and sucess in your good work. When I was a child I lived in the forest; I wish to die there. We are few in number; we are passing away with our forest homes.

Protect us, and you will have the prayers of the Hurons, and the gratitude of their hearts. Farewell!"

The annual sessions of the Legislature of the Province of Quebec are held in these buildings. The Legislature consists of two branches,—the Legislative Council, composed of twenty-four members, appointed for life by the Lieutenant-Governor in Council, and the Legislative Assembly, of which there are seventy-three members, elected every five years or oftener. The sessions of the Legislature are held generally in November, December and January, and the proceedings and debates are for the most part conducted in the French language, though both English and French may be used. The sessions of the Legislature are both opened and closed by His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor of the Province, who must also sanction all bills that have passed both branches of the Legislature, before they can become law, which he does in the name of Her Majesty the Queen, whose representative for provincial purposes he is. On these affairs of state, he occupies the Throne, in front of which, at all other times, stands the chair of the Speaker of the Legislative Council.

The Parliament House also contains all the provincial departments of state, each of which is presided over by a cabinet minister, responsible to the elective branch of the Legislature. Thus the members of the Government only retain office so long as they possess the confidence of a majority of the direct representatives of the people.

At present writing the Hon. J. A. Chapleau is Lieutenant-Governor of the Province; Hon. L. O. Taillon, Premier and Provincial Treasurer; Hon. E. J. Flynn, Commissioner of Crown Lands; Hon. Ls. Beaubien, Commissioner of Agriculture; Hon. T. C. Casgrain, Attorney-General; Hon. G. O. Nantel, Commissioner of Public Works; Hon. L. P. Pelletier, Provincial Secretary; Hon. M. F. Hackett, President

of the Executive Council; Hon. T. C. Chapais, Minister without portfolio and Speaker of the Legislative Council; Hon. A. W. Morris, Minister without portfolio. The Speaker of the Legislative Assembly is the Hon. P. E. LeBlanc.

THE
Drill Hall and the Short-Wallick Monument.

THAT large and very handsome structure with a decidedly military appearance, on the opposite side of the road from the Parliament House, and a few hundred feet further away from the city, is the new Drill Hall, erected jointly by the Federal Government and city corporation, for the use of local military organizations. The main road here, though really a continuation of St. Louis street, preserves its old French name of Grande Allée. It was widened in 1888-89.

Facing the Grande Allée upon the square in front of the Drill Hall is the newly-erected monument in memory of the late Major Short and Staff-Sergeant Wallick, both of "B" Battery, Royal Canadian Artillery, who lost their lives while gallantly fighting the flames in the great conflagration of the 16th May, 1889, which destroyed a large portion of St. Sauveur suburbs. Short and Wallick entered a house close to where the flames were raging in order to attach a fuse to a barrel of gunpowder therein, for the purpose of creating a gap and so checking the progress of the fire. It is supposed that a spark ignited the powder, which was not properly covered, for a terrific explosion occurred almost as soon as they had entered the building. There was still life in the body of Wallick when it was recovered, though he survived but a few hours, but only small portions of Major Short's remains were ever found.

The monument was erected to the joint memory of the two heroes by the citizens of Quebec, aided by the Provincial Government. The busts, in bronze, are life-like representations of the heads of the two soldiers, and the figure beneath is emblematical of the City of Quebec.

Places of Execution.

FIVE minutes further walk along the Grande Allée, in the direction of the country, brings us to the height of land, now known as Porteault's Hill, and formerly, under the French regime,—*la Butte à Nepveu*. Up to the end of the last century, this was the general place of execution in Quebec. Numerous criminals here expiated their crimes upon the scaffold, amongst others, according to some historians, having been *La Corriveau*, the infamous murderess of Bigot's Indian *amoureuse*,—the unfortunate Caroline, though some authorities, as will be seen further on, place the scene of her execution upon the other side of the St. Lawrence.

De Gaspé, in his memoirs (page 110), tells a romantic story of the manner in which a condemned French soldier, here cheated the gallows, by the aid of his Father Confessor, shortly before the British Conquest of Canada. The crime for which he had been condemned to be hanged was the murder of a comrade, whom he accused of criminal intrigues with his wife. The victim had been known in Quebec as a very bad character. The murderer, on account of the circumstances preceding his crime, as well as because of his previous good conduct, enjoyed to a large respect the sympathy of the community. A number of his friends plotted to save his life. The Recollet Father who accompanied the condemned man to the place of execution, appeared to exhibit a tender affection for his penitent, embracing him warmly during the journey with his arms about his

neck. One of his hands however contained a small bottle of nitric acid, with which he carefully impregnated the cord about the soldier's neck that was to serve as the instrument of his death. When the trap was sprung the corroded rope gave way. The friends of the condemned man who had crowded around the scaffold, quickly made a way for his escape, and then as promptly closed up their ranks to prevent the soldiers from following him. The ruse was successful, for the unfortunate fellow, after hiding for some days in a cooper's shop in Sault-au-Matelot street, made good his escape to France, having been shipped on board a departing vessel by his friend the cooper, in one of his barrels.

Another place of execution during the last century was situated on the rising ground south of St. John street, near St. John's Church, or rather near the head of Sutherland street. This spot should be pointed out to the tourist by his cabman on his return from St. Foye. Here a few years after the conquest, a young Abenaquis Indian who had assassinated two Englishmen was executed. De Gaspé relates that he was given up to the English by his tribe on the express condition that he was not to be hanged. The condition was observed and he was shot by a squad of soldiers at the locality in question, meeting his fate with the calm stolidity characteristic of his race. (1).

On the north side of the road, almost immediately after the descent from Perreault's Hill, enclosed by a high wooden fence, we come to

THE
Q. A. A. A. Grounds and Club House.

THE Quebec Amateur Athletic Association is, comparatively speaking, a new organization, dating from the autumn of 1892.

(1) De Gaspé's Memoirs, page 197.

In that year the Crescent A. A. A. of this city won the Intermediate Rugby Football Championship, and the enthusiasm thus raised so boomed sports in Quebec that the then existing association changed its name to that of its city, widened its scope and immensely increased its membership. This growth in members gave rise to a more than corresponding acquisition of money and influence, which enabled the boys to secure the handsome and spacious grounds in question. They undoubtedly rank among the best in Canada, being considerably larger than the old Thistle Lacrosse Grounds which formed a part of the area now covered by them. The frontage on the Grande Allée is 400 feet and the depth along the wall of the old Cholera burying ground is 700 feet. During the summers of 1893 and 1894 the erection of the grand stand (with seating accommodation of 2,500) the levelling of the grounds and the laying of a safe and fast quarter mile cinder track, banked at the corners, for running and bicycling, were successfully completed, and cost, together with the ten foot fence, some $7,000. In the summer of 1894, too, a neat and comfortable Club House, not very pretentious in its style but quite good enough for the purpose, was erected at a cost of $4,000. The membership of the Association is at present over 500, and the attendance, at a good lacrosse match for instance, runs about 5,000 persons. In addition to the Club House there is a fine gymnasium in connection with the Q. A. A. A. situated in the Montcalm Market Hall. There are several good clubs affiliated with the association, and, to a certain extent, under its control. The Lacrosse Club holds the Intermediate Championship of the World, one of the chief prizes of Athletics, won after a long and hard struggle in 1894. The Football and Cricket Clubs have some very good material, and the Bicycle Club, organized in 1894, captured the one mile and three mile Provincial Championships the same year, and gives great promise of even higher achievements. The Hockey Club is another very popular and very strong organiza-

tion. Other games and athletic sports in general come under the direct control of the Q. A. A. A. until such time as special clubs are formed for them. The grounds are well lighted by electricity, and very successful football matches and bicycle and foot races are frequently held at night. That this theatre of miniature trials of strength and prowess was the scene of much of that grander and more sanguinary combat which asserted the power of Britain's arms is proved by the finds made when levelling the grounds. Numbers of skeletons, dozens upon dozens of cannon balls, bullets, military buttons and ornaments, etc., and other trophies of war were then discovered. The playing field is oval in form, and all authorities agree in saying that it forms an ideal lacrosse ground. The view of the valley of the St. Charles and of the forest-clad Laurentian Hills behind, forms an agreeable picture upon which the eye may rest during a pause in the game.

The Grande Allee Drive.

THE drive out by the Grande Allée and in by the Ste. Foye, is one of the most beautiful and most deservedly popular in the vicinity of Quebec. Upon the Grande Allée are the prettiest and most modern of Quebec's town residences, while after passing the toll-gate and the Plains of Abraham, the tourist obtains glimpses of the country seats of our leading merchants, and splendid panoramic views of the stately St. Lawrence on the one side, on the other of the fertile valley of the St. Charles, with its background of blue Laurentian Mountains, on the gentle ascents of which stand out the pretty French Canadian villages of Charlesbourg and Lorette.

The famous Martello towers are seen before leaving the city, but a better view of these and also of the famous battlefield which decided the fate of half a continent, and upon which fell Wolfe and Montcalm,

both mortally wounded, may be had by taking a morning stroll, on foot, along the beautiful Cove Fields at the brink of the cliffs overlooking the magnificent St. Lawrence.

Opposite to the Club House and grounds of the Q. A. A. A. is the Church of England Female Orphan Asylum, formerly a military home, but sold to the present owners after the departure of the British troops from Canada.

St. Bridget's Asylum is a few feet further on upon the other side of the road, and is a sheltering home for the infirm and the orphans of the congregation of St. Patrick's Church.

Almost opposite to it, but a little further from the city, is the Ladies' Protestant Home, a handsome building for the accommodation of old and infirm women and orphan girls of the various Protestant denominations, which was erected in 1863 and is under the management of a committee of ladies.

But let us for the present continue our drive. Less than two miles from the city we pass Spencer Wood, the official residence of the Lieutenant-Governor of the Province of Quebec, and formerly that of the Governor-General of Canada. Its present occupant, the Hon. J. A. Chapleau, is one of the most popular Governors Quebec has ever had. The residence is approached by a lengthy drive through a forest avenue, reminding one of the estate of an English nobleman. The beauty of its situation, overlooking the St. Lawrence and the opposite shore, and affording a splendid view of Cape Diamond and the Citadel of Quebec, might well be deemed unapproachable, did not the environs of the city present so many scenes of great and surpassing loveliness. Royalty, in the persons of the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Edinburgh, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, the late Duke of Albany, and the Princess Louise, has frequently been entertained at Spencer Wood, of which grateful retreat Lord

Elgin used to say that there he not only loved to live, but would like to rest his bones. From 1815 to 1830, Spencer Wood was owned and occupied by the Hon. Michael Henry Perceval, then Collector of Imperial Customs for the port of Quebec, who gave to this beautiful estate the name it has since borne, after that of his distinguished kinsman the Rt. Hon Spencer Perceval, Chancellor of the Exchequer of Great Britain, who was assassinated by Bellingham within the precincts of the House of Commons, on the 11th May, 1812. Spencer Wood had been purchased from old Lehouiller, a miserly Lower Town merchant, and up to the time of its occupancy by the Hon. M. H. Perceval, it bore the name of Powell Place, conferred on it in 1792 by General Watson Powell. Mrs. M. H. Perceval was the eldest daughter of Sir Charles Flower, Lord Mayor of London in 1809, and on the death of her mother in that year, did the honors of the Mansion House for her father. Her marriage portion was £40,000, and she subsequently inherited an additional £60,000. (1).

Adjoining the gubernatorial abode is the picturesque and elegant estate of J. M. LeMoine, F.R.S.C., the historian of Quebec. Spencer Grange, as it is called, with its magnificent trees, avenues, gardens, views, vinery, library and museum, is a favorite resort of men of literary and antiquarian tastes. Here the scholarly proprietor has entertained the late Dean Stanley, Audubon, Parkman and Waterton, Lord and Lady Dufferin and the Earl and Countess of Aberdeen, amongst many other distinguished people, while the annual grape festival of Mr. LeMoine's beautiful home dates from that given by him in 1864, in honor of George Augustus Sala, who was then attending the conference in Quebec, called to discuss the scheme of Canadian Confederation, in his capacity as correspondent of the London *Daily Telegraph*.

(1) See "The Quebec and Montreal Custom House," by J. M. LeMoine, in *Morning Chronicle* of February 5th, 1892.

Wolfe's Monument and the Plains of Abraham.

AS already indicated, a pleasant walk of about a mile may be had from the Dufferin Terrace to the Plains of Abraham, over what is known as the Cove Field. This is public property and intersected by numerous footways. The tourist takes to the field, on the south side of the road, between St. Louis Gate and the first building outside of it, which is the new Skating Rink, or perhaps better, by the other side of the Rink. Reaching the height of land a few hundred feet from the road, the pedestrian finds himself on the classic ground which intervenes between the Citadel and the Plains, while the view of the St. Lawrence at his feet, and the picturesque scenery of the other shore more than repay him for the visit. That broken ground and those artificial mounds are remnants of the old French earthworks. Continuing along the summit of the cliffs that overlook the river, we reach the Martello towers, which were built as outposts of the Citadel fortifications, some seventy years ago.

In the vicinity of these towers occurred some of the heaviest fighting towards the end of the famous battle of the 13th September, 1759, when the advance line of the British army followed up the advantage they had gained shortly after the striking down of Wolfe by a French bullet. The Plains of Abraham, properly so called at the present time, stretch away from near the St. Louis toll-gate, westward, upon the south side of the road, and extend from the highway to the brink of the steep precipice overhanging the river. The battlefield is Government property, but is at present rented as a pasturage for the cattle of city milkmen. Occasionally there is horse-racing here under the management of the Quebec Turf Club.

At the western extremity of the enclosure is Marchmount, the property of Thos. Beckett, Esq., and just beyond is Wolfesfield, the splendid estate of the Hon. E. J. Price, head of one of the leading firms in the English and Canadian lumber trade. It is not in name alone associated with the hero of Quebec. On the river side of this property, beneath the cliff, is Wolfe's Cove, the landing place of the British hero of 1759, and the steep and narrow path is still pointed out upon the face of the rocky precipice, where General Wolfe, under cover of the darkness of a September night, led his devoted army to the scene of his heroic death and victory.

It is quite impossible, within the compass of so diminutive a work as this, to describe the various incidents of that momentous fight. Its leading events are fresh in the mind of every school boy, and LeMoine (1) has preserved in several of his sketches, a number of interesting details of the great struggle, not found in most of the histories of the period. We have, too, from the artistic pen of Francis Parkman, an elaborate description and plan of the Battle of the Plains, in his book on "Montcalm and Wolfe."

The fall of New France into the hands of the English was due not only to the strategy and heroism of the victorious Wolfe, but to the neglect of the colony's interest at the court of the licentious and dissolute Louis XV. Yet De Gaspé relates (2) that he never heard the Canadian people accuse the French monarch of causing their disasters. They held the beautiful but abandoned woman, who exercised so baneful an influence over the king, responsible for the abandonment of Canada to its own resources, and insisted that the country had been sold to the English by Madame la Pompadour. And certain

(1) See "Fraser's Highlanders before Quebec in 1759," page 141 of "Maple Leaves," edition of 1873.

(2) DeGaspé's Memoirs, page 86.

it is that the year before the treaty, la Pompadour wrote to the French ambassador in London,—the Duc de Nivernois: "We are ready to voluntarily cede Canada to the English: much good may it do them." (1) Voltaire, her friend and flatterer, had already written in 1759 "You know that these two nations (France and England) are at war *for several acres of snow*, and are spending in the fight more than the whole of Canada is worth;" (2) and he later described the country as "covered with snow and ice for eight months of the year, and inhabited by barbarians, bears and beavers." (3) And upon learning that Quebec had been taken by the English, la Pompadour is reported to have exclaimed: "At last the king will be able to sleep peacefully." "God be praised! I die happy," exclaimed the immortal Wolfe, fatally wounded on the Plains of Abraham, upon being told that the French army had taken flight. "God be praised! I die content. I have nothing more to ask of Heaven!" cried the mother of Madame la Pompadour with her dying breath, when told that her wickedly ambitious and seductive daughter had succeeded in her designs upon the king. (4) How blasphemously licentious in the case of the Parisian mother,—Madame Poisson,—were the words which in the mouth of the dying British general sent comfort to the heart of his widowed mother at home, and testify to all the ages of his undying devotion to God, his duty and his king!

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(1) "*Lettres de la Marquise de Pompadour, depuis* 1753 *jusqu'a* 1772 *inclusivement.*"—London 1772.

(2) These words appear in Voltaire's romance "*Candide.*"

(3) See chapter entitled "*Possessions des Français en Amérique*" in Voltaire's "*l'essai sur les mœurs et l'esprit des nations, et sur les principaux faits de l'histoire depuis Charlemagne jusqu'à Louis XIII.*"

(4) See quotation from "The Gallery of the Ancient Court," in Arsène Houssaye's essay on Madame la Pompadour in "Men and Women of the eighteenth Century."

One of the most interesting features to the tourist, of this historic locality, is undoubtedly the monument to the memory of the victorious general, erected on the exact spot where "Wolfe died victorious." That massive building, a few feet distant, which crowns yonder knoll, is the district prison,—"a hideous jail," says Joaquin Miller, "surmounting almost the very spot where the immortal Wolfe fell and died." It was during the British assault upon the French position on this rising ground, that General Wolfe received his death wound. He lived long enough to learn that the French army was put to flight, and then expressed his readiness to die. The Highlanders closely pursued the fleeing enemy, and many of them were butchered before they reached the bridge of boats over the St. Charles, towards which they rushed by way of what is now St. John's suburbs, Ste. Geneviève hill and St. Roch's. The Plains of Abraham were so called after one Abraham Martin, who was pilot for the King of France in the St. Lawrence, though a Scotchman by descent, and who acquired this property some two and a half centuries ago.

Lord Wolseley, who, in his capacity of Ranger of Greenwich Park, is an attendant at the old parish church of St. Alphege, has, it is announced, expressed his surprise that the remains of General James Wolfe, the hero of Quebec, should lie in the vaults of the church, beneath "the Royal pew" officially occupied by the ranger, without a memorial to mark their existence. To the public at large the grandiose monument to Wolfe's memory in Westminster Abbey, Wilton's correctly classical nude figure of the hero, with its accompanying allegorical bas-relief representing the chief incidents of the famous St. Lawrence campaign, the heights of Abraham, the faithful Highland sergeant, the wounded warrior, and the oak decorated with its trophy of tomahawks, has long given the impression that the ashes of Wolfe repose in the Abbey. Doubtless, had the nation's

wishes been consulted, the remains of the hero of Quebec would have been laid to rest in the national Walhalla. But at his mother's earnest prayer, the body of the warrior, borne back to his native land, was interred in the family vault in the parish church of Greenwich, where little James Wolfe was educated, and where his father occupied the mansion still standing on the Blackheath outskirts of the park, in the shady pathway known as Chesterfield Walk, not far from the Ranger's Lodge, a house in after years tenanted by the late Lord Lyttleton. The monument to his memory in the Abbey was erected at the expense of the nation, the thanks of Parliament were voted the surviving generals and officers of his army, honors were showered upon Colonel Hale, who first arrived in England in the ship "Alcide" with news of the victory and of the surrender of Quebec, and Captain Douglas, the vessel's commander, was knighted. (1) The joyous news from Quebec was immediately communicated to the people of England in an Extraordinary Gazette and caused general rejoicing, a day of solemn thanksgiving being appointed by proclamation through all the British possessions.

Amongst those who rendered signal service to the forces under Wolfe were the famous navigator James Cook, who conducted the boats to the attack at Montmorency, and managed as well the disembarkation beneath the heights of Abraham, and Capt. W. A. Gordon, R. A., the paternal grand-father of General Gordon, the hero of Khartoum.

Cemeteries.

TWO of the prettiest cemeteries that it is possible to see, are within a couple of miles of Quebec. The tourist passes both Woodfield, the Irish Catholic cemetery, and Mount Hermon,

(1) Smollett's History of England, vol. VI, page 79. London edition of 1811.

the Protestant burying ground, when driving out the St. Louis road. Both of these should be visited. They command picturesque views of the St. Lawrence and surrounding country. In one grave in the Mount Hermon Cemetery, are interred the bodies of some 200 Scotch immigrants who lost their lives in the burning of the river steamer "Montreal," on the 28th June, 1857, at Cape Rouge, a few miles above the cemetery, while on their way from Quebec to Montreal.

Another famous grave in this beautiful home of the dead, is thus described by General Jas. Grant Wilson, of New York, in the "New York Genealogical and Biographical Society Record":—

"John Wilson, perhaps the best singer of Scottish songs of his own age, or of any age, and in the judgment of Dr. Robt. Chambers, of Edinburgh, unsurpassed in the beauty and taste with which he rendered the music of his native Caledonia, visited the United States and Canada in 1849, accompanied by his daughter, who assisted him in the very successful series of entertainments which he gave, consisting of Scottish songs and recitations. He had given several concerts in St. George's Hall, Quebec, and was announced for 'A nicht wi' Burns,' before his departure. On Saturday, July 7th, while fishing in Lake St. Joseph, he was taken ill, it was supposed from exposure to the excessive heat, and died at an early hour on the following Monday morning, one of the first victims to the cholera which was so fatal in Canada during that summer. He was buried in Mount Hermon Cemetery, on the banks of the beautiful St. Lawrence, some two miles south of the Plains of Abraham, where Wolfe won the immortal victory which changed the destiny of Canada. A few years ago David Kennedy, another Scottish singer, intrusted to Dr. George Stewart, of Quebec, the sum of £10 to be devoted to forever caring for the grave of the gifted and amiable John Wilson. His last letter addressed to his poet friend, William Wilson, of Poughkeep-

sic, whose reading of Jacobite songs and ballads almost equalled the professional singer's, is now in the writer's possession. It is dated July 7th, and announces his anticipated meeting with his correspondent within a few weeks. Three years after Wilson's greatly regretted death, a number of his countrymen of Quebec erected over his grave a noble column, surmounted by an urn, with appropriate drapery. The monument bears the following inscription:

Sacred to the memory of
John Wilson,
The Scottish Vocalist,
Celebrated for the excellent taste,
Feeling, and execution,
With which he sang the airs
Of his native Caledonia.
He was an amiable and unassuming man.
Died at Quebec, July, 1849.

Erected by some of his friends and
Admirers in Canada, 1852.

Shelley, whose ashes lie under Italian skies, near those of Keats, said: 'That it would almost make one in love with death to be buried in so sweet a spot.' The same could be said of Wilson's Canadian resting place; and as we gathered from his grave a few scarlet autumn leaves, a feathered songster was singing from the topmost branch of a brilliant maple, with a music sweeter than his own silvery tenor. Although far away from his dearly-loved 'North Countrie,' he is surrounded by men of his own race, on whose tomb-stones may be seen Mackenzie and Macdougall, Campbell and Grant, Fraser and Forsyth, Ross, Turnbull, and other ancient Scottish names, many,

if not most of them, the sons and grandsons of the six hundred and sixty-two gallant fellows of Fraser's Seventy-eighth Highlanders, who followed Wolfe up the steep and narrow *escalade* to the field where his untimely fate and that of his chivalric foe Montcalm, one hundred and thirty-one years ago this very day, so well illustrated Gray's familiar line that

'The paths of glory lead but to the grave.'"

In the old city cemetery on St. John street, surrounding St. Matthew's Church, and long since closed against further interments, there is to be seen the neglected grave of Major Thomas Scott, a brother of the great novelist and late paymaster in H. M. 70th regiment, who died in Quebec in 1823. It is marked by a very simple stone. It was to Major Scott that Edinburgh Society attributed the earlier Waverley novels, an idea which Sir Walter himself was not unwilling to foster. Lord William Lennox on the other hand relates that it was confidently stated in England and had been asserted in a periodical publication, that the author of these novels was the wife of the Major, formerly Miss McCulloch, who wielded a talented pen, and with whom Lord William became acquainted in 1819 when at Kingston, Upper Canada, in company with his father the Duke of Richmond. He expresses the belief that many officers of the 70th regiment held the same opinion. (1) It is known that the laird of Abbotsford suggested to his brother that he should write a novel dealing with the incidents of Quebec Society and the vicissitudes of Canadian life; nothing however came of the suggestion.

Near the head of de Salaberry street, is the old Cholera burying ground. Asiatic cholera visited Quebec in 1832, 1834, 1849, 1851, 1852 and 1854, causing in these years the deaths of 8,368 victims.

(1) "Drafts on my memory," by Lord William Pitt Lennox, vol. 1, page 171. London edition, 1866.

The French Canadians have very beautiful cemeteries, one at Belmont, three miles from the city, on the St. Foye road, and others on the Little River road, near the banks of the St. Charles.

Public Institutions.

STILL nearer the city on the way back by the beautiful St. Foye road, close, in fact, to Quebec's western boundary, is the Finlay Asylum,—a striking gothic structure dating from 1861. The main portion of the building is occupied as a home for aged men, and one of the wings as a male orphan asylum. It is the property of the Church of England in Quebec.

Within the limits of the city are other public institutions that call for at least passing notice. The Y. M. C. A. is a handsome structure facing the Montcalm Market, near St. John's Gate, with free reading rooms, &c., to which strangers in town are made very welcome. A few blocks behind it, facing upon St. Oliver street, is the very large convent of the Sisters of Charity, which shows to great advantage from the surrounding country. The good sisters receive a very large number of orphans and infirm persons, and also educate over 700 poor girls. In 1860, the main building, which was at the time used by the Government as a parliament house, was destroyed by fire. It was rebuilt on a larger scale, and in 1869 its chapel became the prey of the flames and had to be rebuilt.

Close by the convent is the Jeffery Hale Hospital, founded by the late Jeffery Hale for the use of Protestant patients. In consideration of a large sum of money paid by way of bequest from the estate of the late Hon. James G. Ross, this building will shortly be handed over to Mr. Frank Ross for a home for incurables, and the hospital will be removed into new and spacious quarters now being erected with the money coming from the Ross estate.

The St. Foye Monument.

ON the way into the city from Belmont, the tourist passes the elegant monument erected in 1860, to the memory of the brave English and French soldiers who fell in the second battle of the Plains of Abraham in 1760, in which the advantage was on the side of the French.

It consists of a column of bronzed metal standing on a stone base, and surmounted by a bronze statue of Bellona, presented by Prince Napoleon. The names of the competing Generals Lévis and Murray, are borne upon the face of the base. In rear, looking towards the valley, there is a representation of a wind-mill in bas-relief, the original building having been an object of alternate attack and defence to both armies on the occasion of the battle. On and around the very spot upon which it stands, the battle was fought in which Lévis attempted to reconquer the city, and actually succeeded in defeating the troops of General Murray, although he could not force the English General to capitulate, nor yet retake possession of the city. Beneath the monument are interred an immense number of the bones of those slain in battle, turned up by the ploughshare at various times during the last century, for, though the battle lasted but an hour and three quarters, fully 4,000 corpses strewed the environs of the spot where the monument now stands.

About the middle of St. John street is situated

The Florence Hotel,

which in point of comfort and luxurious furnishings ranks next to the Chateau Frontenac. Geographically it is situated in the very heart of the city, as officially certified by the City Engineer. It is a modern family house, and no more magnificent panorama of flood

and forest, river and mountain is anywhere to be had in Quebec than from its flat "observation" roof, which overlooks the whole of St. Roche and St. John's suburbs, the valley of the St. Charles, the Isle of Orleans and the St. Lawrence, with the côte de Beaupré stretching away towards frowning Cap Tourment in rear of La Bonne Ste. Anne, the whole range of vision bounded by the beautiful Laurentian Mountains.

The Victoria Hotel

is under the same management as the Florence, but is essentially a commercial house. It is situated on Palace Hill, in close proximity to the various railway stations and steamboat landings, is midway between the business centres of the Upper Town and St. Roche, has just been largely rebuilt and refurnished throughout, and is considerably frequented by travelling commercial men and others.

The Clarendon Hotel,

on the corner of Garden and St. Anne streets, in the Upper Town, faces the English Cathedral on one side and the new City Hall on the other. It was remodelled and refurnished in the spring of 1895, and being eligibly situated does a large business with both tourists and commercial men.

Other comfortable hotels are Henchey's on St. Anne street, the Mountain Hill House and Blanchard's in Lower Town, the Chien d'Or opposite the Post Office, the Lion d'Or on the Grande Allée, and the Quebec Hotel in St. Roche.

Drives around Quebec.

THE environs of Quebec abound in the most delightful scenery, and the roads in the vicinity of the city are amongst the finest

upon the continent. The drives are all comparatively short, averaging about nine or ten miles, and over such good roads that one never feels tired. The scenery all along the roads is pretty and interesting, and full of graceful variety. Among the principal drives may be mentioned the drive to Montmorenci Falls, and the Natural Steps,—the latter no one should miss on any account,—to the Falls of Lorette, the Falls of Ste. Anne and the Chaudiere Falls. Few persons ever go to see the Fortifications at Levis, and yet they are well worthy of a visit. Then there is the old ruin of Chateau Bigot, the haunt of one of the most notorious of scoundrels, as well as the worst of Intendants. Chateau Richer is on the way to Ste. Anne's, and though the distance is a trifle, the road goes through such a lovely section of country that one does not mind the length much. Lovers of lake scenery cannot do better than spend a few hours at the beautiful lakes of St. Charles and Beauport.

Fort Jacques Cartier.

LESS than a mile from the city, as the tourist drives in the direction of Lake Beauport, Lake St. Charles or Chateau Bigot, there is passed on the left hand side of the Charlesbourg road, the massive stone monument erected in 1888, at the confluence of the little river Lairet with the St. Charles, where Jacques Cartier spent the winters of 1535-36, with the crews of his little ships, the Grande Hermine and the Petite Hermine, and erected his first fort, immediately opposite the Indian encampment of Stadacona, of which Donacona was the chief. On the 3rd of May, 1536, three days before his return to France, Cartier erected a large cross, 35 feet high, at this place. The cross bore the arms of the King of France and the inscription:

"FRANCISCUS PRIMUS DEI GRATIA FRANCORUM REX REGNAT,"

A substantial cross bearing a similar inscription, was erected upon the same site in 1868. Ninety years after Cartier spent his first winter here, the scene of the earliest building erected in Canada by Europeans became that of the first Jesuit monastery in New France.

From this establishment went forth the first heroes of the Jesuit missions in Canada,—the discoverers of the interior of half a continent, many of whom sealed their faith with their blood, after enduring the most frightful sufferings in their endeavour to win over the savage Indian hordes of Canada at once to Heaven and to France.

Chateau Bigot and Charlesbourg.

THREE miles north of the Fort Jacques Cartier, the picturesque village of Charlesbourg, with its handsome church, is seen, perched upon the slope of a hill and commanding a splendid view of the city of Quebec and its immediate surroundings. A drive of four miles to the east brings the tourist to the ruins of the Chateau Bigot, Beaumanoir, sometimes also called the Hermitage. These ruins give but a faint idea of the grandeur, extent and secret passages of the original building, which was erected by the Intendant Bigot, whose profligacy and extravagrance were unlimited, and whose rapacity supplied his requirements. Hither with companions as graceless as himself, he was wont to resort, to indulge in every excess of dissipation, and here was enacted the tragedy already referred to, in connection with the Golden Dog, which resulted in the death of Caroline, the unhappy Algonquin maid, and forms one of the leading features of Kirby's entrancing historical romance, "Le Chien d'Or."

Bigot is said to have first met with Caroline after losing his way in the woods where he had been hunting. Sitting down, exhausted with hunger and fatigue, he was startled by the sound of footsteps,

and perceived before him a light figure with eyes as black as night and raven tresses flowing in the night wind. It was an Algonquin beauty, one of those ideal types whose white skin betray their hybrid origin,—a mixture of European blood with that of the aboriginal race. It was Caroline, a child of love, born on the banks of the Ottawa, a French officer, her sire, while the Algonquin tribe of the Beaver claimed her mother. Struck with the sight of such beauty, Bigot requested her guidance to his castle, as she must be familiar with every path of the forest. . . . The Intendant was a married man, but his wife seldom accompanied her lord on his hunting excursions, remaining in the Capital. It was soon whispered abroad however, and came to her ears, that somethings more than the pursuit of wild animals attracted him to his country seat. Jealousy is a watchful sentinel, and after making several visits to the castle, she verified her worst fears. . . . On the night of the 2nd July, when every inmate was wrapped in slumber, a masked person rushed upon this "Fair Rosamond," and plunged a dagger to the hilt in her heart. The whole household was alarmed; search was made, but no clue to the murderer discovered. Many reports were circulated, some tracing the deed to the Intendant's wife, as already recorded, others alleging that the avenging mother of the *Métisse* was the assassin. A mystery, however, to this day surrounds the deed. The victim was buried in the cellar of the castle and the letter "C" engraved on a flat stone, which, up to less than half a century ago, marked her resting place. The chateau at once fell into disuse and decay, and a dreary solitude now surrounds the dwelling and the tomb of that dark-haired child of the wilderness, over which green moss and rank weeds cluster profusely.

From the hill in rear of these ruins spreads out a panorama of incomparable beauty. One of the chapters in "A chance acquaint-

ance," by W. D. Howells, is founded by the famous novelist upon a visit made by him to these ruins, famed as they are for both legendary and historic memories.

The main road that passes through Charlesbourg leads on to

Lakes Beauport and St. Charles.

THESE charming lakes should be seen by every visitor to Quebec, from which they are only distant about twelve miles.

The prettiest is Lake Beauport, but both are bewitchingly beautiful. They nestle in recesses of the Laurentian Mountains. Lake Beauport being hemmed in by them, right to the water's edge. It resembles some of the smaller of the Swiss lakes, and is considered to fully equal them in beauty. The speckled trout with which its waters teem are noted for the brilliant lustre of their variegated hues. They afford excellent sport to the angler. So do those of Lake St. Charles, which is a splendid sheet of water, six miles in length. Lake St. Charles is the source of the river of that name and furnishes the city of Quebec, with its supply of fresh water. In the country which surrounds these lakes and along the road that leads to them, the air is fragrant with the gummy odor of the pine-scented woods.

The Falls of Montmorenci.

THE far-famed Falls of Montmorenci,—nearly a hundred feet higher than those of Niagara—are themselves well worth a visit to Quebec to see. Montmorenci is eight miles distant from Quebec. It may be reached either by the Quebec, Montmorenci & Charlevoix railroad, or by a pleasant drive over an excellent macadamized road, from which a splendid view of the river and surrounding country may be had. The cataract is one of the chief natural attractions in the vicinity of Quebec, the water in its perpen-

dicular fall for the whole 250 feet of its leap over the face of the rock being broken up into white and fleecy foam. Its roar is tremendous and can sometimes be heard for miles away. The spray that rises from it, would soon drench to the skin anybody venturing too near it. In the winter, portions of the spray freeze as they rise, and form an ice cone in the shape of a sugar loaf, which in some seasons exceeds 120 feet in height. Quebecers then form parties for sliding down the cone in toboggans,—an exciting and exhilarating sport. The falls may best be viewed from below, and the tiresome descent to their foot, and yet more tiresome climb back again, up a staircase containing nearly four hundred steps, may be avoided by taking the train from Quebec to Montmorenci, the railway passing below and close to the falls. This view may also be had when taking the trip to La Bonne Ste. Anne, described below. The drive along the highway from Quebec to Montmorenci should be taken on another day. The tourist will then take in the splendid scenery along the way, including views of the St. Lawrence and Isle of Orleans, of Beauport Lunatic Asylum and its magnificent grounds, and of the ruins of the old Beauport manor house that served as the headquarters of Montcalm's army in 1759; for, before effecting a landing above Quebec, General Wolfe disembarked his troops on the eastern side of the Montmorenci river, and vainly endeavoured to dislodge the French from their position, being compelled to retire, however, with several killed and wounded. His account of this disaster, which he dispatched by a special officer to England, is described by the historian Smollet as having been written "with such elegance and accuracy as would not have disgraced the pen of a Cæsar." There is also a splendid view of the river, island, and city from the head of the falls, to which the tourist can drive, while near by is seen the old manor of the Hall family, which a hundred years ago was the country residence in Canada of the late Duke of Kent, father of Queen Victoria,

Daily, in the closing years of the last century, says LeMoine, might the Prince, then a dashing young colonel of Fusiliers have been met trotting his pair of Norman ponies over the Beauport road from Montmorenci to the city, with the fascinating Madame de St. Laurent at his side.

There was formerly a suspension bridge over the river at the very brink of the falls, but nearly half a century ago, it broke away from its mooring, and was swept over the cataract, carrying with it an unfortunate farmer and his family with their vehicle. The stone piers of this bridge still remain. The bodies of the poor people were never recovered, all objects passing over the falls disappearing in a subterranean cavity worn by the constant dripping of the water for thousands of years. Several suicides have occurred here.

Nobody should miss seeing the Natural Steps, which are about a mile above the falls. These are considered by some people to be the grandest feature of Montmorency. Here the river is wildly magnificent. It dashes with the velocity of a mill-race through narrow passes hedged in by precipitous walls of adamantine rock, and anon leaps heedlessly over natural barriers, forming in succession furious cascades and seething pools. The peculiar formation of the rocky banks has given them the title of the Natural Steps. They are the wonder and admiration of all who see them.

L'Ange Gardien and Chateau Richer.

THE pretty French Canadian riverside parishes of L'Ange Gardien and Chateau Richer, which are situated in the above order immediately east of Montmorency, may be reached either by turnpike road or railway. Excellent snipe shooting is to be had upon their beaches.

The village of L'Ange Gardien was destroyed by Wolfe's soldiery after the battle of Beauport in 1759. Good fishing is to be had in some of the streams that flow down to the river through these parishes. Three or four miles below Chateau Richer, are the beautiful falls called Sault à la Puce.

La Bonne Ste. Anne.

AT a distance of twenty miles from Quebec, is the far-famed shrine of Ste. Anne de Beaupré, the parish of this name adjoining that of Chateau Richer. Since the year 1650, pious Canadians have resorted to this place from all parts of the country, and by thousands annually, seeking to be cured of the various ills that flesh is heir to. It is claimed that great miracles are wrought here, even as of olden times, and that the sick are healed, the blind are made to see, the deaf to hear, the lame to walk with ease, and those nigh to death have strength and vigor come back to them, and that, too, suddenly, and through the intercession of that once good woman and now pure soul, the good Ste. Anne, the Virgin Mary's mother, one of whose finger joint bones is still shown and venerated in the church of the parish in a glass case. The sanctity of devotion and the marvels of the miraculous permeate the whole atmosphere of Ste. Anne de Beaupré.

The handsome new church was some few years ago raised by Pope Pius IX to the dignity of a basilica, and acting under the authority of Pope Leo XIII, Cardinal Taschereau in 1878 solemnly crowned the statue of the saint in her own sanctuary, amid great rejoicings. The very railroad that carries the pilgrims from Quebec to Ste. Anne, has been solemnly consecrated and blessed by the Cardinal, as well as the cars by which they travel and the locomotives that draw them. The basilica is one of the finest churches in the Province. It

is 152 feet in length and 64 wide, and cost $200,000. The decorative paintings upon its walls and in its numerous lateral chapels are exceedingly interesting and sometimes quite artistic. Tourists and artists have come from long distances to visit them. But the chief interest attaches to the huge tiers of crutches and trusses, and sticks and splints, piled up eleven stories high, which have been left here by their former owners, whom the miraculous intervention of the Canadian thaumaturge relieved from further necessity for them. The frequency of these miracles, which are oft-times reported daily during the pilgrimage season, has made the Canadian Loretto as celebrated on the American continent as Notre Dame de Lourdes is in Europe. The shrine is visited by hundreds and thousands of pilgrims every summer from all parts of the United States, and for their accommodation, the Redemptorist Fathers in charge of the church deliver their sermons in German, Italian, Dutch, Flemish and Spanish, as well as in English and French.

The wonders wrought here date from the earliest period of the colony's existence. In the first part of the seventeenth century, some Breton fishermen overtaken by a fearful storm, vowed to Ste. Anne to erect a sanctuary in her honor, if she would deign to save them from the terror of the sea. They landed safely upon the north bank of the St. Lawrence, and redeemed their obligations by building a small wooden chapel, which gave its name to the parish and was the scene of numerous miracles. It was replaced by a larger structure in 1660, which, subsequently rebuilt and enlarged, finally gave way to the present magnificent church. The Basilica contains not only the relic of Ste. Anne already referred to, but a portion of the rock from the grotto in which the Virgin Mary was born, a handsome chasuble of gold embroidery, presented by Queen Anne of Austria, mother of Louis XIV and worked largely with her own hands, and a magnificent painting of Ste. Anne and the Virgin Mary, by Lebrun, presented

by the Viceroy Tracy in 1666, and which is to be seen hanging over the main altar.

Mr. W. H. Murray thus refers to the miracles attributed here to La Bonne Ste. Anne:

"I know nothing about these wonders wrought, mercifully wrought, for wretched men and women at the shrine yonder, under the Laurentian hills, save what I see and know as the results. I know that there, men and women are healed of their ills, and lacking the use of needed members are made whole again; but by whom they are healed, or by what power or powers, immediate or intermediate, I know not at all, and am not, believe me, even curious to know. Enough for me to know that a fragment of the old time Palestine is in Canada: that the sea of Galilee empties one of its ancient springs into the St. Lawrence, and that there is one spot on the American continent where theologians are puzzled, scientists are silenced, and a positive medicine is in operation that some grasping Yankee cannot patent and monopolize. Had this Canadian Loretto been on the Merrimac, we should have 'Ste. Anne Pills' and 'Porous Plasters à la Ste. Anne,' hawked over the whole world, and the Grace of God would have been patented and duly labelled."

No visitor to St. Anne should fail to see the Scala Sancta or Holy Stairs. The staircase in question is a *fac-simile* in wood of the famous 28 steps of white marble at Rome, brought from Jerusalem about 326 by the care of the Empress St. Helena, and placed in the palace of the Sovereign Pontiff, where they are venerated under the name of Scala Sancta. In 1589, Pope Sixtus V had a magnificent chapel constructed for their reception opposite the Basilica of St. John Latran. It is supposed that at Jerusalem they formed the staircase leading to the Pretorium, and were thus six times sanctified by the footsteps of the Divine Saviour and sprinkled with His

blood during the days of His Passion. As at Rome, so at La Bonne Ste. Anne, these stairs are affectionately venerated by both pilgrims and residents. Each step contains a relic of the Holy Land, and the faithful ascend them on their knees, the only way permitted them, pausing upon each to pray or meditate upon the Passion of Christ. Curious indeed is the spectacle afforded of a crowd of pious pilgrims thus ascending to the height of this new Calvary. It is a scene that has no counterpart in any other part of America. The magnificent new Chapel containing these stairs is erected upon an eminence close by the Basilica and affording a splendid view of the village and river St. Lawrence. There are lateral staircases by which the pious descend again to the foot of the Scala Sancta, and visitors may use them for ascending. Besides the Holy Stairs, there are in the chapel eight admirably executed life-size groups of statues, in which the artist has most beautifully portrayed the expressions resulting from the varying emotions of those so represented. This series of statuary is the admiration of all cultured visitors to the shrine, and represents the leading incidents in the Passion and death and burial of Christ.

A visit should by all means be paid to the antique little church between the Scala Sancta and the Basilica, if only to examine the exceedingly rude and primitive ex-voto paintings upon the walls, some of which are remarkably amusing.

The environs of the village are exceedingly pleasing ; the neat, white cottages ever and anon peering out from a dense covert of evergreens, maple or birch. Many places of no little interest abound in the neighborhood, such as the beautiful Falls of Ste. Anne, the St. Féréol and the Seven Falls. In fact, there is scarcely to be found anywhere a bolder or finer ravine for the size of the river, than that through which the Ste. Anne finds its way down from the mountains

to the St. Lawrence. It is as well or better worth seeing than Niagara, without its *renommée*, and there are few more charming rustic pictures than that to be viewed from the bridge over *la grande rivière*, a couple of miles below Ste. Anne. From the top of the hill overhanging the village, the view is extensive, taking in the whole northern shore of the Island of Orleans, with Grosse Isle quarantine station looming in the distance.

Just below Grande Rivière, the high road to Murray Bay winds over the mountains to the left, passing through a forest on its steep ascent that affords the most ideal picnic ground that it is possible to imagine. From the heights above, the view is superb. There is a bird's-eye panorama of the St. Lawrence over fifty miles in length the Island of Orleans and the smaller isles to the east lying spread out at the feet of the beholder, as if he were sailing over them in a balloon, while Quebec is plainly discernible, perched upon its rock twenty-five miles away,—the jewels in its diadem sparkling in the glimmering sheen of its bright-tinned roofs and steeples by day and twinkling electric lights by night. St. Anne has a number of comfortable hotels, chief amongst which are the Regina and the St. Louis.

St. Joachim.

ST. Joachim was the husband of Ste. Anne and father of the Blessed Virgin Mary, and the parish which has been given his name is next on the east to Ste. Anne, from which it is separated by the river of that name. It is exceedingly picturesque and noted for the immense flocks of wild geese which visit its shores. Lake St. Joachim is reached by a drive from La Bonne Ste. Anne over the road across the mountains already described. It swarms with medium sized trout, and permission to fish it may be obtained from Mr. Raymond of Ste. Anne.

Cap Tourmente.

CAP Tourmente is the terminus of the Quebec, Montmorenci and Charlevoix Railway, nearly 30 miles from Quebec. It is the name of the abrupt and lofty cape that juts out into the St. Lawrence river a little below the Isle of Orleans, terminating the beautiful meadowy expanse of the *Côte de Beaupré* that has hitherto found a lodgment between the mountains and the river. It should be visited by all lovers of wild and rugged scenery. In a rustic house high up upon one of the approaches to its summit is the summer retreat of His Eminence Cardinal Taschereau and of leading members of his clergy, and of those of Laval University and the Seminary of Quebec.

Lorette.

THE tourist in Quebec will not have performed his whole duty, if he fails to take the lovely drive to Lorette Falls, situate about nine miles away from town. The route lies through a most interesting piece of territory, charming to the eye, and rich in historic association. From the carriage window, or from the heights of the fast-speeding caleche, one may view landscapes and waterscapes of surpassing beauty, while the rival villages of French Lorette and Indian Lorette afford the thoughtful observer much food for reflection. The best time to take this delightful drive is in the morning. One may leave the hotel immediately after breakfast, and it will not be long before your driver will be pointing out to you the various features of interest along the way. The roads are always good which lead to famed Lorette, the home of the Christian Hurons, lineal descendants of those ancient warriors, who waged such savage wars with the Iroquois in the time of Frontenac, two hundred years ago,

One first catches a glimpse of the French village. It is situated on the highlands, and from its top one gets a fine view all around, the city in the distance looking very striking and bold, and the Parliament buildings standing out grandly against the clear sky. But the driver hurries on to the settlement of the Indians. The residence of the Chief is a point of vantage. It is the correct thing to get out of your carriage and pay your respects to this potentate, and look at his house which is a marvel of cleanliness. He will show his medals, and many curiosities if you ask to see them. The Lorette chapel, which is over one hundred and fifty years old, is well worth a visit. It is of the same model and of the same dimensions as that of the Santa Casa, from whence the image of the Virgin,—a copy of that in the famous sanctuary was sent to the Indians. Charlevoix relates that "nothing is more affecting than to hear them sing in two choirs, men on one side, women on the other, prayers and hymns of the church in their own language." The tourist will find interest in looking at the Indian cottages on the plateau of the falls. These have been laid out, apparently, on no particular design, and a walk over the twenty acres of land which contain them will occupy only a few moments of time. But the falls themselves are the principal attraction of this charming drive. They are very well worth a long journey over to see. The spot where the foaming waters come tumbling down rocks and stones, and through picturesque gorges, is certainly wild enough. One can see the cascade as he stands on the little hill, a few feet away from the inn. But to see the falls in all their beauty, the tourist must go down the steps which lead to a ravine. Five minutes walk will bring you to a moss-covered rock, and on this sheltered place you may sit for hours listening to the noisy splash, and watching the dashing waters as they hurry along, foaming and plunging over the stones. Lorette falls differ widely from the cataract of

Montmorency, but they are just as striking in their way. Some think them more beautiful.

Just above the Indian village is the Chateau d'Eau, where, from a miniature lake formed by a dam across the river, two lines of iron pipe, one 30 inches and the other 18 inches in diameter, draw off the water supply, with which they serve the city of Quebec. At this point, boats and canoes may be obtained and the river ascended to its source,—Lake St. Charles, through eight miles of perfectly fairly navigation, the river gliding most tortuously through a forest wild, mantled over by a dense growth of spruce and fir-trees.

Cape Rouge, St. Augustin and Lake Calvaire.

CAPE Rouge is a delightful spot which is passed on the drive out by St. Louis and in by St. Foye road, along which are erected the handsome villa residences of Quebec's leading merchants, but is well worthy of a special visit and a drive through the parish, over a pretty stream that here flows into the St. Lawrence.

This drive passes through Sillery, a place of great historical interest, where the Jesuits had an Indian mission house in the early days of the colony, and De Maisonneuve passed his first winter in Canada, with the colonists intended to found Montreal. Here, too, the Christian Hurons were surprised, and missionaries and converts alike massacred by the savage Iroquois.

Continuing the drive towards St. Augustin, the tourist reaches the pretty Lake Calvaire or Lake St. Augustin, at a distance of twelve miles from Quebec. The drive to it from Cape Rouge is one of the most beautiful of the many entrancing ones in the district of Quebec, and overlooks the St. Lawrence and the opposite shore from the

brink of the lofty precipice. The church of St. Augustin is near by and well worth a visit. There is also a deserted church, built in 1648, now in ruins on the beach, in reference to which is a legend that the devil, in the shape of a horse, assisted in the construction. This horse was continually kept bridled and employed in carting stones of immense size, beyond the power of any ordinary horse to move, till one day, a workman carelessly took off his bridle to give him a drink,—when he immediately disappeared in a cloud of burning sulphur. History has failed to record how many drinks the horse's driver had taken that day.

The South Shore.

MANY and varied are the attractions of the South Shore. From Point Levis, immediately opposite Quebec, may be obtained one of the most imposing views of the city and of Cape Diamond, and the crossing by ferry is a matter of some three minutes only. Right opposite the ferry landing is the joint depot of the Grand Trunk, Intercolonial and Quebec Central railways. A drive should be taken to the new military forts upon the heights above, constructed by the Imperial Government at a cost of over a million of dollars, and on no account should the tourist fail to visit the Engineer's Camp at St. Joseph de Lévis, whence a magnificent panorama of river, island and the Falls of Montmorenci, lies spread out before the admirers of Nature's charms. A military camp is held here during a portion of every summer. Indian Cove, which lies between the Camp and the riverside, derives its name from the fact that an encampment of Indians was formerly located there. Both Montagnais from the north shore and Micmacs from the south were accustomed to spend a portion of each summer here in the early part of the century, and to receive presents of blankets, tobacco and money, distributed

amongst them by agents of the British Government in return for the assistance rendered by them to the defence of Canada against American invasion.

Just below the church at St. Joseph de Lévis, which is passed on the way from the Camp to the river side, the Intercolonial Railway crosses the roadway over an iron bridge. Here, in December, 1890, a whole train was derailed and thrown completely over the embankment, resulting in the death of ten passengers and the maiming of several others.

Near by is the Government graving dock, a massive piece of masonry which is able to accommodate the largest steamships running to the St. Lawrence, being 484 feet long and 100 wide. It well repays a visit, especially when a vessel is docked there, in which case the visitor may descend into it and walk right under the keel of one of the modern leviathans of the deep. Together with the new tidal and other docks at the mouth of the St. Charles, this addition to the facilities for the accommodation of shipping in the port of Quebec, —one of the finest ports in the world, (1) has already involved an expenditure of over five millions of dollars.

The Scene of a Tragic Execution.

AT a short distance from the Lévis church, where four roads cross, there was enacted in 1763 a remarkable tragedy. A woman commonly called La Corriveau, who was credited with having been the accomplice of Angélique de Meloise in the murder of Bigot's *amoureuse*, Caroline, the Indian maid, at Beaumanoir,(2) was accused

(1) "Quebec's docks and tidal basins, when completed, will rank among the most perfect works of the kind in the world."—Dr. Geo. Stewart, F.R.G.S., in the Encyclopædia Britannica. See also "The Port of Quebec,—its facilities and prospects," by E. T. D. Chambers, Quebec, 1890.

(2) Kirby's "Golden Dog," chapter XXXV.

of having murdered at St. Valier, her husband Dodier, some say by pouring molten lead into his ear while he slept, but according to De Gaspé, (1) by smashing in his skull with a blunt instrument: after which she is said to have dragged his body to the stable and placed him behind a horse, to convey the impression that the animal had kicked him to death. She was tried by court martial in the Ursuline convent,—then the headquarters of General Murray,—for the colony was at this time under military regime. Sentenced to be first hanged and then to have her body exposed in chains, she was executed, according to Kirby upon the Levis hill, in full view of the city of Quebec, but if De Gaspé and Le Moine are correct, close to the St. Louis road or Grande Allée in the city itself, at the then usual place of execution, at what is now known as Perreault's hill, the highest point of the road, from which the descent is made that leads immediately to the Plains of Abraham proper. No matter which was her place of execution, her body was for a long time exposed in an iron cage, made to its shape with arms and legs, and affixed to a pole at the cross roads just described,—a warning to evil doers and the terror of the neighboring inhabitants, who complained of nocturnal apparitions and clanging noises produced of course by the wicked spirit of the dead murderess. Finally, the cage, with its ghastly contents, was interred in a neighboring field, only to be exhumed and re-interred in 1830, again recovered in 1850, and then sold to a collector of relics, and deposited in a public museum in Boston.

Chaudiere Falls.

IT is well worth the while to drive from Levis to Chaudière, to see the magnificent falls, though the trip may also be made by steamer or by train. These falls are somewhat similar to those

(1) "Les Anciens Canadiens," edition of 1877, vol. II, page 155.

of Lorette, though upon a larger scale, their height being about 180 feet.

Thoreau relates that he saw here the most brilliant rainbow that he ever imagined:—"not a few faint prismatic colors merely, but a full semi-circle, only four or five rods in diameter, though as wide as usual, so intensely bright as to pain the eye, and apparently as substantial as an arc of stone." (1)

Etchemin or New Liverpool, which is passed on the way from Quebec to Chaudière, possesses one of the handsomest churches in Canada. Its frescoes are the admiration of visitors from far and near.

Isle of Orleans.

A SAIL down the river to this beautiful island is one of the summer attractions of Quebec. Jacques Cartier called it the Isle of Bacchus from the numerous wild grapes found there. Numbers of Quebecers have summer residences here, and thousands of others escape the heat of many a summer's afternoon, by the trip to the island and back again, with its cool river breezes and delightful scenery.

Tourists cannot more pleasantly spend one of their afternoons in the vicinity of Quebec, than by taking the steamer for the island immediately after luncheon, returning to the hotel in time for dinner.

The Saguenay and St. Lawrence Watering Places.

IF time permits, the tourist at Quebec, after having taken in all the attractions of the city and immediate vicinity, should not fail to take the round trip to Lake St. John and the Saguenay,

(1) "A Yankee in Canada," page 66.

to the former by rail, returning by steamer in daylight from Chicoutimi, down the Saguenay and up the St. Lawrence, passing the pretty seaside resorts of Murray Bay, River du Loup, Tadoussac and peerless Cacouna,—the queen of Canadian watering places.

The poet of the Sierras once said that there were three things in the world which proved, on inspection, to be not disappointing. One of these was the beautiful and glimmering Bay of Naples, the other was the Falls of Niagara, and the third was that great "river of death," as Bayard Taylor called the deep, cold stream, the wonderful and awe-inspiring Saguenay. There is no need to describe the grandeur of the Saguenay, but the tourist who wishes to see a sight which almost surpasses belief, will do well to spend a couple of days in investigating the waters of the lower St. Lawrence and the "Amber River" of Joaquin Miller.

An Englishman of means and leisure, who was here some years ago, wrote of Quebec and the Saguenay as follows:—

"A trip up the wonderful Saguenay river from Quebec is itself worth a trip across the Atlantic, to say nothing of the quaint old city of Quebec, and its magnificent approaches. I could pack up my traps and return home feeling well satisfied with what I have already seen of your country, the dreams of my early youth having been more than realized. I wish to see nothing finer than the bays on the St. Lawrence and Saguenay river or the grandeur of Cape Eternity and Trinity Rock on the Saguenay. Your country seems to say with the river of grandeur and beauty:—

Some may come and some may go,
But I flow on for ever."

The Lake St. John Country.

If the tourist be a sportsman, he cannot afford to leave Quebec without paying a visit to that sportsman's paradise, lying away

amongst and beyond the Laurentian hills that bound the horizon as he looks northward from the city, and which is known as the Lake St. John country. No mountain region on the face of the globe offers more interesting features to the geologist than that of the Laurentides. This range forms the backbone of the oldest mountain chain upon the crust of the globe. Thousands of years before Noah's Ark grounded upon the summit of Mount Ararat, or the fiat had gone forth which first shed created light upon a world of chaos, the mountains of which these Laurentian hills then formed the framework, lifted aloft their hoary heads, white with the snows of a thousand years. There are a number of indications of this condition of affairs, which forbid any doubt on the subject. On the heights of Lorette, nine or ten miles from the city of Quebec, where the line of the Lake St. John Railway was cut through a heavy sandbank, are found pleistocene deposits of saxicava sand, containing astarte, saxicava-rugosa and pecten-Greenlandica shells in great abundance. These are the self-same shells which are to-day found, inhabited by living mollusks, in the cold salt sea which washes the base of Greenland's icy mountains. In the glacial period of our planet's history, there is no doubt that a similar cold salt sea to that of Labrador and Greenland, covered a great part of this Laurentian country, to a height of many hundred feet above the present level of our own St. Lawrence. A wild country, this, to be traversed by a railway. Few who have not travelled the line of the Lake St. John Railway, have any real idea of the difficulties encountered in its construction. It passes, too, through a remarkable country, full of delightful scenery and thickly studded with the most charming lakes, teeming with fish.

Lake St. Joseph

Is only about an hour's journey by rail from Quebec. It is some eight miles long, has a comfortable hotel and several cottages upon its picturesque shores, and is well stocked with trout and bass. Trout fishing is best in the spring of the year, when *fontinalis* or *salvelinus*, usually known as red or brook trout, are frequently taken up to two and three pounds in weight, and the *namaycush* or lake trout, sometimes known here as salmon trout, grey trout, *touladi*, *queues fourches* or forked-tail trout, grow to over twenty pounds each.

Beyond Lake St. Joseph and the many trout lakes on the other side of Rivière-à-Pierre, which have been fished by American sportsmen, there are the beautiful Lake Edward, Cedar Lake and Lake Bouchette.

Lake Edward.

LAKE Edward is situated about 113 miles from Quebec, upon the line of the Quebec and Lake St. John Railway. It is fully twenty miles in length and dotted with charming islands which gave it its original French name of Lac des Grandes Isles. A very comfortable hotel has been erected adjoining the railway station and upon the margin of the lake. In this picturesque body of water, whose praises have been so enthusiastically sung by Kit Clarke (1) W. H. H. Murray (2) and others, very large red trout are annually taken up to five and six pounds weight each. Just before approaching the lake, the railway, for about thirty miles, follows the course of the Batiscan river, and here is to be seen some of the most magnificent scenery

(1) In "Where the Trout Hide," Bretano's.

(2) In "Lake St. John and the Saguenay" by W. H. H. Murray, published by Quebec *Morning Chronicle*.

that can be found anywhere. The stream is from 300 to 600 feet in width,—a leaping, roaring, dashing, impetuous river,—a succession of foaming rapids and fleecy cascades. It is sometimes hemmed in on both sides by lofty mountains, often so closely that there is scarcely room left on either bank for the roadbed of the railway line.

Lake St. John.

AT a distance of 190 miles from Quebec, the tourist by this railway reaches Lake St. John,—a great inland sea, almost circular in form and over thirty miles across, which was discovered by the Jesuit missionary DeQuen, 250 years ago. It is fed by numerous rivers over a mile wide each at their mouths, and is the source of the far-famed Saguenay. Here are taken the wonderful ouananiche or landlocked salmon, which afford such remarkable sport to the angler, and attract so many American fishermen annually to this northern country. (1)

There are two hotels at Lake St. John, close to the terminus of the railway,—the Hotel Roberval, owned by Mr. H. J. Beemer and managed by Mr. T. Kenna, with accommodation for 300 guests, handsomely furnished and fitted throughout with electric lights and bells, and the Lake St. John Hotel, a new house managed by Mr. A. W. Patterson, formerly in charge of the Island House at the Grand Discharge of the lake. This latter hotel is reached daily by steamer from Roberval.

The Montagnais Indians who serve as guides for fishermen at Lake St. John are a racial curiosity, and hunt in winter the interior

(1) See "The book of the Ouananiche and its Canadian Environment," by R. T. D. Chambers, "The Home of the Ouananiche" by do. in "The Canadian Magazine" for May 1895, and "The Leaping Ouananiche" by Eugene McCarthy.

of Labrador, disposing of the furs they take, to the Hudson Bay Company. Their folk-lore is intensely interesting.

Quebec in Winter.

IT is only since the erection of the Chateau Frontenac and the inauguration of winter carnivals in Quebec that it has become the fashionable thing for Americans in winter to run up to the old capital of Canada, envelope themselves in the beautiful furs that are here so inexpensive, and after enjoying the sleigh rides, tobogganing, snow-shoeing, skating, &c., in the bracing atmosphere of a Canadian winter, return home with the flush of health in their cheeks and a determination to return another season to partake of the comforts of the Chateau Frontenac, under manager Journet's efficient management, and the exciting amusements of another Quebec Carnival. Lord and Lady Aberdeen, the Astors, the Goulds and the Vanderbilts, selected the winter for their pleasure visits here, and thousands of others are now following their example.

How a typical New Yorker was struck by his first experience of winter in Quebec will appear from the following extracts from Mr. Julian Ralph's letters to the New York *Sun* in January, 1894:—

"The great granite walls capped and flecked with snow; the narrow, curving streets heaped with snow; the houses all fringed with ponderous icicles; the trees whose every limb is outlined with a coating of snow; the sleighs all buried in furs; the people in blanket suits and furs and moccasins; the gorgeous snow-shoers; the priests and soldiers and nuns—all these shown off beside the ice-glutted river are quite enough to satisfy the tourists without the added trifles of a curling match or a masquerade on skates, or even a Vice-Regent's ball. . . . They have cut out of the surface of the river a seagreen ice palace, which shines in the old city wall like a

diamond tiara on the head of a duchess. They have carved out of solid ice several statues of their national heroes. They have spanned the leading streets with Eiffel towers of fir and evergreen arches which are to be manned with snow-shoers in worsted tuques, blanket coats, blanket trousers, gaudy scarfs, and moccasins. They have opened a new and enormous hotel, as fine as any on the continent, and thus have redeemed the once failing reputation of the city in this respect."

And this is Mr. Ralph's description of a scene that every day of the winter is enacted on skates in the city rinks:—

"At the skating rink this afternoon some of these pretty natives were waltzing on skates to the music of the army-band from the Citadel. They can skate like fairies. They sweep to and fro like yachts of magical swiftness. They dart over the ice like birds in the air, and they spin and wheel and pirouette and trace fancy patterns on the ice, so that no onlooker can perceive a particle of exertion or explanation of the mystery how they manage to be so airy, so skilful, or so graceful. But it is when they waltz that they become most bewitching. The backward whirl and the cross-step, and the constant repetition of the inner and the outer roll give such a melodious swing to their skirts that no English now at hand in Quebec is fit to convey the effect. Their bodies glide now this side and now that side, and their dresses move with that "liquefaction" which the poet Herrick ascribes to his Julia's gown when she tripped along the road. Hardly has one of their skirts determined which way it shall float when the movement is changed and the drapery contradicts itself and floats the other way. Seldom is so much as an ankle displayed by the pretty skaters. Only the rhythmic dresses and the flashing skate blades are vouchsafed to the vision of the beholder. But each time the girls dip, in the swing and poetry of the featherlike dance, some

part of each skirt edge touches the ice and picks up an edging of snow, so that presently, every musical, silently melodious skirt seems trimmed with ermine. It is the men who display the only hosiery one sees at the carnival. The popular blanket suits which so many men are wearing here all terminate their breeches at the knee, close beside which swing the ends of the brilliant scarfs that fall from each waist. From the knee down to the shoes are heavy woollen stockings. . . . Twenty-four young men and women of the most distinguished Quebec families skated the lancers in fancy dresses. The beautiful costumes weaving about on the white ice made a pretty picture, and the precision with which the figures were executed was wonderful, but there was not quite the same degree of the poetry of motion that distinguished the waltzing. However, the perfect control of the dancers over their skates was worth going a great way to see. They balanced corners and partners and repeated all the figures of the old dance exactly as well and a thousand times more prettily than ever genuine dancers did. So skilful were they that when a couple at the corners balanced and turned they needed perhaps forty square feet of space, but in that space they curved and spun and glided around one another like graceful birds."

To Quebec in winter may well be applied the poet's words:

"Thou hast thy decoration too, although
Thou art austere; thy studded mantle grav
With icy brilliants, which as proudly glow
As erst Golconda's; and thy pure array
Of regal ermine, when the drifted snow
Envelopes Nature, till her features seem
Like pale but lovely ones seen when we dream."

Leaving Quebec.

IT would require much more space than is now at our disposal to describe the innumerable attractions that the city and district of Quebec possess for tourists of every class. When the time has at length arrived that summons him home from his holiday tour, he must be of peculiar temperament, if he does not declare with a well-known American traveller, already quoted in these pages, "that one leaves Quebec with a feeling of gratitude. Time is not wasted in sight-seeing here as it too frequently is in other quarters. It is an incomparable spot for the lover of a quiet holiday who is anxious to learn something of the country and its history. He walks a ground consecrated to history and he views conditions of life, the like of which cannot be found outside the walls that separate it from the outer world."

As Quebec stands unrivalled in the history of her past, so is she unexcelled to-day in the beauty of her present. As Longfellow sang of Nuremburg:

"Quaint old town of toil and traffic,
Quaint old town of art and song.
Memories haunt thy pointed gables
Like the rocks that round thee throng."

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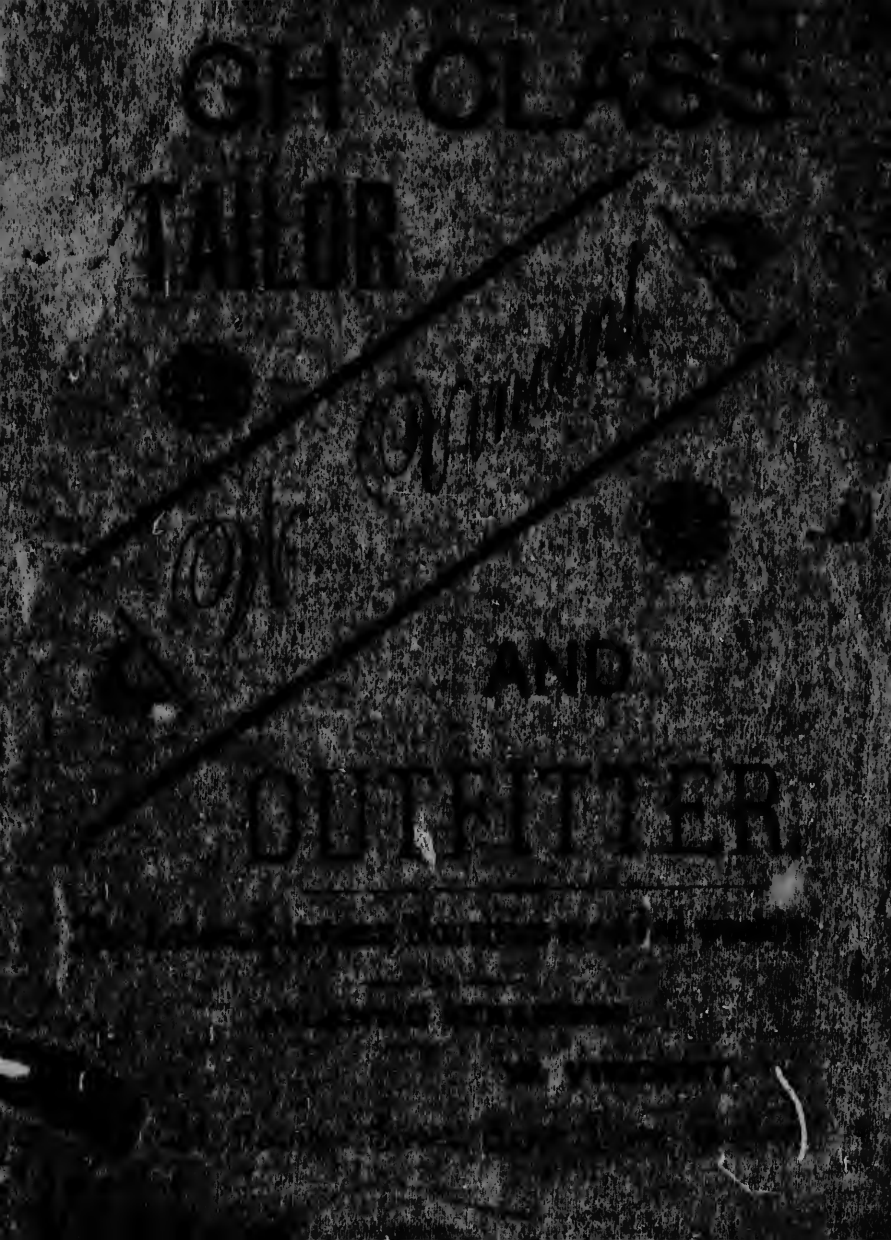
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