Artistic Quebec

Historic and Descriptive

Mary E. Gillis
Sept: 1/90
from Jack.

by brother
John Stark Gillis

Contents - nil

ARTISTIC QUEBEC

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Engraved by A. Hall

Quebec.

Engraved, by permission, from the picture painted for
Her Majesty Queen Victoria
by L. R. O'Brien, President Royal Canadian Academy of Arts

ARTISTIC QUEBEC

DESCRIBED BY

PEN AND PENCIL

EDITED BY

GEORGE MONRO GRANT, D.D.
Of Queens University

ILLUSTRATED UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF

L. R. O'BRIEN, PRES. R.C.A.

TORONTO, CANADA
BELDEN BROTHERS

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PREFACE.

By Julian Hawthorne.

I HAVE in my possession a little, mean-looking book, about six inches long by three and a half broad, bound in parchment yellowed by age and wrinkled by damp. It is written in the Latin of the Elizabethan period, with curious contractions and solecisms, and contains upward of two hundred pages. The title has a design of symbolic figures engraved on copper, amidst which appears a scroll bearing the words, "*Mundus Alter et Idem.* Auth. *Mercurio Brittannico. Hannoviæ*, A° 1607."

If you care to brave the difficulties of the contracted and bastard Latin, you will find that the volume consists of an account of the author's travels in a region which he calls "*Terra Australis, ante hac semper incognita*," and that his adventures in this hitherto unexplored continent are of so strange and romantic a character, that it does not surprise you to learn, on reference to the proper authorities—*vide* "Bibliographical and Retrospective Miscellany" for 1830, p. 56—that Dean Swift is understood to have taken the idea of his "Gulliver's Travels" from this work; which is, in fact, the production of one Bishop Hall, of famous and satirical memory, who adopted that method of exercising his imagination, and ventilating his notions regarding social phenomena and the vagaries of human nature.

Not the least entertaining feature of the book is the series of maps which are fastened in at the end of it. The number of fanciful representations of this planet of ours which were devised during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, passes mention; but these designs yield to none of them in eccentric interest. The earth, to begin with, is treated as a flat surface. Indeed, though Magellan had circumnavigated the globe nearly a century before the date of Bishop Hall's book, the fact of its rotundity had not then been, and was not until long afterward, generally accepted; nay, it is not twenty years since an ingenious monomaniac, by the name of "Parallax," published a volume restating the venerable dogma of flatness, with copious demonstrations. The accuracy of the good bishop's designs suffers from his rejection of the Magellian and Copernican ideas; and his North and South America, and Europe, Asia, and Africa appear strangely distorted. The river Amazon is a prolonged strait, dividing the South American continent

into two unequal parts. Cape St. Roque, of the latter country, approaches within some five hundred miles of Cape Verd, in Africa. The Pacific Ocean contains but a single island, named St. Pedro, and North America shows a blank, uneventful surface extending no higher, apparently, than about the fortieth parallel, and totally destitute of rivers. On the other hand, the Straits of Magellan separate Patagonia, not from the unimportant "Tierra del Fuego" of our geographies, but from a gigantic continent, with a coast-line extending east and west fully twenty-five thousand miles, and exhibiting an area at least four times as great as that of all the rest of the world put together. This last purports to have been the field of the author's explorations; and an extraordinary piece of ground it is.

And yet, there seems to have been no good reason why the readers of A° 1607 should not have accepted it in good faith; and I dare say many of them did. For nobody really knew, in those days, what the earth really was like. Drake and Raleigh had made their voyages; but they had made them with their imaginations so inflamed with anticipations of mystery and splendor, and with eyes so determined to behold marvels and magnificence, that their travellers' tales well-nigh corresponded, not with their experience, but with their prepossessions. The people at home were ready to believe anything, provided it were dazzling and miraculous. No one knew—no one could even conjecture—what secrets the mighty Western Continent might yet reveal. Surely, it must have been delightful and stimulating to possess so vast a field for speculation and wonder. Nothing of the sort is left for us of to-day, except a few hundred square miles in the depths of Africa, and some frigid possibilities at the Pole. If we want miracles, we must turn our thoughts to the moon, or to Mercury, and ask whether they are inhabited, and, if so, by what manner of beings. The earth—the surface of it at any rate—is a twice-told tale.

Bishop Hall's map, so far as the North American aspect of it is concerned, gives no hint of the great river hereafter to be called the St. Lawrence, nor, *a fortiori*, of such a place as Quebec; though a French navigator, by the name of Jacques Cartier, had visited the locality as much as seventy years previous, and had anchored his ships below the Indian village under the cliff, known as Stadacona. But Jacques Cartier, so far as we know, took no surveying instruments with him, and the strongest impression he brought home with him probably was of the scenery. He doubtless gave Francis I. an account of the country he had visited; but Francis was astute and selfish, and the more he believed Cartier's story, the less likely would he be to desire its general publication. The monarchs of Europe were, at that period, jealously watching one another's movements westward, each fearing lest one of the others should succeed in fastening his clutches on something of incalculable value—such as a range of mountains of solid gold, or a Sindbad's valley full of diamonds. Spain, France, and England, not to mention the undemonstrative but intrepid Dutch, all wanted everything, and were resolved to assert

and maintain their prior claim thereto; but while the other nations had prosecuted their researches for the most part on or below the thirtieth parallel, France, either by accident or design, directed her course toward the north. If the French had been as good colonists as the Spaniards, or even as the English, North American history would undoubtedly have had a complexion very different from that which it possesses.

For seventy years, then, after the expedition of Jacques Cartier, the great northern river remained undisturbed, and probably unthought of; and the men who had been living at that earlier epoch had long been in their graves, when the second adventurer set forth. Samuel de Champlain started on his voyage early in the summer of 1608—only a few months after my copy of Bishop Hall's story of adventure was delivered to the public. Very likely Champlain had seen it, though, as has been intimated, it could have furnished him with but scanty enlightenment as to the region he was about to visit. Be that as it may, he might reasonably have thought that the northern part of the world offered as promising a theatre for strange discoveries as the southern; and that he might bring back with him a narrative as sensational as that of the imaginative ecclesiastic, and more trustworthy. It was, at all events, with brilliant hopes and prospects that he weighed anchor, and—which was more to the point—with personal capacities and powers which, humanly speaking, insured his success. The main immediate objects of his expedition were two—to found a trading station for a great fur-trading company; and to plant in the New World the authority and religion of France. In the sequel, it was discovered, as might have been expected, that these aims did not harmonize cordially; but fortunately for civilization, Champlain sympathized more with the latter aim than with the former; he cared more to educate the natives, and to give colonists the means of supporting themselves by agriculture, than to fill the selfish pockets of a corporation. And during the succeeding twenty-eight years of his life, he gave the settlement an impetus in the right direction which it never lost, and left behind him the name and fame of the creator of Canada.

The "Stadacona" which Jacques Cartier had told of had disappeared from remembrance during the intervening seventy years (though it still survives under the guise of the St. Roche suburb, and in the patriotic recollection of the present inhabitants), and Champlain's station was known by the name it has ever since borne, of Quebec. The name, like all of Indian origin, has a significance based upon a striking physical feature of the place which bears it. "Quebec" means the sudden narrowing of the waters of the river, which takes place between the heights on the northern side and the point on the southern, just above the Isle of Orleans. Eastward, the stream widens rapidly to a breadth of twenty, forty, and a hundred miles. The Laurentian Mountains loom in the distance on the north of the city, and the loftier Notre Dame range uplift themselves on the south; the height on and around which the city itself is built is abrupt and striking—a vast, aggressive shoulder of rock, advanced defiantly against invasion. Whether to impress the imagination, or to answer practical needs, no fitter place than this could have been found on which to set the

pioneer colony of a new nation. The lines which Scott wrote of his native country apply with no less precision to this superb region :

> Land of wild heath and shaggy wood !
> Land of the mountain and the flood ! "

The scale is grander, but the features are the same. Looking down from the citadel upon the glorious landscape unrolled before him, one involuntarily recalls the famous word-picture in the " Lady of the Lake " :—

> " From the steep promontory gazed
> The stranger, raptured and amazed.
> And ' What a scene were here,' he cried,
> ' For princely pomp, or churchman's pride !
> On this bold brow, a lordly tower ;
> In that soft vale, a lady's bower ;
> On yonder meadow, far away,
> The turrets of a cloister grey ;
> How blithely might the bugle-horn
> Chide, on the lake, the lingering morn !
> And sweet, at eve, the lover's lute
> Chime, when the groves were still and mute !
> And, when the midnight moon should lave
> Her forehead in the silver wave,
> How solemn on the ear would come
> The holy matins' distant hum,
> While the deep peal's commanding tone
> Should wake, in yonder islet lone,
> A sainted hermit from his cell
> To drop a bead with every knell.' "

It is no wonder, therefore, that Cape Diamond has been a jewel for which the French and the English have struggled from the first. The very impossibility (as it might appear) of capturing so redoubtable a stronghold, would act as a stimulus to the warriors who attempted it, even were it not also the key to the great dominion beyond. Sir David Kirke's capture of it took place nearly a hundred years before the existence of the fortifications designed by the Frenchman De Levy ; but it resisted the attack of Sir William Phipps in 1690 ; and Admiral Warren, early in the next century, was prevented by fogs and storms from so much as getting within gunshot of the fortress. Wolfe, as the world will long remember, was successful in 1759 ; the next year the French under De Lévis failed in a similar enterprise, and the ownership of the stronghold was finally decided in favor of England by the disastrous campaign of Arnold and Montgomery. If the time ever comes when it shall pass into the possession of the United States, the consideration will doubtless be, not blood and powder, but parchment and ink. There are no present signs, however, that either party desires such an arrangement.

Indeed, not to speak of other reasons, a regard for the picturesque in scenery and history should be enough to discourage an American proprietorship of this venerable coign of vantage. The French occupants of the Province of Quebec to-day outnumber those of

English descent in the proportion of more than fifteen to one. The old houses, the old streets, the old agricultural processes, the old manners and customs, survive to-day almost untouched by time. Their one staple industry is the hewing of timber in their inexhaustible forests; and during a winter which lasts from November to May even this is impracticable and the population willingly surrenders itself to the delights of the toboggan, the sleigh, and all the sports of snow and ice. Thanks to the politically unwise, but otherwise commendable decree of the British Government, the English language is not taught in the schools, and the French tongue is everywhere heard. In short, the atmosphere of the place is not merely European, but mediæval; it is older, in appearance and condition, than settlements of far greater antiquity on the other side of the Atlantic. With St. Augustine at one extremity of the continent, and Quebec at the other, we do not need to seek abroad for the charms that belong to what is ancient. They are here, and are likely to remain here quite as long as anywhere else.

Of the changes that would come over the Canadian citadel under an American administration, it is unnecessary to speak. Very probably Cape Diamond would be levelled to the ground with dynamite cartridges, after the fashion of our own Hell-Gate, and a prosperous city of broad streets and square "blocks" would arise upon its ruins. The smoke of countless factories would pollute the crystalline atmosphere; the river would be bridged above and tunnelled beneath; the virgin forests would melt away, and their place would be occupied by a vast agricultural community, which would pour into the region under the stimulus of Government land-grants and new facilities of transport. A way would be made for European steamers up the St. Lawrence and *viâ* the Lakes to Chicago, and, in a word, Canada would become one the wealthiest countries in the world; and one of the least attractive—even to bank-cashiers and boodle-aldermen. Let us trust that such a consummation may not be in our day.

Where, meanwhile, could be found a field more available for the novelist and romancer, whether realistic, ideal, or historical? The latter's chief embarrassment would be to decide whether the religious, the warlike, or the pioneering features of the chronicle would suit his purpose best, or whether to make a *pot-pourri* of all three. The Jesuits arrived, much to the discontent of the Fur-trading Company, in 1625, and approved themselves, then as at other times, models of self-sacrifice and devotion; they showed what can be done by men who have surrendered conscience and private judgment to human masters, and are prepared to give up life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness to further the material aggrandizement and spiritual tyranny of their Church. But whatever may be thought of their ultimate designs, their incidental measures were beneficent. They lived with the Indians, travelled with them, mastered their language, taught them the rudiments of learning, nursed them in sickness, built hospitals for their accommodation, and, in so far as was humanly possible, led them to believe that the

great white race had established themselves on their shores for other purposes than to cheat them out of their birthright and woodland wealth.

It was not the Jesuit Fathers alone who abandoned all for the Church. Even more memorable is the career of such a woman as Madame de la Peltrie, rich, noble, and beautiful, who, in 1639, left the pleasures and splendors of the Parisian Court and, without one backward glance or thought, plunged into the northwestern wilderness, and buried herself there. And there, for more than twenty years, she lived and worked, and died at last—if such a being can be said to die. We are wont to talk of the frivolity, the thoughtlessness, the moral corruption and degradation of those times; and the court of France is cited as the culmination of vice and debauchery. Yet, out of that foul swamp of evil sprang this pure and gracious flower, whose golden heart was rich with love for those whom she deemed most forlorn and outcast. Are there souls of women more devoted and constant now? We have women novelists, women doctors, women agitators, women Presidential candidates; but the race of Madame de la Peltrie does not seem to have greatly multiplied in the earth. And yet, perhaps, the career she missed was nobler and more arduous than the one she followed. When she set her fair face across the desolate Atlantic and sought the wilderness of heathendom and ignorance, she left a more hopeless heathendom, a more terrible wilderness behind her. Not the sachems of the Hurons and Algonquins, but the king and courtiers of her native country, stood most in peril of death and judgment. Might not the influence of women like her, exerted in the midst of that great hot-bed of iniquity, have operated to save some of those lofty heads destined to fall thereafter on the guillotine of 1793?

Well, the Hotel Dieu and the Convent of the Ursulines still stand as the monuments of this illustrious lady and of those who accompanied her. Their work was beneficent and honorable; and when they had passed away, champions of another sort were found to achieve other deeds. Louis XIV. seems to have felt a cordial interest in the colony; and, in 1663, he sent to Quebec the man to whom, after Champlain, the city and the province are most indebted. Talon, the first Intendant, combined in himself many of the rarest elements of greatness. His energy, wisdom, and integrity effected marvels toward conquering the wilderness and rendering it prosperous and populous. He cleared the forest, he built houses and founded industries, he encouraged immigration, and prosecuted exploration and discovery in all directions. Enemies on the spot and foes abroad he fought and overcame; his will and his policy were supreme, and, so far as history reveals, they were in all respects good. But against the brightness of this famous name is set, in darkness and ignominy, that of his successor nearly a century later—Bigot, the wicked. He was one of those titled scoundrels whom Providence occasionally sees fit to put in high places, as if to show mankind by example what sorry pranks unbridled vice and power combined can play. The tale of his crimes, debaucheries, and follies still survives like the memory of an ugly nightmare, though the gorgeous palace in which his

sinister revels were held is now but a fragment of grass-grown ruin, and the evil he did, like all other evil deeds of man, has by the subtle alchemy of time either been transformed into good, or its effect has utterly disappeared. From this execrated figure we turn with relief to that of the lovable, arbitrary, headstrong Laval—the worthy and able bishop, who scarcely cared to conceal his own naïve surprise at finding himself "always in the right." And so the picturesque procession goes on, in light and shadow, in peril and prosperity, in failure and success, until it culminates—so far as the French element is concerned—in the gallant lineaments of Frontenac, who ushers in the memorable and fatal date of 1759.

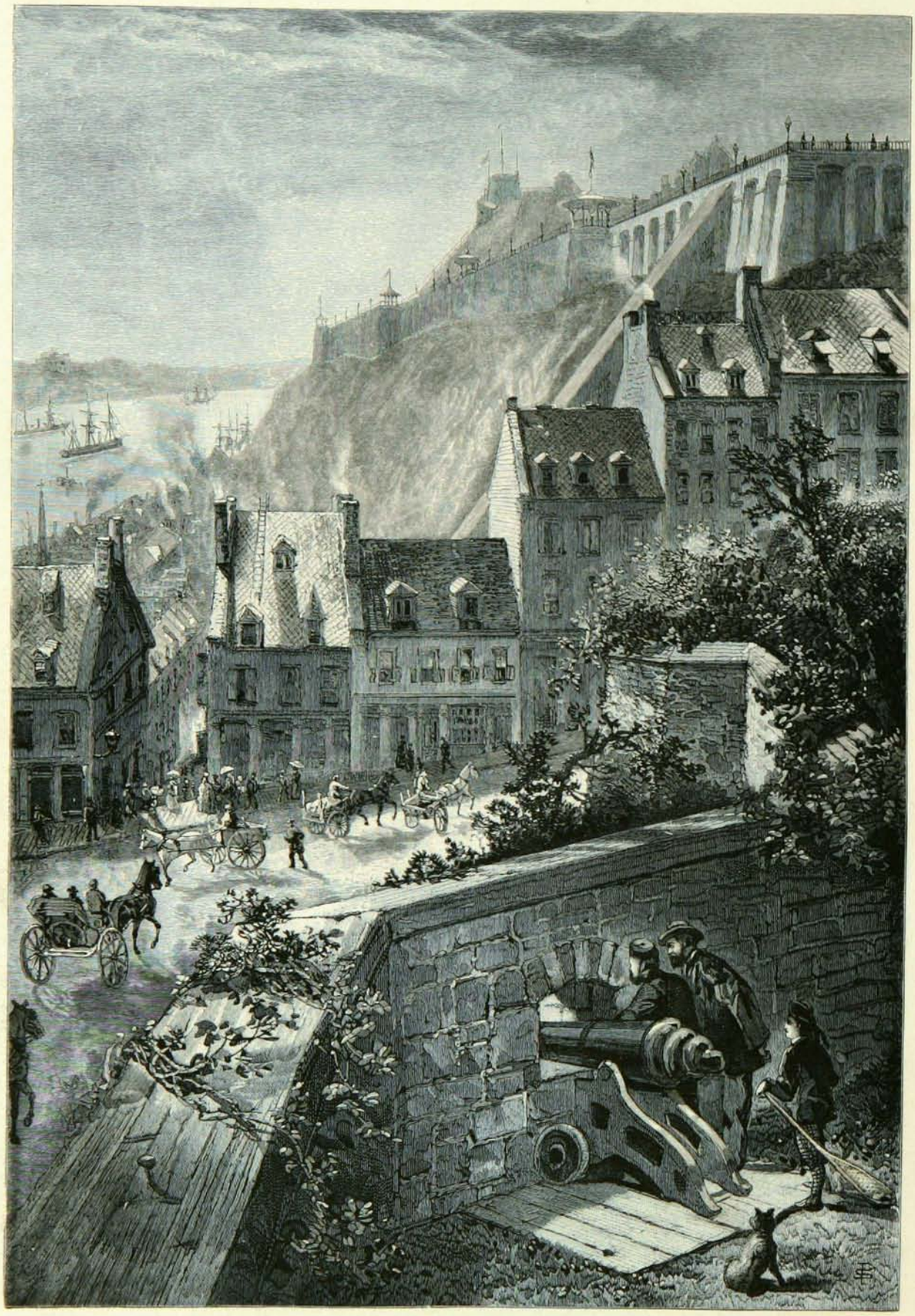
"If," says one of the greatest of English writers, "if no man is to be styled happy till after his death, what shall we say of Wolfe? His end was so glorious, that I protest not even his mother or his mistress ought to have deplored it, or at any rate have wished him alive again. I know it is a hero we speak of; and yet I vow I scarce know whether in the last act of his life I admire the result of genius, invention, and daring, or the boldness of a gambler winning surprising odds. Suppose his ascent discovered a half-hour sooner, and his people, as they would have been assuredly, beaten back? Suppose the Marquis of Montcalm not to quit his entrenched lines to accept that strange challenge? Suppose these points—and none of them depend upon Mr. Wolfe at all—and what becomes of the glory of the young hero, of the great minister who discovered him, of the intoxicated nation which rose up frantic with self-gratulation at the victory? I say, what fate is it that shapes our ends, or those of nations? In the many hazardous games that my Lord Chatham played, he won this prodigious one. And as the greedy British hand seized the Canadas, it let fall the United States out of its grasp."

That day was the apogee of the history of Quebec, and it would be anticlimax to pursue it further. But there stands the old city, as it stood then—quaint, grotesque, charming. There are its strange, high-roofed houses, standing, as it were, on one another's shoulders, in their eagerness to command a view of the noble harbor and the distant opposing mountains; there are the antique streets, narrow, precipitous, preposterous, but captivating; there is its noble terrace, spread luxuriously on the headlong brow of the cliff that overhangs the lower town; there are the mediæval gates and walls, like those of French cities in the time of Henry of Navarre; and there is the frowning and impregnable citadel, with its cannon and its flag—the red-cross flag of England. It is a wonderful spot; it is impossible to contemplate it unmoved. And those who read the following pages, and look at the pictures which decorate every page, will be able to bring the scene before themselves in imagination, almost as vividly as if they had actually journeyed thither, and made it a part of their living memory.

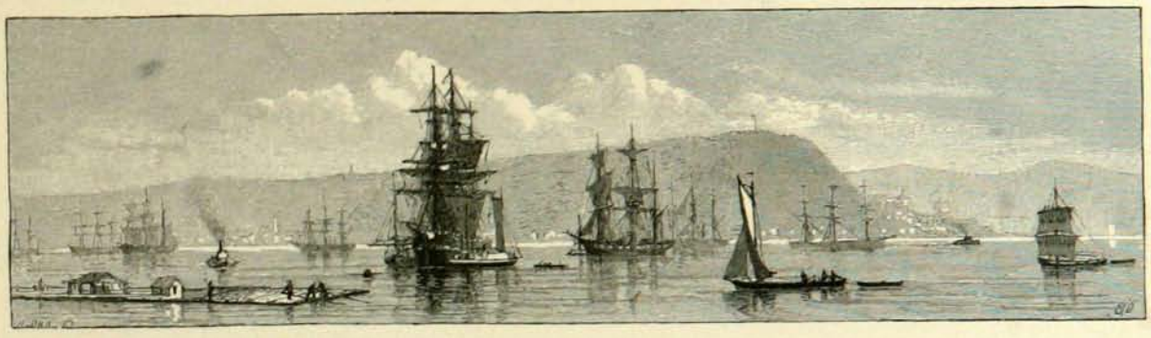
But here, before me, lies that little volume of Bishop Hall's, with its soiled parchment cover and its absurd maps; and it is strange to think that, when that book was

printed, Quebec had no existence; Champlain knew not of his coming fame; Madame de la Peltrie was a little girl in pinafores; Talon, Bigot, Frontenac, Wolfe—where were they? I know not whether the little book, on whose map is no Canada, no United States, no River St. Lawrence, and no Quebec, makes these places and persons and events seem more real or less so. Rather, perhaps, it takes me back into that ancient, ignorant, enterprising epoch to which it belongs, and puts all these things in the light of a splendid dream, such as Shakespeare or Bacon might have dreamt, of what the future should bring forth.

It is no dream now; the future has become the past and the present; but if Wolfe had not conquered on the Plains of Abraham, the history of the world would have been changed, and this Preface would never have been written!



QUEBEC—A GLIMPSE FROM THE OLD CITY WALL.



QUEBEC.

HISTORICAL REVIEW.

OUR work begins with Quebec. Rightly so. Canada has not much of a past, but all that it has from Jacques Cartier's day clusters round that cannon-girt promontory; not much of a present, but in taking stock of national outfit, Quebec should count for something;—indeed, would count with any people. We have a future, and with it that great red rock and the red-cross flag that floats over it are inseparably bound up.

The glowing pages of Parkman reveal how much can be made of our past. A son of the soil like Le Moine, who has an hereditary right to be animated by the *genius loci*, whose Boswell-like conscientiousness in chronicling everything connected with the sacred spot deserves all honourable mention, may exaggerate the importance of the city and the country, its past and its present. But truer far his extreme—if extreme it be—than Voltaire's or La Pompadour's, and their successors' in our own day. The former thought France well rid of "fifteen thousand acres of snow," with an appreciation of the subject like unto his estimate of those "*Juifs miserables*," about whose literature the world was not likely to trouble itself much longer when it could get the writings of the French *Philosophes* instead. The latter heartily agreed with him, for—with Montcalm dead—"at last the King will have a chance of sleeping in peace." To us it seems that the port which for a century and a half was the head-quarters of France in the New World, the door by which she entered and which could be closed against all others, the centre from which she aimed at the conquest of a virgin continent of altogether unknown extent,

and from which her adventurous children set forth—long-robed missionaries leading the way, trappers and soldiers following—until they had established themselves at every strategic point on the St. Lawrence, the Great Lakes, the Ohio, and the Mississippi from the Falls of St. Anthony to New Orleans, must always have historical and poetic significance. The city and the Province which for the next hundred and twenty years have remained French in appearance and French to the core, yet have fought repeatedly and are ready to fight again side by side with the red-coats of Great Britain—the best proof surely that men can give of loyal allegiance;—which preserve old Norman and Breton customs and traits, and modes of thought and faith that the Revolution has submerged in the France of their fore-fathers, fondly nursing the seventeenth century in the lap of the nineteenth, must, perhaps beyond any other spot in North America, have an interest for the artist and the statesman.

In the sixteenth century the gallant Francis I. made seven attempts to give France a share in that wonderful New World which Columbus had disclosed to an unbelieving generation, but like his attempts in other directions they came to nothing. In 1535 he put three little vessels under the orders of Jacques Cartier, a skilful navigator, a pious and brave man, well worthy of the patent of nobility which he afterwards received, instructing him to proceed up the broad water-way he had discovered the year before, until he reached the Indies. His duties were to win new realms for Mother Church, as a compensation for those she was losing through Lutheran and Calvinistic heresies, and to bring back his schooners full of yellow gold and rosy pearls. Thus would his labours redound to the glory of God and the good of France. Jacques Cartier crossed the ocean and sailed up the magnificent water-way, piously giving to it the name of the saint on whose fête-day he had first entered its wide-extended portals. For hundreds of miles the river kept its great breadth, more like a sea than a river, till the huge bluff of Quebec, seen from afar, appeared to close it abruptly against farther advance. By means of this bluff thrust into the stream and the opposite point of Levis stretching out to meet it, the view is actually narrowed to three quarters of a mile. Coasting up between the north shore and a large beautiful island, he came, on the 14th of September, to the mouth of a little tributary, which he called the Ste. Croix, from the fête celebrated on that day. Here he cast anchor, for now the time had come to land and make inquiries. It needed no prophet to tell that the power which held that dark red bluff would hold the key to the country beyond. The natives, with their chief Donnacona, paddled out in their birch-bark canoes to gaze upon the strange visitants who had—in great white-winged castles—surely swooped down upon them from another world. Cartier treated them kindly. They willingly guided him through the primeval forest to their town on the banks of the little river, and to the summit of the rock under the shadow of which they had built their wigwams. What a landscape for an explorer to gaze upon! Shore and forest bathed in the mellow light of the September sun for forty miles up and down both sides of

the glorious stream! Wealth enough there to satisfy even a king's pilot and captain-general. Between the summit and the river far below he may have seen amid the slate the glitter of the quartz crystals from which the rock afterwards received its name of Cape Diamond. Certainly, on his next voyage he gathered specimens from Cap Rouge. But the great attraction must have been the river itself, flowing past with the tribute of an unknown continent. Its green waters swept round the feet of the mighty Cape. He could cast a stone into the current, for at high tide it rolled right up to the base of the rock. The narrow strip of land that now extends between rock and river, crowded with the houses of Champlain Street, was not there then. The street has been won from the waters and the rock by man, whose greed for land even the boundless spaces of the New



ARRIVAL OF JACQUES CARTIER AT STADACONA.

World cannot satisfy. The ground that sloped down to the Ste. Croix, at the mouth of which his vessels lay at anchor, was covered with the finest hard-wood trees—walnuts, oaks, elms, ashes, and maples—and among these the bark-cabins of Donnacona's tribe could be seen. They called their town Stadacona. To this day no name is more popular with the people of Quebec. Any new enterprise that may be projected, from a skating-rink to a bank or steamship company, prefers Stadacona to any other name.

All the way down to Cap Tourmente and round the horizon formed by the fir-clothed summits of the Laurentides that enclosed the wide-extended-landscape, an unbroken forest ranged. The picture, seen from the Citadel on Cape Diamond to-day, is as fair as the eye can desire to see. The sun shines on the glittering roofs of Quebec, and the continuous village of clean white houses extending miles down to the white riband of

Montmorency, and on cultivated fields running up into still unbroken wilderness, and on the broad river basin enclosing the island, in the forest glades of which wild grapes grew so luxuriantly that Cartier enthusiastically called it Isle of Bacchus. But then it was in all its virgin glory, and Cartier's soul swelled with the emotions of a discoverer, with exultation and boundless hope. Did it not belong to him, did it not almost owe its existence to him? And he was giving it all to God and to France.

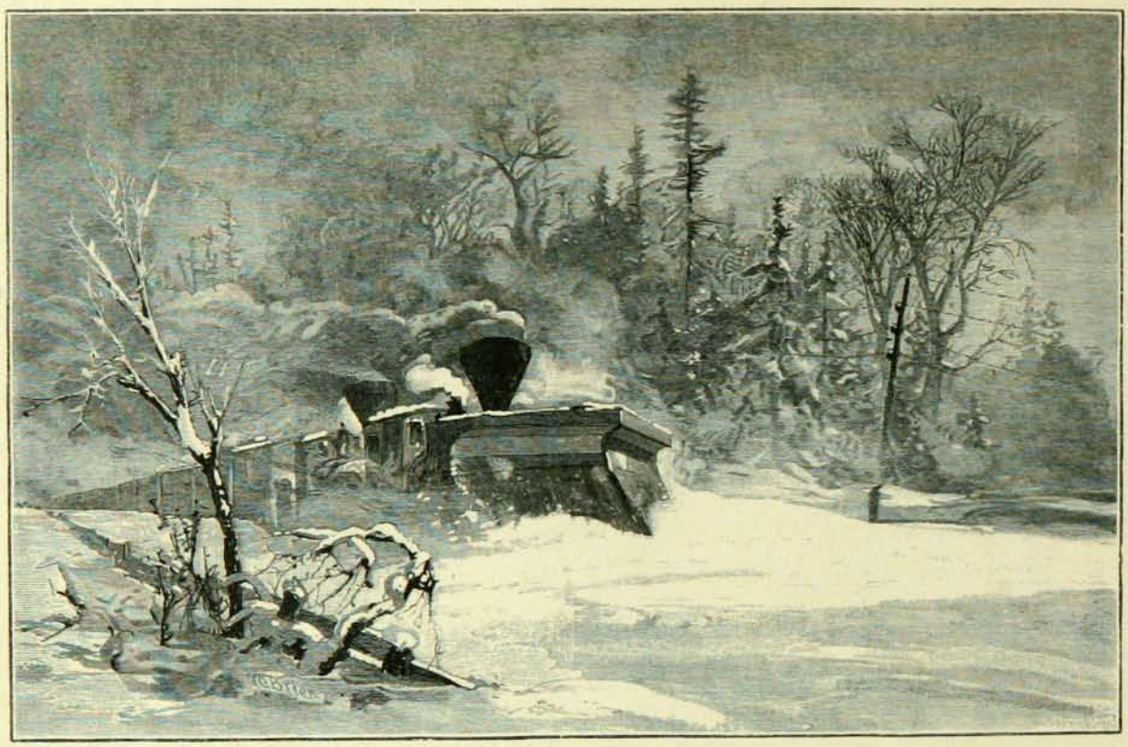
Donnacona told the strangers of a far greater town than his, many days' journey up the river. So Cartier placed his two largest vessels within the mouth of the Ste. Croix, or the St. Charles, as the Récollets called it in the next century, and pursued his way, overcoming the obstacles of St. Peter's Lake, to Hochelaga. The natives there received him as if he were a god, bringing fish and corn-cakes, and throwing them into the boats in such profusion that they seemed to fall through the air like rain or snow. Cartier could not help falling in love with the country. The palisaded town nestling under the shadow of Mount Royal was surrounded by fertile fields. Autumn showered its crimson and gold on the forests, turning the mountain into an immense picture suspended high in air, glowing with a wealth of colour that no European painter would dare to put on canvas. The river swept on, two miles wide, with a conquering force that indicated vast distances beyond, new realms waiting to be discovered. All the way back to Quebec the marvellous tints of the forest, and the sweet air and rich sunsets of a Canadian autumn accompanied the happy Frenchmen. Had they now turned their prows homeward, what pictures of the new country would they have held up to wondering listeners! Nothing could have prevented France from precipitating itself at once upon Canada. But the natives, accustomed to the winters, uttered no note of warning to the strangers, and therefore, although Cartier rejoined his comrades at Quebec on the 11th of October, he delayed till the ice-king issued his "*ne exeat.*" Then he and they soon learned that the golden shield had another side.

To Canadians, winter is simply one of the four seasons. The summer and autumn suns ripen all the crops that grow in England or the north of France, and in no temperate climate is more than one crop a year expected. The frost and snow of winter are hailed in their turn, not only as useful friends but as ministers to almost all the amusements of the year—the sleighing, skating, snow-shoeing, ice-boating, tobogganning—that both sexes and all classes delight in. The frost does much of our subsoil ploughing. Snow is not only the best possible mulch, shading and protecting the soil at no cost, but its manurial value gives it the name of "the poor man's manure." The ice bridges our lakes and rivers. A good snow-fall means roads without the trouble of road-making, not only to kirk and market, but through thick woods, over cradle-hills, and away into the lumber regions. An insufficient supply of snow and ice is a national calamity; and excess can never be so bad as the pall that covers England and Scotland half the year and makes the people "take their pleasures sadly."

But, we are prepared for winter. Jacques Cartier was not, and very heavily its hand fell upon him, as it did subsequently on Champlain when he first wintered at Quebec. How heavily, we are in a position to estimate from reading the harrowing descriptions of the sufferings endured by the people of London in January 1881, in consequence of a snow-fall of some twelve inches. One periodical describes the scene under the title of "Moscow in London," and soberly asserts that "to have lived in London on Tuesday, the 18th January, 1881, and to have survived the experience, is something which any man is justified in remembering, and which ought to justify occasional boasting of the fact." Another declares that a few more such snow-storms would "render our life and civilization impossible;" that in such a case there could be only "an Esquimaux life, not an English life;" that "a transformation of the rain into these soft white crystals which at first sight seem so much less aggressive than rain is all that is needed to destroy the whole structure of our communications, whether in the way of railway, telegraph, or literature;" and sadly moralises over the fact that this is sure to come about in time from the precession of the equinoxes. Bathos such as this indicates fairly enough the wonderful ignorance of the facts and conditions of Canadian life that reigns supreme in educated English circles. Canadians fancy that their civilization is English. Those of us who are practically acquainted with the conditions of life in England are pretty well agreed that where there are points of difference the advantage is on our side. Not one man in a thousand in Canada wears a fur coat, or an overcoat of any kind heavier than he would have to wear in the mother country. We have ice-houses, but do not live in them. Society shows no signs of approximating to the Esquimaux type. We skim over the snow more rapidly than a four-in-hand can travel in England when the best highway is at its best. A simple contrivance called a snow-plough clears the railway track for the trains, tossing the snow to the right and left as triumphantly as a ship tosses the spray from its bows. We telegraph and telephone, use cabs and busses, and get our mails—from Halifax to Sarnia—with "proofs" and parcels about as regularly in winter as in summer. Incredible as all this must sound to those who have shivered under the power of one snow-storm and a few degrees of frost, there is a certain humiliation to a Canadian in describing what is so entirely a matter of course. He is kept from overmuch wonder by remembering that the people of Western Canada, in spite of practical acquaintance with snow-ploughs, opposed for years the construction of the Intercolonial Railway because they strenuously maintained that it would be blocked up all the winter with ice and snow.

We are accustomed to our environment. Cartier's men were not; and reference has been made to recent experiences in England to help us to understand what horrors those poor fellows from sunny France endured throughout an apparently endless winter, cooped up in the coldest spot in all Canada. "From the middle of November to the 18th of April the ice and snow shut us in," says their captain. Ice increased upon ice. Snow fell upon snow. The great river that no power known to man could fetter, was bound fast.

Everything froze. The breath that came from their mouths, the very blood in their veins, seemed to freeze. Night and day their limbs were benumbed. Thick ice formed on the sides of their ships, on decks, masts, cordage, on everything to which moisture attached itself. Snow wreathed and curled in at every crevice. Every tree had its load. A walk in the woods was an impossibility, and there was nowhere else to walk. Confined within their narrow domain, and living on salted food, scurvy seized upon the helpless



TRIUMPH OF THE SNOW-PLOUGH.

prisoners. What was to be done? Cartier had recourse to heaven, receiving, however, the same minimum of practical answer that was given by Hercules to Æsop's waggoner. A modern writer of scrupulous accuracy describes naïvely the appeal and its bootlessness: "When eight were dead and more than fifty in a helpless state, Cartier ordered a solemn religious act which was, as it were, the first public exercise of the Catholic religion in Canada, and the origin of those processions and pilgrimages which have since been made in honour of Mary, to claim her intercession with God in great calamities. Seeing that the disease had made such frightful ravages he set his crew to prayer, and made them carry an image or statue of the Virgin Mary over the snow and ice, and caused it to be placed against a tree about an arrow's flight away from the fort. He also commanded that on the following Sunday mass should be sung in that place and before that image, and that all those who were able to walk, whether well or ill, should go in the procession—'singing the seven penitential Psalms of David, with the Litany, praying the Virgin to entreat her dear Son to have pity upon us.'" On that day mass was celebrated

before the image of Mary, even chanted, Cartier tells us; apparently the first occasion of a high mass in Canada. At the same time Cartier gave another special proof of his vivid and tender trust in Mary—promising to make a pilgrimage in her honour to Roquemadour, should he be spared to return to France. "Nevertheless, that very day, Philip Rougemont, a native of Amboise, twenty years old, died; and the disease became so general that of all who were in the three ships there were not three untouched, and in one of the ships there was not one man who could go into the hold to draw water for himself or the others." Despair fell upon the poor wretches. They gave up hope of ever seeing France again. Cartier alone did not despair, and the dawn followed the darkest hour. One of the Indians told him of "the most exquisite remedy that ever was," a decoction composed of the leaves and bark of the white spruce. He administered the medicine without stint, and in eight days the sick were restored to health. And now the long cruel winter wore away. The icy fetters relaxed their grip of land and river. Under warm April suns the sap rose, thrilling the dead trees into life. Amid the melting snow, green grasses and dainty star-like flowers sprang up as freely as in a hot-house. Cartier prepared to depart, first taking possession of Canada, however, by planting in the fort "a beautiful cross" thirty-five feet high, with the arms of France embossed on the cross-piece, and this inscription, "*Franciscus Primus, Dei gratia, Francorum rex, regnat.*" Then, treacherously luring Donnacona on board ship, that he might present the King of Stadacona to the King of France, he set sail for St. Malo. Nothing came of this, the second voyage of Cartier, and little wonder. What advantages did Canada offer to induce men to leave home! What tales could the travellers tell save of black forests, deep snow, thick ice, starving Indians, and all-devouring scurvy! But Cartier was not discouraged, and six years afterwards Francis resolved to try again. Roberval was commissioned to found a permanent settlement. He sent Cartier ahead and Cartier tried at Cap Rouge, above Quebec, the Indians of Stadacona naturally enough not making him welcome. But the experiment did not succeed. The time had not come. Nearly a century was to pass away before the true father of New France—the founder of Quebec—would appear.

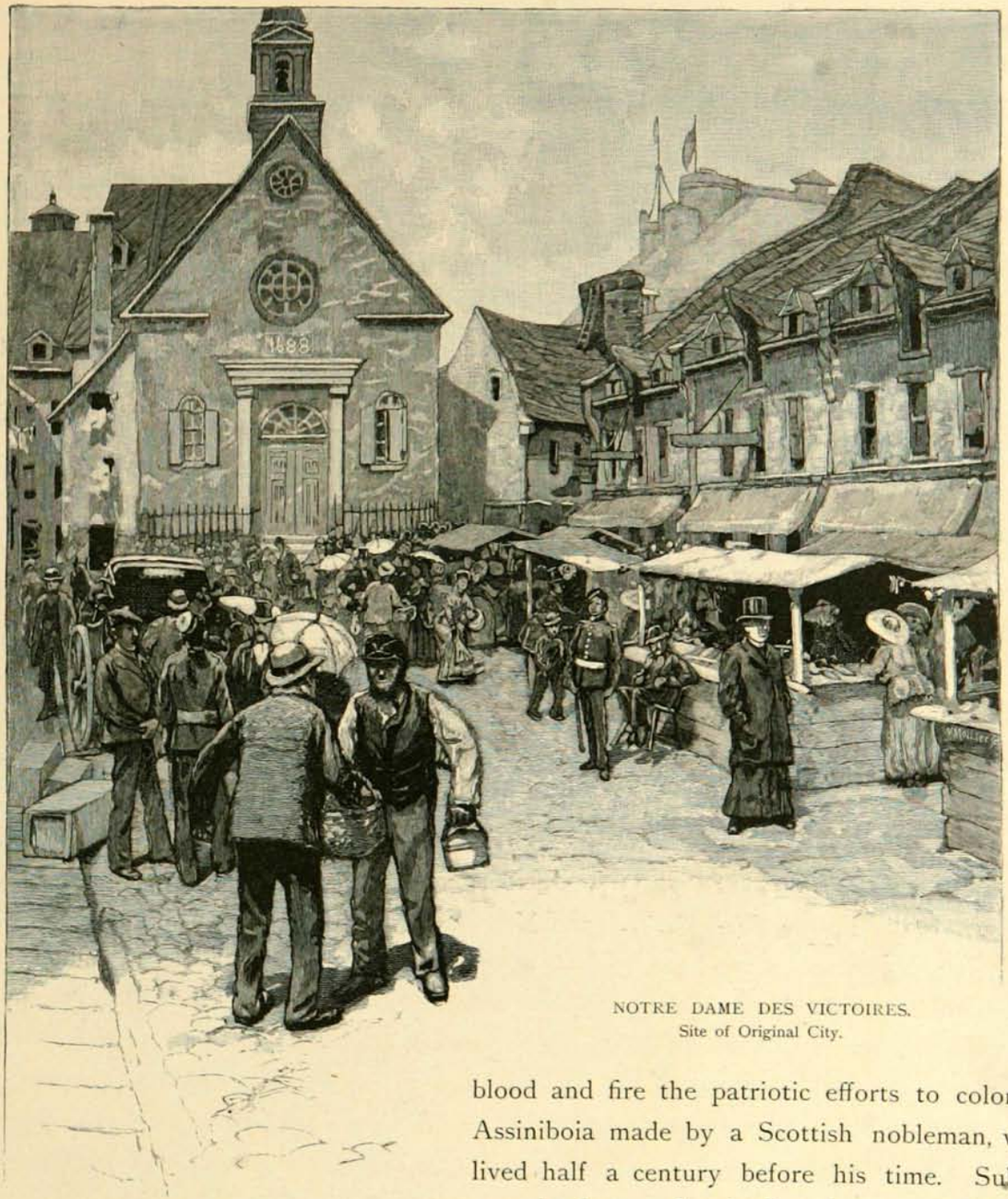
On the 3d of July, 1608, Samuel de Champlain planted the white flag of France on the site of Quebec. The old village of Stadacona had disappeared, and there was no one to dispute possession with the new comers. With characteristic promptitude Champlain set his men to work to cut down trees and saw them into lumber for building, to dig drains and ditches, to pull up the wild grape-vines which abounded, to prepare the ground for garden seeds, or to attend to the commissariat. Every one had his work to do. The winter tried him as it had tried Cartier. The dreaded scurvy attacked his followers. Out of twenty-eight only eight survived, and these were disfigured with its fell marks. The next year he decided to ally himself with the Algonquins and Hurons against the Five Nations. It may have been impossible for him to have remained neu-

tral, though the example of the Dutch at Albany indicates that it was possible. Certainly the step plunged the infant colony into a sea of troubles for a century. It took the sword and was again and again on the point of perishing by the tomahawk.

This man Champlain, soldier, sailor, engineer, geographer, naturalist, statesman, with the heart and soul of a hero, was the founder of New France. He had gained distinction in the wars of the League; in the West Indies he first proposed that ship canal across the Isthmus of Panama which another Frenchman—as unconquerable as he—is probably destined to construct; and subsequently he had spent years exploring and attempting settlements around the rugged Atlantic shores of Acadie and New England. From the day that he planted the lilies of France at the foot of Cape Diamond to the day of his death, on Christmas, 1635, he devoted himself to the infant colony, lived for it and kept it alive, in spite of enemies at home and abroad, and discouragements enough to have shaken any resolve but that of courage founded upon faith. Right under the beetling cliff, between the present Champlain Market and the quaint old church of Notre Dame des Victoires, Champlain determined to build his city. His first work was to prepare the ground for garden seeds, and wheat and rye. He saw from the first, what he never could get any one else in authority to see, that the existence of the colony, as anything more than a temporary fur-trading post, depended on its being able to raise its own food. The Company with which he was associated could not see this, because they had gone into the enterprise with very different motives from those that animated Champlain. When we have no desire to see, we put the telescope to our blind eye and declare that there is nothing to be seen. Every creature acts according to its instincts, and to the rule fur-trading companies are no exception. Give them a monopoly and instinct becomes consecrated by laws human and Divine. The welfare of the Company becomes the supreme law. At the beginning of this century the North-West Company thought it right to stamp out in



CHAMPLAIN.



NOTRE DAME DES VICTOIRES.
Site of Original City.

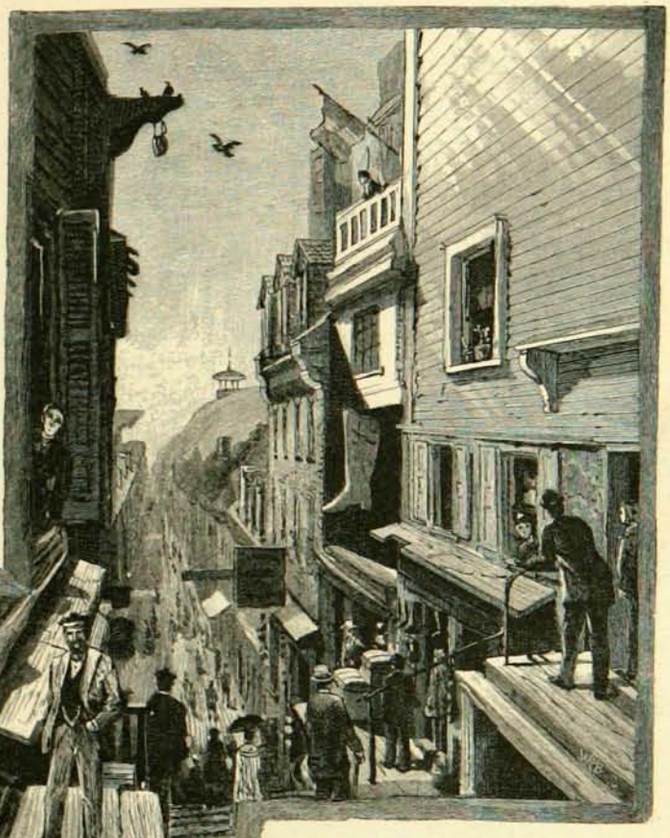
blood and fire the patriotic efforts to colonize Assiniboia made by a Scottish nobleman, who lived half a century before his time. Subsequently the two hundred and sixty-eight shareholders of the Hudson's Bay Company felt justified in keeping half a continent as a preserve for buffalo and beaver. How could better things be expected in the seventeenth century from the monopolies of De Chastes or De Monts, the merchants of St. Malo, Rouen, Dieppe, La Rochelle; or even from the Company of the One Hundred Associates organized by Richelieu? Trading interests were supreme with one and all. Those who clamoured for free trade clamoured only for a share of the monopoly. The empire is perpetually at war, and the soldier gets the blame, perhaps the aristocracy, should Mr. Bright be the speaker; but the real culprit is the trader. Our jealousy of Russia and our little wars all the world over have trade interests as their source

and inspiration. In the seventeenth century, Canadian trade meant supplies to the Indians in exchange for peltries, and money spent on anything else seemed to the One Hundred Associates and their servants money thrown away.

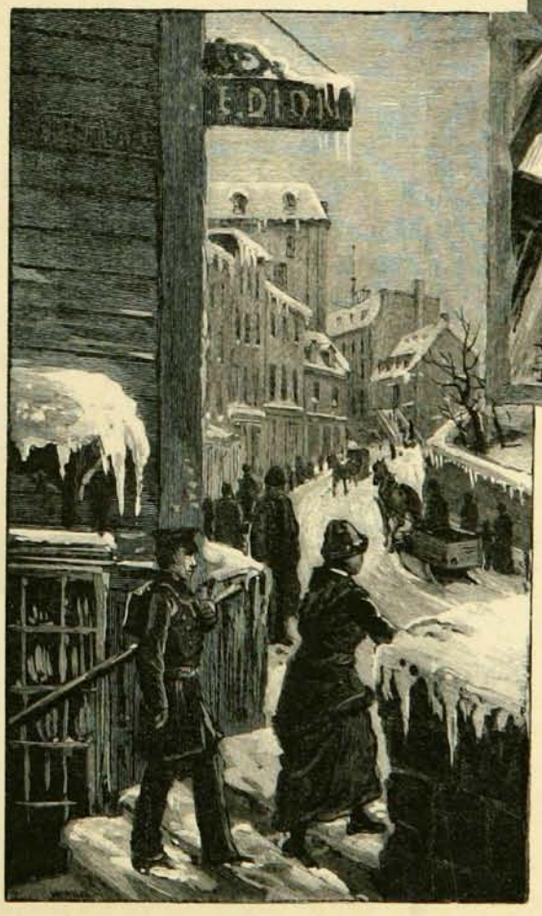
Not so thought Champlain. Fortunately, he was too indispensable a man to be recalled, though it was legitimate to oppose, to check, to thwart his projects whenever they did not promise direct returns to the Company. Champlain aimed at founding an empire, and every great empire must be based on farming. Therefore when, in 1617, he brought the erstwhile apothecary, Louis Hébert, to Quebec, he did more for the colony than when he brought the Récollets and Jesuits to it. And let this be said with no depreciation of the labours of the gray robes and black robes. Hébert was the first who gave himself up to the task of cultivating the soil in New France, and the first head of a family resident in the country who lived on what he cultivated. His son-in-law Couillard walked in the same good path, the path first trodden by "the grand old gardener and his wife." No matter how soldiers, sailors, fur-traders and priests might come and go, the farmer's children held on to the land, and their descendants hold it still. They increased and multiplied so mightily that there are few French families of any antiquity in Canada who cannot trace their genealogy by some link back to that of Louis Hébert. Hébert and Couillard Streets, streets quainter and more expressive of the seventeenth century than any to be seen now in St. Malo, commemorate their names. One of their descendants informed the writer that those streets run where the first furrows were ploughed in Canada, probably in the same way that some of the streets in Boston are said to meander along the paths made by the cows of the first inhabitants. Had others followed Hébert's example the colony would not have been so long suspended between life and death, and Champlain could have held out against the Huguenot Kerkts in 1629. But the Company, far from doing anything to encourage the few tillers of the ground, did everything to discourage them. All grain raised had to be sold at a price fixed by the Company, and the Company alone had the power of buying. Of course the Héberts and Couillards ought to have been grateful that there was a Company to buy, for what could farmers do without a market?

Of Champlain's labours it is unnecessary to speak at length. Twenty times he crossed the Atlantic to fight for his colony, though it was a greater undertaking to cross the Atlantic then than to go round the world now. He may be called the founder of Montreal as well as of Quebec. First of Europeans he sailed up the Richelieu, giving to the beautiful river the name of the Company's great patron. He discovered Lake Champlain. He first ascended the Ottawa, crossed to Lake Nipissing, and came down by the valley of the Trent to what he called "the fresh water sea" of Ontario. He secured the alliance of all the Indian tribes—the confederacy of the Five Nations excepted—by treaties which lasted as long as the white flag floated over the castle of St. Louis, and

which laid the foundation of the friendship that has existed between every Canadian government and the old sons and lords of the soil. D'Arcy McGee, in one of those addresses that made learned and unlearned feel what is the potency and omnipotency of man's word on the souls of men, thus sketched his moral qualities and amazing versatility:—"He was brave almost to rashness. He would cast himself with a single European follower in the midst of savage enemies, and more than once his life was endangered by the excess of his confidence and his courage. He was eminently social in his habits—witness his order of *le bon temps*, in which every man of his associates was for one day host to all his comrades. He was sanguine, as became an adventurer; and self-denying, as became a hero. . . He touched the extremes of human experience among diverse characters and nations. At one time he sketched plans of civilized aggrandizement for Henry IV. and Richelieu; at another, he planned schemes of wild warfare with Huron chiefs and Algonquin braves. He united in a most rare degree the faculties of action and reflection, and like all highly-reflective minds, his thoughts, long cherished in secret, ran often into the mould of maxims, some of which would form the fittest possible inscriptions to be engraven upon his monument. When the merchants of

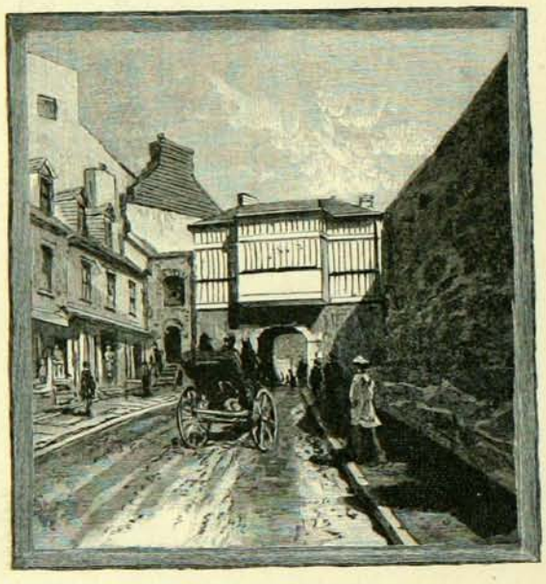


LITTLE CHAMPLAIN STREET,
From head of Break-neck Stairs.



MOUNTAIN HILL,
From top of Break-neck Stairs.

Quebec grumbled at the cost of fortifying that place, he said, 'It is best not to obey the passions of men; they are but for a season; it is our duty to regard the future.' With all his love of good-fellowship, he was, what seems to some inconsistent with it, sincerely and enthusiastically religious. Among his maxims are these two—that 'the salvation of one soul is of more value than the conquest of an empire;' and that 'kings ought not to think of extending their authority over idolatrous nations, except for the purpose of subjecting them to Jesus Christ.'" The one mistake made by Champlain has already been referred to. He attacked the Iroquois, whereas he should have conciliated them at any cost or remained neutral in all Indian wars. His mistake was not so much intellectual as moral. It was a crime and—*pace* Talleyrand—worse than a blunder. But it is not pleasant to refer to the errors of such a man. Well may Quebec commemorate his name and virtues. Let us not forget, when we walk along the quaint, narrow, crowded street that still bears his name, or clamber "Break-neck Stairs" from Little Champlain Street to reach Durham Terrace, where he built the Chateau of St. Louis and doubtless often gazed, with hope and pride in his eyes, on a scene like to which there are few on this earth, how much Canada owes to him! Well for those who follow him where all may follow—in unselfishness of purpose, in unflinching valour, and in continence of life. No monument points out his last resting-place, for, strange to say, "of all French governors interred within the *enceinte*, he is the only one of whose place of sepulture we are ignorant."* The registers of Quebec were destroyed in the great conflagration of 1640. Thus it happens that we have not the account of his burial. M. Dionne shows that in all probability the remains were first deposited in the chapel of Notre Dame de la Recouvrance; then in a vault of masonry in the chapel built by his successor in the Governorship, whence they were removed by the authorities to the Basilica. Champlain needs no monument, least of all in Quebec. The city is his monument.



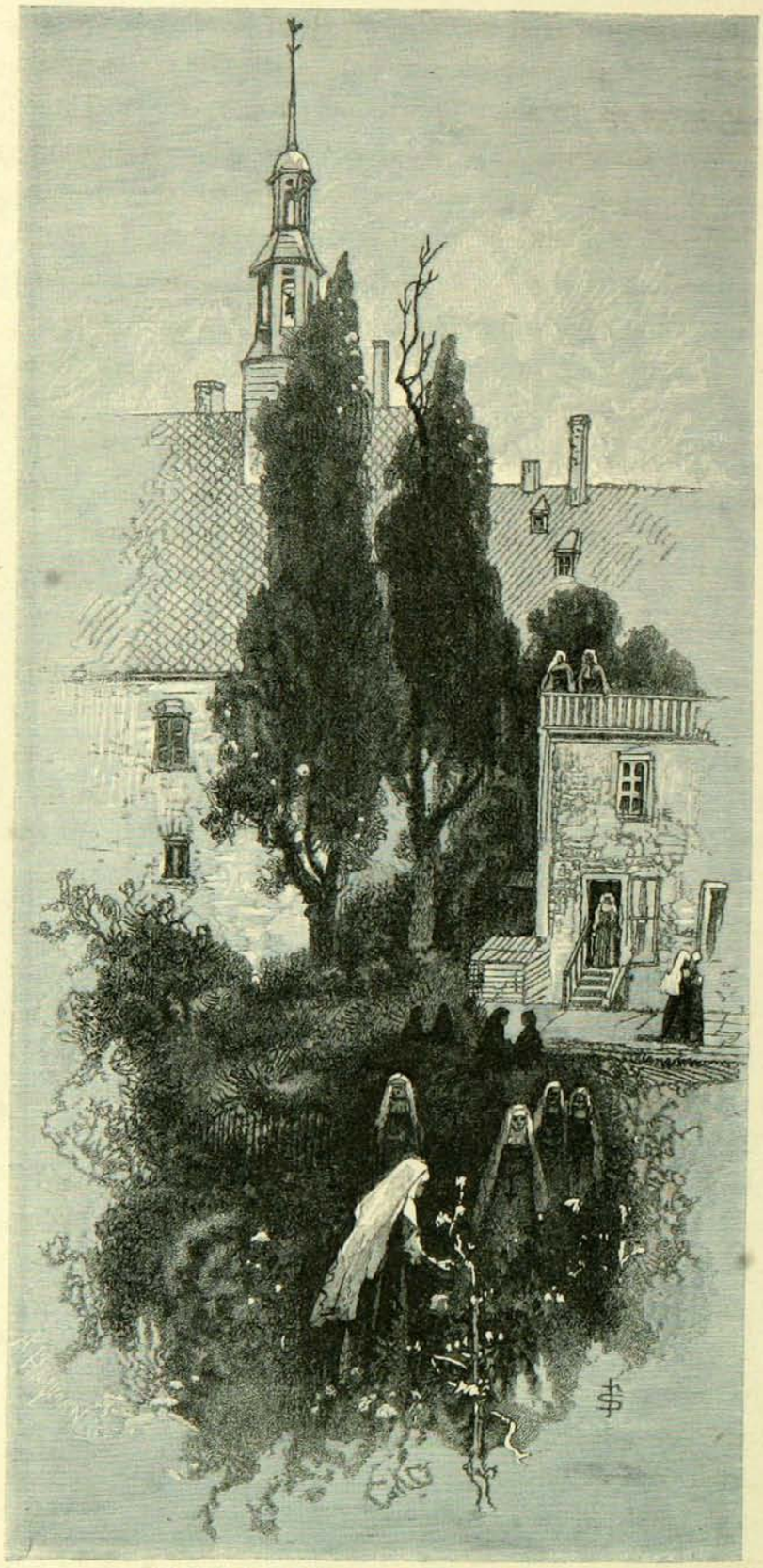
PRESCOTT GATE.
Now removed, guarded the approach to the Upper Town by Mountain Hill.

Most religious Quebec was from the first under the influence of Champlain; most religious is it in appearance to this day. There are churches enough for a city with five times the present population. Ecclesiastical establishments of one kind or another occupy the lion's share of the space within the walls. At every corner the soutaned ecclesiastic meets you, moving along quietly, with the confidence of one who knows that his foot is

* "Études Historiques," par M. DIONNE.

on his native heath. It was the same with the cities of France in the seventeenth century: but it is not so now. Things have changed there. The Revolution made the Old World New. In Quebec the New World clings to the garments of the Old. Champlain first induced the Récollet friars to come to his aid. The Jesuits, then at the height of their power in France, followed. The Company disliked missionaries almost as much as it disliked farmers. "They tolerated the poor Récollets," says Ferland, "but they dreaded the coming of the Jesuits, who had powerful protectors at Court and who could through them carry their complaints to the foot of the throne." Consequently, when the first detachment of Jesuits arrived they found every door shut against them, and if the Récollets had not offered them hospitality they would have been obliged to return to France.

Magnificent missionaries those first Jesuits were; more devoted men never lived. The names especially of Charles Lallemant and Jean de Brebeuf are still sacred to thousands of French-Canadian Roman Catholics. Two things the Jesuits felt the colony must have —a school for the instruction of girls, and a hospital for the sick. These institutions they desired for the sake of the colonists, most of whom were poor, but still more for the sake of the Indians. The Fathers had left France to convert the Indians; on that work their hearts were set, and they gave themselves to it with a wisdom as great as their self-sacrifice. Protestant missionaries, as a class, are only now learning to imitate their methods of procedure, especially with regard to the establishment of hospitals and the acquisition of a perfect knowledge of the language and modes of thought of the people whose conversion they seek. What Livingstone did in South Africa when he cut himself loose from all the other missionaries who kept within reach of the comforts of the colony, and plunged into the thick of the native tribes beyond; what the Canadian missionary Mackay did eight years ago in Formosa with such brilliant success, the Jesuits always did. Their first task was to master the language. Grammatical knowledge, they knew, was not enough. They lived in the wigwams of the wretched, filthy nomads, travelled with them, carrying the heaviest loads, and submitted to cold and heat, to privations, and the thousand abominations of savage life, without a murmur. They cared for the sick, and, expecting little aid from the old, sought to educate the young. Charlevoix tells us how they succeeded in establishing in Quebec both the Hotel Dieu and the Ursuline Convent. Madame la Duchesse D'Aiguillon, the niece of Richelieu, undertook to found the first. To carry out her pious project she applied to the hospital nuns of Dieppe. "These holy women accepted with joy the opportunity of sacrificing all that they counted dear in the world for the service of the sick poor of Canada; all offered themselves, all asked with tears to be admitted to share in the work." About the same time Madame de la Peltrie, a widow of a good family, resolved to found the Convent of the Ursulines. She devoted all her fortune to give a Christian education to the girls of the colonists and of the Indians, and followed up these sacrifices by devoting herself to the



IN THE GARDENS OF THE URSULINE CONVENT.

work. Young, rich, beautiful, she renounced all advantages and prospects for what then must have been a worse than Siberian exile. At Tours, among the Ursuline nuns, she found Marie de l'Incarnation, who became the first Mother Superior of the new convent, and "Marie de St. Joseph, whom New France regards as one of its tutelary angels." On the fourth of May, 1639, she embarked with three hospital nuns, three Ursulines, and Père Vimond, and on the first of July they arrived at Quebec. The length of the voyage, not to refer to its discomforts, reminds us of the difference between crossing the Atlantic then and now. All Quebec rejoiced on their arrival. Work ceased, the shops were shut, and the town was *en fête*. "The Governor received the heroines on the river's bank at the head of his troops with a discharge of cannon, and after the first compliments he led them, amid the acclamations of the people, to church, where Te Deums were chanted as a thanksgiving." From that day till her death,

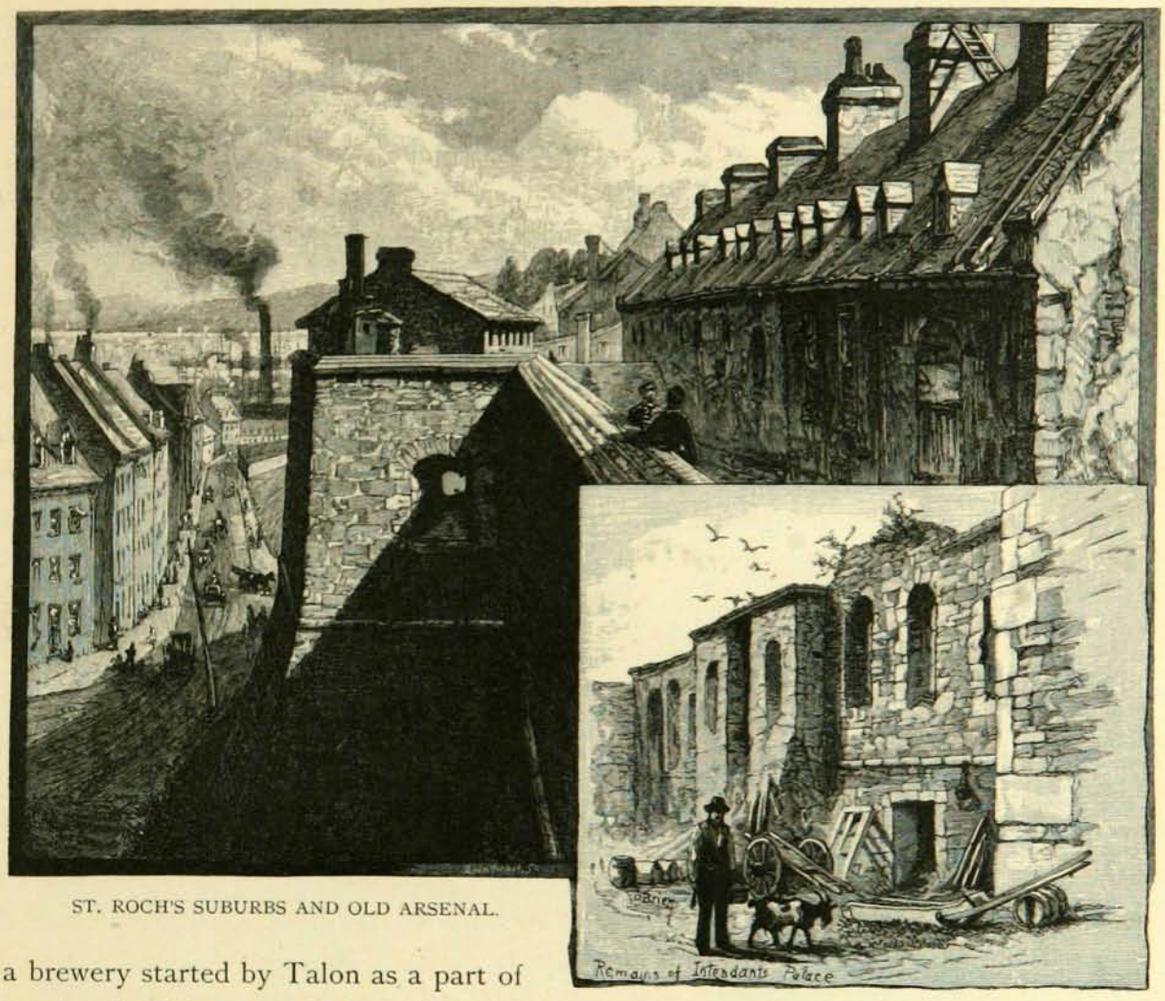
thirty-two years after, Madame de la Peltrie gave herself up to the work she had undertaken. Mère Marie de l'Incarnation, whose fervent piety and spirituality of character gained her the name of the Ste. Theresa of New France, died a year after her. These two women lived in an atmosphere so different from ours, that it is extremely difficult for us to judge them. Both have been condemned, the one as an unnatural mother, the other as a disobedient daughter. They believed they were sacrificing the claims of nature to the superior claim of their Saviour. Certainly, their works have followed them. The great Ursuline Convent of Quebec, to which hundreds of girls are sent to be educated from all parts of the continent, is their monument. The buildings have been repeatedly destroyed by fire, but have always been replaced by others more expensive and substantial, the community apparently delighting to testify its sense of the value of the work done by the devoted Sisters. Within their spacious grounds, in the heart of the city, are various buildings, one for boarders, among whom to this day are daughters of Indian chiefs; another for day scholars; a normal school; a school for the poor; a chapel and choir, and nuns' quarters; with gardens, play and pleasure grounds for the youthful inmates, and summer and winter promenades—all eloquent with the memories of the pious founder, who had not disdained to toil in the garden with her own hand. To each generation of susceptible minds the lives of Mme de la Peltrie and Mère Marie are held up for imitation, and no honour is grudged to their memories.

Not only religious, but charitable and moral, was Quebec under the administration of Champlain and his successors. Ferland cites the registers of Notre Dame of Quebec to show that out of 664 children baptised between 1621 and 1661, only one was illegitimate. Still, the colony did not prosper; again and again it was on the point of extinction at the hands of the Iroquois. The Company sat upon its agricultural and industrial development like the old man of the sea. In 1663 the population of New France consisted of only two thousand souls, scattered along a thin broken line from Tadoussac to Montreal. Of this small total Quebec claimed 800. At any moment a rude breath would have killed the colony, but now favouring gales came from Old France. Louis XIV. determined to suppress the Company, and bring Canada under his own direct authority. He constituted by direct appointment a Sovereign Council to sit in Quebec, immediately responsible to himself, the principal functionaries to be the Governor-General, the Royal Intendant, and the Bishop, each to be a spy on the other two. The Governor-General believed himself to be the head of the colony; he formed the apex of the governmental pyramid. But the Intendant, who was Chief of Justice, Police, Finance, and Marine, understood that the King looked to him, and that the colony was in his hands, to be made or marred. The Bishop, again, knew that both Governor-General and Intendant would have to dance according as he pulled the wires at Court. Talon, the first Intendant who arrived in Quebec, was the ablest who ever held the position. Talon was a statesman, a pupil of Colbert, and in some respects in advance

of his great master. He urged immigration as a means of ensuring to France the possession of the New World. Colbert, with the wisdom of the seventeenth century, replied that it would not be prudent to depopulate the kingdom. "Secure New York," Talon urged, "and the great game will be gained for France." When that step was not taken he projected a road to Acadie,—which it was left to our day, by the construction of the Intercolonial Railway, to carry out, and thus to give to Canada indispensable winter ports. He pushed discovery in every direction, selecting his men with marvellous sagacity. Under his direction, St. Simon and La Couture reached Hudson's Bay by the valley of the Saguenay; Père Druilletes, the Atlantic seaboard by the Chaudiere and the Kennebec; Perrot, the end of Lake Michigan and the entrance of Superior; Joliet and Père Marquette, the father of waters down to the Arkansas. In Talon's day Quebec rose from being a fur-trading post into commercial importance. He believed in the country he had been sent to govern, and was of opinion that a wise national policy demanded the encouragement in it of every possible variety of industrial development. His mantle fell on none of his successors. Instead of fostering the industries Talon had inaugurated and defending the commercial liberty which he had obtained, they stifled industry and trade under restrictions and monopolies. Not that the Intendants were wholly to blame; they were sent out on purpose to govern the colony, not with a view to its own benefit, but with a view to the benefit of Old France. Neither the King nor his minister could conceive that Canada would benefit the mother country, only as its material and industrial development increased. Talon had twelve successors. Of all these, the last, Bigot, was the worst. To Bigot more than to any other man France owes the loss of the New World. He impoverished the people, nominally for the King's service, really to enrich himself. That the poor, plundered, cheated *habitans* were willing to fight as they did for the King, and that Montcalm was able to accomplish anything with the commissariat Bigot provided, are the wonderful facts of the Conquest of 1759. The Intendant's house was by far the most expensive and most splendidly furnished in Quebec. It was emphatically "The Palace," and the gate nearest it was called the Palace Gate. It stood outside the walls,—its principal entrance opposite the cliff on the present line of St. Valier Street, "under the Arsenal;" while its spacious grounds, beautifully laid out in walks and gardens, extending over several acres, sloped down to the river St. Charles.* It is described in 1698 as having a frontage of 480 feet, consisting of the Royal storehouse and other buildings, in addition to the Palace itself, so that it appeared a little town. In 1713 it was destroyed by fire, but immediately rebuilt in accordance with the French domestic style of the period, two storeys and a basement, as shown by sketches made by one of the officers of the fleet that accompanied Wolfe's expedition. Here, no matter what might be the poverty of the people, the Intendant surrounded himself with splendour. In Bigot's time every form of dissipation reigned in the Palace; while the

* Summary of the "History of the Intendant's Palace," by CHARLES WALKEM, Militia Department.

habitant, who had left his farm to fight for the King, could hardly get a ration of black bread for himself, or a sou to send to his starving wife and little ones at home. Our illustration shows all that is left of the magnificent Palace. It arose out



ST. ROCH'S SUBURBS AND OLD ARSENAL.

of a brewery started by Talon as a part of his national policy, and it has returned to be part of a brewery, and for all the luxury and bravery there is nothing now to show, and the cheating and the gambling are, let us hope, receiving their just recompense of reward.

The Governor's Chateau is not. The Intendant's Palace was destroyed more than a century ago, but the Bishop's house, seminary and cathedral still remain, and the bishop, or archbishop as he is now styled, is yet the most potent personage in Quebec. The early bishop, Laval, is one of the historic figures of New France. Seen by Ultramontane eyes, this first Canadian bishop stands on the highest pinnacle of human excellence and greatness ; the only mystery being that the Church has not yet canonized him. He did everything "for the glory of God," the expression meaning to him, as to ecclesiastical fanatics of every creed, the glory of the Church, and in some measure the glory of himself. He cared nothing for money or any form of vulgar

greatness. His ambition was loftier. He would rule the souls of men, and woe to the man in his widely-extended diocese, be he Governor-General, statesman, merchant, priest or savage, who ventured to call his soul his own. True, none seemed more ready than Laval to give support to the State. The Church was supreme only in things spiritual. Kings, too, ruled by Divine right. But then the Church was to instruct the King, or the King's representative, as to what matters were civil and what spiritual. For instance, when the bishop decided that the introduction of brandy into the colony was injurious to religion, the importing or sale of brandy became a spiritual matter. In that case the Governor, on pain of excommunication, must punish the vendor of brandy with the pillory, and, if need be, with death. Evidently, General Neal Dow follows, *longo intervallo*, our first Canadian bishop. Always fighting, Laval could say as honestly as the King himself, "It seems to me I am the only person who is always right." The constitution of the Church of New France took its permanent form from him. His clergy were his soldiers. When he said "March," they marched. He established a lesser seminary where they were educated as boys, and the great seminary where they were trained as priests. He assigned their fields of labour, changed them as he saw meet, and provided a home whither, when infirm or exhausted with labour or old age, they might resort, either to recruit or die in peace. Their directory in life and death was every word that proceeded out of the mouth of the bishop. Other directory they desired not. To the seminary a University under Royal Charter was attached in 1852, and to that University Laval's name has been deservedly given. The Charter, which sets forth that the seminary has existed for two hundred years, constitutes the archbishop visitor, and the superior and directors of the seminary a body corporate, with all the privileges of a University, and full power to make all statutes and appoint all professors. "Laval University has nothing more to ask from the civil and religious authorities to complete its constitution," is the announcement of its board of government. Its Royal Charter assimilates it to the most favoured University of the United Kingdom, while the sovereign pontiff, Pius the Ninth, magnificently crowned the edifice by according to it in 1876 solemn canonical honours by the Bull "*inter varias solicitudines.*"

From the opposite shore of Levis, Laval University, standing in the most commanding position in the upper town, towering to a height of five storeys, is the most conspicuous building in Quebec. The American tourist takes it for the chief hotel of the place, and congratulates himself that a child of the monster hotels he loves has found its way north of the line. When he finds that it is only a University, he visits it as a matter of course, looks at the library and museum, remarking casually on their inferiority to those in any one of the four hundred and odd Universities in the United States, and comes out in a few minutes, likely enough without having gone to the roof to see one of the most glorious panoramas in the New World. Here



AT THE GATE OF LAVAL UNIVERSITY.

he is, at the gate. Blessings on his serene, kindly sense of superiority to all men or things in heaven or on earth! He has seen nothing that can compare for a moment with Slickville. Englishmen, Frenchmen, Sisters, students, Canadian soldiers, civilians, are round about, but he alone is monarch of all he surveys. A strange sight arrests his attention. Young Canada, cap in hand, cap actually off his head, and

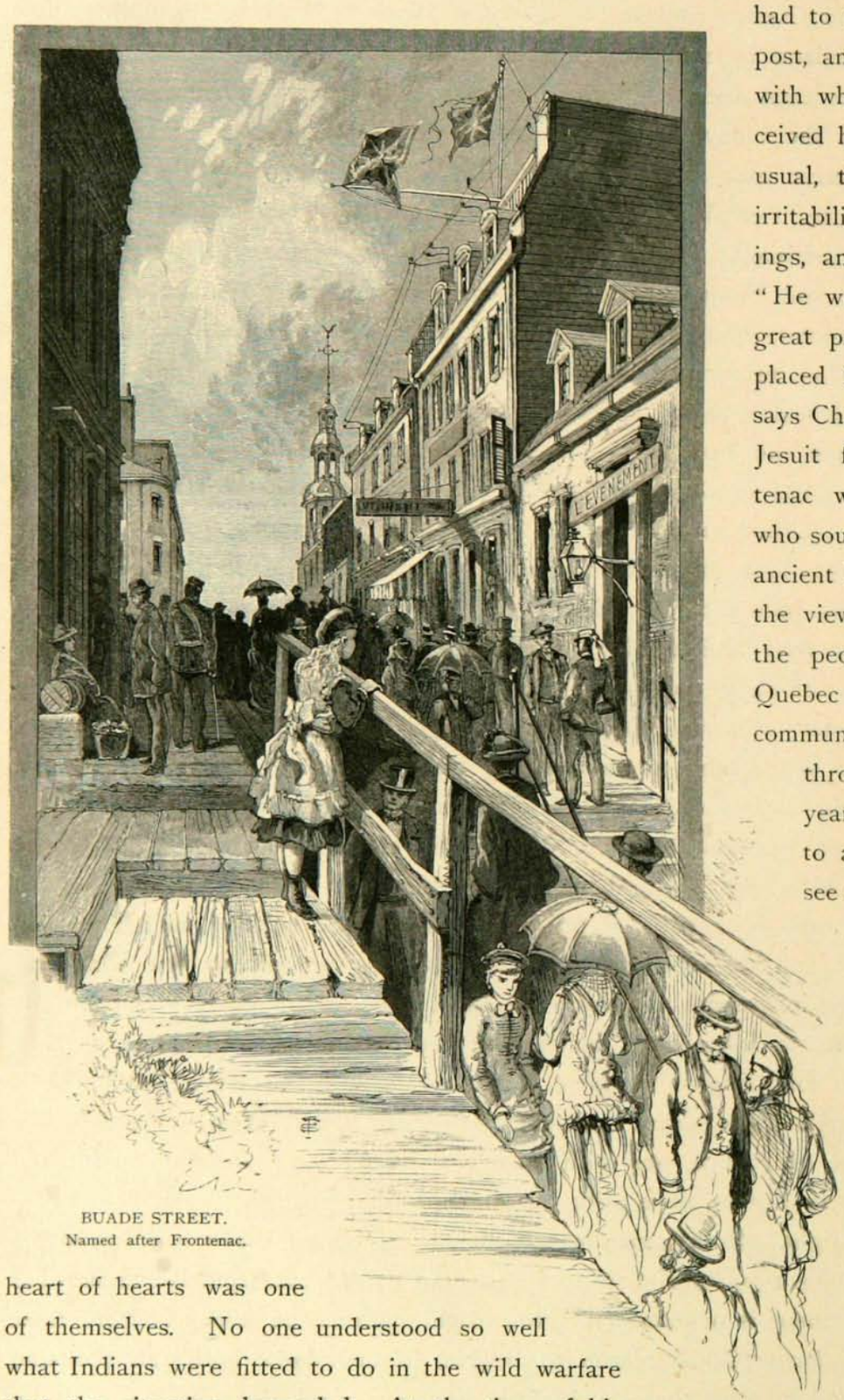
head reverently bowed while a priest speaks a kind word or perhaps gives his blessing! This is something new, and he is too good an observer not to make a note of it, congratulating himself at the same time that *he* is willing to make allowances. Is it not his "specialty," as John Ruskin hath it, "his one gift to the race—to show men how *not* to worship?"

A Canadian may be pardoned for calling attention to the significance of the grant, by the British Government, of a Royal Charter to Laval University. The trust in an hierarchy that the people trust, illustrates the fundamental principle of its policy in Canada. No matter what the question, so long as it is not inconsistent with the Queen's supremacy, Canada is governed in accordance with the constitutionally expressed wishes of the people of each Province. The success which has attended the frank acceptance of this principle suggests the only possible solution of that Irish Question which still baffles statesmen. What has worked like a charm here ought to work in another part of the Empire. Here, we have a million of people opposed in race, religion, character and historical associations to the majority of Canadians, a people whose forefathers fought England for a century and a half on the soil on which the children are now living;—a Celtic people, massed together in one Province, a people proud, sensitive, submissive to their priests, and not very well educated;—this people half a century ago badgered every Governor that Britain sent out, stopped the supplies, embarrassed authority, and at last broke out into open rebellion. Now, they are peaceable, contented, prosperous. They co-operate for all purposes of good government with the other Provinces, do no intentional injustice to the Protestant minority of their own Province, and are so heartily loyal to the central authority that it has become almost an unwritten law to select the Minister of War from their representatives in Parliament. Let him who runs read, and read, too, the answer of D'Arcy McGee to those who wondered that the young rebel in Ireland should be the mature ardent admirer of British government in Canada: "If in my day Ireland had been governed as Canada is now governed, I would have been as sound a constitutionalist as is to be found in Ireland."

The best thing Louis XIV. did for Quebec was the sending to it of the regiment of Carignan-Salières. A few companies of veterans, led by Canadian blue-coats, penetrated by the Richelieu to the lairs of the Iroquois, and struck such terror into them that the colony was thenceforth allowed to breathe and to grow. Still better, when the regiment was disbanded, most of the soldiers remained, and many of the picturesque towns and villages that have grown up along the Richelieu and St. Lawrence owe their names to the officers, to whom large seignorial rights were given by the King on condition of their settling in the colony. From these veterans sprang a race as adventurous and intrepid as ever lived. Their exploits as salt-water and fresh-water sailors, as *coureurs de bois*, discoverers, soldiers regular and

irregular, fill many a page of old Canadian history. Whether with the gallant brothers Le Moyne, defending Quebec against Sir William Phipps, or striking terror into New York and New England by swift forays such as Hertel de Rouville led; or with Du Lhut and Durantaye, breaking loose from the strait-jacket in which Royal Intendants imprisoned the colony, and abandoning themselves to the savage freedom of western fort and forest life; or under D'Iberville, most celebrated of the seven sons of Charles Le Moyne, sweeping the English flag from Newfoundland and Hudson's Bay or colonizing Louisiana; or with Jumonville and his brother on the Ohio, defeating Washington and Braddock; or vainly conquering at Fort William Henry and Carillon and Montmorency and Ste. Foye,—the picture is always full of life and colour. Whatever else may fail, valour and devotion to the King never fail. We find the dare-devil courage joined with the gaiety of heart and ready accommodation to circumstances that make the Frenchman popular, alike with friendly savages and civilized foemen, in all parts of the world. Canadian experiences developed in the old French stock new qualities, good and bad, the good predominating. Versed in all kinds of woodcraft, handling an axe as a modern tourist handles a tooth-pick, managing a canoe like Indians, inured to the climate, supplying themselves on the march with food from forest or river and cooking it in the most approved style, fearing neither frost nor ice, depth of snow nor depth of muskeg, independent of roads,—such men needed only a leader who understood them to go anywhere into the untrodden depths of the New World, and to do anything that man could do. Such a leader they found in Louis de Buade, Compte de Palleau et de Frontenac. Buade Street recalls his name, and there is little else in the old city that does, though Quebec loved him well in his day. Talon had done all that man could do to develop the infant colony by means of a national policy that stimulated industry, and an immigration policy, wise and vigorous enough, as far as his appeals to the King and Colbert went, for the nineteenth century. Another man was needed to enable the thin line of colonists to make head against the formidable Iroquois, backed as they were by the Dutch and English of New York, and against the citizen sailors and soldiers of New England; to direct their energies to the Great West; to make them feel that the power of France was with them, no matter how far they wandered from Quebec; and to inspire them with the thought that the whole unbounded continent was theirs by right. Such a man was Frontenac. Of his quarrels with intendants and clergy it would be a waste of time to speak. To defend him from the accusations made against his honour is unnecessary. How could quarrels be avoided where three officials lived, each having some reason to believe, in accordance with the profound state-craft of the Old Régime, that he was the supreme ruler! Frontenac was titular head, and he would be the real head. Neither bishops nor intendants should rule in his day, and they did not, and could not. They could worry him and even secure

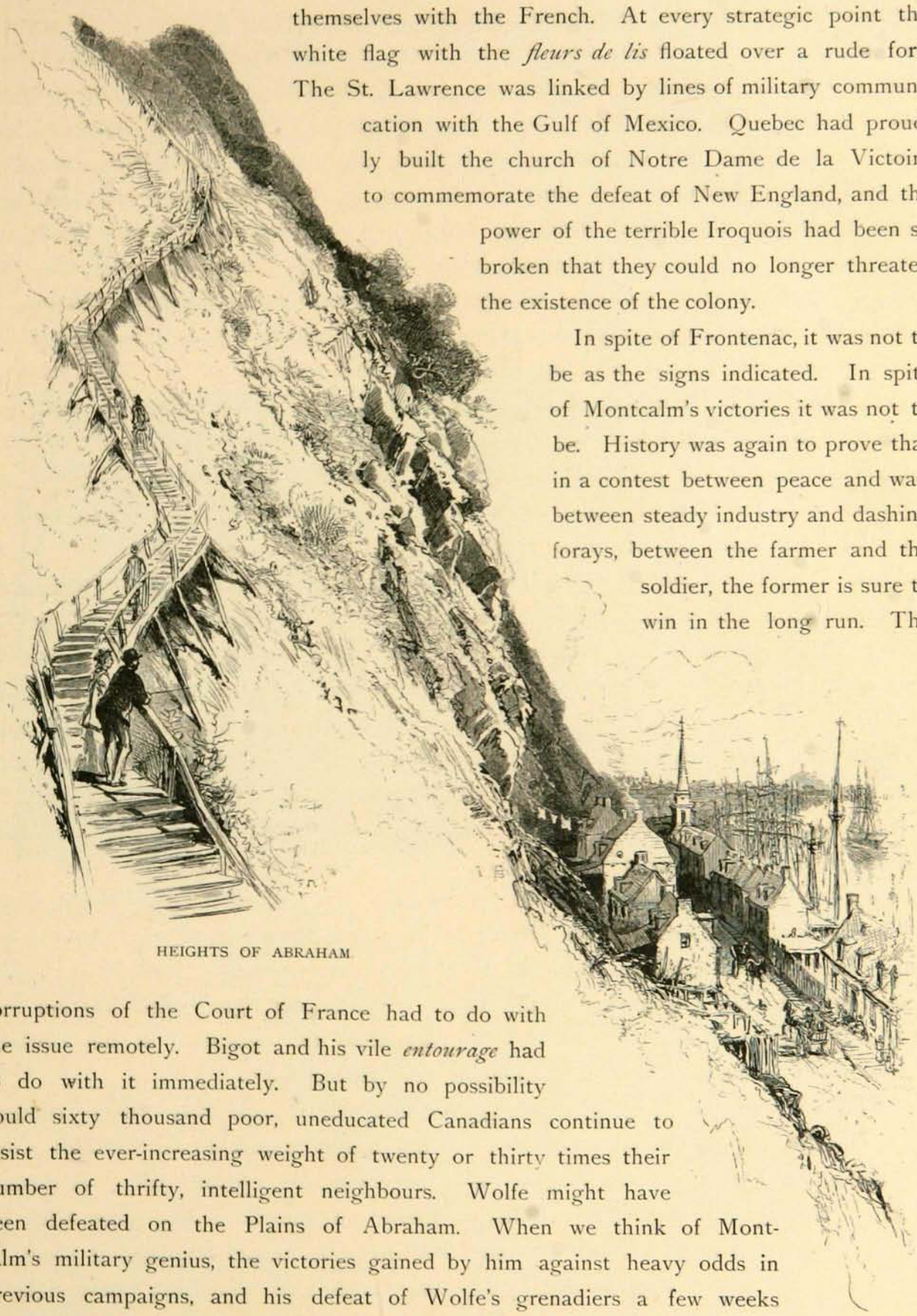
his recall, but they could not govern the colony when they got the chance. Frontenac had to be sent back to his post, and the universal joy with which the people received him showed that, as usual, the people overlook irritabilities and shortcomings, and discern the man. "He would have been a great prince if heaven had placed him on a throne," says Charlevoix. The good Jesuit forgets that Frontenac was the only man who sought to ascertain by ancient legitimate methods the views of all classes of the people, and that as Quebec was shut out from communication with the throne for half the year, the Governor had to act as a king or to see the country without a head. Frontenac understood the great game that was being played for the sovereignty of this continent. He had almost boundless influence over the Indians, because he appreciated them, and in his heart of hearts was one of themselves. No one understood so well what Indians were fitted to do in the wild warfare that the situation demanded. At the time of his death all signs betokened that France was to dominate the New World. The treaties Champlain had made with the Indians held good. The tribes farther west had allied



BUADE STREET.
Named after Frontenac.

themselves with the French. At every strategic point the white flag with the *fleurs de lis* floated over a rude fort. The St. Lawrence was linked by lines of military communication with the Gulf of Mexico. Quebec had proudly built the church of Notre Dame de la Victoire to commemorate the defeat of New England, and the power of the terrible Iroquois had been so broken that they could no longer threaten the existence of the colony.

In spite of Frontenac, it was not to be as the signs indicated. In spite of Montcalm's victories it was not to be. History was again to prove that in a contest between peace and war, between steady industry and dashing forays, between the farmer and the soldier, the former is sure to win in the long run. The



HEIGHTS OF ABRAHAM

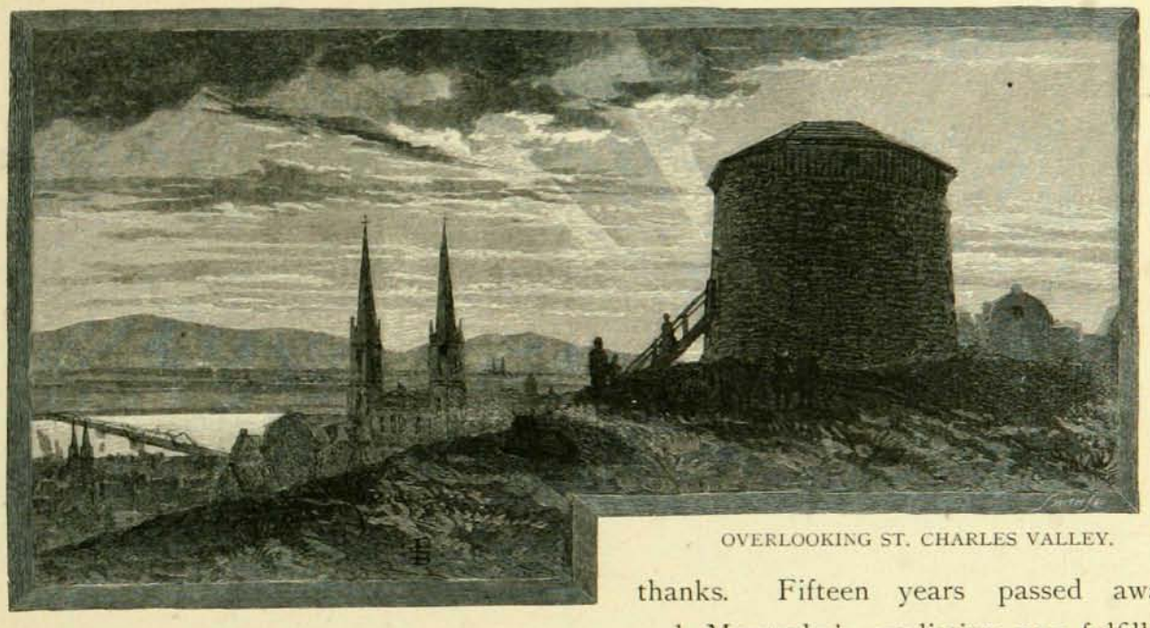
corruptions of the Court of France had to do with the issue remotely. Bigot and his vile *entourage* had to do with it immediately. But by no possibility could sixty thousand poor, uneducated Canadians continue to resist the ever-increasing weight of twenty or thirty times their number of thrifty, intelligent neighbours. Wolfe might have been defeated on the Plains of Abraham. When we think of Montcalm's military genius, the victories gained by him against heavy odds in previous campaigns, and his defeat of Wolfe's grenadiers a few weeks before the final struggle, our wonder indeed is that the British were not hurled over those steep cliffs they had so painfully clambered up on that memorable

early September morning. Scotchmen attributed the result to those men "in the garb of old Gaul, with the fire of old Rome," whom the British Government had been wise enough to organize into regiments out of the clans who a few years before had marched victoriously from their own northern glens into the heart of England. And Wolfe, had he lived, would probably have agreed with them. For, when he told the grenadiers, after their defeat, that, if they had supposed that they alone could beat the French army, he hoped they had found out their mistake, his tone indicated a boundless confidence in his Highlanders more flattering than any eulogy. But the most crowning victory for Montcalm would only have delayed the inevitable. Other armies were converging towards Quebec. And behind the armies was a population, already counting itself by millions, determined on the destruction of that nest on the northern rock whence hornets were ever issuing to sting and madden. No one understood the actual state of affairs better than Montcalm. He knew that France had practically abandoned Canada, and left him to make the best fight he could for his own honour against hopeless odds. Hence that precipitate attack on Wolfe, for which he has been censured. He knew that every hour's delay would increase Wolfe's relative strength. Hence, too, that abandonment of the whole cause, after the battle, for which he has been censured still more severely. "I will neither give orders nor interfere any further," he exclaimed with emotion, when urged to issue instructions about the defence of the city. He had done all that man could do. He had sealed his loyalty with his blood. And now, seeing that the stars in their courses were fighting against the cause he had so gallantly upheld, and that the issue was pre-determined, he would take no more responsibility. He knew, too, that his best avengers would be found in the ranks of his enemies; that Britain in crushing French power in its seat of strength in America, was overreaching herself, and preparing a loss out of all proportion to the present gain. He appreciated the "Bostonnais;" predicting that they would never submit to an island thousands of miles away when they controlled the continent, whereas they would have remained loyal if a hostile power held the St. Lawrence and the Lakes. Was he not right? And had not Pitt and Wolfe, then, as much to do with bringing about the separation of the Thirteen States from the mother country, as Franklin and Washington?

The story of the campaigns of 1759–60 need not be told here. Every incident is familiar to the traditional school-boy. Every tourist is sure to visit Wolfe's Cove for himself, and to ascend the heights called after the old Scottish pilot "Abraham" Martin. No sign of war now. Rafts of timber in the Cove, and ships from all waters to carry it away, instead of boats crowded with rugged Highlanders silent as the grave. No trouble apprehended by any one, except from stevedores whose right it is to dictate terms to commerce and occasionally to throw the city into a state of siege. No precipice now, the face of which must be scaled on hands and knees. A pleasant

road leads to the Plains, and you and your party can drive leisurely up. There, before you, across the common, is the modest column that tells where Wolfe "died victorious." Between it and the Citadel are Martello towers, digging near one of which some years ago, skeletons were found, and military buttons and buckles, the dreary pledges, held by battle-fields, of human valour and devotion and all the pomp and circumstance of war. You must drive into the city to see the monument that commemorates the joint glory of Montcalm and Wolfe; and out again, to see the third monument, sacred to the memory of the braves who, under the skilful De Levis, uselessly avenged at Ste. Foye the defeat of Montcalm.

The red-cross flag floated over the Chateau of St. Louis, and New England gave



OVERLOOKING ST. CHARLES VALLEY.

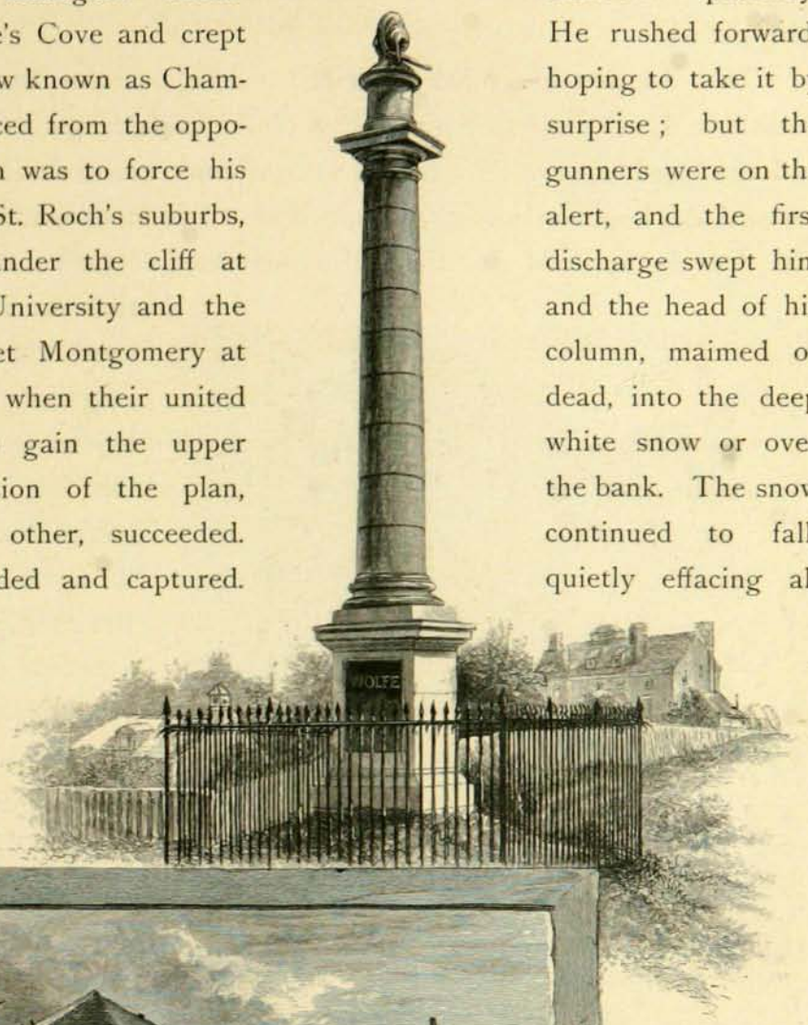
thanks. Fifteen years passed away, and Montcalm's prediction was fulfilled. The "Bostonnais" were in revolt. Wise with the teaching of more than a century, they at the outset determined to secure the St. Lawrence; and they would have succeeded, had it not been for the same strong rock of Quebec which had foiled them so often in the old colonial days. Arnold advanced through the roadless wilderness of Maine, defying swamps, forests, and innumerable privations as hardily as ever did the old Canadian *noblesse* when they raided the villages and forts of Maine. Montgomery swept the British garrisons from the Richelieu and Montreal, and joined Arnold at the appointed rendezvous. Their success must have astonished themselves. The explanation is that the colony had no garrisons to speak of, and that the French Canadians felt that the quarrel was none of their making. In a month all Canada —Quebec excepted—had been gained for Congress; and there was no garrison in Quebec capable of resisting the combined forces that Arnold and Montgomery led. But Guy Carleton reached Quebec, and another proof was given to the world that one man may be equal to a garrison. In a few days he had breathed his own spirit into the militia,



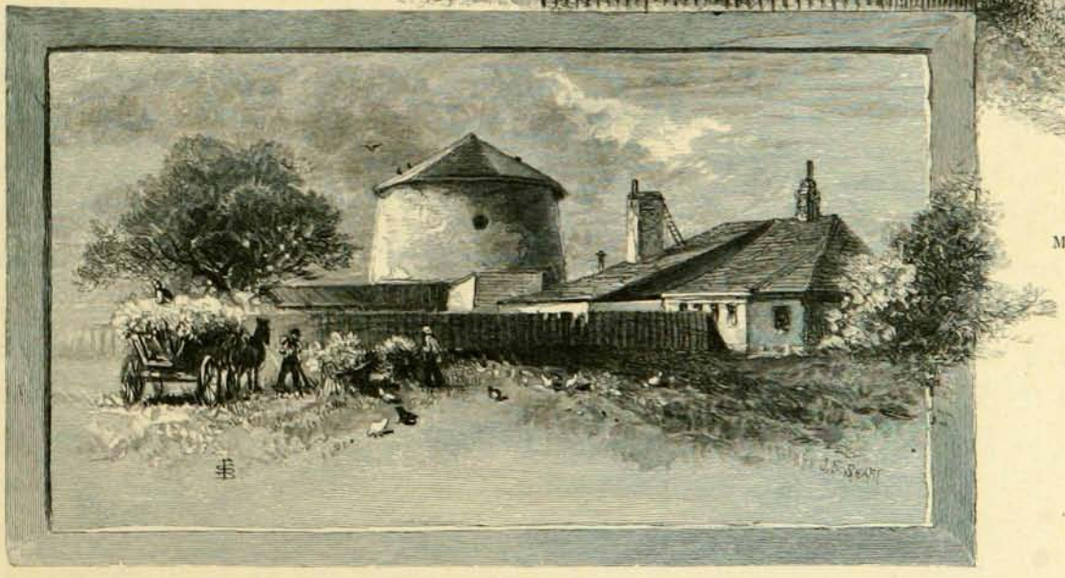
OVERLOOKING NORTH CHANNEL,
From Grand Battery and Laval University.

native Canadians as well as British born. The invaders established themselves in the Intendant's Palace and other houses near the walls, and after a month's siege made a resolute attempt to take the city by storm. Whatever may have been the result of a more precipitate attack, the delay unquestionably afforded greater advantages

to the besieged than to the besiegers. Montgomery set out from Wolfe's Cove and crept along the narrow pathway now known as Champlain Street. Arnold advanced from the opposite direction. His intention was to force his way round by what is now St. Roch's suburbs, below the ramparts, and under the cliff at present crowned by Laval University and the Grand Battery, and to meet Montgomery at the foot of Mountain Hill, when their united forces would endeavour to gain the upper town. Not the first fraction of the plan, on the one side or the other, succeeded. Arnold's men were surrounded and captured. Montgomery, marching in the gray dawn through a heavy snow-storm, came upon a battery that blocked up the narrow pathway. He rushed forward, hoping to take it by surprise; but the gunners were on the alert, and the first discharge swept him and the head of his column, maimed or dead, into the deep white snow or over the bank. The snow continued to fall, quietly effacing all



WOLFE'S MONUMENT.

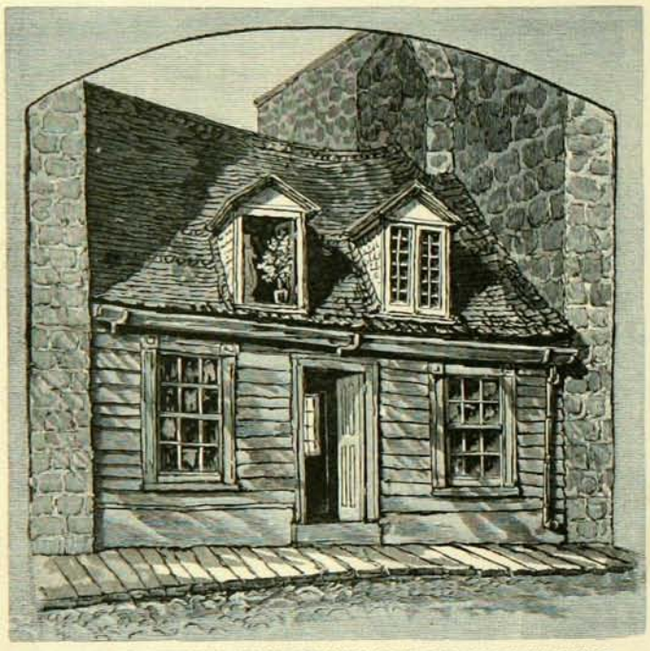


MARTELLO TOWER.
On the Plains of Abraham.

signs of the conflict. A few hours after, Montgomery's body was found lying in the snow, stark and stiff, and was carried to a small log-house in St. Louis Street. No more gallant soldier fell in the Revolutionary War. Nothing now could be done even by the daring Arnold, though he lingered till spring. One whiff of grape-shot had decided that Congress must needs leave its ancient foe to itself,

to work out its destinies in connection with that British Empire which it had so long defied.

That decision has ruled events ever since. From that day to this, constitutional questions have occupied the attention of the Canadian people, instead of military ambition and the game of war. No such questions could emerge under the Old Régime. Constitutional development was then impossible. The fundamental principle of the Old Régime was that the spiritual and the civil powers ruled all subjects by Divine right, and therefore that the first and last duty of government was to train the people under a long line of absolute functionaries, religious and civil, to obey the powers that be. A demand for representative institutions could hardly be expected to come in those circumstances from the French Canadians. Their ambition extended no further than the hope that they might be governed economically, on a hard-money basis, and according to their own traditions. Their relation to the land, their disposition, habits and training, their unquenchable Celtic love for their language, laws and religion, made them eminently conservative. From the day the British flag floated over their heads, they came into the possession of rights and privileges of which their fathers had never dreamed. The contrast between their condition under Great Britain with what it had been under France, could not be described more forcibly than it was by Papineau in the year 1820 on the hustings of Montreal:—"Then—under France—trade was monopolised by privileged Companies, public and private property often pillaged, and the inhabitants dragged year after year from their homes and families to shed their blood, from the shores of the Great Lakes, from the banks of the Mississippi and the Ohio, to Nova Scotia, Newfoundland, and Hudson's Bay. Now, religious toleration, trial by jury, the act of *Habeas Corpus*, afford legal and equal security to all, and we need submit to no other laws but those of our own making. All these advantages have become our birthright, and shall, I hope, be the lasting inheritance of our posterity." But a disturbing element had gradually worked its way among the *habitans*, in the form of merchants, officials, and other British residents in the cities, and United Empire Loyalists from the States, and disbanded soldiers, to whom grants of land had been made in various parts of the Province, and especially in the eastern townships. From this minority



HOUSE TO WHICH MONTGOMERY'S BODY WAS CARRIED.

came the first demand for larger liberty. These men of British antecedents felt that they could not and would not tolerate military sway or civil absolutism. They demanded, and they taught the Gallo-Canadians to demand, the rights of free men. At the same time, immigration began to flow into that western part of Canada, now called the Province of Ontario. It could easily be foreseen that this western part would continue to receive a population essentially different from that of Eastern or Lower Canada. A wise statesmanship resolved to allow the Eastern and Western sections to develop according to their own sentiments, and to give to all Canada a constitution modelled, as far as the circumstances of the age and country permitted, on the British Constitution. To secure these objects, Mr. Pitt passed the Act of 1791—an Act that well deserves the name, subsequently given to it, of the first "Magna Charta of Canadian freedom." The bill divided the ancient "Province of Quebec" into two distinct colonies, under the names of Upper and Lower Canada, each section to have a separate elective Assembly. Fox strenuously opposed the division of Canada. "It would be wiser," he said, "to unite still more closely the two races than separate them." Burke lent the weight of political philosophy to the practical statesmanship of Pitt. "For us to attempt to amalgamate two populations composed of races of men diverse in language, laws and habitudes, is a complete absurdity," he warmly argued. Pitt's policy combined all that was valuable in the arguments of both Fox and Burke. It was designed to accomplish all that is now accomplished, according to the spirit as well as the forms of the British Constitution, by that federal system under which we are happily living. In order to make the Act of 1791 successful, only fair play was required, or a disposition on the part of the leaders of the people to accept it loyally. All constitutions require that as the condition of success. Under Pitt's Act the bounds of freedom could have been widened gradually and peacefully. But it did not get fair play in Lower Canada, from either the representatives of the minority or of the majority of the people. The minority had clamoured for representative institutions. They got them, and then made the discovery that the gift implied the government of the country, not according to their wishes, but according to the wishes of the great body of the people. Naturally enough, they then fell back on the Legislative Council, holding that it should be composed of men of British race only or their sympathisers, and that the Executive should be guided not by the representative Chamber, but by the Divinely-appointed Council. On the other hand, the representatives of the majority soon awoke to understand the power of the weapon that had been put into their hands. When they did understand, there was no end to their delight in the use of the weapon. A boy is ready to use his first jack-knife or hatchet on anything and everything. So they acted, as if their new weapon could not be used too much. As with their countrymen in Old France, their logical powers interfered with their success in the practical work of government. They were slow to learn that life is broader than logic, and that free institutions are possible only by the

practice of mutual forbearance towards each other of the different bodies among whom the supreme power is distributed. Still, the measure of constitutional freedom that had been generously bestowed had its legitimate effect on the French-Canadians. They learned to appeal to British precedents, and a love of British institutions began to take possession of their minds. Nothing demonstrates this more satisfactorily than the contrast between their inaction during 1775–6, and their united and hearty action during the war of 1812–15. That war, which may be regarded as an episode in the constitutional history we are sketching, teaches to all who are willing to be taught several important lessons. It showed that French-Canadians had not forgotten how to fight, and that according as they were trusted so would they fight. No better illustration can be given than Châteauguay, where Colonel de Salaberry with 300 Canadian militiamen and a few Highlanders victoriously drove back an army 7000 strong. The Canadians everywhere flew to arms, in a quarrel, too, with the bringing on of which they had nothing to do. The Governor sent the regular troops to the frontiers, and confided the guardianship of Quebec to the city militia, while men like Bedard who had been accused of "treason," because they understood the spirit of the Constitution better than their accusers, were appointed officers. Successive campaigns proved, not only that Canada was unconquerable—even against a people then forty times as numerous—because of the spirit of its people, its glorious winters, and northern fastnesses, but also because an unprovoked war upon Canada will never command the united support of the people of the States. When the war was declared in 1812, several of the New England States refused their quotas of militia. The Legislature of Maryland declared that they had acted constitutionally in refusing. And all over New England secession was seriously threatened. What happened then would occur again, under other forms, if an effort were made to conquer four or five millions of Canadians, in order to make them citizens of free States. Should either political party propose it, that party would seal its own ruin. A great Christian people will struggle unitedly and religiously to free millions, never to subdue millions. Should momentary madness drive them to attempt the commission of the crime, the consequence would more likely be the disruption of the Republic than the conquest of Canada.

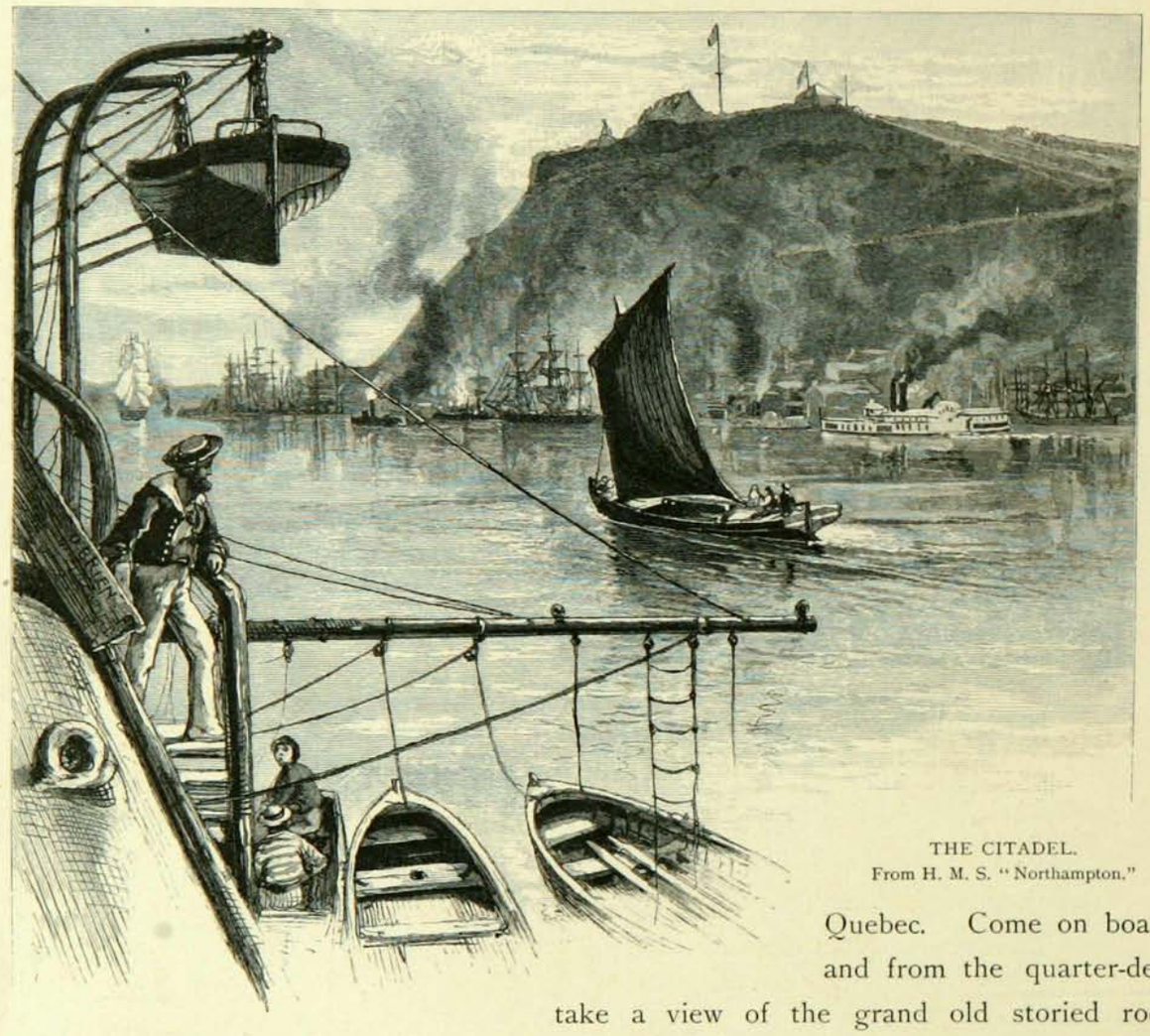
So much the episode of 1812–15 teaches, read in the light of the present day. When the war was over, the struggles for constitutional development were resumed. Complicated in Lower Canada by misunderstandings of race, they broke out in "the troubles" or sputterings of rebellion of 1837–38. The forcible reunion of the two Canadas in 1840 was a temporary measure, necessitated probably by those troubles. It led to friction, irritations, a necessity for double majorities, and perpetual deadlocks. Did not Pitt in 1791 foresee these as the sure results in the long run of any such union, beautiful in its simplicity though it appears to doctrinaires? The confederation of British-America in 1867 put an end to the paralysis, by the adoption of the federal principle,

and the ordained extension of Canada to its natural boundaries of three oceans on three sides and the watershed of the American continent on the fourth. Full self-government having now been attained, our position is no longer colonial.

What, then, is our destiny to be? Whatever God wills. The only points clear as sunlight to us as a people are, that Canada is free, and that we dare not break up the unity of the grandest Empire the world has ever known. Annexation has been advocated, but no one has proved that such a change would be, even commercially, to our advantage. We would get closer to fifty and be removed farther from two hundred millions. Politically, Canada would cease to exist. She would serve merely as a make-weight to the Republican or Democratic party. The French-Canadian element, so great a factor actually and potentially in our national life, would become a nullity. We would surrender all hopes of a distinctive future. Strangers would rule over us; for we are too weak to resist the alien forces, and too strong to be readily assimilated. Our neighbours are a great people. So are the French and the Germans. But Belgium does not pray to be absorbed into France, and Holland would not consent to be annexed to Germany. Looking at the question in the light of the past and with foresight of the future, and from the point of view of all the higher considerations that sway men, we say, in the emphatic language of Scripture, "It is a shame even to speak" of such a thing. We would repent it only once, and that would be forever. Their ways are not our ways; their thoughts, traditions, history, are not our thoughts, traditions, history. The occasional cry for Independence is more honourable; but, to break our national continuity in cold blood, to cut ourselves loose from the capital and centre of our strength! to gain—what? A thousand possibilities of danger, and not an atom of added strength. What, then, are we to do? "Things cannot remain as they are," we are told. Who says that they can? They have been changing every decade. The future will bring changes with it, and wisdom too, let us hope, such as our fathers had, to enable us to do our duty in the premises. In the meantime, we have enough to do. We have to simplify the machinery of our government, to make it less absurdly expensive, and to disembarrass it of patronage. We have to put an emphatic stop to the increase of the public debt. We have to reclaim half a continent, and throw doors wide open that millions may enter in. We have to grow wiser and better. We have to guard our own heads while we seek to do our duty to our day and generation. Is not that work enough for the next half century? No one is likely to interfere with us, but we are not thereby absolved from the responsibility of keeping up the defences of Halifax and Quebec, and fortifying Montreal by a cincture of detached forts. These cities safe, Canada might be invaded, but could not be held. But what need of defence, when we are assured that "our best defence is no defence." Go to the mayors of our cities and bid them dismiss the police. Tell bankers not to keep revolvers, and householders to poison their watch-dogs. At one stroke we save what we are expending on all the old-

fashioned arrangements of the Dark Ages. It has been discovered that the "best defence is no defence!"

It does not become grown men to dream dreams in broad daylight. Wise men regard facts. Here is the Admiral's ship, the shapely "Northampton," in the harbour of



THE CITADEL.
From H. M. S. "Northampton."

Quebec. Come on board, and from the quarter-deck take a view of the grand old storied rock. Whose money built that vast Citadel that crowns its strength? Who gave us those mighty batteries on the Levis heights opposite? What enemy on this planet could take Quebec as long as the "Northampton" pledges to us the command of the sea? And for answer, a charmer says, you would be far stronger, without the forts and without the "Northampton!"

QUEBEC:

PICTURESQUE AND DESCRIPTIVE.



VIEW FROM THE OLD MANOR HOUSE AT BEAUPORT.

QUEBEC—the spot where the most refined civilization of the Old World first touched the barbaric wildness of the New—is also the spot where the largest share of the picturesque and romantic element has gathered round the outlines of a grand though rugged nature. It would seem as if those early heroes, the flower of France's chivalry,

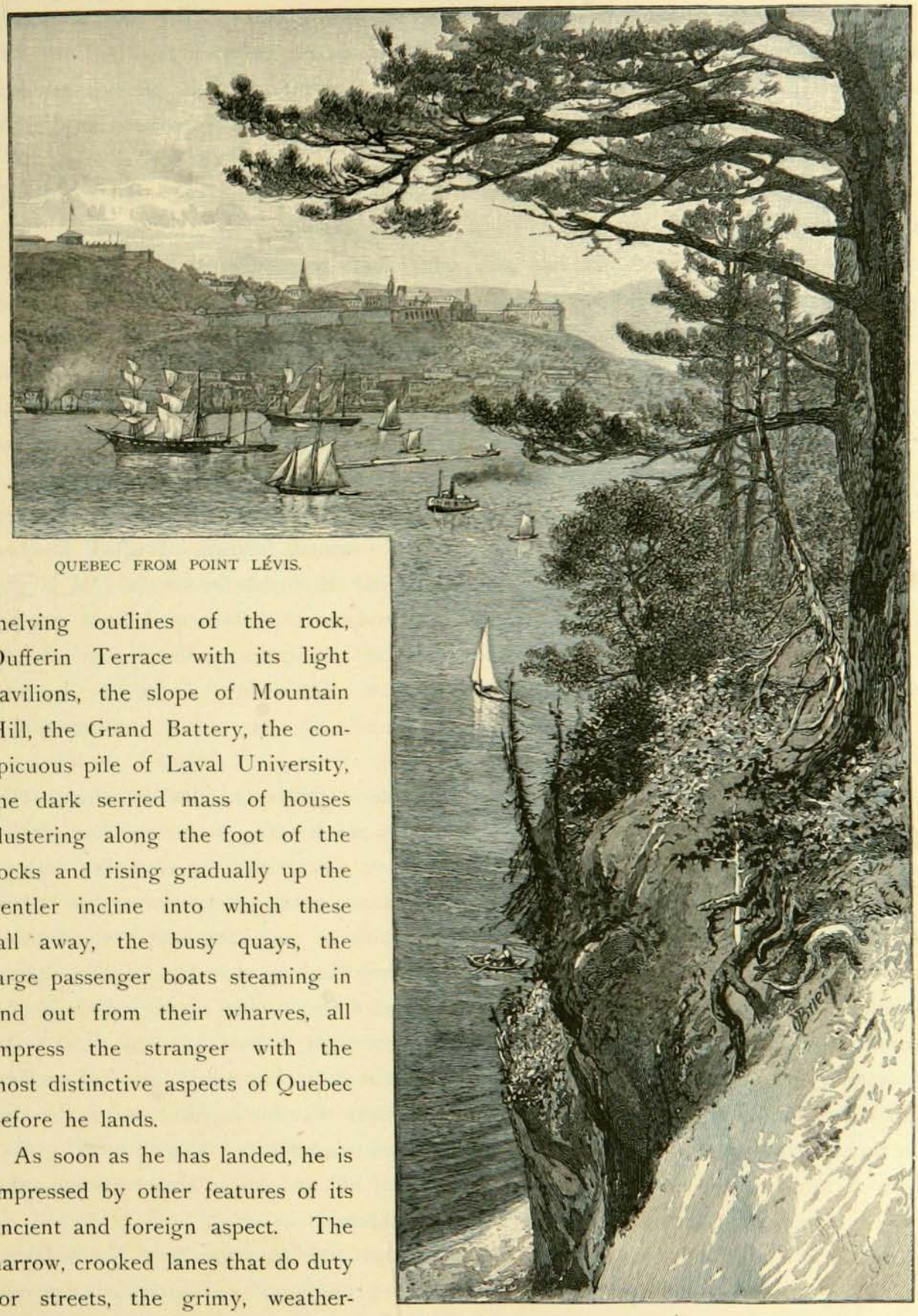
who conquered a new country from a savage climate and a savage race, had impressed the features of their nationality on this rock fortress forever. May Quebec always retain its French idiosyncrasy! The shades of its brave founders claim this as their right. From Champlain and Laval down to De Lévis and Montcalm, they deserve this monument to their efforts to build up and preserve a "New France" in this western world; and Wolfe for one would not have grudged that the memory of his gallant foe should here be closely entwined with his own. All who know the value of the mingling of diverse elements in enriching national life, will rejoice in the preservation among us of a distinctly French element, blending harmoniously in our Canadian nationality.

"Saxon and Celt and Norman are we;"

and we may well be proud of having within our borders a "New France" as well as a "Greater Britain."

Imagination could hardly have devised a nobler portal to the Dominion than the mile-wide strait, on one side of which rise the green heights of Lévis, and on the other the bold, abrupt outlines of Cape Diamond. To the traveller from the Old World who first drops anchor under those dark rocks and frowning ramparts, the *coup d'œil* must present an impressive frontispiece to the unread volume. The outlines of the rocky rampart and its crowning fortress, as seen from a distance, recall both Stirling and Ehrenbreitstein, while its aspect as viewed from the foot of the time-worn, steep-roofed old houses that skirt the height, carries at least a suggestion of Edinburgh Castle from the Grassmarket. To the home-bred Canadian, coming from the flat regions of Central Canada by the train that skirts the southern shore and suddenly finds its way along the abrupt, wooded heights that end in Point Lévis, with quaint steep-gabled and balconied French houses climbing the rocky ledges to the right, and affording to curious passengers, through open doors and windows, many a naïve glimpse of the simple domestic life of the *habitans*, the first sight of Quebec from the terminus or the ferry station is a revelation. It is the realization of dim, hovering visions conjured up by the literature of other lands more rich in the picturesque element born of antiquity and historical association. On our Republican neighbours, the effect produced is the same. Quebec has no more enthusiastic admirers than its hosts of American visitors; and no writers have more vividly and appreciatively described its peculiar charm than Parkman and Howells.

Looking at Quebec first from the opposite heights of Lévis, and then passing slowly across from shore to shore, the striking features of the city and its surroundings come gradually into view, in a manner doubly enchanting if it happens to be a soft, misty summer morning. At first, the dim, huge mass of the rock and Citadel, — seemingly one grand fortification, — absorbs the attention. Then the details come out, one after another. The firm lines of rampart and bastion, the



QUEBEC FROM POINT LÉVIS.

shelving outlines of the rock, Dufferin Terrace with its light pavilions, the slope of Mountain Hill, the Grand Battery, the conspicuous pile of Laval University, the dark serried mass of houses clustering along the foot of the rocks and rising gradually up the gentler incline into which these fall away, the busy quays, the large passenger boats steaming in and out from their wharves, all impress the stranger with the most distinctive aspects of Quebec before he lands.

As soon as he has landed, he is impressed by other features of its ancient and foreign aspect. The narrow, crooked lanes that do duty for streets, the grimy, weather-beaten walls and narrow windows on either side, the steep-roofed antique French houses, the cork-screw ascent towards

the upper town, the rugged pavement over which the wheels of the *caléche* noisily rattle, recall the peculiarities of an old French town. And before Prescott Gate was sacrificed to modern utilitarian demands, the effect was intensified by the novel sensation—in America—of entering a walled town through a real gate, frowning down as from a mediæval story.

The short, crooked streets of Quebec, diverging at all kinds of angles, make it as difficult to find one's way as in Venice or old Boston. It has grown, like old towns, instead of being laid out like new ones, and its peculiarities of growth have been differentiated to a remarkable degree by the exigencies of its site and fortifications. The "lie" of the place can be best explained by saying that the walls embrace a rudely-drawn section of an ellipse, the straight side of which divides the city from the comparatively level ground of the country in rear (towards the north-west), while the Citadel occupies the western corner of the curve which follows the edge of the precipice abutting on the St. Lawrence, turning an abrupt corner round the Seminary Gardens, and following the line of the high ground till it descends to the valley of the St. Charles. It was on *this* side of the natural fortress, to which Quebec owes its antiquity and its pre-eminence as a capital, that the life of the Old World left its first trace on the history of the Canadian wilderness. For here, a little way up the river, Jacques Cartier anchored his ships, which had so astounded the unsophisticated savages as they came, like things of life, sailing up the river. Here, too, he and his men spent the long, bitter winter, waiting wearily for the slowly-coming spring which so many of them never saw.

But there are pleasanter associations with the side of Quebec which the visitor usually sees first. As we walk or drive up Mountain Hill by the winding ascent which originally existed as a rough gully, the associations are all of Champlain, the Chevalier Bayard of the French *régime* and the founder of Quebec. One cannot but wonder whether there rose before his inner vision a picture of the city which he may have hoped would grow from the oak and walnut-shaded plateau by the river, and up the sides of the rugged hill that now bears its mass of ancient buildings, climbing to the zig-zagged walls and bastions that crown the highest point of what was then a bare beetling rock. As he watched the stately trees falling under the strokes of his sturdy axe-men—where dingy warehouses and high tenements are now densely massed together under the cliff—he may have dreamed of a second Rouen, the queenly capital of a "New France," giving laws to a territory as illimitable as the wilderness of hill and forest that stretched away on every side beyond the range of eye and imagination.

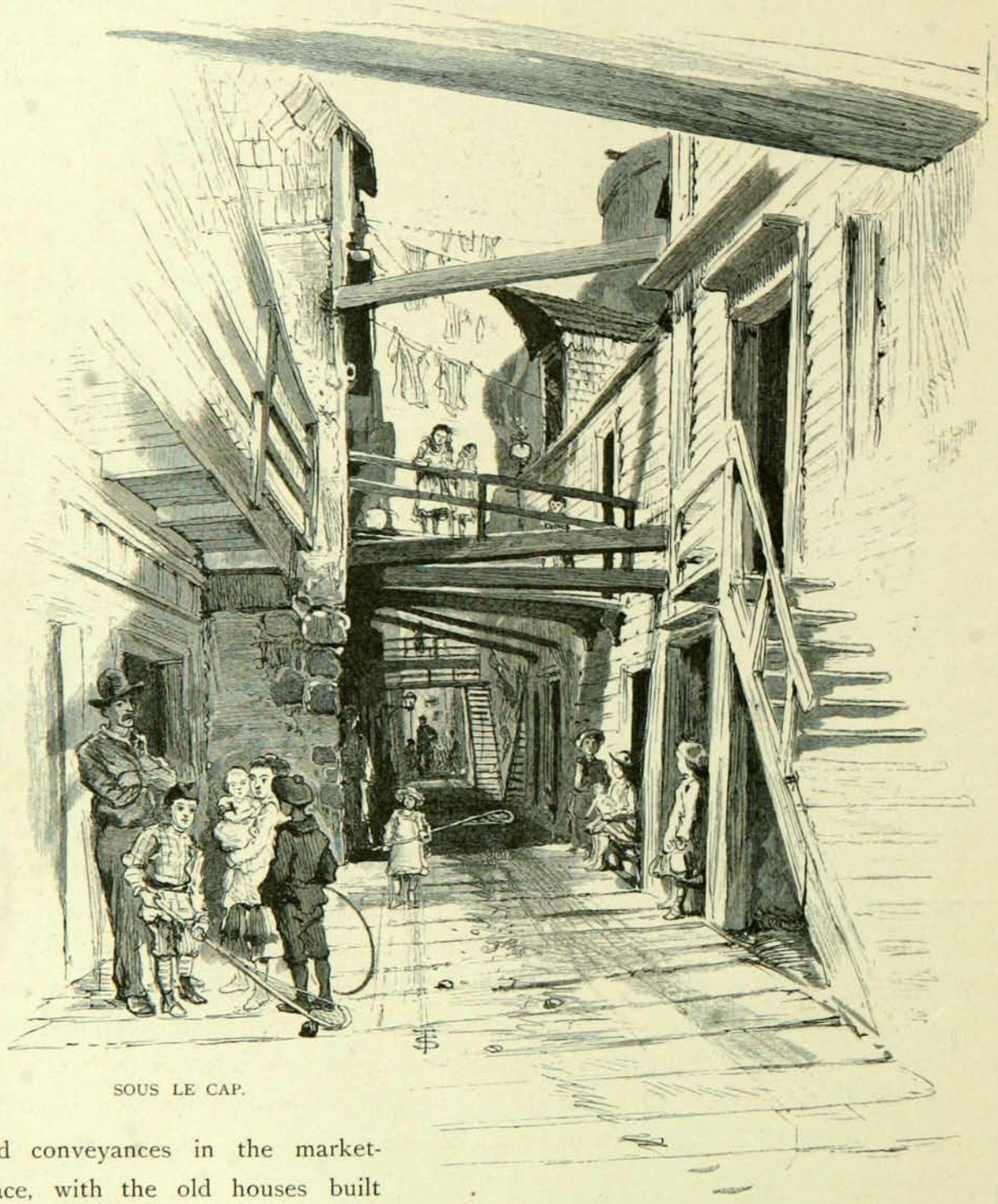
But before ascending Mountain Hill, let us turn aside into the little Notre Dame Place, where stands a small quaint church with high-peaked roof and antique belfry, one of the oldest buildings in Quebec, for its walls date back at least before 1690 when the fête of Notre Dame des Victoires was established to commemorate the defeat of Sir William

Phipps. It was close to this spot that Champlain built his first fort and warehouse for stores and peltries. A little farther to the left—where the Champlain Market, built out of the stones of the old Parliament buildings, presents on market days a busy and picturesque tableau—stood the first "Abitation de Quebecq," perpetuated for us by Champlain's inartistic pencil, with its three tall, narrow wooden houses set close together, its store-house and dove-cote, its loop-holed gallery running round the second storey, its moat and surrounding wall. Just above frowned the dark-brown rock; the blue waters of the St. Lawrence almost washed its outer wall; while the gardens which Champlain delighted to lay out and plant with roses, lay on three sides, to grace the wilderness abode. Now there are no gardens and no roses,—only a busy market-place that blooms out periodically, to be sure, with flowers and fruit; masses of buildings, narrow streets and crowded docks, where the tides of the St. Lawrence washed the shingly beach; huge piles of wharves driving the river still farther to bay; loaded wains carrying the produce of the Old World from the great ocean vessels or the produce of the New World to them; light French *caléches* dashing by the primitive carts of the market-folk, their drivers exchanging gay *badinage* as they pass; grave, long-robed priests, or jaunty French clerks or lads in the Seminary uniform hurrying to and fro and replying in French if you ask them a question in English;—all the busy life of a complex civilization, combined with an air of antiquity which makes it difficult to realize that even three centuries ago the scene was one unbroken wilderness.

Pursuing Champlain Street a little farther, the lower town presents not a few characteristic studies. A quaint old street—"Sous Le Cap"—lies so close under the precipice surmounted by the Grand Battery and Laval University that no casual passer-by would think of penetrating its obscurity. Its dilapidated old houses, with their backs to the cliff, are braced against their opposite neighbours by cross-beams of timber to keep them upright, and even the narrow French carts can with difficulty pass through what looks more like a Scottish wynd than a Canadian street; while the old red-capped *habitant* who sits calmly smoking at his door might have stepped out of a French picture. If we pass down to the docks, we may see ocean vessels preparing for departure, perhaps, out in the stream, a timber ship loading her cargo,—the piles of fragrant wood suggesting the distant forests where, in the clear, sharp winter days the men from the lumber camp were busy hewing down and squaring the giant pines, the growth of centuries of summers.

But it is time for us to retrace our steps from this region of shipping and docks and piers, of warehouses and offices, stretching along the ledge underneath the Citadel. We may follow back Champlain Street into Little Champlain Street, and pass on to the foot of Break-neck Steps, a shorter and more direct route than the circuitous one of Mountain Hill, though there is a still easier mode of ascent provided

in the new elevator, which transports you to the terrace above without any exertion. On a market day, the steps are alive with the good folks of the upper town going down to market or to business; and the busy scene below—the crowd of people

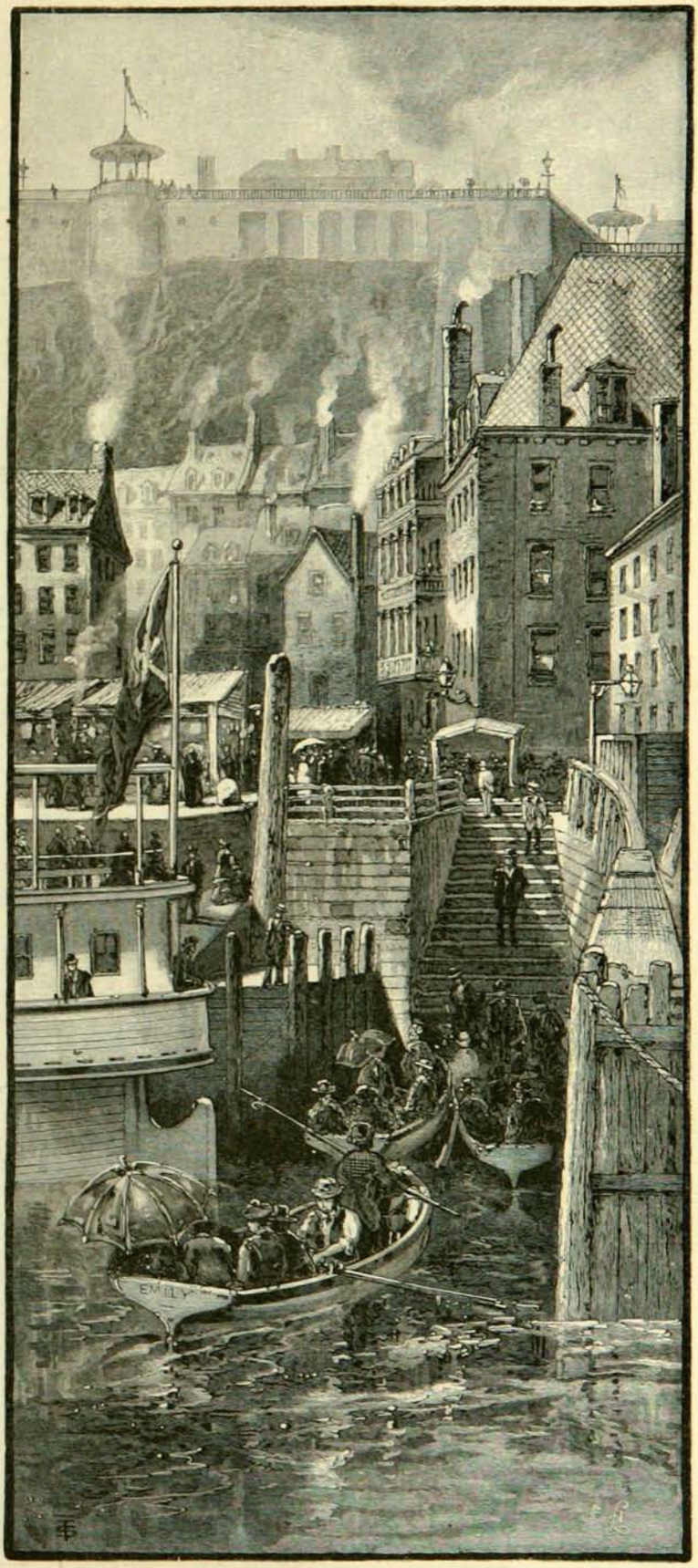


SOUS LE CAP.

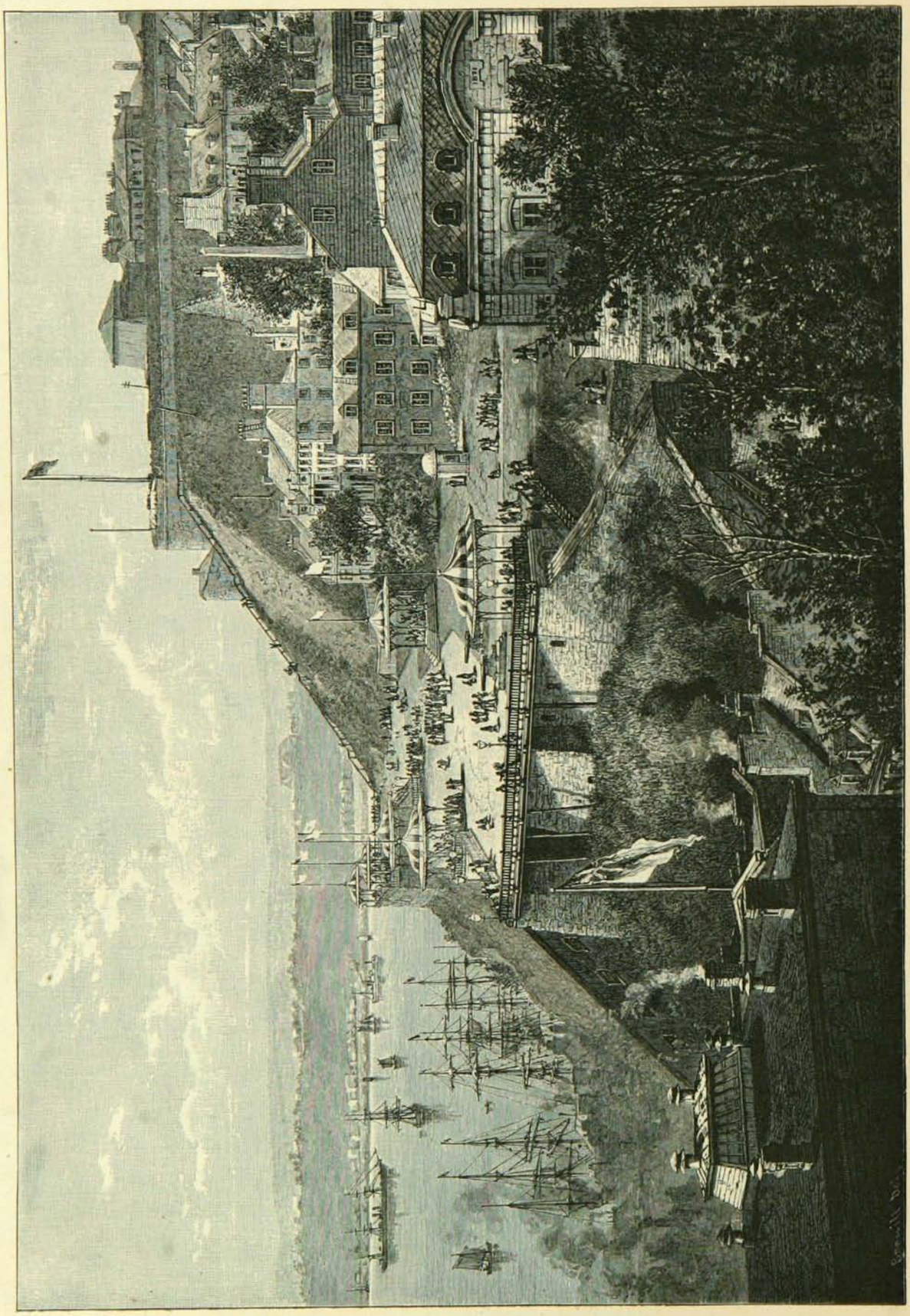
and conveyances in the market-place, with the old houses built close against the cliff, the background of steamboats and shipping, and the terrace with its light, graceful pagodas against the sky above—affords one of the many bits of contrast in which Quebec abounds.

A few minutes bring us to the top of the stairs and out on what was old Durham Terrace, which, extended at the suggestion of Lord Dufferin to the foot of the

glacis of the Citadel, has appropriately taken its present name and, supplied with light pavilions at the points commanding the most striking views, now bears the name of the popular Governor who so warmly appreciated the old city. It affords one of the noblest promenades that a city could possess, from the magnificent view it commands; while the old portion which, as Durham Terrace, perpetuated the name of one of the ablest British Governors of Canada, is also the centre of the most romantic and heroic memories that cluster round Quebec. For, close by, in the time of Champlain, was built the rude stockaded fort, within which he and his men were fain to take refuge from the incursions of the fierce Iroquois; while here, also, rose the old Chateau St. Louis which, for two centuries, under the *Fleur de Lis* or the Union Jack, was the centre of Canadian government and the heart and core of Canadian defence against Iroquois, British or American assailants. The Chateau of St. Louis — burned down at last, its stones helping to build this broad terrace—might furnish material for half a dozen

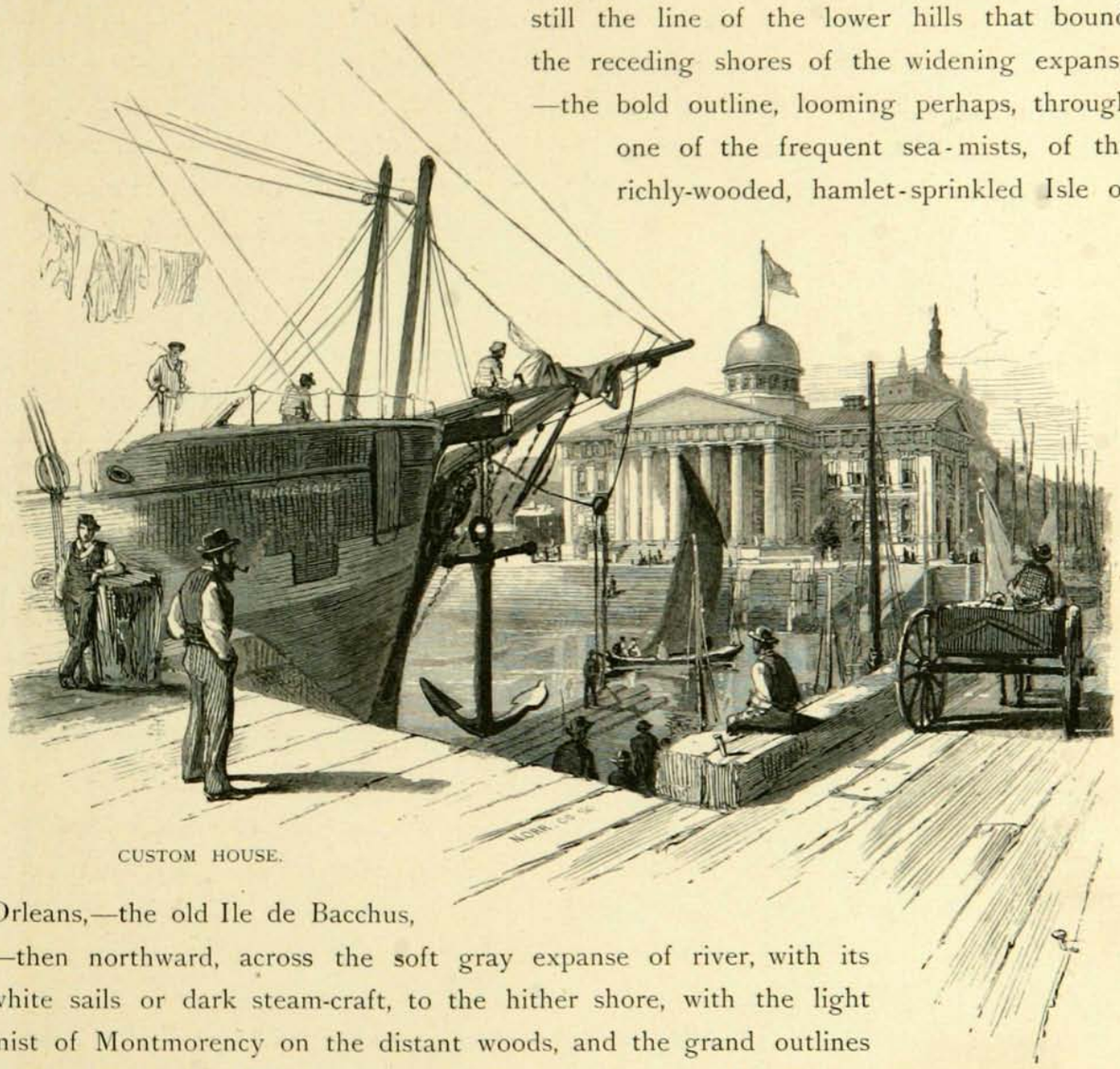


LOOKING UP FROM THE WHARVES.



DUFFERIN TERRACE.

romances. Looking across from the busy mass of swarming life below, and the flitting steamers and stately ships with which the river is studded, you see, first, the picturesque heights of Lévis, on which rise, tier after tier—from the busy town of South Quebec and the Grand Trunk buildings, a town in themselves,—village after village, glittering church spires, massive conventual buildings gleaming out of embosoming foliage, till the eye follows the curve of the height down again to the river. Thence it follows still the line of the lower hills that bound the receding shores of the widening expanse —the bold outline, looming perhaps, through one of the frequent sea-mists, of the richly-wooded, hamlet-sprinkled Isle of



CUSTOM HOUSE.

Orleans,—the old Ile de Bacchus,

—then northward, across the soft gray expanse of river, with its white sails or dark steam-craft, to the hither shore, with the light mist of Montmorency on the distant woods, and the grand outlines of the Laurentian Hills that here first meet the river whose name they bear; while nearer still, the Grecian front and dome of the Custom House, the mass of Laval University and the towers and steeples of the upper town fill in a varied foreground. To the right, the terrace stretches away in a promenade, till it is cut short by the steep slope of the Citadel crowned by rampart and bastion, while behind lie the shady walks of the Governor's Garden, surrounding the pillar dedicated to the joint memory of Wolfe and Montcalm. It is a view to which no artist's pencil could do justice, since no picture could give it in its completeness, and it would take many to

fully illustrate its ever-varying aspect from sunrise to sunset, or when the moonlight enfolds it in a serener and more solemn beauty.

One might dream away a summer day or a summer night on Dufferin Terrace; but the present claims attention as well as the past. Passing to the rear, you can wander through the shady walks of the Governor's Garden or sit on the iron seats near the "Ring," and call up before the imagination the stirring, martial scenes so often enacted on the *Grande Place* before the chateau. There the remnant of the unfortunate Hurons pitched their tents after the butchery of thousands of their number by the Iroquois on the Isle of Orleans, and there they were allowed to build a small fort. Thither, too, came a deputation of forty Iroquois, tattooed and naked, vociferating an appeal for peace to the *Ononthio* or Governor, in the summer of 1666, when the gallant regiment of Carignan-Salières had at last succeeded in instilling fear into their savage breasts. Here, also, many a French Governor, as the representative of His Most Catholic Majesty, surrounded by a bewigged and plumed retinue, received with due circumstance the keys of the Castle of St. Louis.

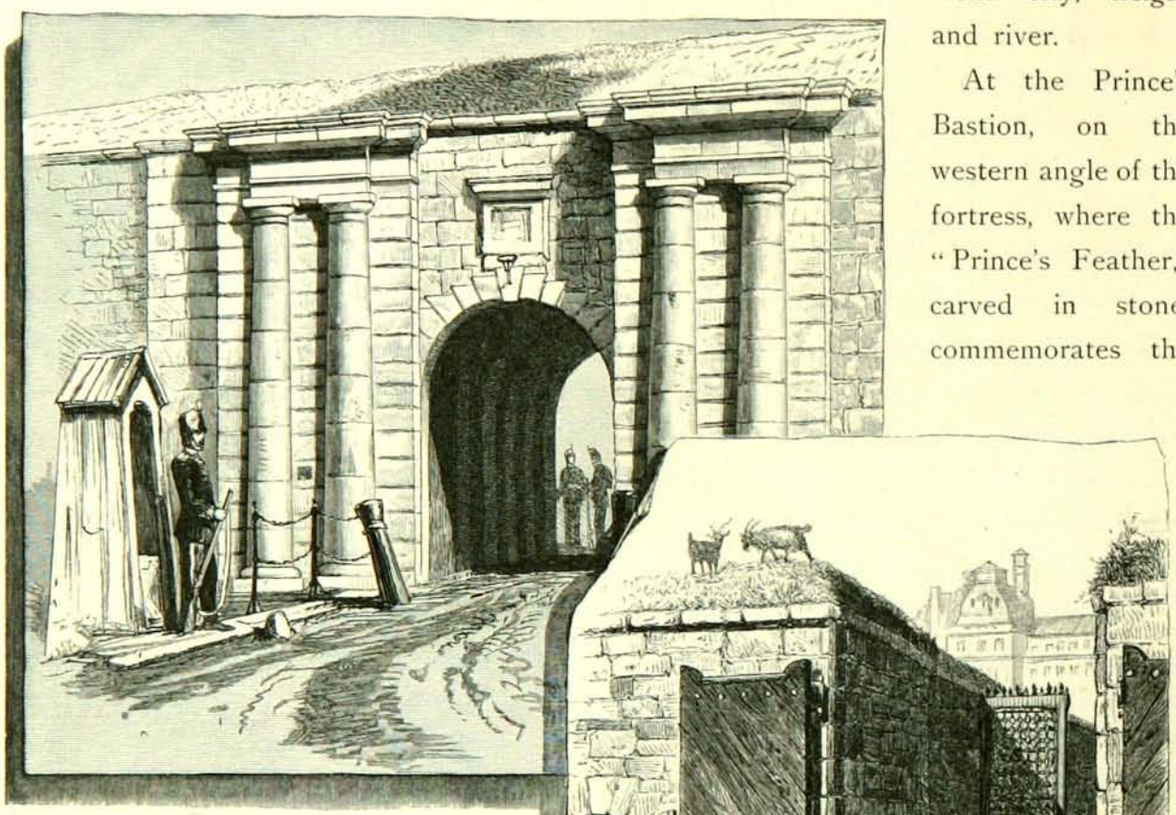
But it is time that we ascended to the Citadel, at which we have been so long looking from below. A flight of steps takes us up from the western end of Dufferin Terrace to the glacis. Here we again stop to look down. It is the view from the terrace, expanded in every direction. At our feet lies the busy panorama of river and docks; the Grand Trunk ferry-boat, like a tiny *batteau*, is stealing across the river in a wide curve, to avoid the pressure of the tide. On the other side we see trains arriving and departing, steaming along the rocky ledge of the opposite height upward towards Montreal or downward on the way to the sea. Just below the Citadel stretches the long massive dock of the Allan Steamship Company, at which, if it is Saturday morning, the Liverpool steamer is lying, getting ready for departure. Vans loaded with freight or luggage are discharging their contents into the hold. Passengers are stepping on board to take possession of their cabins, accompanied by friends reluctant to say the final adieu. One looks with a strange interest, never dulled by repetition, at the black hull about to bear its precious freight across the wide ocean to "the under world," unwitting of the peril it is going to brave.

From the terrace we climb by a flight of some two hundred and fifty steps to the top of the glacis. A path round its grassy slope leads to the entrance of the Citadel itself—ascending from St. Louis Street, built up on each side by solid stone walls. Passing through the celebrated chain gates, we find ourselves in the spacious area made by the widened ditch and retiring bastion, the level sward being used for a parade-ground. On the green sides of the earthwork above the ditch goats are peacefully grazing, giving an aspect of rural tranquillity that presents a picturesque contrast to the massive portals of Dalhousie Gate, with its guard-rooms built into the thickness of the arch on either side. Entering through it, we are at last

within the Citadel itself, which, spreading over forty acres its labyrinth of ditch and earthwork and rampart and bastion, impresses us at once with the appropriateness of its proud title of the Canadian Gibraltar. Ascending to the broad gravel walk on the top of the bastion, we retrace our steps toward the river by the parallel line of wall on the inner side of the ditch, pierced with embrasures for the cannon that command every avenue of approach. Passing on, we take in glimpses of the ever-glorious view which bursts upon us at last in all its magnificence, as we stand on the King's Bastion beside the flag-staff,—a view which, take it all in all, it is not too much to say is unsurpassed in North America. Quebec — with its quaint contrasts of old and new—lies at our feet, the fringe of buildings and wharves at the foot of Cape Diamond literally so, the remainder of the city clustering about and up the height, like Athens about her Acropolis. Across the river, studded with craft of all imaginable variety—from the huge primitive raft that hardly seems to move, to the swift, arrowy steam-tug or the stately ocean-ship that spreads her sails to catch the breeze —the eye ascends the heights of Lévis, beyond the masses of railway buildings to the undulating curves in which nestle the clusters of tiny French houses, with their great protecting churches; then it follows the widening river, studded with sails, to the dim blue woods and distant hamlets of Orleans; on, still, to the bold mountains that form so grand a background to the cultivated slopes which descend to the long village street of the Beauport road, with its church towers guiding the eye to the Montmorency cleft or *embouchure*, in which, on a very clear day, you can just discern the faint white spray ascending from the Fall, and farther on, to Cap Tourmente and the blue mountain of St. Anne. Nearer, the glance returning takes in the winding St. Charles, the outlying suburbs of St. John and St. Roch and St. Sauveur, the crooked line of the city wall, the green turf and poplars of the Esplanade, the shady grounds and Officers' Quarters of the Artillery Barracks, the Hotel Dieu, Laval University with its belfry, the towers of the Basilica, the Gothic turrets of the English Cathedral, while, just below, we have a bird's-eye view of Dufferin Terrace and its pavilions; of the Governor's Garden, with the top of Montcalm's monument rising above the trees; of the line of Champlain Street and Champlain Market, and the rows of tall French houses that rise up against the dark, slaty cliff, with its fringe and tufts of scanty vegetation; of the line of wharves and docks, steamboats and steamships, till the field of view is suddenly curtailed by the abutments of the cliff on which we stand.

But there are other points of view, so we pass on along the entrance front of the Officers' Quarters, a portion of which is set apart for the summer residence of the Governor-General. It is not a very imposing vice-regal abode, but the simplicity of the accommodation and the restricted space are more than atoned for by the noble vistas of river and height and mountain commanded by the deeply-embrasured windows.

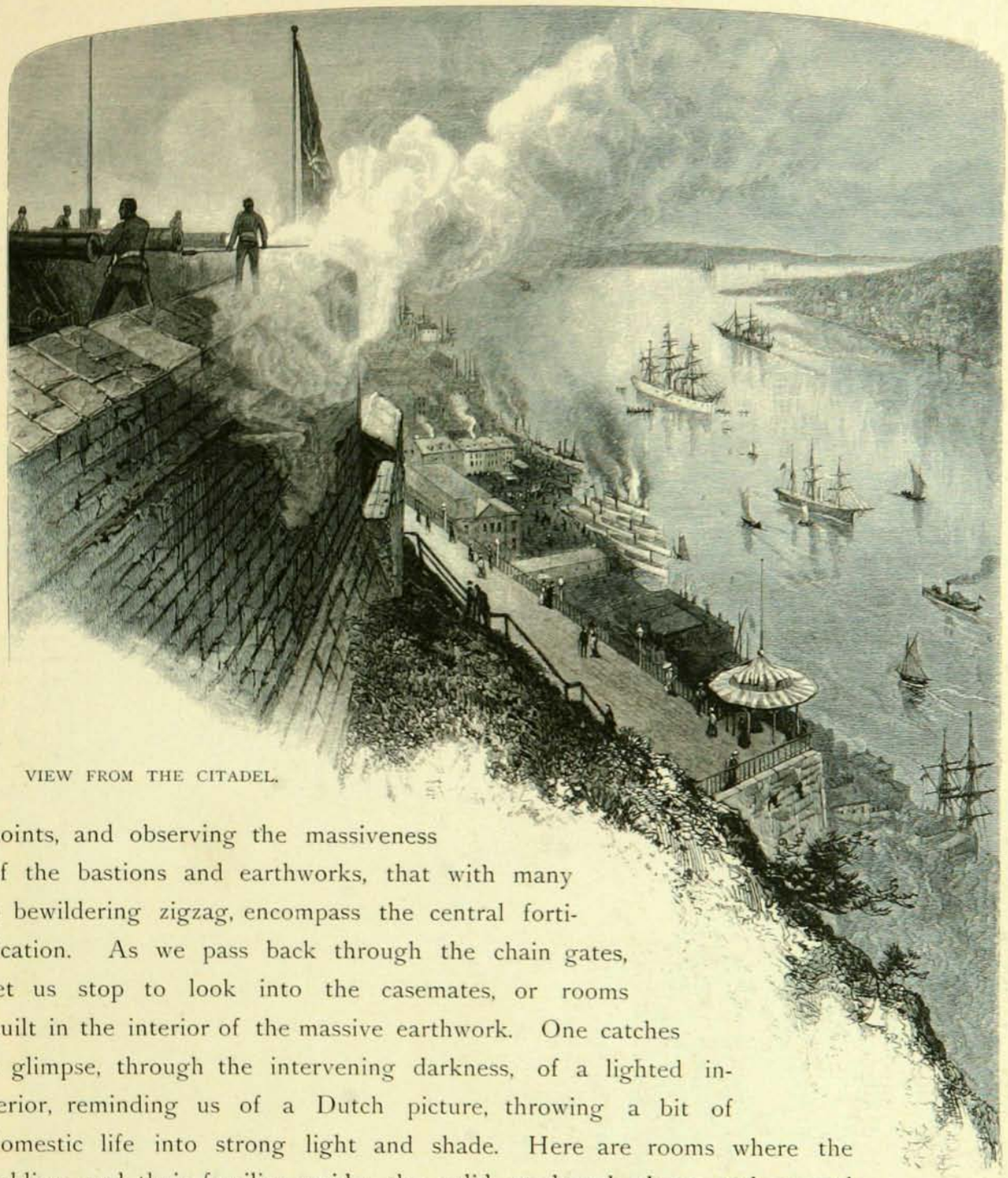
In a line with the Officers' Quarters are the hospital, the magazines and the Observatory, where the falling black ball gives the time daily, at one o'clock, to the shipping below. Outside the Governor-General's Quarters, and extending towards the King's Bastion, a platform has been erected which, on summer fête-nights, serves as a promenade unique and wonderful, from which "fair women and brave men" look down five hundred feet into the dark abyss below, sparkling with myriads of lights gleaming from city, height and river.



GATES OF THE CITADEL.

At the Prince's Bastion, on the western angle of the fortress, where the "Prince's Feather," carved in stone, commemorates the visit of the Prince of Wales, the view is still more extensive. Westward, we look up the river, to the green bluff curving into Wolfe's Cove and Sillery, while across we still have before us the varied line of the opposite heights, with their long street of old French houses creeping just under its wooded sides, and a little farther to the right you catch the gleam of the steeples of New Liverpool.

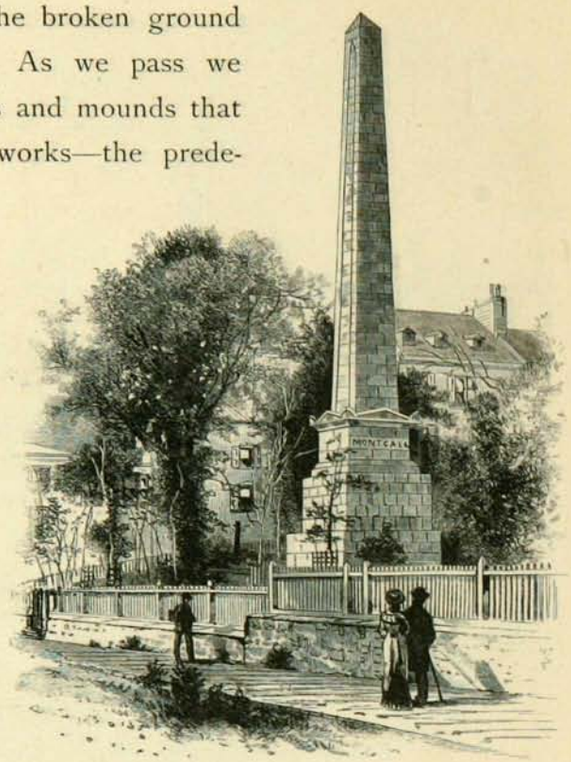
After the eye has been partially satisfied with gazing on this grand panorama, we may stroll leisurely along the wall, taking in the ever-shifting views from the various



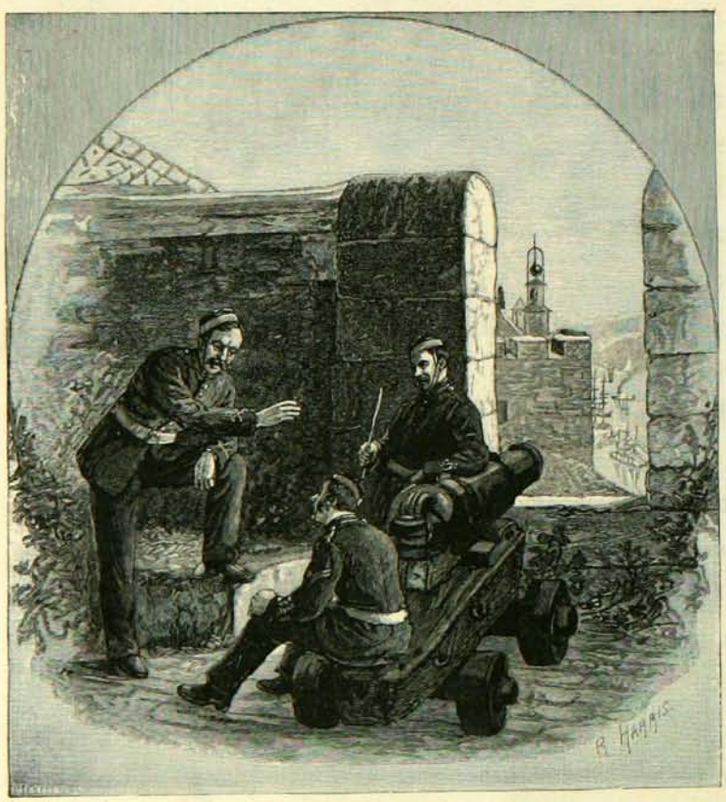
VIEW FROM THE CITADEL.

points, and observing the massiveness of the bastions and earthworks, that with many a bewildering zigzag, encompass the central fortification. As we pass back through the chain gates, let us stop to look into the casemates, or rooms built in the interior of the massive earthwork. One catches a glimpse, through the intervening darkness, of a lighted interior, reminding us of a Dutch picture, throwing a bit of domestic life into strong light and shade. Here are rooms where the soldiers and their families reside, the solid earthwork above and around them, deep windows letting in the light and air. Before leaving the precincts of the Citadel, take a look at the rock on which it is built—an uneven, circular surface of light gray rock bearing the *soubriquet* of "Hog's Back." No French or ancient associations attach to the Citadel, except to one magazine near the Prince's Bastion, the inner portion of which seems to belong to the French *régime*, being built of rubble, the outer casing only being modern. The plans for the present Citadel were supervised by the Iron Duke, though he never saw the place. The chain gates let us out into a sort of extension of the ditch, from which we emerge by the

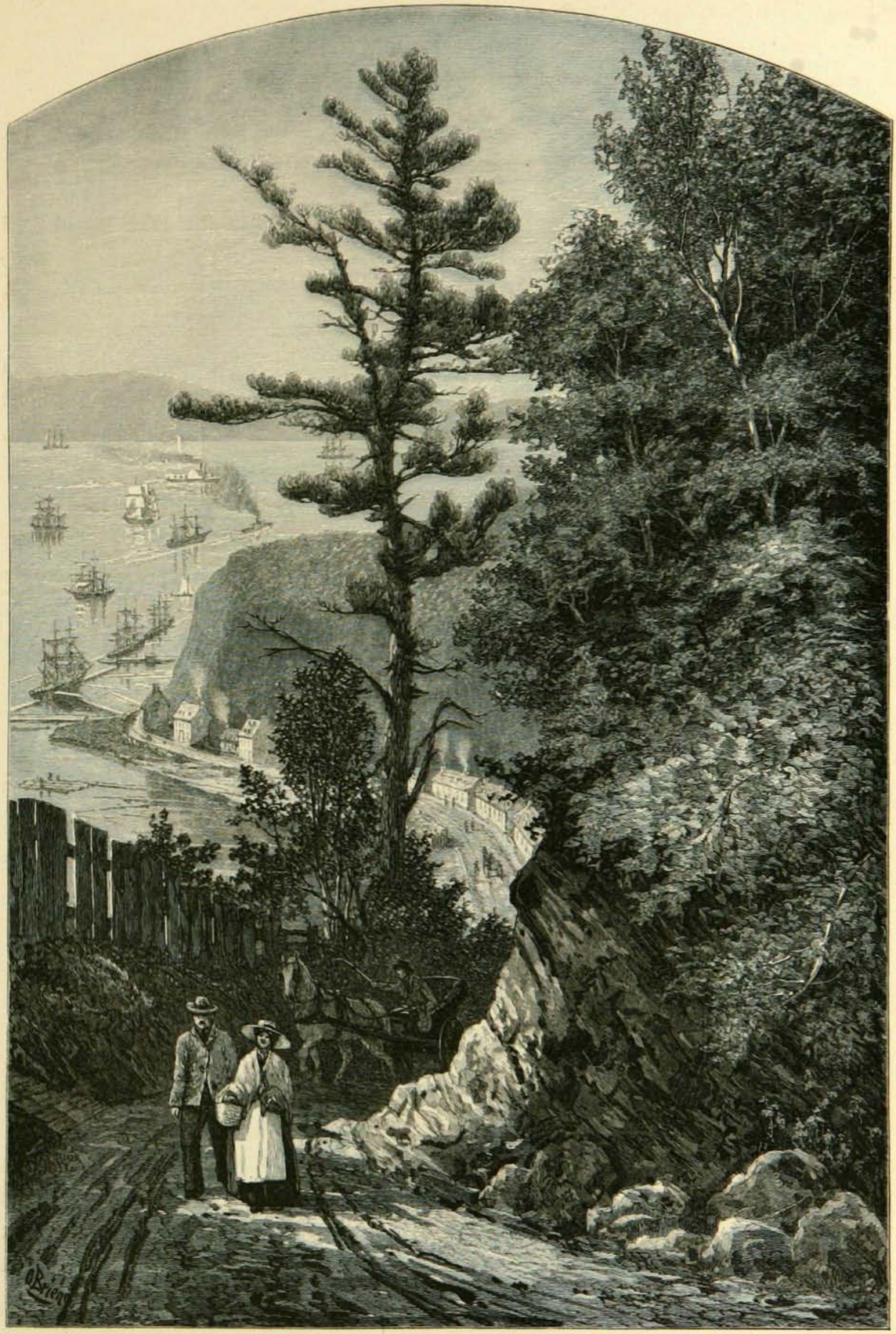
sally-port. From thence, a path leads over the broken ground of the "Plains" to the ball-cartridge field. As we pass we shall not fail to note the broken grassy curves and mounds that preserve the outlines of the old French earthworks—the predecessors of the present fortifications,—a prominent and interesting object. Approaching the Martello tower we are obliged to go out on the St. Louis road, or the *Chemin de la Grande Allée*, as it was called in the old French period. Following this still westward, a turn to the left, between the turnpike and the race-course, takes us down to some barren and neglected-looking ground on which stands Wolfe's monument, and a little farther on, a road leads downwards to the Cove where Wolfe landed his troops the night before the battle, when even Montcalm at first refused to attach importance to what he thought was "only Mr. Wolfe, with a small party, come to burn a few houses, and return." A road now winds down the face of the cliff among the straggling pines where, in Wolfe's time, there was only a rough gully up which he and his soldiers scrambled, dragging with them a six-pounder — their only gun — which played no mean part in gaining the victory. Now the quiet bay, with its rafts and lumber-piles and passing craft, is peaceful enough, and in the soft purple light of a summer evening, seems to harmonize less with martial memories than with the association with Gray's *Elegy* bequeathed to it by Wolfe, who, on the night before the decisive



MONUMENT TO WOLFE AND MONTCALM.



TIME-BALL, FROM THE PRINCE'S BASTION.



WOLFE'S COVE.

action, repeated here, with perhaps some sad presentiment of impending fate, the stanza—

"The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour—
The paths of glory lead but to the grave!"

Retracing our steps to the St. Louis road, we follow it straight back to the city, noting the fine new pile of buildings erected for the Houses of Parliament, just beyond which we pass through one of the old gates of Quebec, the St. Louis Gate, now massively rebuilt with embrasures and Norman towers—one of the three still to be preserved to the city. But it is not the old St. Louis Gate, with its weather-beaten superstructure and zigzag approach. When the excessive newness has somewhat worn off, it will doubtless be much more imposing than its predecessor, and more fitted, like its neighbour, Kent Gate, built at her Majesty's expense, to hold up its head in a progressive age, which does not appreciate dilapidation, however picturesque.

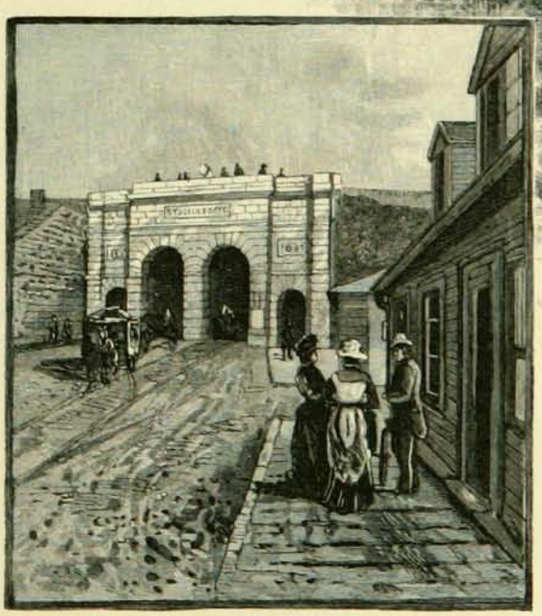
Passing through St. Louis Gate, with its new Norman turrets, we have to our right the winding ascent to the Citadel and to our left the Esplanade; while at the corner of the St. Louis Hotel we are again in the business centre of the upper town, and soon come to the open area of the Place d'Armes, whence we pass into Buade Street, on which stands the new Post-Office, a handsome building of gray cut-stone, plain but in good taste, with two short Ionic pillars at the entrance. The old Post-Office which preceded it had a history, symbolized by a French inscription under the sign of the Chien d'Or, or Golden Dog, which legendary animal still retains his post over the entrance of the present building. This inscription was the expression of the wrongs suffered by the original owner—a merchant named Philibert—at the hands of the Intendant Bigot of unsavoury memory. It ran, in old French—

"JE SUIS VN CHIEN QVI RONGE L'OS,
EN LE RONGEANT JE PRENDS MON REPOS,
VN TEMS VIENDRA QVI N'EST PAS VENV
QVE JE MORDRAY QVI MAVRA MORDV."

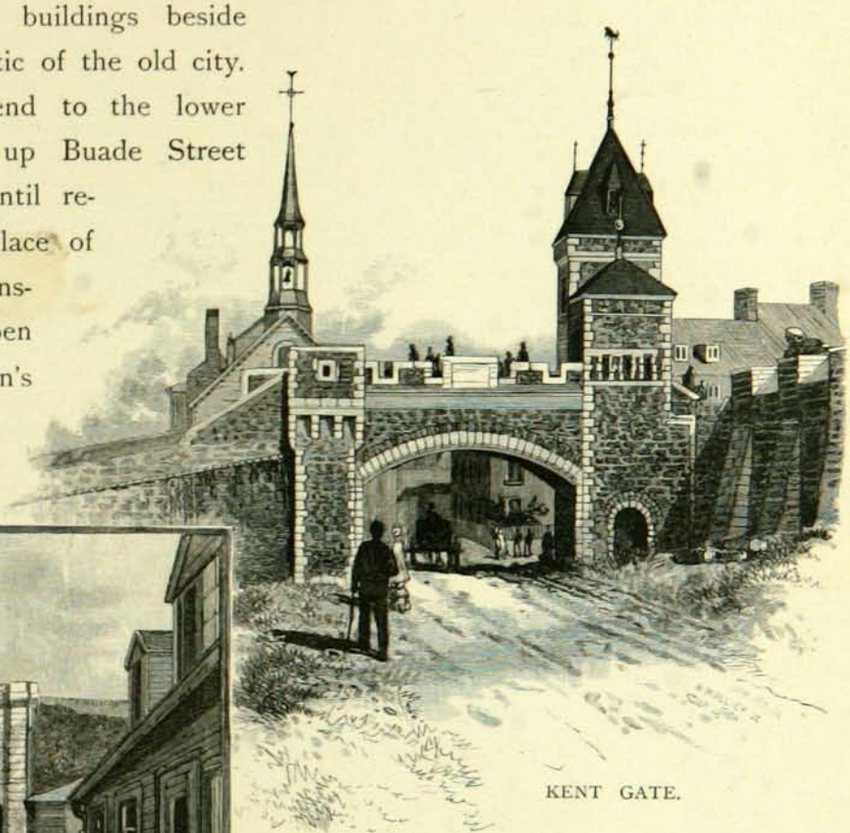
The legend may be freely translated, "*I bide my time.*" Poor Philibert was never able to put his threat into execution, his life and his plans for revenge being suddenly brought to an end one day on Mountain Hill, by a sword-thrust from a French officer, no doubt at the Intendant's instigation. The story had a sequel, however. Philibert's brother, who came all the way from Bordeaux as his executor and blood-avenger, tracked the assassin to his refuge in the East Indies, and slew him there. Champlain's bust, and the symbolic dog over the entrance, with the sign of "The Golden Dog" on an inn close by, connect the new Post-Office with the memories of old Quebec, while

the name of one of the streets at the corner of which it stands—Buade Street—recalls the palmiest days of the French *régime*, under Louis Buade, Count de Frontenac. From here Mountain Hill begins its circuitous descent, and on the opposite side is the old-fashioned-building, originally the Archbishop's Palace, which has been used for many years as the Parliament Buildings.

Going down Mountain Hill from hence, we come to the dilapidated stairway, the antique, gambrel-roofed buildings beside it being very characteristic of the old city. But we will not descend to the lower town, but walk back up Buade Street till we come to what, until recently, was the market-place of the upper town, now transferred, however, to the open space in front of St. John's Gate. On one side of the wide, open square,



ST. JOHN'S GATE.

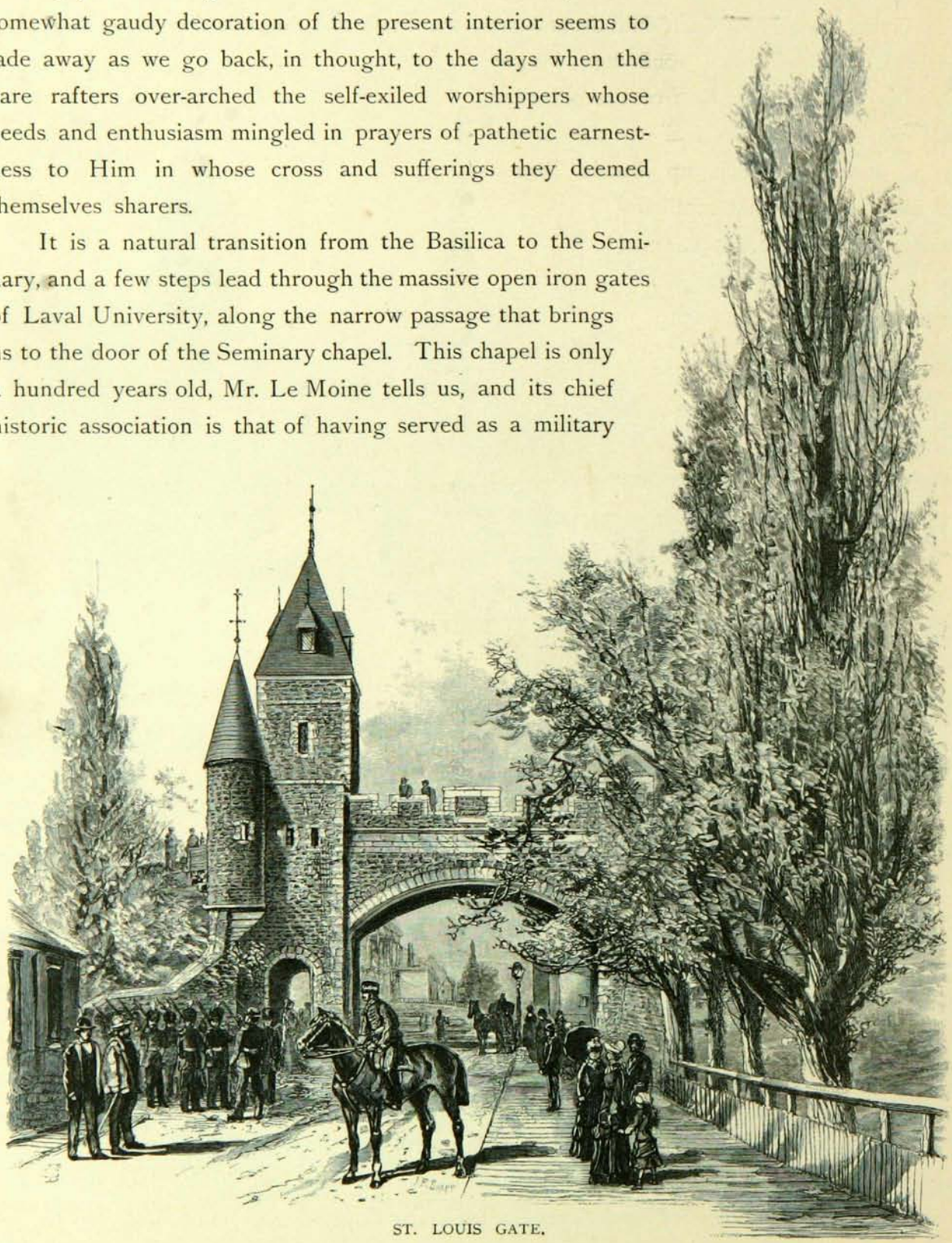


KENT GATE.

stands the Basilica, as the French Cathedral is called, linked with some of the oldest memories of the settlement of Quebec. It hardly looks its age, and is not by any means so imposing as Notre Dame, of Montreal. It was begun by Bishop Laval in 1647, and was consecrated in 1666, under the name of the Church of the Immaculate Conception. Its massive *façade*, with its tower on one side and its tall spire on the other, gives an impression of a rare solidity within, and the lofty arches of the nave would have a fine effect, if it were not finished in a cold and dead florid Renaissance style, which looks quite out of keeping with the homely antiquity of the "gray lady of the North." But the main charm of the building lies in its long association with the religious life of French-Canada, from the days of Le Jeune and De Jogues,

Madame de la Peltrie and Marie de l'Incarnation. Within these walls many an agonized vow and prayer has gone up from the early martyrs and heroes of the Canadian Mission for the conversion of Huron and Iroquois, and for safety from the murderous attacks of their savage foes. Here, too, have echoed the Te Deums of a grateful colony, in the joy of some signal deliverance or decisive victory. The somewhat gaudy decoration of the present interior seems to fade away as we go back, in thought, to the days when the bare rafters over-arched the self-exiled worshippers whose needs and enthusiasm mingled in prayers of pathetic earnestness to Him in whose cross and sufferings they deemed themselves sharers.

It is a natural transition from the Basilica to the Seminary, and a few steps lead through the massive open iron gates of Laval University, along the narrow passage that brings us to the door of the Seminary chapel. This chapel is only a hundred years old, Mr. Le Moine tells us, and its chief historic association is that of having served as a military



ST. LOUIS GATE.

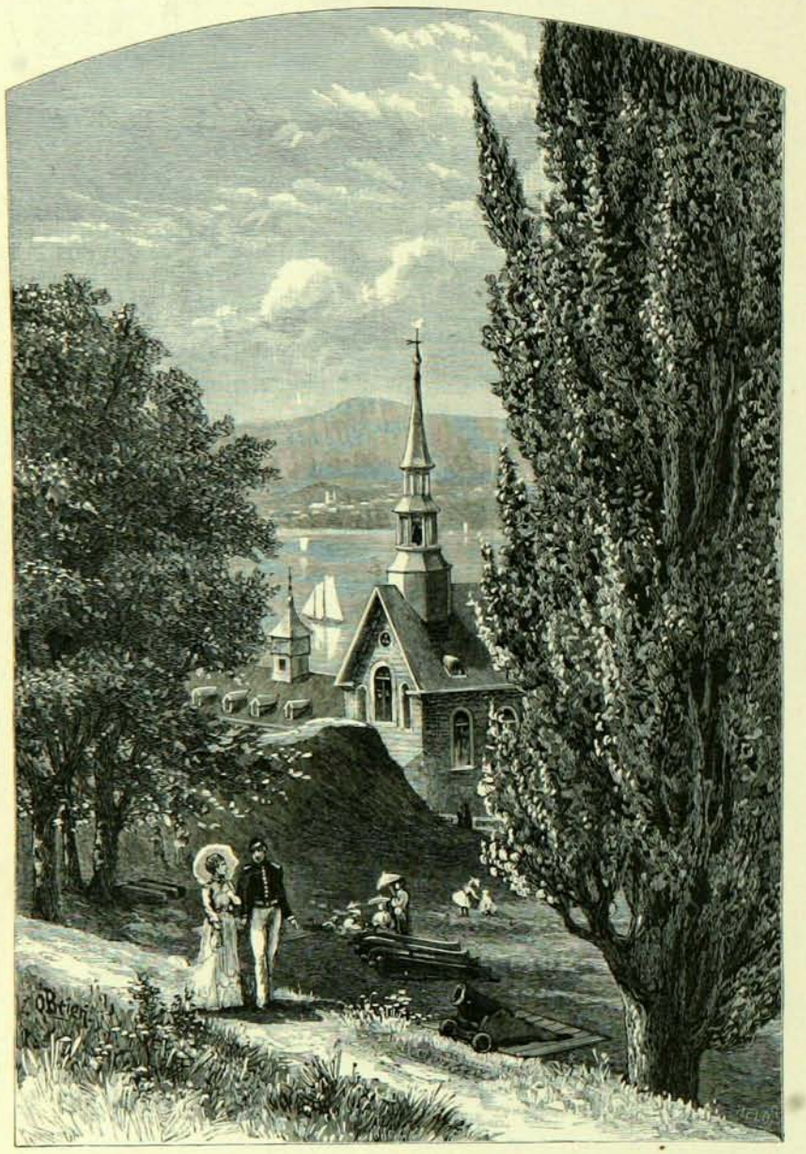


THE BASILICA,
From Fabrique Street.

prison for American officers taken prisoners of war in the attack by Arnold and Montgomery. But the Seminary was founded by Bishop Laval in 1663, about the time that the Basilica was completed. Laval University is a secular off-shoot of the Seminary proper, which was founded for theological education only,—this being still the object of the *Grand Seminaire*. The buildings of the Seminary enclose the site of the first house built by the first French settler Hébert, and its garden, with the neighbouring streets, occupies the land first cleared for agricultural purposes. The University building, with its spacious new wings, extends to the very edge of the promontory, and from its tower another view can be obtained of the city and its surroundings.

There is not much to see in the University itself, so we pass out again and retrace our steps to the Little Market Square in front of the Basilica, where stands the long

row of *caléches* whose drivers, French and Irish, have a keen eye for any passer-by who seems to wear the tourist's air of observation. Just opposite the Cathedral stood until recently the large pile of the Jesuit Barracks—originally the Jesuit College—with its yellow, stuccoed front and grated windows, and a high portal with the time-worn letters "I. H. S." still visible as the mark of its early owners.



LOOKING ACROSS THE ESPLANADE TO BEAUPORT.

Turning back we pass down St. Famille Street, which extends along the eastern side of the Seminary Gardens and leads to the opening in the wall where but recently stood Hope Gate. From this point there used to be a continuous promenade round the ramparts, which, when the present work of pulling down and rebuilding is completed, will again exist in a greatly improved state, in fulfilment of one of Lord Dufferin's plans for the adornment of Quebec. But now we will retrace our steps to the Cathedral Square, and crossing it at its upper end, pass in front of the English Cathedral, a sombre-looking building, with a substantial turret, standing within an old-fashioned, shady enclosure. A little farther on we come to a gray, ecclesiastical-looking cluster of buildings around a small green "close," consisting of the old Scottish church, dating from 1810, with its substantial manse and school-house. The group seems to belong to a Scottish landscape as naturally as the greater part of Quebec does to a French one.

Just opposite the church stands what was the old gaol, associated with some grim memories of the days of political imprisonments, now, through the generosity of Dr.

Morrin, one of Quebec's old citizens, converted into a Presbyterian College, a part of it being devoted to the rooms of the Literary and Historical Society.

Passing along St. Ursule Street, we come back to St. Louis Street, and, turning the corner of the long range of massive gray stone convent buildings, we reach the entrance to the chapel, at the end of Parloir Street. The Ursuline Convent and gardens occupy no small portion of the space within the walls, and they deserve it by a well-earned right. The chapel of the convent has various interesting reminiscences and associations, religious and artistic, and martial as well. One interesting and suggestive object is a votive lamp, lighted a hundred and fifty years ago by two French officers, on their sisters taking the veil, and kept burning ever since, except for a short time during the siege of 1759. There are paintings sent from France at the Revolution—one said to be by Vandyke and one by Champagna—and wood carvings, the work of the first Canadian School of Art, at St. Ann's, early in the eighteenth century. Montcalm, taken thither to die, was buried within the convent precincts in a grave dug for him by a bursting shell; and his skull, carefully preserved, is still shown to visitors to the chapel.

From the Ursuline Convent a short walk brings us back to the Esplanade, between the St. Louis and Kent Gates. Turning into its quiet area, faced by a row of rather sombre-looking private residences, we ascend the slope to the walk that runs along the line of wall. Looking city-ward, from one point in our promenade we take in the idyllic view of the tranquil Esplanade, with its poplars and disused guns, the ancient little Jesuit church and the old National school immediately in front; while across the ramparts and the abrupt descent beyond, we catch the blue strip of river between us and Beauport, with white sails skimming across, and the white houses scattered along the green slopes opposite, that end again in a grand mountain wall. Proceeding on from the Esplanade, we walk across the top of Kent Gate and then follow the line of the ramparts to the massive arched portal of St. John's Gate, whence we look down on the busy Montcalm Market immediately below, with its primitive French market-carts and good-humoured French market-women, who will sell you a whole handful of bouquets for a few cents. We have to leave the ramparts soon after passing St. John's Gate, the promenade, which will be continuous, not being yet finished.

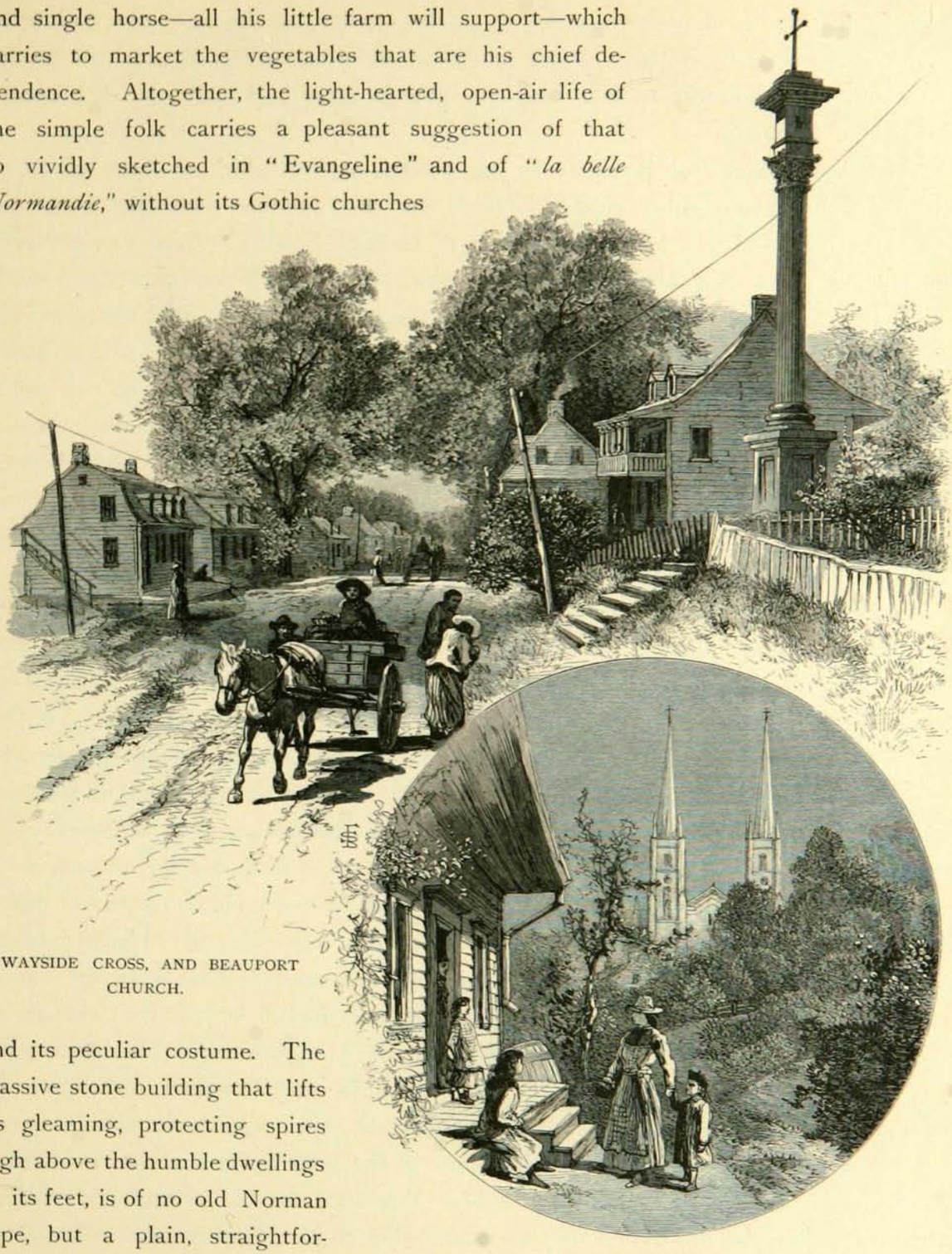
Taking our way back, we return to the square, and engage one of the eager *calèche*-drivers to take us out to Montmorency Falls, a nine-mile drive. Ascending to the high-perched seat in the little two-wheeled vehicle, we are soon rattling over the not very smooth thoroughfare of the St. John suburbs, among modern and uninteresting streets—for these suburbs have been again and again laid waste by fire. We pass near the ruins of the old Intendant's Palace, and are soon on Dorchester Bridge, the gray rock of the city rising behind us, the valley of the St. Charles winding away to the north-west. "There," our driver will say, looking up at the river where the tide is rising among some ship-yards, "is where Jacques Cartier laid up his ships." Near

that point, also, Montcalm's bridge of boats crossed the river, in 1759, and in a large entrenchment, where once stood the Jesuit Mission House, the remnants of his scattered army rallied after the battle of the "Plains." Even the *caléche*-drivers are antiquarian and historical in Quebec, and take pride in acting the part of cicerone to the venerable associations of the place.

The memory of Montcalm is associated with many points along the pleasant road that leads through long-stretching French villages, between the green meadows that slope up to the hills on the one side and down to the St. Lawrence on the other. The burning sun of our Canadian summer, softened here by the frequent mists and fogs from the sea, does not parch the verdure, as it too often does in regions farther inland. The velvety green of the low-lying meadows, dotted and fringed with graceful elms and beech and maple, would do no discredit to the Emerald Isle; and if the villas and fields were surrounded by hedges instead of fences, the landscape might easily be taken for an English one. About three miles below Quebec we pass the Beauport Asylum, a fine, substantial building, with a good deal of ornamental statuary and other decoration in front, in which a large number of lunatics are cared for under Government supervision. Here and there other residences and grounds attract the eye. The most notable in bye-gone times was the manor-house of old Beauport, recently destroyed by fire, and occupied in 1759 by Montcalm as his head-quarters. An old leaden plate was lately found in the ruins, bearing an inscription, interesting to antiquarians. The date of its first erection, as given in the plate, proves the ruined mansion to have been older than any existing in Canada to-day, since it preceded by three years that of the Jesuits' residence at Sillery. Robert Giffart, physician and founder of the Seigniory, figures in a curious old story told by the Abbé Ferland, of the enforced penitence and submission of a rebellious vassal—Jean Guion, or Dion—a lettered stone-mason, who thought fit to refuse the homage he owed to Giffart, his feudal lord. The vicinity of the ruined chateau bearing such interesting associations, is called *La Canardière*, preserving, in this cognomen, a reminiscence of the time when this Giffart, a keen sportsman, was wont to bag wild duck in large numbers along the marshy bank of the stream, the "*Ruisseau de l'Ours*," on which he erected his rude stockaded mansion.

One or two other *chateaux* are still inhabited by the representatives of the French families of the Old Régime. By degrees the scattered mansions, in their settings of green turf and foliage, merge into the long lines of Beauport village, its neat, quaint houses, generally of substantial stone, steep-roofed and dormer-windowed, and often completed with the little balcony; some of them old and weather-worn, others spick and span in gay new paint, and most of them bright with a profusion of flowers in a little plot before the door or in the windows. Behind each little house is its riband-like strip of ground, seemingly narrowed down to the smallest space within which a horse could turn; and here and there may be seen a man at work with the primitive cart

and single horse—all his little farm will support—which carries to market the vegetables that are his chief dependence. Altogether, the light-hearted, open-air life of the simple folk carries a pleasant suggestion of that so vividly sketched in "Evangeline" and of "*la belle Normandie*," without its Gothic churches



WAYSIDE CROSS, AND BEAUPORT CHURCH.

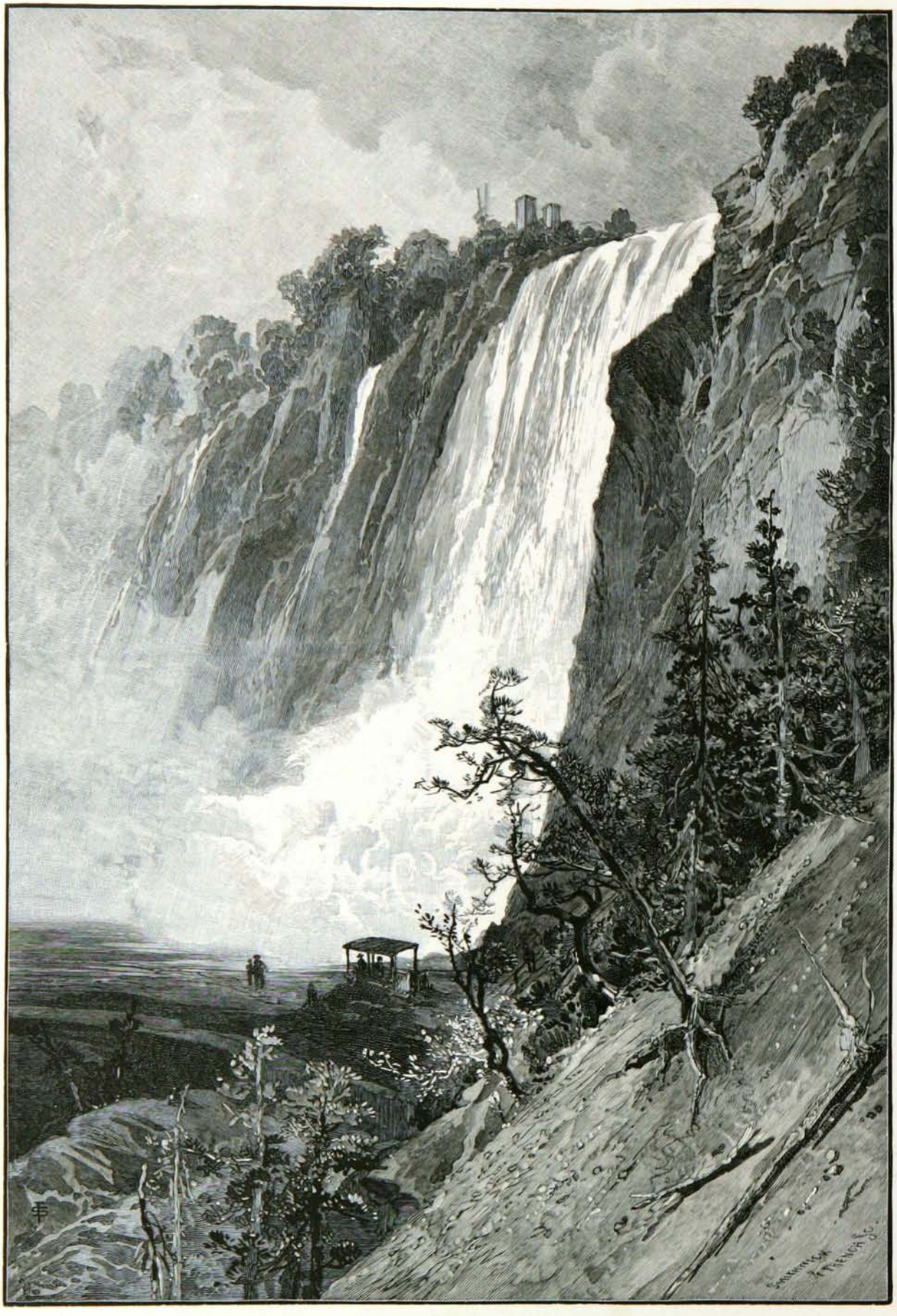
and its peculiar costume. The massive stone building that lifts its gleaming, protecting spires high above the humble dwellings at its feet, is of no old Norman type, but a plain, straightforward substantial structure, of the same model on which the French-Canadian churches are generally built. It looks large enough to contain the whole population of a village seven or eight miles long, and doubtless on fête-days it does so.

Much more quaint and picturesque are the tiny wayside chapels and crosses which we occasionally pass—the former sometimes relics of the days when the long village

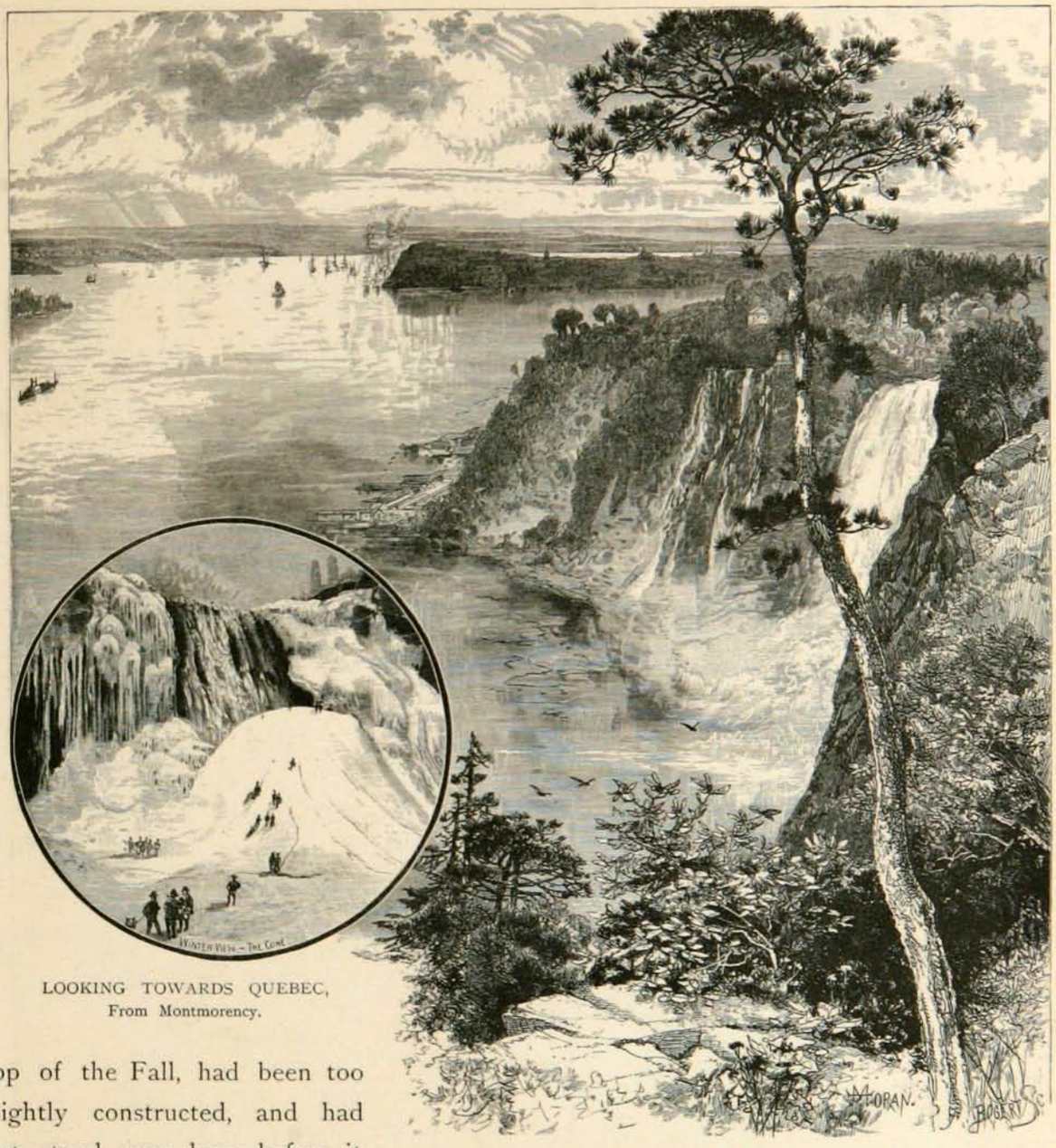
was a hamlet, and glad to have a chapel of the smallest, of its very own; while the wayside cross, close by, with its sacred symbol of suffering casting its pathetic shadow on the life and brightness around, would be quite in place in a landscape of France or of Southern Germany.

At last the village of Beauport is left behind, and we skirt an open stretch of field and woodland on either side. Towards the St. Lawrence, which lies broad and blue between us and the richly-wooded Isle of Orleans, is seen a white mansion on a commanding point, just above the Montmorency Falls, which was once occupied by the Duke of Kent. Beyond the river and the Isle of Orleans the low blue hills appear, while before us to the left rise the noble outlines of the Laurentians, flecked with passing gleams of soft light and violet shadow. If we choose to alight, and walk a mile or so across the fields to our left, we come to the "Natural Steps," a succession of rocky ledges, exactly like steps cut in the rock, between which the narrow river sweeps silently on, fringed by a fragrant wood of low spruce and hemlock, soon to brawl and foam over the brown-gray rocks in tiny cascades, before its final plunge. Returning again to the road, and driving on, we come to the wooden bridge across the river, where it dashes itself over its rocky bed, which the advancing summer leaves half uncovered and dry. Crossing the bridge, we drive some few hundred yards to the little country inn, where carriages put up to await the return of their passengers, who must go the rest of the way on foot. A little farther on is the gate to the pathway leading to the Fall, winding along the top of a high bank, fringed with foliage and wild flowers. Following this path we gradually catch a glimpse of slender, snowy streams of foam descending over the dark, rocky precipice. These are the outlying stragglers of the great Fall, and are as beautiful in themselves as some Swiss cascades, one of them looking like braided threads of molten silver as it falls over the jutting rocks, and another reminding the traveller of the Geissbach. By the time the top of the strong wooden stairs leading down the rapidly-descending bank is reached the upper part of the main Fall is in full view; though not till we descend two-thirds of really dizzying stair, can it be realized in its entire majesty, as it makes a sheer plunge, a mass of snowy foam in mad, headlong rush, down the precipice of 250 feet. The illustration, excellent as it is, can hardly convey a true idea of its majestic height as seen from one of the resting-places, about one-third of the distance from below, where we can best appreciate the full sweep and volume—partly cut off, in the illustration, by the intervening rocks. Higher than Niagara, yet on account of its comparatively small volume, it has nothing like the stupendous grandeur of that mighty cataract, but much more of picturesque beauty in its setting—while its greater height is emphasized by its narrower limits.

At the head of the Fall, on either bank, stand massive stone piers, memorials of a tragedy which occurred there many years ago. A suspension bridge, built across the



FALLS OF MONTMORENCY.

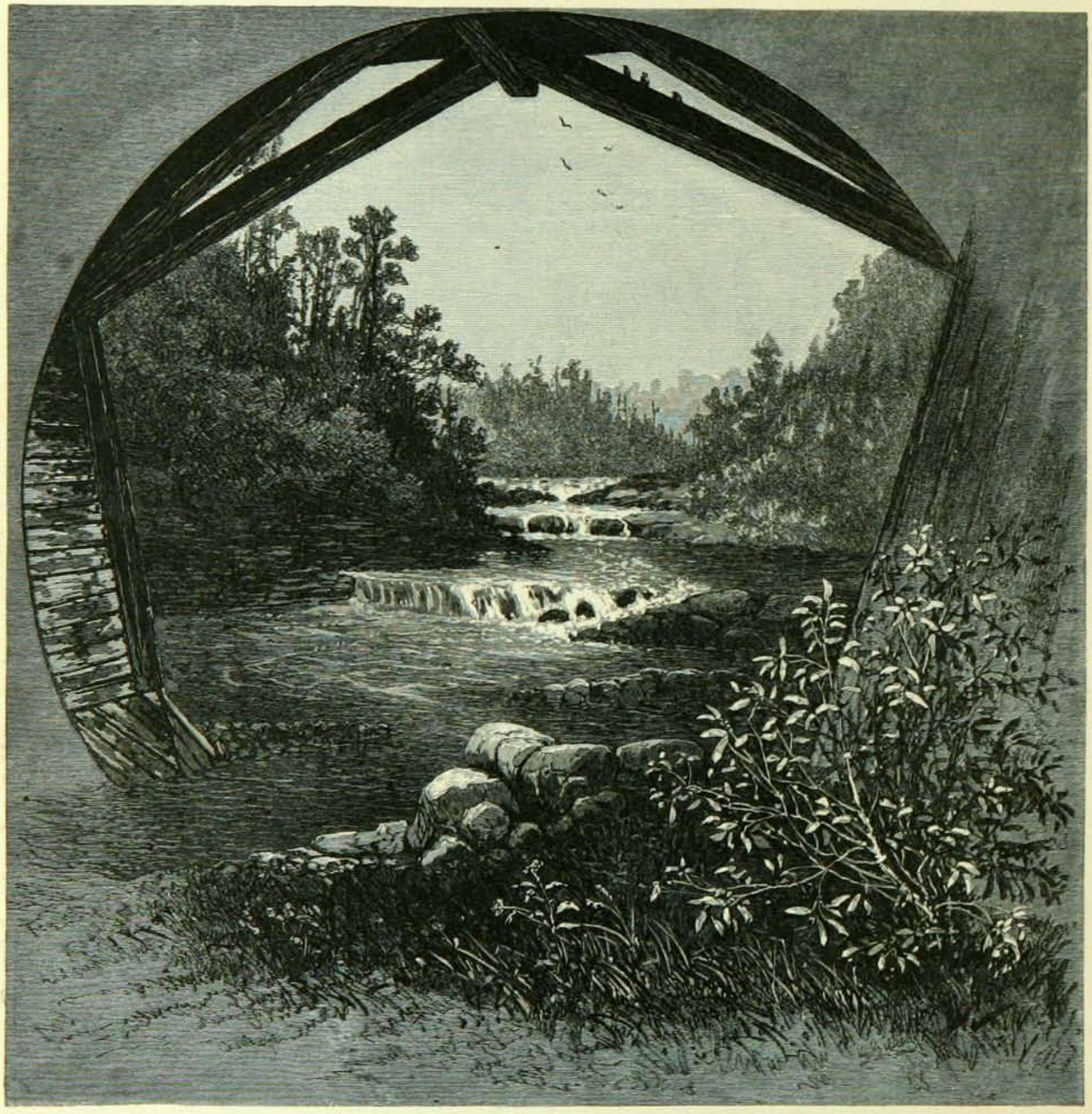


LOOKING TOWARDS QUEBEC,
From Montmorency.

top of the Fall, had been too slightly constructed, and had not stood very long before it broke asunder while a *habitant* and his wife were crossing it in their market-cart. They were swept at once over the cataract, never to be seen again. The bridge was not rebuilt, the two piers still standing, mute monuments of the tragedy. The house already seen above the Fall—associated with the father of our gracious Queen—is a conspicuous object from the top of the stair, and the paths laid out in the grounds must command noble views. A part of one of the small cascades is used for turning the machinery of a saw-mill near by, but the mill itself is kept well out of sight. Rafts and lumber piles, however, are prominent features along the shore of the river as it enters the St. Lawrence.

At the foot of the Fall the famous "Cone," an irregular mound of ice and snow, is

gradually formed, in winter, by the freezing spray. It grows till it attains a height so considerable that it serves as the favourite tobogganning ground of the gay people of Quebec, who make regular sleighing expeditions to the locality to enjoy this exhilarating though somewhat dangerous Canadian sport. When the "Cone" and its vicinity are alive with tobogganners—the ladies dressed in bright, becoming costumes, some of them making the dizzy descent in a light cloud of snow, others slowly drawing



MONTMORENCY RIVER ABOVE FALLS.

their toboggans up the "Cone"—the scene, in its winter attire of pure, sparkling snow, crusting the dark evergreens and contrasting with the rushing Fall, is at once a grand and pleasing one.

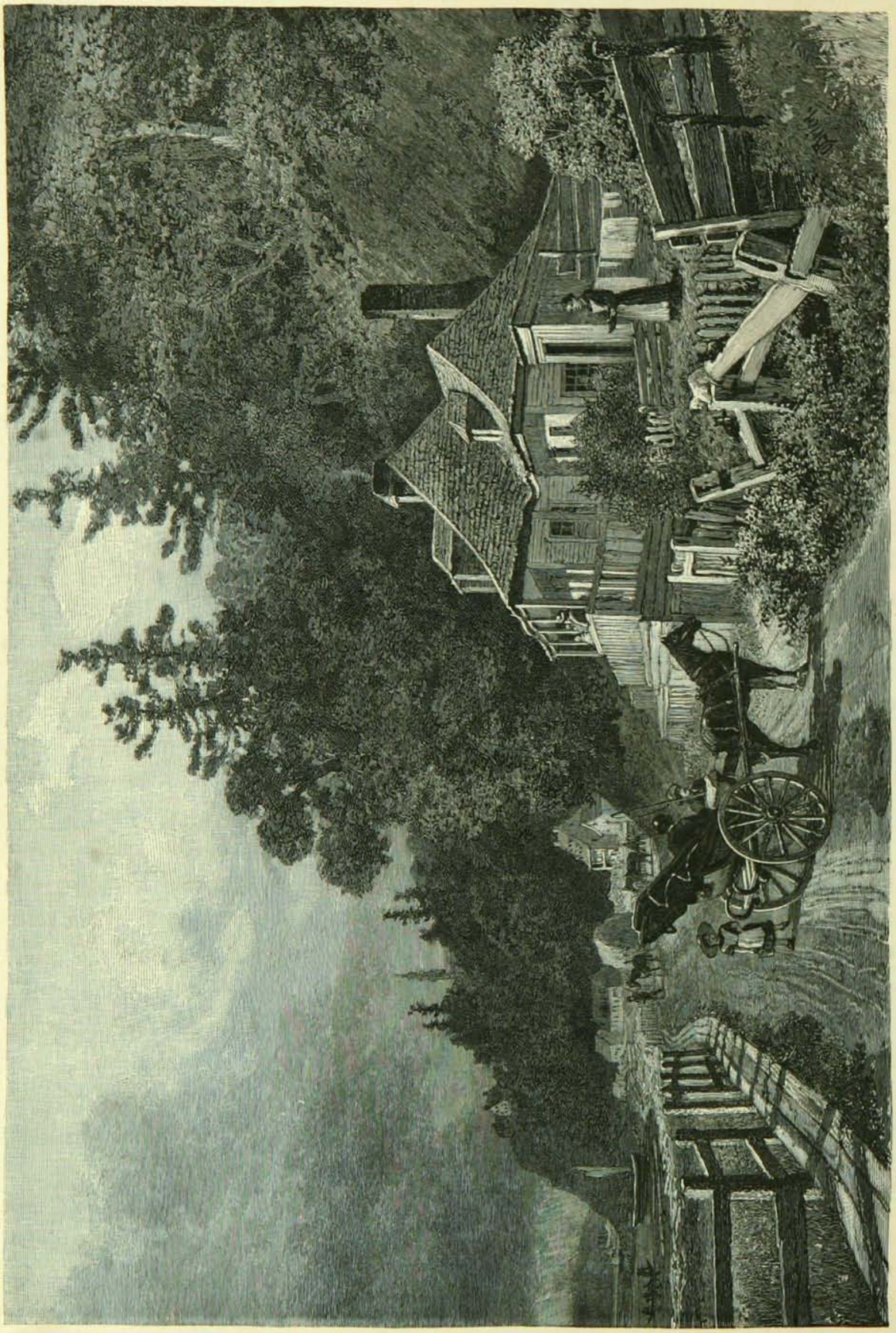
We turn away reluctantly from the beautiful picture, and in a few minutes are rattling

back along the road to Quebec. The city, as we draw near it, in the evening light, appears to blaze out in a glittering sheen, every tin roof giving back the afternoon sunshine till the whole rock seems irradiated with a golden glory, in strong contrast to the deep tones of the hills beyond. Gradually the glory resolves itself into roofs and houses, and soon we cross Dorchester Bridge again, when, turning by a side street to the right, we pass through the deserted market-place outside St. John's Gate, and are once more within the city, driving along St. John Street, the chief thoroughfare.

One of the points of interest in the immediate vicinity of Quebec, is the site of the old hunting-lodge of the Intendant Bigot, beyond the village of Charlesbourg. Leaving the main road, we penetrate through a tangled thicket and reach an open glade beside a stream where some weather-worn walls, the remains of what is popularly called the Chateau Bigot, stand amid lilac and syringa bushes which still show traces of an old garden. There the wicked Intendant was wont to hold his carousals with his boon companions of the hunt, after the fashion described in the "*Chien d'Or.*" It has its legend of a buried hoard of silver and of a beautiful Huron girl who loved Bigot and died a violent death. But apart from legend, it has a wild grace of its own, with its hoary vestiges of a long-past habitation, and the pine-crowned mountain rising as a noble background behind the surrounding trees.

Sillery is among the sacred places of Quebec, and a pilgrimage thither is one of the pleasantest little excursions one can make from the old city. From the deck of the "James," which plies on the river between Quebec and Sillery, we can look up, first to the old, steep houses massed under the scarped rock that shoots aloft on to Dufferin Terrace, with its watch-towers, and thence to the crowning height of the Citadel. We steam slowly past the brown shelving precipice of Cape Diamond, with its fringe of French houses and shipping; past lumber vessels lifting huge logs from rafts in the stream, beyond the point where, high up on the red-brown rock we can easily read the inscription, "Here Montgomery fell—1775." Then we pass the green plains, with their broken ground and old earthworks and Martello towers and observatory, and the grim gaol—a conspicuous mass; then a stretch of ground, covered with low vegetation, gives place to high-wooded banks and shades, opening, through masses of pine and oak and maple foliage, glimpses of pleasant country-seats. Opposite, from the curving point of Lévis, the eye follows height after height, rich, rounded, wooded hills, at the foot of which, just opposite, lies the busy village of New Liverpool, with its massive and finely-frescoed church.

But we must leave Sillery, with its sacred and stirring memories, and drive up the foliage-clad height which makes so effective a background. A gradual ascent above the residence, soon brings us to the level ground above, to the pretty, foliage-embowered St. Louis road, where we pass the pine-shaded glades of Mount Hermon Cemetery. Spencer Wood is one of the charming country residences of which we catch a passing



ON THE ROAD TO SILLERY.

glimpse, and its bosky recesses and bright gardens are the scenes of many a pleasant fête for the *beau monde* of Quebec, under the hospitable auspices of the Lieutenant-Governor of the day. As we draw nearer the city, cross-roads give us glimpses of the grand mountain landscape to the north, and of the Ste. Foye road, which leads by an extremely pretty drive to the Ste. Foye monument, on an open plateau on the brow of the cliff overhanging the valley of the St. Charles. The monument, a slender Doric pillar crowned by a bronze statue of Bellona, presented by Prince Napoleon on the occasion of his visit to Canada, commemorates the battle of Ste. Foye, between Lévis and Murray—the final scene in the struggle between French and English for the possession of Canada—and also marks the grave of those who fell. It bears the inscription, "*Aux braves de* 1760, *érigé par le Société St. Jean Baptiste de Québec*, 1860."

About two and a half miles along the Ste. Foye road lies the Belmont Cemetery, the burying-place of the great Roman Catholic churches—the Basilica and St. Jean Baptiste. There, under the solemn pines, sleeps, among many of his compatriots, the noble and patriotic Garneau, the historian of French-Canada. With a visit to his tomb we may appropriately close our wanderings about this historic city.



AUX BRAVES.



FRENCH-CANADIAN LIFE AND CHARACTER.

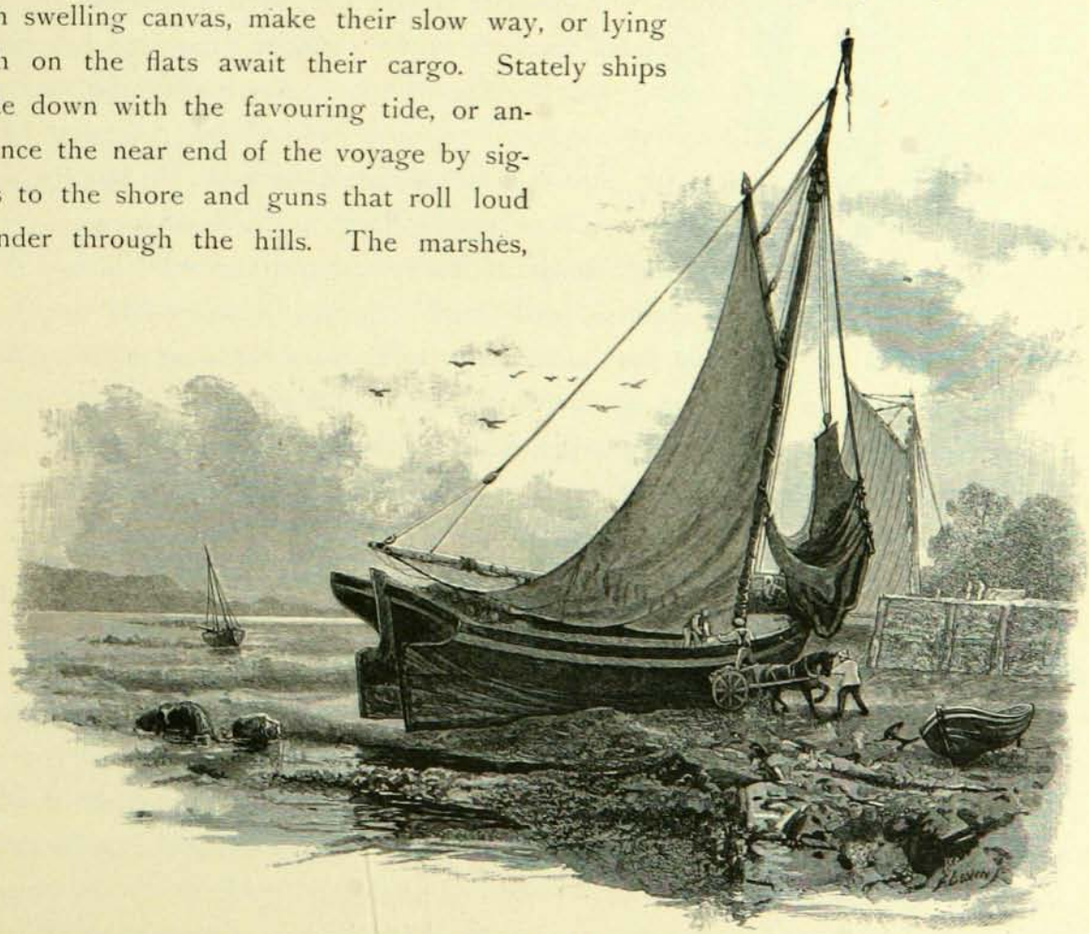
"IF you have never visited the Côte de Beaupré, you know neither Canada nor the Canadians," says the Abbé Ferland.

The beautiful strip of country that borders the St. Lawrence for a score or so of miles below the Falls of Montmorency does, indeed, afford the best possible illustration of the scenery, the life, and the manners of the Province of Quebec, the people of which, not content with naming the Dominion, claim Canada and Canadian as designations peculiarly their own. All that is lovely in landscape is to be found there. The broad sweep of "the great river of Canada," between the ramparts of Cape Diamond and the forest-crowned crest of Cap Tourmente, is fringed with rich meadows rising in terraces of verdure, slope after slope, to the foot of the sombre hills that wall in the vast amphitheatre. In the foreground the north channel, hemmed in by the bold cliffs of the Island of Orleans, sparkles in the sun. Far away across the Traverse, as you look between the tonsured head of Petit Cap and the point of Orleans, a cluster of low islands breaks the broad expanse of the main stream, the brilliant blue of which

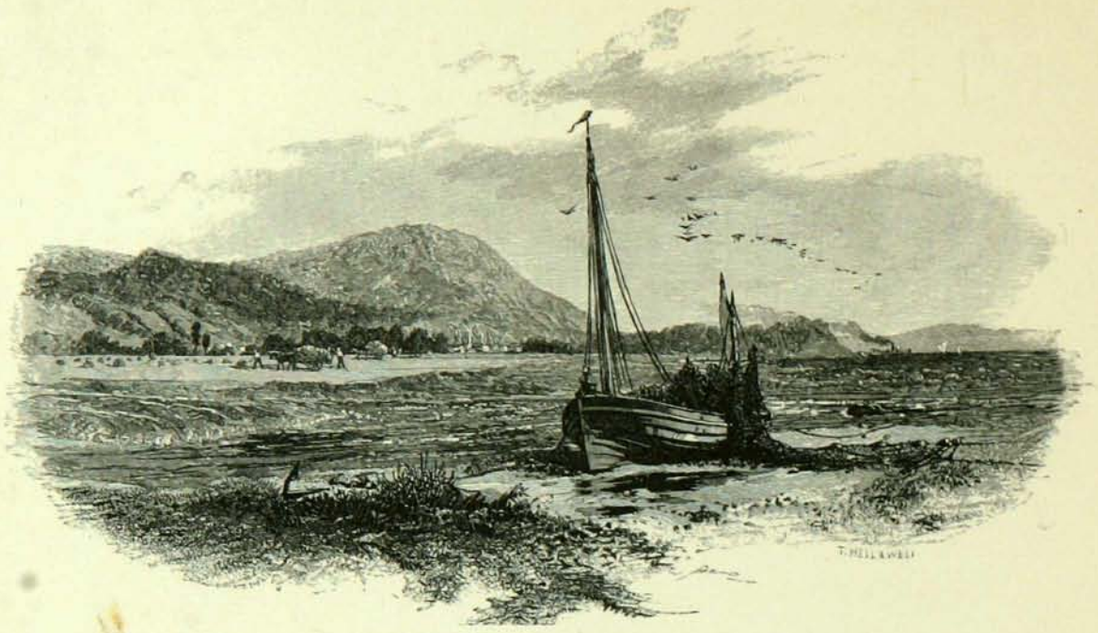


GATHERING MARSH HAY.

melts on the distant horizon into the hardly purer azure of the sky. Quaint *batteaux*, with swelling canvas, make their slow way, or lying high on the flats await their cargo. Stately ships glide down with the favouring tide, or announce the near end of the voyage by signals to the shore and guns that roll loud thunder through the hills. The marshes,



LOADING A BATTEAU AT LOW TIDE.



CAP TOURMENTE AND PETIT CAP.

covered with rich grass, are studded with haymakers gathering the abundant yield, or are dotted with cattle. Inland, stiff poplars and bosky elms trace out the long brown ribands of the roads. Here and there the white cottages group closer together, and the spire of the overshadowing church topping the trees, marks the centre of a parish. Red roofs and glistening domes flash out in brilliant points of colour against the fleecy clouds that fleck the summer sky. Rich pastures, waving grain, orchards and maple groves, lead the eye back among their softly-blending tints to the dark masses of purple and green with which the forests clothe the mountains. Huge rifts, in which sunlight and shadow work rare effects, reveal where imprisoned streams burst their way through the Laurentian rocks in successions of magnificent cascades. A glimpse of white far up the mountain side shows one of these, while its placid course through the lowland is marked in silver sheen. As the sun gets low, one perchance catches the flash reflected from some of the lovely lakes that lie among the hills.

The Côte de Beaupré is the oldest as well as the fairest part of the Province. It was settled soon after Champlain landed, the rich marsh hay being utilized at once for the wants of Quebec. In 1633 a fort was built at Petit Cap, the summit of the promonotory that juts out into the river under the overshadowing height of Cap Tourmente. The fort was destroyed by Sir David Kirk—Admiral, the chroniclers call him—in these days he would probably be hanged as a buccaneer—who harried the cattle and then sailed on to summon Quebec to surrender for the first time. In 1670 Laval established here a school for training boys as well in farming and mechanics, as in doctrine and discipline. Among other industries, wood-carving for church decoration was taught,

so that the Côte de Beaupré can lay claim to the first Art School and the first model-farm in America. The Quebec Seminary still keeps up this state of things—at least as far as agriculture is concerned. The place is known as "The Priests' Farm," and supplies the Seminary, being thoroughly worked and having much attention given to it. It is also a summer resort for the professors and pupils of the Seminary.

After the restoration of Canada to France by the Treaty of St. Germain-en-Laye, in 1632, this part of the little colony grew apace, so that by the time the seigniory passed into Laval's hands, from whom it came to its present owners—the Seminary—its population, notwithstanding its exposure to attack by the Iroquois, was greater than that of Quebec itself. From its situation it has been less vulnerable than many other districts to outside influences. The face of the country and the character of the people have yielded less to modern ideas, which, working quietly and imperceptibly, have left intact many of the antiquities, traditions and customs that have disappeared elsewhere within the last generation. Here you may find families living on the lands their forefathers took in feudal tenure from the first *seigneurs* of La Nouvelle France. What Ferland says is still to a great extent true: "In the *habitant* of the Côte de Beaupré you have the Norman peasant of the reign of Louis XIV., with his legends, his songs, his superstitions and his customs." He is not so benighted as many people think he is, but here and there you will come across a genuine survival of the Old Régime, and may, perhaps, meet some gray-capoted, fur-capped, brown-visaged, shrivelled-up old man, whose language and ideas make you think a veritable Breton or Norman of the century before last has been weather-beaten and smoke-dried into perpetual preservation.



AN OLD HABITANT.

All the world over your rustic is conservative. The old gods lived long among the Italian villagers, though Rome was the centre of the new faith. Among the *habitans* of the Province of Quebec there yet exist a mode of life and cast of thought strangely in contrast with their surroundings. In the cities a rapid process of assimilation is going on. Quaint and foreign though Montreal, and especially Quebec, seem to the stranger at first sight, their interest is mainly historical and political. To understand the national life of Lower Canada, you must go among the *habitans*.

The word is peculiarly French-Canadian. The *paysan*, or peasant, never existed in

Canada, for the feudalism established by Louis XIV. did not imply any personal dependence upon the *seigneur*, nor, in fact, any real social inferiority. Each *censitaire* was, in all but name, virtually as independent a proprietor as is his descendant to-day. He was and he is emphatically the dweller in the land. He "went up and saw the land that it was good," possessed it, and dwells therein. The term is often used as equivalent to *cultivateur*, or farmer, and as distinguishing the rural from the urban population; but, rightly understood and used as he uses it, nothing more forcibly expresses both the origin and nature of the attachment of the French-Canadian to his country and the tenacity with which he clings to his nationality, his religion and his language.

The persistency of French nationality in Canada is remarkable. The formal guarantees of the Treaty of Paris and the Quebec Act, that language, religion and laws should be preserved, undoubtedly saved it from extinction by conquest. But to the difference in character between the French and English, which is so radical and has been so sedulously fostered by every possible means, not the least effective being an able and vigorous literature which preserves and cultivates the French language; to the political freedom which allowed the realization of the early perception that as individuals they would be without influence, as a body all-powerful; to the inherent merits of their civil law, the direct descendant of a jurisprudence which was a refined science centuries before Christ; and to the ideal of becoming the representatives of Roman Catholicism in America, must be mainly ascribed the vitality that the French-Canadians have shown as a distinct people. Their numerical and physical condition will be dealt with later on, but it may be said here that a great deal is also due to their origin. The hardy sailors of Normandy and Brétagne; the sturdy farmers of Anjou, Poitou, Le Perche, Aunis, Saintonge and L'Ile-de-France; the soldiers of the Carignan regiment who had fought on every battle-field in Europe, brought with them to Canada the spirit of adventure, the endurance, the bravery—in short, all the qualities that go to make successful colonists, and that they inherited from the same source as does the Englishman. In the United States, the second or third generation finds other immigrants completely fused into the common citizenship, but the little French-Canadian colonies in the manufacturing towns of New England and in the wheat regions of the West, keep their language, and, to a great extent, their customs. Canada was a true colony, and has remained the most successful French attempt at colonization. From various causes, Louisiana has failed to keep her nationality intact. In Lower Canada, the spirit of Champlain and La Salle, of the *coureurs de bois*, of the Iroquois-haunted settlers on the narrow fringe of straggling farms along the St. Lawrence—the spirit that kept up the fight for the *Fleurs de Lis* long after "the few acres of snow" had been abandoned by their King—has always remained the same, and still animates the *colons* in the backwoods. The French-Canadians have always fought for a faith and an idea, hence they have remained French.

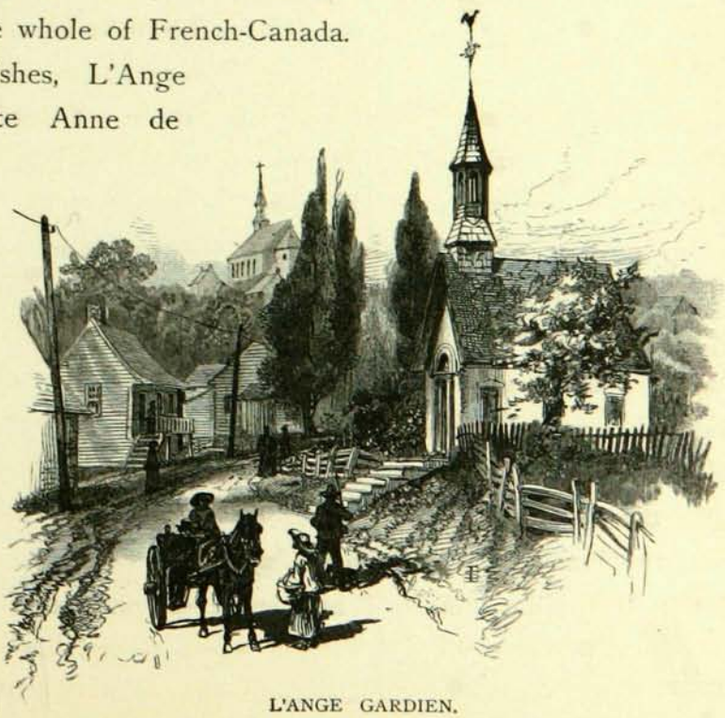
As one of their most celebrated French orators pointed out at the great national fête of St. Jean Baptiste at Quebec in 1880, that was the secret of it all; while the Thirteen Colonies, which fought for material interests, are American, not English.



HABITANT AND SNOW-SHOES.

Whatever the cause, there is no doubt as to the fact of French nationality. The north shore of the St. Lawrence is more French than is the south, where the proximity of the United States and the influence of the English-settled eastern townships are sensible. In the western part of the Province, the numerical proportion of French is smaller and their characteristics are less marked; but from Montreal downwards—the towns of course excepted—you are to all intents in a land where English is not spoken. Below Quebec, far down to the Labrador coast, is the most purely French portion of all. You may find greater simplicity of life, and more of the old customs, in such a primæval parish as Isle aux Coudres, farther down the river; the people on the coast where the St. Lawrence becomes the gulf, are sailors and fishermen rather than farmers; those along the Ottawa are lumberers and raftsmen; but the Côte de Beaupré is fairly typical of the whole of French-Canada.

The names of its five parishes, L'Ange Gardien, Chateau Richer, Sainte Anne de Beaupré, St. Joachim, and St. Féréol, tell you at once you are in a land with a religion and a history. Nothing, perhaps, strikes a stranger more than the significant nomenclature of the Province. Every village speaks the faith of the people. Ile Jesus, Sainte Foye, L'Assomption, L'Epiphanie, St. Joseph, Ste. Croix, Ste. Anne, St. Barthélémi, St. Eustache, Notre Dame des Anges, are



L'ANGE GARDIEN.

not mere designations. The pious commemorations and joyful celebrations of the patron saint or particular festival show it. Hills, rivers and lakes tell of military achievements, of missionary voyages, of dangers encountered, of rest after peril past, of the hopes that animated the *voyageurs* pushing through the maze of forest and stream in search of the golden West, of grand prospects and lovely landscapes, of quaint semblances and fond reminiscence of home. Take just a few of these names: Calumet, Sault au Récollet, Belange, Carillon, Chaudière, Pointe aux Trembles, Bout de L'Ile, Lachine, Portage du Fort, Beaupré, Belœil, La Lièvre, La Rose, Chute au Blondeau, Rivière Ouelle, Rivière au Chien, Montreal, Quebec, Joliette, Beauport. Each suggests a story of its own; most of them have their associations of history and tradition, and there are thousands like them. The French knew how to name a country. In point of beauty and significance, their names are unequalled; and they not only described the land as do the Indians—they literally christened it. Even where it comes to perpetuating the memories of men, what a sonorous ring there is about Champlain, Richelieu, Sorel, Chambly, Varennes, Contrecœur, Longueuil and Beauharnois, unapproachable by English analogues. Point Lévis is, in truth, not a whit more æsthetic than Smith's Falls, nor more useful, but there is no denying its superiority of sound. When you know the grotesque and haughty legend that represents the Virgin Mary in heaven telling a Chevalier de Lévis, "Cousin, keep on your hat," you can no longer compare the two names, for you quite understand why the Lévis family should have a Point as well as an Ark of its own.

L'Ange Gardien lies just beyond the famous Falls of Montmorency. Set in trees on the slope of the hills, which here grow close on the river, and standing high over the north channel, the village commands an exquisite view, the placid beauty of which makes "The Guardian Angel" a most appropriate name. The spot has not always had such peaceful associations. Wolfe's troops, those "Fraser's Highlanders" who afterwards turned their swords into ploughshares so effectually that their descendants at Murray Bay and Kamouraska are French even to having forgotten their fathers' language, ravaged this parish and Chateau Richer from one end to the other, destroyed all the crops, and burned almost every house. There is little trace of the devastation now, except in the stories that old *habitans* have heard their elders tell. Two quaint little chapels stand one on each side, a few *arpens* from the parish church. They were originally intended for mortuary chapels during the winter, when the frost prevents graves being dug, and for use at the celebration of the "Fête Dieu" or "Corpus Christi" in June, the procession going to one or the other in alternate years. On these occasions, they would be gay with flowers, flags, and evergreens. Beside one of them is the little plot used for the burial of heretics, excommunicated persons, and unbaptized infants. There is always such a corner in every village cemetery, never a large one, for the people are too good Catholics not to have an intense dread of lying in unconsecrated

ground, and too charitable to consign strangers to the fate they fear for themselves. The chapel farthest down the river is now a consecrated shrine of Notre Dame de Lourdes. Before the statue of our Lady burns a perpetual light, and she divides with La Bonne Ste. Anne de Beaupré the devotions of thousands of pilgrims annually.

The course of settlement along the St. Lawrence is well defined. Close to the river, in a belt from two to ten miles wide, on the north shore, lie the old French farms. Back of these, among the foot-hills, is a second range of settlements, for the most part Irish and Scotch. Farther in are the *colons* or pioneers, who, no longer able to live upon the subdivision of their *patrimoine* or family inheritance, commence again, as their ancestors did, in the backwoods. Parallel roads, painfully straight for miles, mark out



FRENCH FARMS.

the ranges into which the seigniories and parishes are divided. These ranges or *concessions* are sometimes numbered, sometimes named, almost universally after a saint. On the south shore, the belt of settlement is much wider. At the westward of the Province it extends to the United States boundary line, but narrows as it approaches Quebec, so that below the city the arrangement is much the same as on the north side. In fact, French-Canada is very truly described as two continuous villages along the St. Lawrence. The succession of white cottages, each on its own little parallelogram of land, has struck every traveller from La Hontan to the present day.

The narrow farms, or *terres*, as they are called, catch the eye at once. Originally three *arpens* wide by thirty deep (the *arpent* as a lineal measure equals 180 French or 191

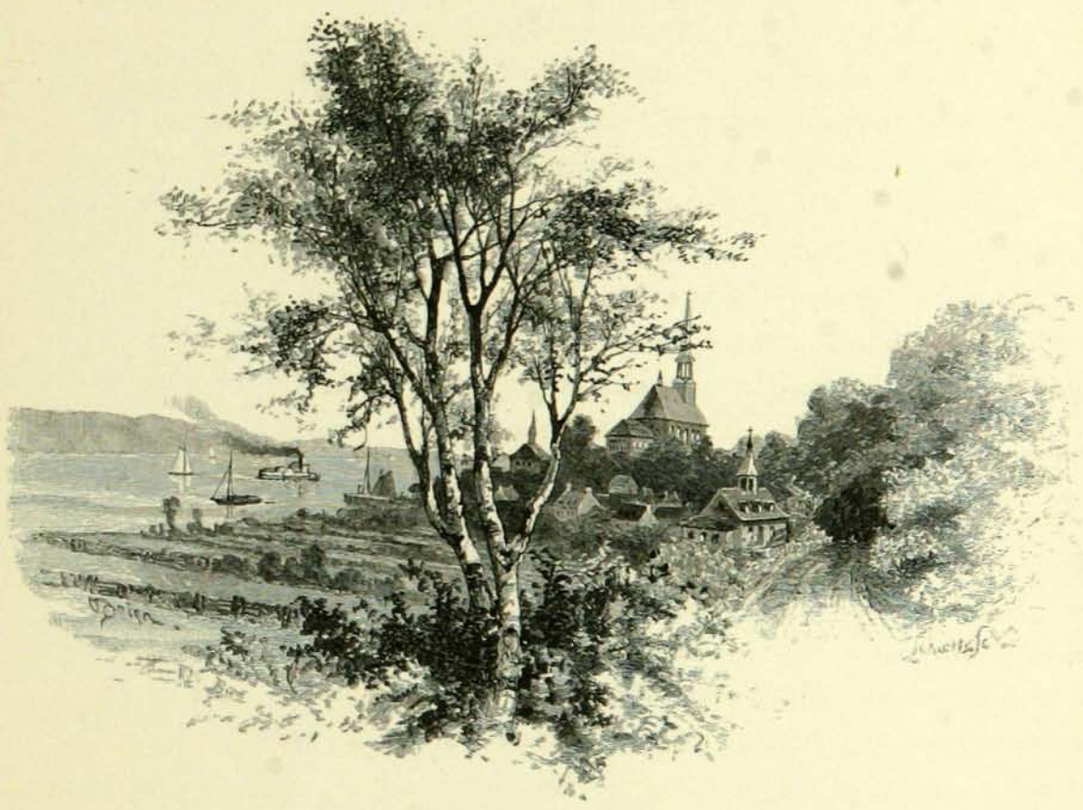
English feet), or about 200 yards by a little over a mile, they have been subdivided according to the system of intestate succession under the Coutume de Paris, which gives property in equal shares to all the children, until the fences seem to cover more ground than the crops. The division is longitudinal, so that each heir gets an equal strip of beech, marsh, plough land, pasture, and forest. The houses line the road that runs along the top of the river bank, or marks the front of the *concession* if it lies back any distance. This arrangement is but a carrying out of the principle upon which the original settlement was formed, to gain all the advantages of the river frontage. The entire organization of French-Canada depended on it. The system was well adapted for easy communication in the early days of the colony; the river was the highway—in summer, for canoes—in winter, for sleighs; so that the want of good roads was not a serious disadvantage. It was also well suited for defence against the Iroquois, who in their bloody raids had to follow the course of the streams. The settlers could fall back upon each other, gradually gaining strength until the *seigneur's* block-house was reached and a stand made while the news went on from farm to farm, and the whole colony stood to arms. In the district of Quebec you may often hear a *habitant* speak of going "au fort," meaning thereby "au village,"—a curious survival of those fighting days.

In winter the ice is still the best of all roads. Long lanes of bushes and small spruces, dwindling away in distant perspective, mark out the track, to keep which would otherwise be no easy matter at night or in a snowstorm, and point out the "air holes" caused by the "shoving" or moving *en masse* of the ice that usually follows any change in the level of the river.

This universal parallelogramic shape is, however, very disadvantageous to the development of a country, being to no small extent anti-social and particularly unfavourable to a general school system. The geographical, not the mental condition of the *habitant* has militated most against intellectual and social improvement. There were no points of concentration for the interchange of ideas, save the gathering at the parish church on Sundays and fête-days when, after High Mass, the crowd lingers to hear the *huissier's* publications of official notices at the church door; or, once in a while, to listen to electioneering addresses. The villages are, as before noted, for the most part long, straggling lines of houses, with hardly any sign where one begins and the other ends, save the spire of another church, with the neighbouring cottages a little closer together. There are no country gentry. The *seigneur* rarely resides upon his estate, and when he does, his prestige is no longer what it was; he is often merely a *habitant* himself, one of the people, as are the *curé*, the couple of shopkeepers, the village notary, and the doctor, who compose the notables. The judicial terms every month at the Chef Lieu, which in a way corresponds to the County Town, by no means compare with the bustle of the Assizes in an English or Ontarian County. For the *habitans* not close to one of the large cities there is no going to market, as nearly everything they raise

is consumed by themselves at home. The isolation of the *curés*, their zeal for their pastoral work and the incessant demands upon their time, used to prevent much study and practice of agriculture as a science, or much attention to the education of their flocks in anything but religious duties. In the old days, when *seigneur* and *curé* both derived their income from imposts on produce, the degree of consideration in which a *habitant* was held by his superiors, and consequently his respectability, was settled principally by the amount of wheat he sowed.

With the energetic development of colonization on the Crown lands, the establishment of agricultural societies, the opening of roads, the construction of the Provincial railway, the liberal aid given by the Government to private railway enterprise, and,



CHATEAU RICHER.

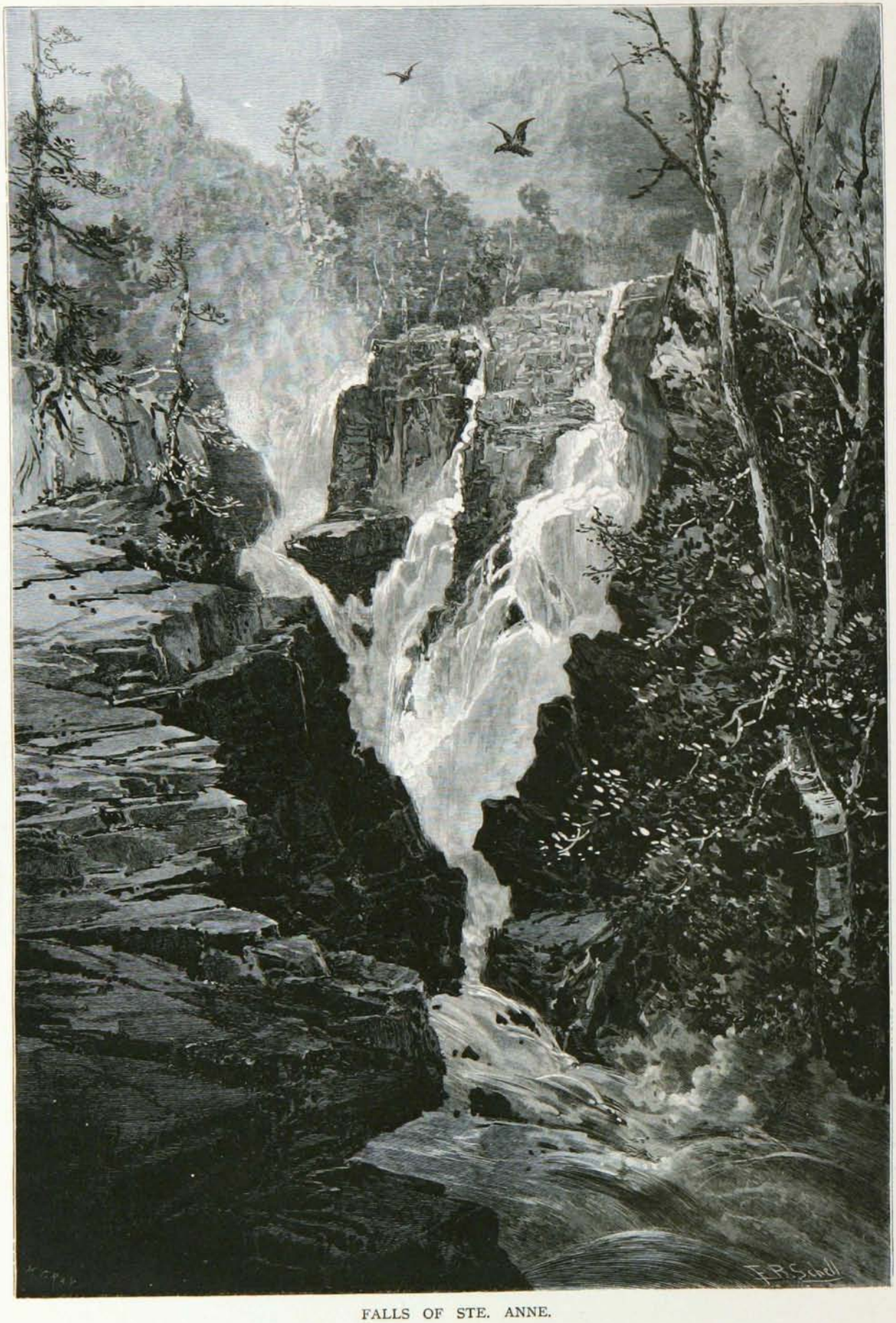
above all, the excellent school system, this state of things is fast disappearing. Though it may require another generation or two to overcome the influence of habits centuries old, originally founded in reason, and still rooted in popular affection by custom and tradition, there is every indication that before long Lower Canada and its *habitans* may become in effect what by nature they are meant to be, one of the most prosperous of countries and intelligent of peoples.

Chateau Richer, which, in natural beauty, equals L'Ange Gardien, is the next parish to the eastward. It gets its name from an old Indian trader, whose chateau near the

river is now but a small heap of ruins almost lost in the undergrowth. The hill here advances abruptly towards the river, forming, where the main road crosses its projecting spur, a commanding elevation for the handsome stone church that towers over the cottages which line the gracefully receding curve beyond. Not many years ago the blackened walls of a convent lay at the foot of this same hill, witnesses of the ruin worked at the time of the Conquest. Knox says in his journal, that the priest, at the head of his parishioners, fortified the building and held it against an English detachment and two pieces of artillery, but it was reduced to ashes; the remnant of its brave garrison were scalped by the Iroquois allies of the English. It is far more likely that the brave *curé* stayed with his flock, to comfort them to the last, than that he led them on. However that may be, the convent has been rebuilt, and is now the parish school.

The seigniories or large tracts in which the land was originally granted, varied much in size, but usually corresponded with the ecclesiastical division into parishes. As territorial divisions, they have been supplanted by the modern municipal system. Many of them are still held by the descendants of the grantees; others have passed into the hands of strangers. Some are owned by religious corporations, the principal of these being the Island of Montreal, St. Sulpice and the Lake of Two Mountains—all of which belong to the Seminary of St. Sulpice at Montreal—and that of the Côte de Beaupré, owned by the Quebec Seminary. Since the abolition of feudal tenure by the Act of 1854, which placed a large sum in the hands of the Government, to be paid to the *seigneurs* in extinction of their rights, their former dignity has sadly dwindled. The title is, in most cases, but a barren honour, though in one instance—that of the Barony of Longueuil—it has recently been recognized as carrying with it a patent of nobility. It had been the intention of Louis XIV., in founding a feudal system in Canada, to create a territorial aristocracy, but in avoiding the danger of sowing the teeth of the dragon it had cost the Bourbons so much to kill, he bestowed his favours upon a class unable to support their honours. The consequence was that, in most cases, the *seigneur* made the complaint of the unjust steward, that "to dig he knew not and to beg he was ashamed," and prayed to be allowed to drop his nobility and earn his living the best way he could.

The titles had, therefore, nearly quite disappeared before the Conquest. The seigniorial rights were never very extensive. They consisted principally in the *Cens et Rentes*, or annual ground-rent paid by the *censitaire* for his holding, and in the *Lods et Ventes*, or fine collected on each transfer of a property from one tenant to another. The former were very trifling, something like two sous per acre being the usual amount in hard cash, with a bushel of wheat, a fowl, a pigeon, or a sucking-pig, as payment in kind. On rent-day, in the month of November, the farm-yard of the *manoir* would present a lively scene, in droll contrast to the solemn dignity with which the *seigneur*, seated in his large chair before a table covered with his huge account-books, and in the old days



FALLS OF STE. ANNE.

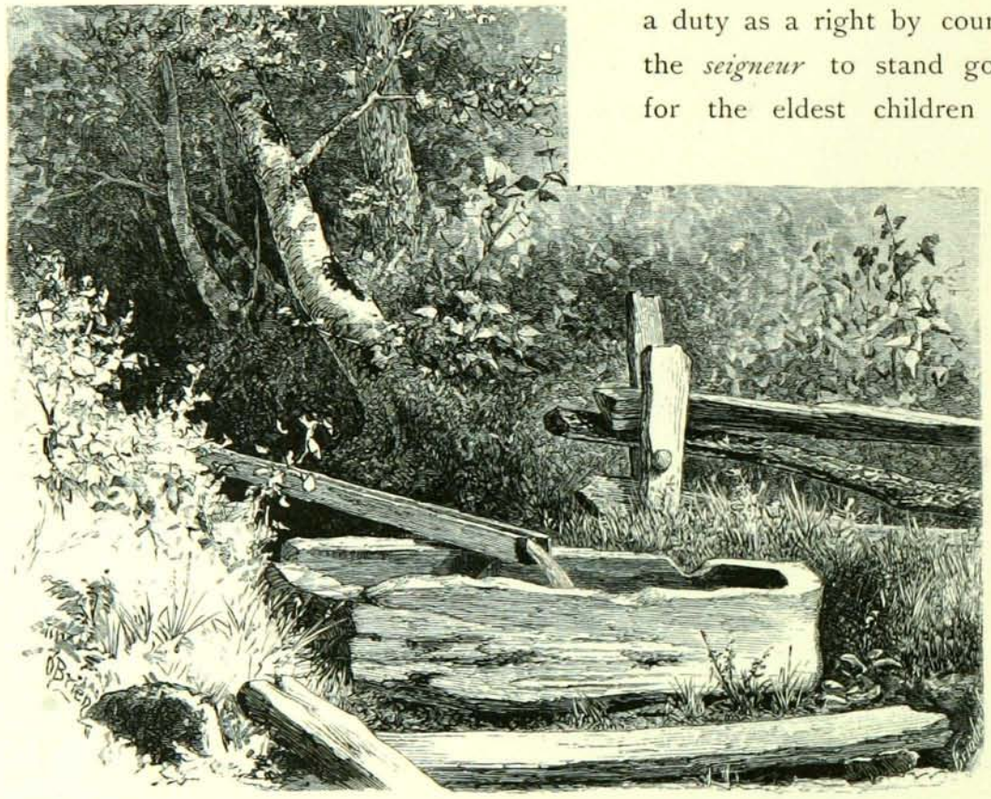
with his sword laid in front of him, received the salutations and compliments, and weighed the excuses of his *censitaires*, who rivalled the Irish peasant in chronic impecuniosity and ingenious devices. The *Lods et Ventes* were a more serious imposition, amounting to one-twelfth of the price of sale. They were a hindrance to the progress of the country, for they discouraged improvements by the tenant, and prevented the infusion of new blood and the spread of new ideas. They seem, however, not to have been considered so by the *censitaires* themselves. In reality, they were an expression of the domesticity of French-Canadians, who dread the breaking up of families, and live for generation after generation upon the same land, with a tenacity and affection equalled only by their industry and endurance, when at length home and kindred have been left. In connection with the motives for the imposition of this fine, one of which, no doubt, was the desire to keep the people bound to the land, and another the wish to profit by the rare chance of a *censitaire* having ready money—though the origin of the *Lods et Ventes* in reality leads back to the earliest feudalism—it is curious to note such conflicting traits in the same people. The contrast is historical. It was hard to persuade the home-loving peasantry of France to emigrate when, in 1663, the King took up so vigorously his dream of an Empire in the West. Once in La Nouvelle France, however, such was the spirit of adventure, that it almost immediately became necessary to issue an edict forbidding their wanderings, and compelling them to make their clearings contiguous and their parishes as much as possible in the form of those in France. Within a hundred years a penalty had to be imposed upon too close settlement and small farms, in order to bring the *seigneurs'* estates all under cultivation. At the present time a great aim of the Government is to discourage emigration, and to aid by every means the repatriation of French-Canadians and colonization in the back country. One of the most potent means of effecting this is found to be their strong family affection.

There was another right incidental to the *Lods et Ventes*—the *Droit de Retrait*, or privilege of pre-emption at the highest price bidden for land within forty days after its sale; this, however, was not much used. The only other right of real consequence was the *Droit de Banalité*, by which the *censitaire* was bound to grind his corn at the *seigneur's* mill, paying one bushel out of every fourteen for toll. This arrangement suited the *habitant* very well. He is saving enough, and manages to accumulate a little capital sometimes, but it goes into the savings bank, not unfrequently into an old stocking. The risk of an investment is too much for him, and he used to prefer that the *seigneur* should make the necessary outlays, while all that he was called upon for would be a sacrifice of part of his crop. In this way, however, all industrial enterprise was hampered and discouraged by the monopoly of the water power. Under the French *régime*, a civil and criminal jurisdiction over his vassals, varying in extent according to the dignity of the fief, was theoretically vested in the *seigneur*; and all the three grades known to feudal law—the *basse*, *moyenne* and *haute justice*—theoretically existed in

Canada, but its exercise was rare, owing to the expense of keeping up the machinery of a court and the petty amount of its cognizance.

These relics of feudalism have a curious interest to the antiquarian and also a very practical one as regards the progress of the country, existing as they did in the New World and under the protection of the British Constitution, and still living in the memories and language of the present generation.

One of the most interesting aspects of the feudal tenure was the social relation between *seigneur* and *censitaire*. This was nearly always a paternal one, so much so, indeed, that it was quite as much a duty as a right by courtesy of the *seigneur* to stand godfather for the eldest children of his



WAYSIDE WATERING TROUGH.

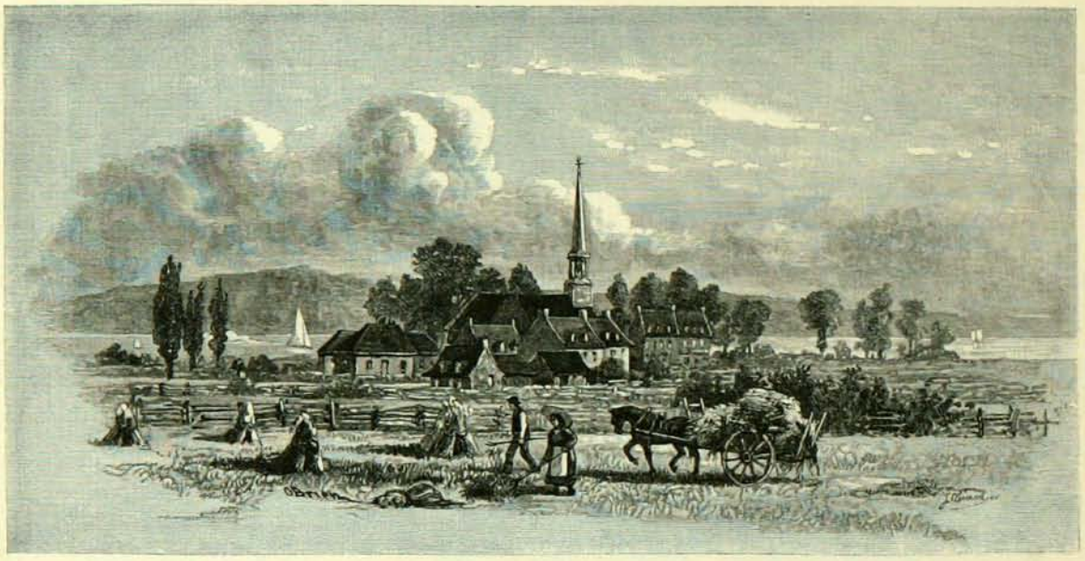
censitaires. Among his many graphic descriptions of life under the Old Régime, M. de Gaspé gives an amusing account of a friend receiving a New Year's visit from a hundred godsons. The *manoir* was all that "the Great House" of an English squire is and more, for the intercourse between *seigneur* and *censitaire* was freer and more intimate than that between squire and tenant. In spite of the nominal subjection, the *censitaire* was less dependent and subservient than the English peasant. It is impracticable here to go into any detailed description of the seigniorial tenure, its influences and the mode of its abolition; but without some knowledge of it, the actual as well as the past condition of Lower Canada would be impossible to understand. The whole system of colonization originally rested upon two men, the *seig-*

neur and the *curé*. Through them the Government worked its military and religious organizations, while their interests in the soil, from which both derived their income, were identical. "The Sword, the Cross, and the Plough" have been said to explain the secret of French-Canadian nationality. These three came together in their hands. Of course, all around the old French settlements the system of freehold upon which the Crown lands are granted has produced great changes in manners, customs, and ideas, but the influence of the old state of things is still strongly marked. In the face of all the improvements effected and progress made since its abolition, it served its purpose well, and, as the Abbé Casgrain remarks, "The democratic and secularizing spirit of our age is opposed to these feudal and ecclesiastical institutions, but we may be permitted to doubt whether it could have invented a system better adapted to the genius of our race and to the needs of the situation."

There are few drives in the Province prettier than that from Quebec to St. Joachim, as it winds along between the hills and the river through Beauport, past L'Ange Gardien, Chateau Richer, and Ste. Anne, crossing on the way the Montmorency, Sault à la Puce, Rivière aux Chiens, and Ste. Anne, besides a host of smaller streams. Once outside the toll-gates, the rugged streets of Quebec give place to an excellent macadamized road kept in capital order. In summer, wizened old *compères*, too bent and worn out for any other work, salute you from the tops of the piles of stones they lazily hammer between the complacent puffs of their pipes and their comments on passers-by. There is a great deal of work in these old fellows, and their cheerfulness lasts to the end. The French-Canadian is a capital labourer, slow perhaps, but sure. He is docile and willing, and his light-heartedness gets over all difficulties. "Your merry heart goes all the day, your sad one tires in a mile-o," is his motto. In winter you have to turn out to let the snow-plough with its great wings and its long team of six or eight horses go past amid cheery shouts from its guides, whose rosy faces and icicled beards topping the clouds of snow that cover their blanket coats make them look like so many Father Christmases.

There is a great deal to see along the road besides the beautiful scenery that meets the eye everywhere. Springs are abundant in the gravelly soil. They trickle down the bank under the trees, making delicious nooks by the paths where wooden spouts concentrate their flow. Wells, of course, are not much needed along the hillside. If you stop to drink you will probably have an opportunity to appreciate French-Canadian civility. The odds are greatly in favour of some of the host of brown-skinned, black-eyed, merry-looking children that play about the neighbouring house being sent over to ask if "Monsieur will not by preference have some milk?" You like the clear ice-cold water. "*Bien, c'est bonne l'eau frette quand on a soif,*" but "Monsieur will come in, perhaps, and rest, for *sacré il fait chaud cet après-midi.*" Monsieur, however, goes on amid all sorts of good wishes and polite farewells.

It seems strange to see the women at work in the fields. Their blue skirts and enormous hats, however, are fine bits of detail for a picture, and they having been used to such labours all their lives, do not mind it. Young girls of the poorer class hire out for the harvest, together with their brothers. At times you may meet troops of them on their way to church, their *bottes Françaises*—as store-made boots are still called, in contradistinction to *bottes Indiennes*—slung round their necks. This heavy



ST. JOACHIM.

labour, however, has told upon the class, if not upon the individual, and, no doubt, accounts for the ill-favouredness and thick, squat figures of the lower order of *habitans*. Even the children take a good share of hard work, and none of the potential energy of the family is neglected that can possibly be turned to account. One of the most striking sights by the roadside of a night towards the end of autumn are the family groups "breaking" flax. After the stalks have been steeped they are dried over fires built in pits on the hillsides, then stripped of the outer bark by a rude home-made machine constructed entirely of wood, but as effective as it is simple. The dull gleam of the sunken fires and the fantastic shadows of the workers make up a strange scene.

Not the least curious features of the drive are the odd vehicles one meets. Oxen do much of the heavier hauling, their pace being quite fast enough for the easy, patient temperament of the *habitant*, to whom distance is a mere abstraction—time and tobacco take a man anywhere, seems to be his rule. It is impossible to find out the real length of a journey. Ask the first *habitant* you meet, "How far is it to Saint Quelquechose?" "Deux ou trois lieues, je pense, Monsieur," will be the answer, given so thoughtfully and politely that you cannot doubt its correctness. But after you have covered the somewhat wide margin thus indicated, you need not be astonished to find

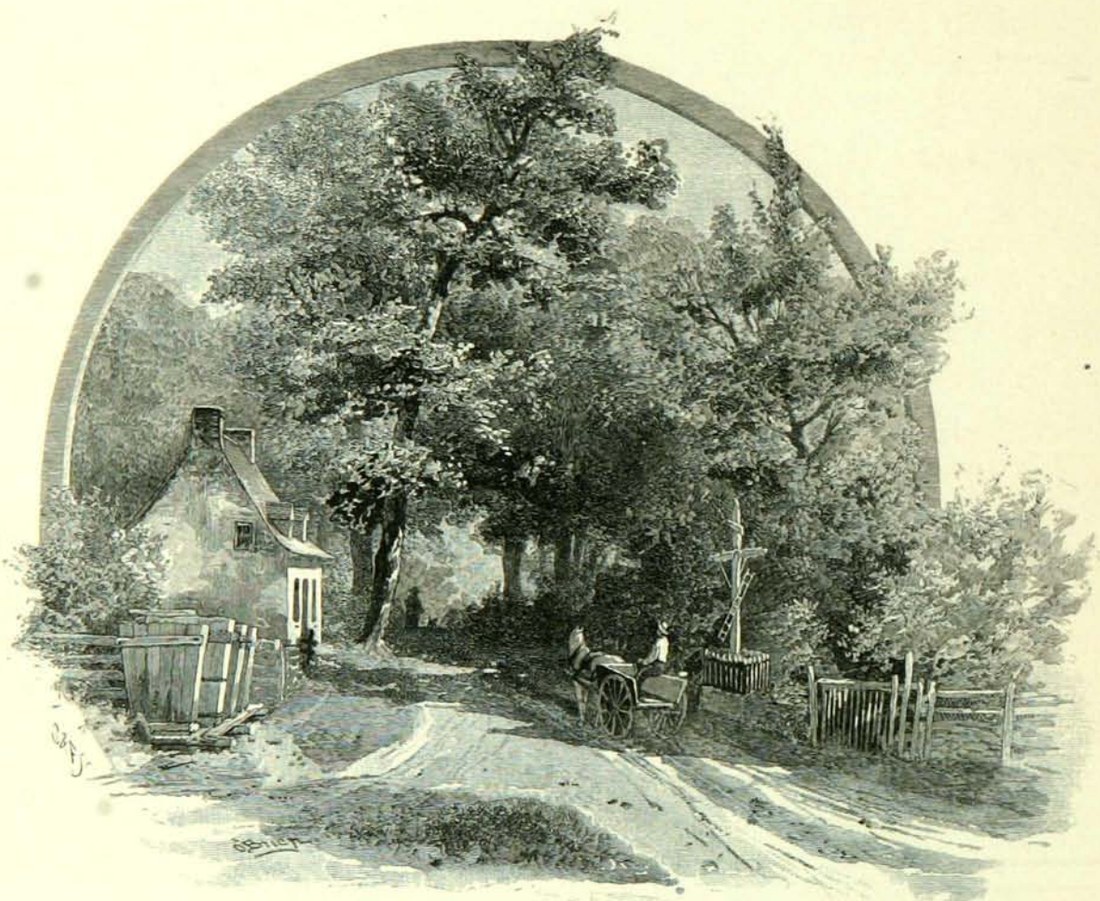
you have to go still "une lieue et encore," or, as the Scotch put it, "three miles and a bittock," nor still, again, to find the "encore" much the best part of the way. Another characteristic mode of measuring distance is by the number of pipes to be smoked in traversing it. "Deux pipes" is a very variable quantity, and more satisfactory to an indeterminate equation than to a hungry traveller.

The "buckboard" is a contrivance originally peculiar to Lower Canada. It has thence found its way, with the French half-breeds, to the North-west, where its simplicity and adaptability to rough roads are much appreciated. It is certainly unique in construction. Put a pair of wheels at each end of a long plank and a movable seat between them; a large load can be stowed away upon it, and you are independent of springs, for when one plank breaks another is easily got. The wayside *forgeron*, or blacksmith, need not be a very cunning craftsman to do all other repairs. The *charette*, or market-cart, is another curiosity on wheels, a cross between a boat and a gig, apparently. The *caléche* is a vehicle of greater dignity, but sorely trying to that of the stranger, as, perched high up in a sort of cabriolet hung by leathern straps between two huge wheels, he flies up and down the most break-neck hills. The driver has a seat in front, almost over the back of the horse, who, if it were not for his gait, would seem quite an unimportant part of the affair.

It is not very long since dog-carts were regularly used in the cities as well as in the country, for all kinds of draught purposes, but this has now been humanely stopped. Along the roads they are a common sight, and notwithstanding the great strength of the dogs used, it is not pleasant to see one of these black, smooth-haired, stoutly-built little fellows panting along, half hidden under a load of wood big enough for a horse, or dragging a milk-cart with a fat old woman on top of the cans. They are generally well-used, however, if one may judge by their good-nature. Out of harness they lie about the doors of the houses very contentedly, and, like their masters, are very civil to strangers.

The signs over the little shops that you meet with at rare intervals in the villages, are touchingly simple in design and execution. An unpainted board, with lettering accommodated to emergencies in the most ludicrous way, sets forth the "*bon marché*" to be had within. The *forgeron*, who is well-to-do—in fact, quite *un habitant à son àise*—has, perhaps, a gorgeous representation of the products of his art. A modest placard in the nine-by-four pane of a tiny cottage window, announces "rafraichissement" for man, and farther on "une bonne cour d'écurie" provides for beast. At Ste. Anne's, where the little taverns bid against each other for the pilgrim's custom, one *hôtellier* bases his claim to favour upon the fact of being "époux de Mdlle." somebody. Whether the Mdlle. was a saint or a publican of renown, the writer knows not. But the oddities of these signs would make an article to themselves, and we must pass on, with the shining domes of convent and church as landmarks of the next village.

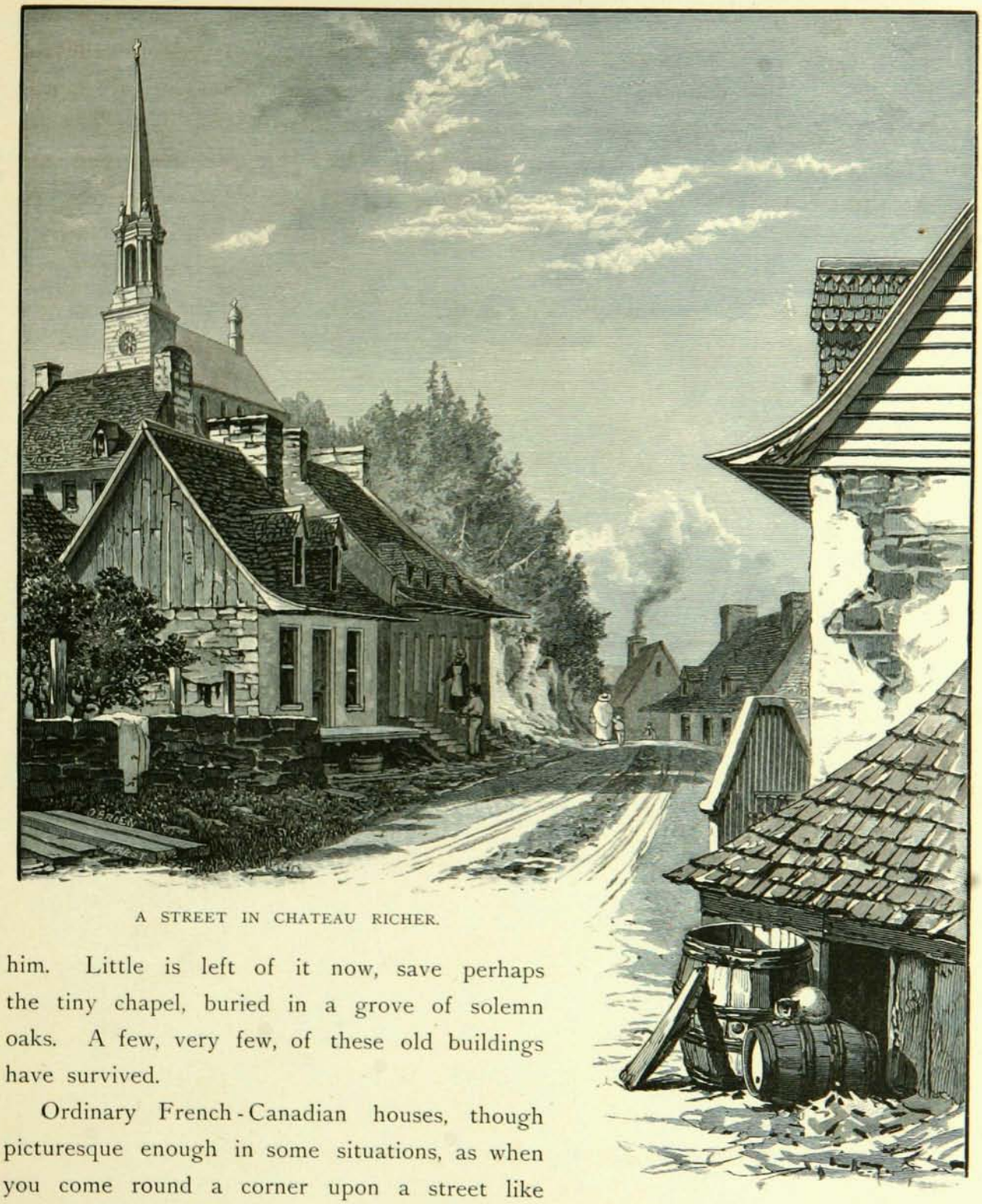
Every now and then a roadside cross is passed, sometimes a grand *Calvaire*, resplendent with stone and gilding, covered by a roof, and from its high platform showing afar the symbol of Christian faith. Statues of the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph sometimes stand at each side of the crucifix, but such elaborate shrines are rare, and as a general rule a simple wooden cross enclosed by a paling reminds the good Catholic of his faith, and is saluted by a reverent lifting of his hat and a pause in his talk as he



ON THE ROAD TO ST. JOACHIM.

goes by. Sometimes you meet little chapels like those at Chateau Richer. They stand open always, and the country people, as they pass, drop in to say a prayer to speed good souls' deliverance and their own journey.

A little off the road you may perhaps find the ruins of an old seigniorial *manoir*, outlived by its avenue of magnificent trees. The stout stone walls and iron-barred windows tell of troublous times long ago, while the vestiges of smooth lawns and the sleepy fishponds show that once the luxury of Versailles reigned here. The old house has gone through many a change of hands since its first owner came across the sea, a gay soldier in the Carignan regiment, or a scapegrace courtier who had made Paris too hot for



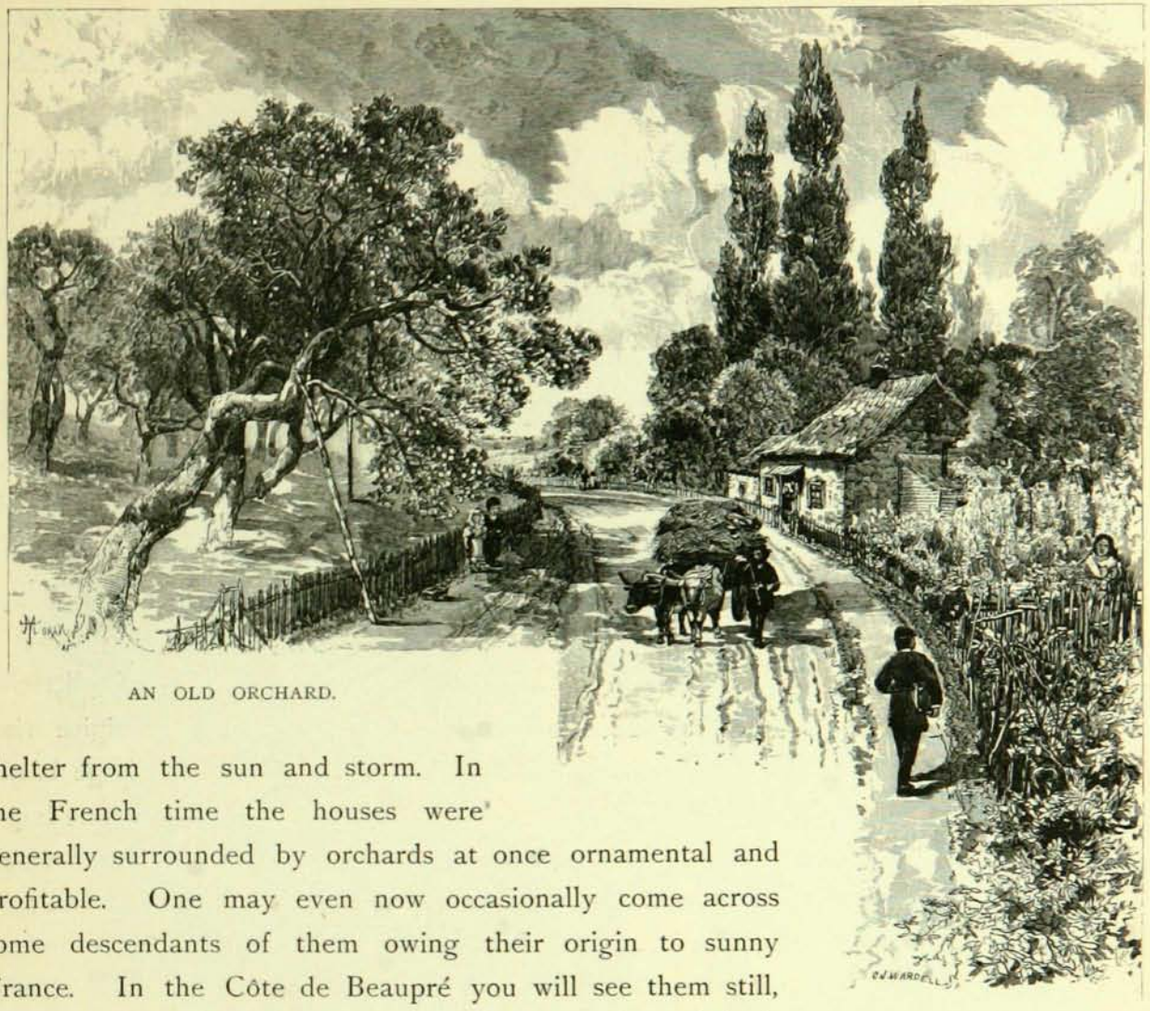
A STREET IN CHATEAU RICHER.

him. Little is left of it now, save perhaps the tiny chapel, buried in a grove of solemn oaks. A few, very few, of these old buildings have survived.

Ordinary French-Canadian houses, though picturesque enough in some situations, as when you come round a corner upon a street like that in Chateau Richer, are much alike. A *gros habitant*, as a well-to-do farmer is called, will have one larger and better furnished than those of his poorer neighbours, but the type is the same. They are long, low, one-storey cottages, of wood, sometimes of rough stone, but whether of wood or stone, are prim with whitewash often crossed with black lines to simulate, in an amusingly conventional way, courses of regular masonry. By way of variety, they are sometimes painted black or slate colour,

with white lines. Square brick buildings with mansard roofs of tin, bare in architecture and surroundings, glaring in newness and hideous with sawed scroll-work, are unfortunately springing up over the country in mistaken testimony of improvement. The artist will still prefer the old houses with their unpretentious simplicity and rude but genuine expressions of ornament. Their high, sharp-pitched roofs spring from a graceful curve at the projecting eaves, over which peep out tiny dormer windows. The shingles at the ridge and over the windows are pointed by way of decoration. Roof, lintels, and door-posts are gaily painted, for the *habitant* loves colour even if the freedom with which he uses the primaries is at times rather distracting to more cultivated eyes. A huge chimney built outside the house projects from the gable end, and sometimes the stairway also has to find room outside, reminding one of the old French towns whose architecture served to model these quaint buildings. A broad gallery runs along the front, furnishing pleasant shade under its vines, but darkening the interior into which small casement windows admit too little light and air. Sometimes a simple platform, with ricketty wooden steps at each end or a couple of stones leading to the door, takes the place of the gallery and affords room for a few chairs. A resting-place of some kind there must be, for in summer the leisure time of the *habitant* is spent at the door, the women knitting, the men smoking the evil-smelling native tobacco, while every passer-by gives a chance for a gossip and a joke. The heavy wooden shutters, a survival of the old Indian-fighting times, are tightly closed at night, giving an appearance of security little needed, for robberies are almost unknown, and in many districts locks are never used. In day-time, the white linen blinds in front are drawn down, which gives a rather funereal look, and the closing of the shutters cuts off the light at night, making the roads very cheerless to the traveller.

In the district of Quebec, the people are very fond of flowers. Even very poor cottages have masses of brilliant bloom in the windows and little garden plots in front neatly kept and assiduously cultivated, for the altar of the parish church is decorated with their growth, and the children present their firstfruits as an offering at their first communion. An elm or two, with masses of beautiful foliage, may afford grateful shade from the intensity of the summer sun. A row of stiff Normandy poplars, brought from old France in Champlain's or Frontenac's time perhaps, is sure to be found bordering the kitchen garden that is fenced off from the road more by the self-grown hedge of raspberry and wild rose than by the dilapidated palings or tumble-down stone wall. A great want, however, in the surroundings of most French farms is foliage, for practical as well as æsthetical objects. The grand second growth of maples, birches and elms that succeeds the primæval forest has been ruthlessly cut away, till the landscape in many districts, especially on the north shore, between Quebec and Montreal, is painfully bare in foreground, while the houses are exposed to the keen north wind and the cattle have no



AN OLD ORCHARD.

shelter from the sun and storm. In the French time the houses were generally surrounded by orchards at once ornamental and profitable. One may even now occasionally come across some descendants of them owing their origin to sunny France. In the Côte de Beaupré you will see them still, but they have in too many cases disappeared, and it is only within a few years past that fruit-growing has been systematically taken up by the *habitans*. The large orchards regularly cultivated on the Island of Montreal, show with what success the beautiful "St. Lawrence," the well-named *Fameuse*, and the golden *Pomme Grise*, a genuine little Normandy pippin, can be grown. Plums, yellow and blue, grow wild in abundance. A small, reddish-purple fruit, of pleasant flavour and not unlike a wild cherry in appearance, is plentiful, as are also cherries, wild and cultivated.

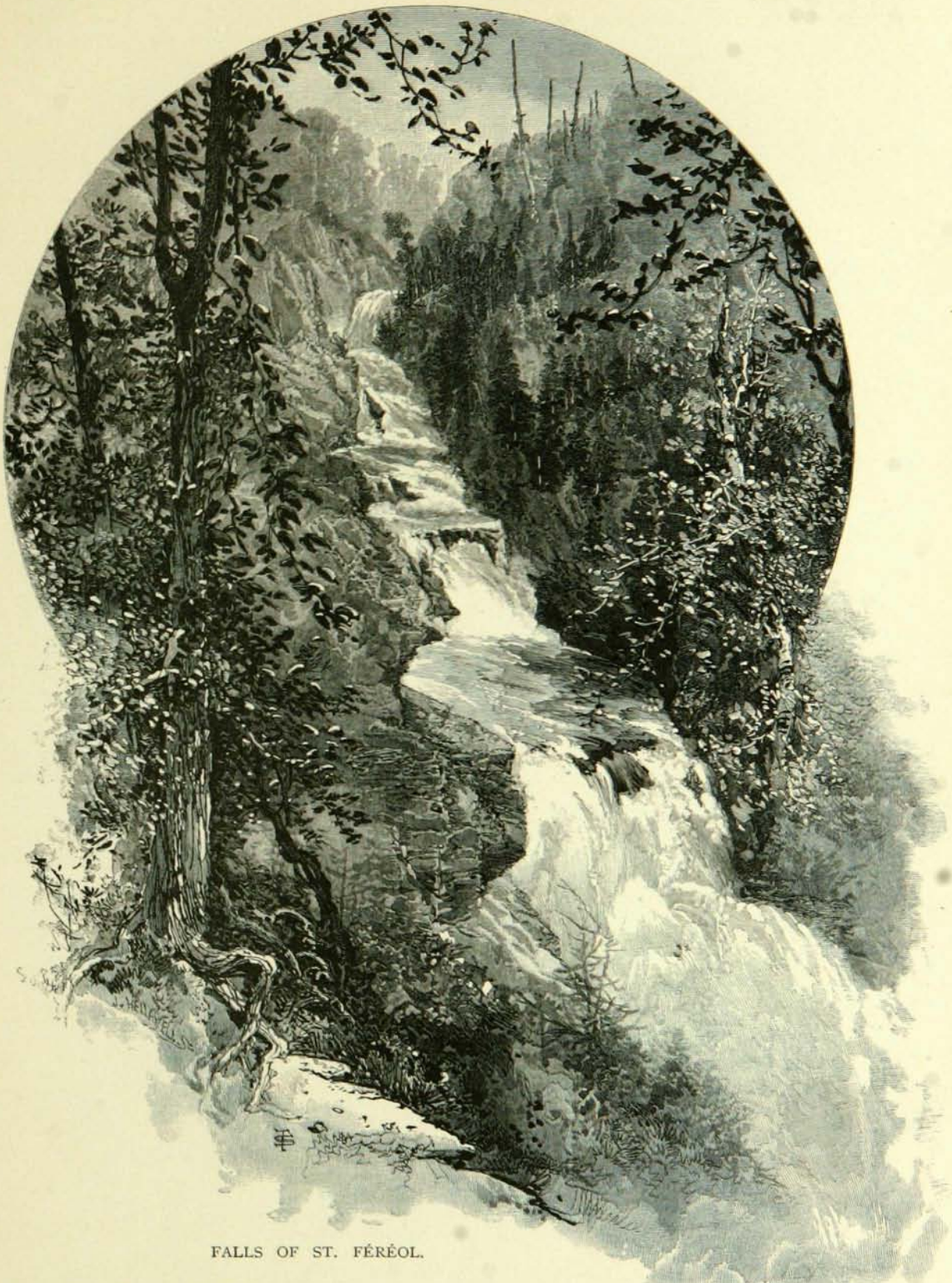
The number and beauty of the waterfalls on the Lower St. Lawrence are astonishing. Every stream must find its way to the river over the immense bank, and must cut its channel through the tremendous hills. In the Côte de Beaupré alone, there are dozens of magnificent falls not known to Canadians even by name, though within a few miles of, sometimes close to, the main road. Those on the Rivière aux Chiens and those from which the Sault à la Puce is named, are only two examples. The Falls of Ste. Anne and those of St. Féréol are sometimes heard of, yet even they, grand as they are and lovely in their surroundings, are rarely visited. Both are on the

Grande Rivière Ste. Anne, which divides the parishes. Its course is nearly opposite to that of the St. Lawrence, and is throughout nothing but a succession of tumultuous rapids and stupendous cataracts.

Leaving the road where the stream crosses, at which point there is a splendid view of Mount Ste. Anne, the highest of the innumerable peaks that break the sky-line as you look down the river from Quebec, a drive of three miles through beautiful woods leads within sound of falling water. Another mile over a lovely path through the heart of the forest, and a steep descent into a ravine, brings you face to face with an immense wall of granite, its base a mass of tilted angular blocks. The river narrows here, concentrating all its powers for its tremendous leap into the gorge that forms the main channel, but only the swift rush of the water, the cloud of spray and the deep reverberations that echo from the cliff tell of its fate. A clamber over inclined and slippery rocks, beautiful with lichens of every hue, must be risked before, lying at full length, you can see the perpendicular column of crystal beaten into snowy foam on the rocks over a hundred feet below. Shooting down a second pitch the torrent breaks and rises in plume-like curves. Myriads of glittering gems dance in the play of sunlight upon the spray. Far above, the precipice rises stark and gray, its face seamed with titanic masonry, its crest crowned with huge battlements, like the wall of a gigantic fortress. The trees that banner it above seem no larger than the tufts of grass that cling in the crevices of its perfectly perpendicular front; great buttresses support this mountain wall, polished and bright with perpetual moisture. Other two channels tear their way down the cliff in falls of less volume and grandeur, but of great beauty as they leap from shelf to shelf, uniting at the foot in a large circular basin worn deep into the black basalt. So still and dark, it is well named "The Devil's Kettle."

The chasm through which the main body of the stream flows is narrow enough to jump over; but his would be a steady brain who could face the leap, and a sure fate who should miss his foothold. The island in the centre towers up in a succession of giant steps, each a huge cube of rock. These one may descend, and gain a front view of all three Falls. Down stream one looks through the narrow cleft till the boiling torrent is suddenly shut out from view by a sharply-projecting spur. The rocks seem to jar under the immense weight of the falling water; eye and ear are overpowered. The scene is one of unparalleled grandeur.

Farther up the Ste. Anne, after a beautiful drive along its west bank and round the base of the mountain, the hill-girt village of St. Féréol is reached. Through forest glades, where the moss-festooned spruces mourn over the prostrate trunks of their giant predecessors, and sunlit copses where the golden leaves of the silver birch mingle with the crimson of the dying maples, the delicate emerald of the quivering aspen and the warm russet of the ferns in magic harmonies of autumn hues, the way winds on to



FALLS OF ST. FÉRÉOL.

where the Seven Falls chase each other down the rocky face of a huge hill in masses of broken water. Down a narrow cleft in the evergreens which stand in bold relief against the sky, comes the first and largest Fall. Leaping from step to step, the torrent dashes over

the second shelf in clouds of spray, its snowy fragments uniting again only to be parted by a projecting rock, past which the twin rapids rush, chafing from side to side, as if in search of each other, until they join, and plunge together over the fourth shelf. The fifth Fall pours down a steep decline and whirls in foaming eddies round the inky depths of a rocky basin, upon which looks out through the mist a cave called "Le Trou de St. Patriee." Turning sharply to the left, the stream rolls on in heavy waves of dark water to the sixth Fall, and then sweeping through close walls of rock, plunges into an inaccessible abyss. On both sides of the river deep ravines and high promontories follow each other in rapid succession, and a thick growth of forest clothes the whole.

Within the last fifteen years, agriculture has made great advances in some parts of the Province, much of which, however, yet remains in a primitive enough condition. Long isolation, a fertile soil, simplicity of life and of wants, have combined to keep the French-Canadian farmer pretty much what he was in the middle of the last century. In some respects his ancestors were better than he; they worked on a larger scale and had more energy. The Conquest, with its consequent wholesale emigration, and the unsettled political state of the country down to 1840, nearly extinguished all the spirit and industry that had survived the exactions of officials and the effects of war during the French period. Among the *habitans* farming is decidedly still in its infancy. Tilling, sowing, reaping and storing are all done by hand. In the back parishes the rudest of home-made ploughs, dragged along by a couple of oxen, and a horse who seems to move the oxen that they may move the plough, barely scratch up the soil. A French-Canadian harrow is the most primæval of implements, being at best a rough wooden rake, and often merely a lot of brushwood fastened to a beam. The scythe and the sickle are not yet displaced by mowing machines; all the ingenious contrivances for harvesting, binding and storing, are unknown. Threshing is still done by flails and strong arms, though once in a while you may hear the rattle of a treadmill where the little black pony tramps away as sleepily and contentedly as his master sits on a fence-rail smoking.

Wheat, barley, oats, maize and buckwheat, peas and beans, are the principal grain crops. The beet-root, however, is attracting attention, in consequence of the establishment of beet-root sugar factories, an enterprise cordially furthered by Government aid but yet in its experimental stage. Should this industry be successful, it will give a great impetus to farming, and the undertaking has the merit—no small one, in the people's opinion—of being distinctly French. Hay is abundant and very good. Flax and hemp are raised. Tobacco thrives admirably in the short but intensely warm summer. Patches of its tall, graceful, broad-leaved plants waving in the wind alongside the yellow tassels of the Indian corn, heighten the foreign aspect around some old cottage. Vegetables of every kind grow luxuriantly. Delicious melons are abundant and cheap.

All sorts of garden fruit — strawberries, raspberries, gooseberries and currants — are plentiful. Strawberries are now grown in large quantities for the town markets. Grapes grow wild in abundance. Immense quantities of maple sugar are yearly produced by the "sugar bushes" on the slopes of the hills. Its domestic use is universal among the *habitans*, and in the towns the syrup, sugar and *laitère*—or the sugar in an uncrystallized, pummy state—are in great demand. The processes of tapping the trees, collecting the sap, "boiling down," and "sugaring off," have been described too often to repeat here; but a visit to a sugar camp will well repay anybody who has not seen one, and is a favourite amusement for picnickers. The French-Canadians cling to the most primitive methods in this, as in everything else, the result, if an economic loss, being at least a picturesque gain.

Such fertility as the Province possesses should make it a rich agricultural country. It is really so. A very erroneous impression exists that all the best land has been exhausted; but this is an idea akin to the one that every French-Canadian wears moccasins and is called Jean Baptiste. It is quite true that a couple of hundred years of persistent tillage upon an evil routine, and want of opportunities to see anything better, have run down the old French farms; but even as it is, they yield well. Many an English farmer would be glad to get such land, and would work wonders with a little manure and proper rotation of crops. Then there are millions of acres yet untouched. The state of affairs in the Côte de Beaupré is described only as being an interesting relic of a period almost past. Agriculture is in a state of transition. Already the advantages of rich soil, magnificent summer climate, and cheap labour, are being realized.

At Ste. Anne, history and tradition blend with the life and manners of to-day in a most striking way. The first settlers in the Côte de Beaupré built a little church on the bank of the St. Lawrence, and dedicated it to La Bonne Ste. Anne, in memory, no doubt, as Ferland says, of the celebrated pilgrimage of Sainte Anne d'Auray in Brétagne. The bank, however, was carried away by the ice and the floods. So another building was commenced in 1657 upon the site pointed out by M. de Queylus, the Vicar-General, and given by Etienne de Lessard. It was finished in 1660. The Governor, M. d'Argenson, laid the first stone, and the work was done by the pious labour of the *habitans*. As one of these, Louis Guimont by name, racked with rheumatism, painfully struggled to place three stones in the foundation, he suddenly found his health restored. Thenceforward, La Bonne Ste. Anne de Beaupré became famous throughout all Canada. Among the pilgrims that flocked to celebrate her fête each year, were conspicuous the Christian Hurons and Algonquins, in whom their missionaries had inspired a special devotion for the mother of the Blessed Virgin. To this day their descendants are to be found among the thousands of worshippers whom the steamers carry from Quebec. The pilgrimage is not always such an easy excursion. Those who

have special favours to implore, often trudge on foot the long journey to the shrine. A pyramid of crutches, trusses, bandages, and spectacles stands in the church, to attest the miraculous cures worked by faith and prayer.

The site of the old church is marked by a chapel built with the old materials. It is roughly finished within, containing only a few stained seats and a bare-looking altar which stands between two quaint images of Ste. Marie Magdelaine and Ste. Anne,



CHAPEL AND GROTTO AT STE. ANNE DE BEAUPRÉ.

apparently of the time of Louis XIV. By the roadside, close to the chapel, stands a rough grotto surmounted by the image of the sainte set in a niche, over which again there is a cross. Over the stones pours the clear water of a spring; this the pilgrims take away in bottles, for the sake of its miraculous healing power. Near-by is the old presbytery, and farther up the wooded slope, hidden among the trees, is a convent of Hospital Nuns. Their gentleness and kindness to the sick that resort here should

suffice to canonize each one of these devoted ladies, whose lives are as beautiful as their surroundings.

A handsome new church was dedicated in 1876. To it were removed the old altar and pulpit, both of the seventeenth century, and the relics and original ornaments of the old church. Among these are an altar-piece by Le Brun, the gift of the Marquis de Tracy; a silver reliquary, and a painting by Le François, both the gift of Mons. de Laval; a chasuble worked by Anne of Austria, and a bone of the finger of Ste. Anne. There are also a great number of *ex-voto* tablets—some very old and



OLD HOUSES AT POINT LÉVIS.

by good masters—to commemorate deliverances from peril at sea, for Ste. Anne watches specially over sailors and travellers. Numbers of costly vestments have also been presented, and Pius IX., in addition to giving a *fac simile* of the miraculous portrait of Our Lady of Perpetual Help, set in a jewelled frame, issued a decree declaring the shrine to be of the first magnitude.

There are many other places in the neighbourhood of Quebec which, if not such exact types of the past nor so varied in natural features as is the Côte de Beaupré, yet afford beauty of scenery, historic association, and opportunity to study the life of

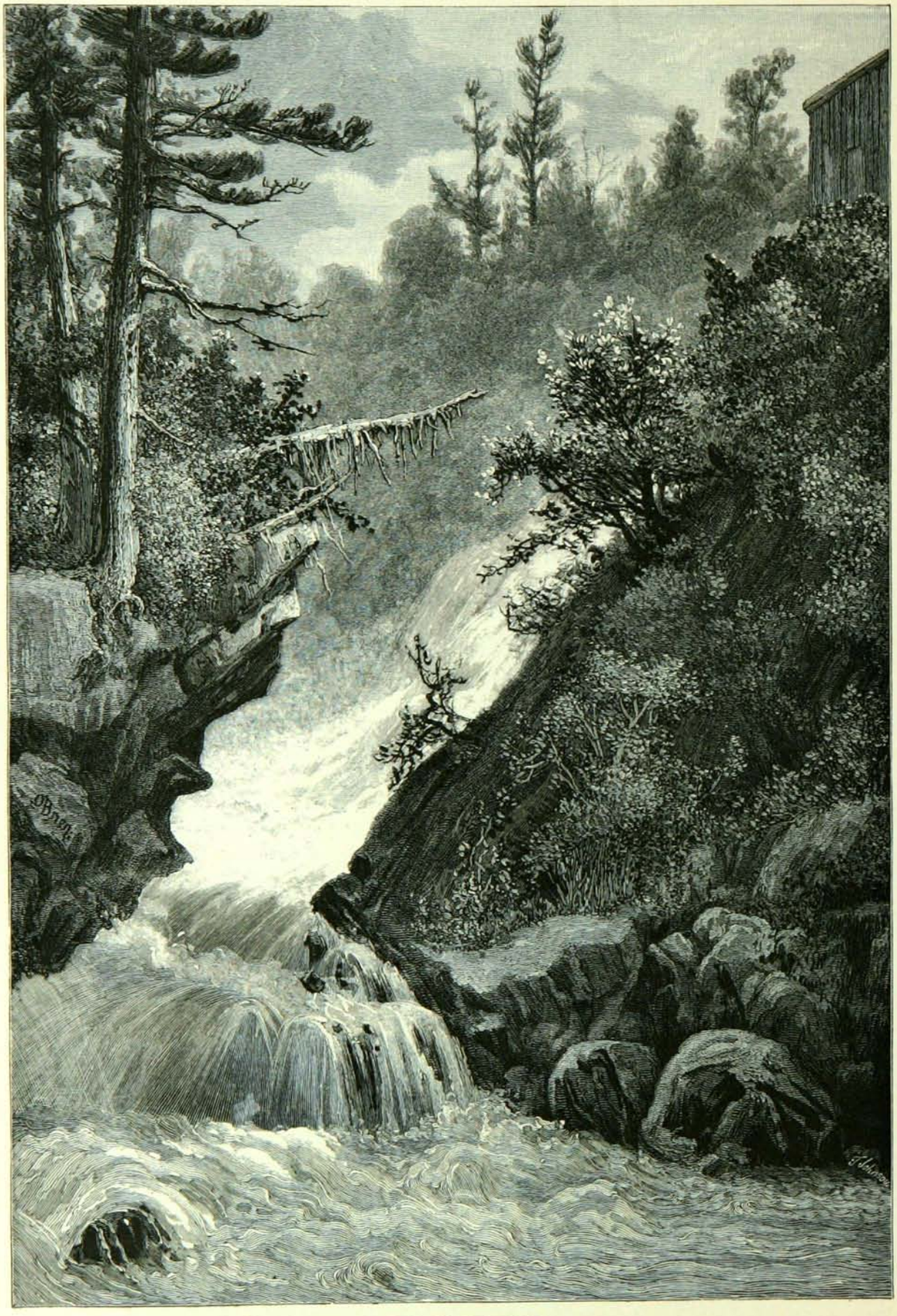
the people. It is hard to choose, but a few should be visited, and among these Point Lévis stands first in geographical order and in interest of all kinds.

Landing at Indian Cove, where the descendants of those Iroquois, who got from the English Government so much a-piece for every French scalp, used to build their wigwams, to await the distribution of the annual bounty, one finds a splendid graving dock being built on the very spot where they hauled up their bark canoes. The cliff is a worthy mate for Cape Diamond. From its tree-lined summit rolling hills covered with houses, fields and woods, so that the country looks like an immense park, stretch back to the sky-line, in pleasant contrast with the abrupt outline of the other shore. The main street lies between the river and the jagged face of the rock. At each end it climbs the cliff in zigzags, between old houses whose fantastic shapes, peaked roofs and heavy balconies make the place seem like some old Norman town. At one point where a spring trickles down the cliff, a wooden stairway leads from the lower to the upper town. Close by stand the old and new churches of St. Joseph, the latter a huge stone building of the usual type, the former a rude little chapel, with an image of the saint in a niche over the door. Everywhere there is, as in Quebec, this meeting of the old and the new. The Intercolonial Railway trains shake the foundations of the old houses, and interrupt, with their shrill whistle, the chant of the boys at vespers in the College chapel. Tugs puff noisily along with big ships, where Wolfe's flotilla stole so silently under the cliffs the night before the battle on the Plains of Abraham, and barges of the same pattern as those in which his soldiers crossed lie side by side with Allan steamships. Back of the heights from which his batteries pounded Quebec into ruins, and where Montgomery's men, wasted with their winter march through the wilds, waited for strength to carry out their daring attack, three modern forts dominate the South Channel and the land approaches. Planned with all the skill of the Royal Engineers, their casemates are meant for guns beside which the cannon that last did their work here would look like pop-guns. The view from them is superb. On the east a rolling plateau, densely wooded, stretches to the distant mountains of Maine. Opposite stands Quebec, the lower town in deep shadow beneath the cliff, the upper town glistening in the sun. Up and down the river the eye can roam from Cap Rouge to Grosse Isle, and never weary of the colossal extent of mountain, river and forest.

The forts are in charge of the battery of Canadian artillery stationed at Quebec. Many of the men are French-Canadians, and excellent soldiers they make. In cheerful submission to discipline, respect for their officers, and intelligence, the French militia corps are superior to the English in the rural districts. Among the Field Artillery, the most technical arm of the service,—so much so, indeed, that in England the military authorities have not yet ventured to form volunteer batteries,—the Quebec Field Battery composed entirely of French-Canadians, is a model of equipment, drill and

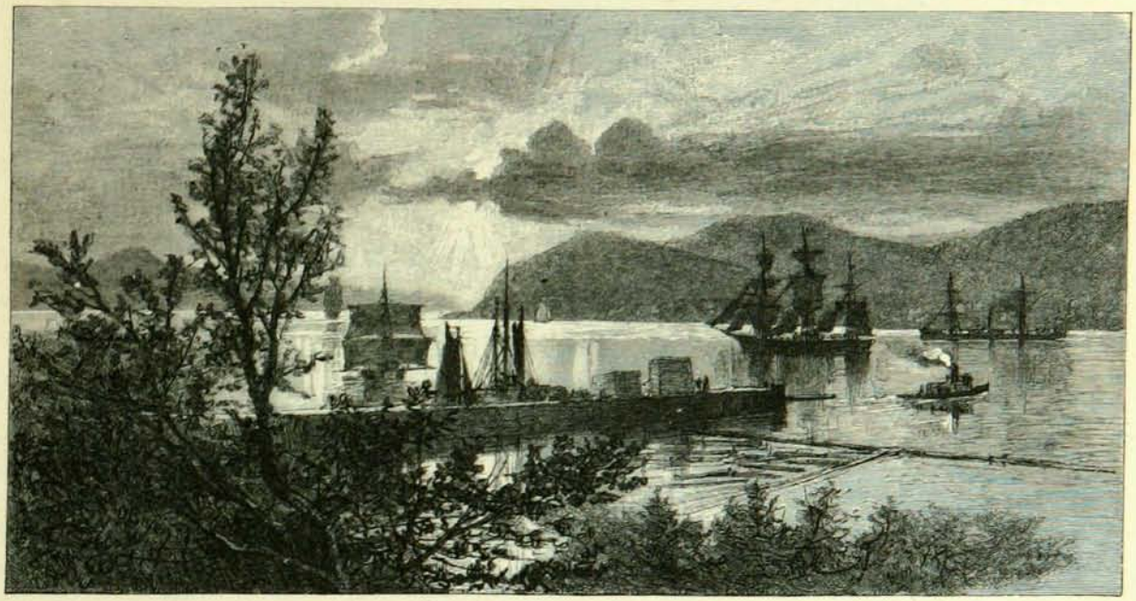
discipline, and is, after a few days of annual training, quite undistinguishable from the permanently-embodied corps in the Citadel.

About five miles to the northwest of Quebec is the Indian village of Lorette. Every Charter for the settlement of La Nouvelle France repeats in substance the words of that granted by Richelieu to the Company of the One Hundred Associates, the object of which was "to endeavour by Divine assistance to lead the people therein to the knowledge of the true God, to cause them to be disciplined and instructed in the Catholic, Apostolic and Roman faith." In fact the earlier settlements were as professedly missions as trading enterprises. The idea of a regular colony on a large scale did not take shape till the time of Louis XIV., under whom, as his hereditary title of Most Christian Majesty demanded, the interests of religion were by no means a secondary consideration. The Hurons were the first fruits of missionary devotion. In 1634 the Jesuits Brebeuf, Daniel, and Dauost, took up the work begun by the Récollet fathers, Viel and Le Caron, and the Jesuit Sagard, twelve years before. By 1650 the whole nation was professedly Christian. The descendants of these Hurons, only a few hundreds all told, are quite civilized, quiet, orderly, and peaceable. Many of them are well educated, comfortably off and cultivating good farms. The love of the forest and of the chase is, however, too deep in their natures to be totally eradicated, and the younger men are fond of getting away to the woods. You never find an Indian ashamed of his blood; these still call themselves proudly "The Huron Nation," and on official occasions, such as the visit of a Governor or the Indian Commissioner, their chiefs wear full Indian costume. Among them are a few Abenakis and other representatives of the great Algonquin family, to which the Montagnais of the Lower St. Lawrence, the only really "wild Indians" of Lower Canada, also belong. The French term "*Sauvage*," is much more expressive than "Indian," but seems rather a misnomer when applied to some of the fair-complexioned, well-dressed and polished inhabitants of Lorette, among whom there is a great admixture of white blood. They do a large business in all sorts of embroidery, in silk and porcupine quills upon birch-bark and deer-skin, make snow-shoes, bead-work, moccasins, and other curiosities. The old church is shown with much pride, for the Hurons are good Catholics. The school is another of their sights. The children sing with a vigour suggestive of a war-dance rather than a hymn, but their bright, intelligent faces, and the musical name of the performance, reassure one as to his scalp. They get thorough instruction, and are apt pupils. After school some of them are always ready to show visitors the Falls, for a branch of the St. Charles runs through the village, and as has been said before, wherever there is a stream in this country there are Falls. A paper-mill intrudes its dam upon the bed of the river at their head, and spoils what was once a grand sheet of water covering with a crystal curtain the now bare rock; but a sharp turn in the deep gorge soon hides



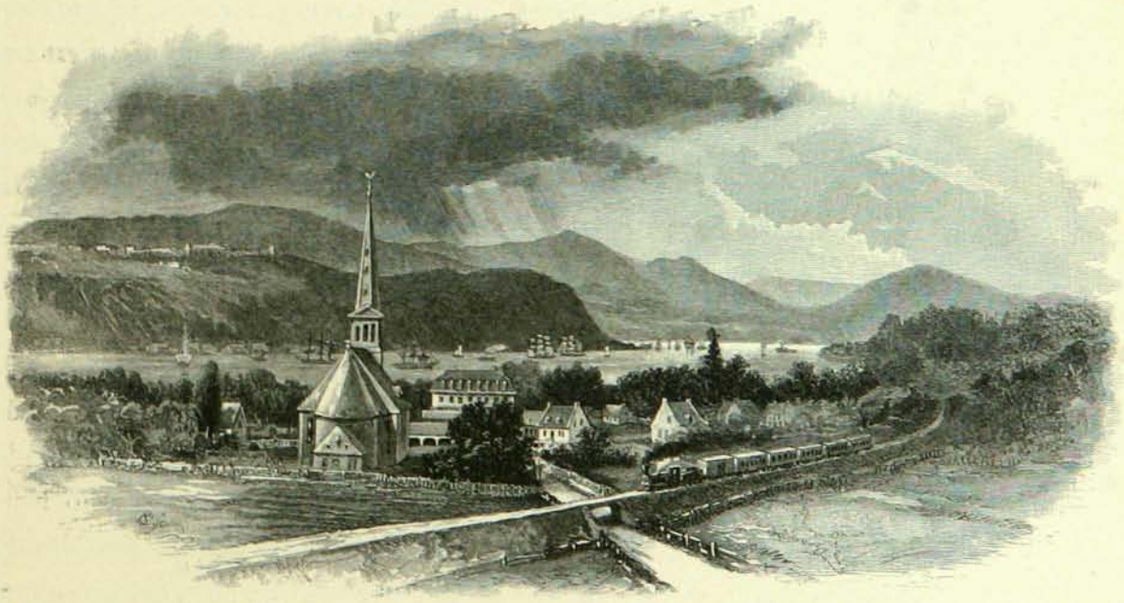
FALLS OF LORETTE.

this, and the view from below has nothing to detract from its mingled grandeur and loveliness, to which words cannot do justice.



CAP ROUGE.

Following the south shore of the St. Lawrence from Point Lévis all the way up to the Chaudière the same magnificent panorama repeats itself with subtle



CAPE DIAMOND, FROM ST. ROMUALD.

gradations as distance softens down the details of the landscape and new features come into sight. At St. Romuald the view down the river is very grand. The

bold outline of Cape Diamond stands clear cut against the sky. Beyond are the purple peaks that close in on the St. Charles, and the misty hills that surround the headwaters of the Montmorency peep through the pass up which the Charlesbourg road winds to Lake Beauport. To the right the conical mass of Mount Ste. Anne towers over the ridge of Lévis. Below runs the river dark under the shadow of banks seamed with leafy coves, but losing itself in the sunshine that makes fairyland of the Beauport shore. Every place in sight has some historic or traditional association to add another charm.

From St. Romuald it is not far to the Chaudière Falls, whose abrupt and tremendous plunge fully justifies their name. There are many Chaudières in Canada, the term being generic, but this "Chaldron" is grand and tumultuous enough to be typical of all, and to name the whole river. It and the Montmorency Falls are probably but miniatures of the unspeakably magnificent cataract that once must have existed at Cap Rouge, that grand promontory seven miles above Quebec, where the great rock cliffs close in and confine the St. Lawrence into river-like dimensions. There are strong indications that the river must once have been dammed up here behind a great barrier, over which, just as its tributaries now find their way into it over the surrounding plateau, it flowed into the sea in a flood compared with which Niagara would be a driblet. In some of the mighty convulsions that heaved the Laurentian rocks—the oldest geological formation of all—from their depths, and shaped their towering peaks, this barrier must have given way and the stream have fallen to its present level.

The rich red rock which gives it its name and the bold outline of its cliff, make Cap Rouge as conspicuous as Cape Diamond. On this "*promontoire haute et raide*," Jacques Cartier built a fort, to guard his ships when he returned to Stadacona on his third voyage, in 1541, and Roberval wintered there the following year, rebuilding Cartier's fort, and naming it "France Roy," in honour of the King. The beauty of the forests that crown the cliffs and the fertility of the soil are still as remarkable as when Cartier wrote of the "*fort bonnes et belles terres pleines d'aussi beaux et puissants arbres que l'on puisse voir au monde.*"

Along the river in the autumn, wild ducks and geese appear in large numbers, while farther back partridges and wild pigeons are abundant, and trout can always be had for the catching. Many of the *habitans* are very skilful with rod and gun, rivalling the Indian half-breeds—wiry, long-haired, black-visaged, wild-looking fellows, who make a regular business of shooting and fishing. Down the Gulf fish is, of course, the great stand-by. Eels, which swarm in the mouths of the streams, are speared in immense numbers. They are a favourite dainty, and are salted for winter use, as are also great quantities of wild fowl.

These peeps at the country about Quebec might be prolonged indefinitely, such is the number of charming spots to be reached by an easy drive. But all this time we



LIGHT-SHIP ON THE ST. LAWRENCE.

have been looking at the *habitant* in a long-cultivated, thickly-settled region, and there is another phase of his life which can only be seen in the wilds. A journey up the St. Maurice gives good opportunity for appreciating it, but to get to the St. Maurice one must go to Three Rivers, and by far the best way of doing this is to make the night voyage up the St. Lawrence by the Richelieu Company's steamer. A moonlight scene on the St. Lawrence is such as to leave a deep impression of the majesty of the great river up which Cartier toiled for a fortnight to reach Stadacona, far beyond which he heard there was "a great sea of fresh water, of which there is no mention to have seen the end." The way is not less well marked in summer than in winter. Light-houses stand at every bend, while buoys and light-ships, moored in midstream, point out the channel. When night has closed in, the twinkle of the far light is reflected across the water for miles, broadening out at last into brilliant glare; beneath one gets a momentary glimpse of the black hull and square tower of a light-



HALF-BREED FISHERMAN.

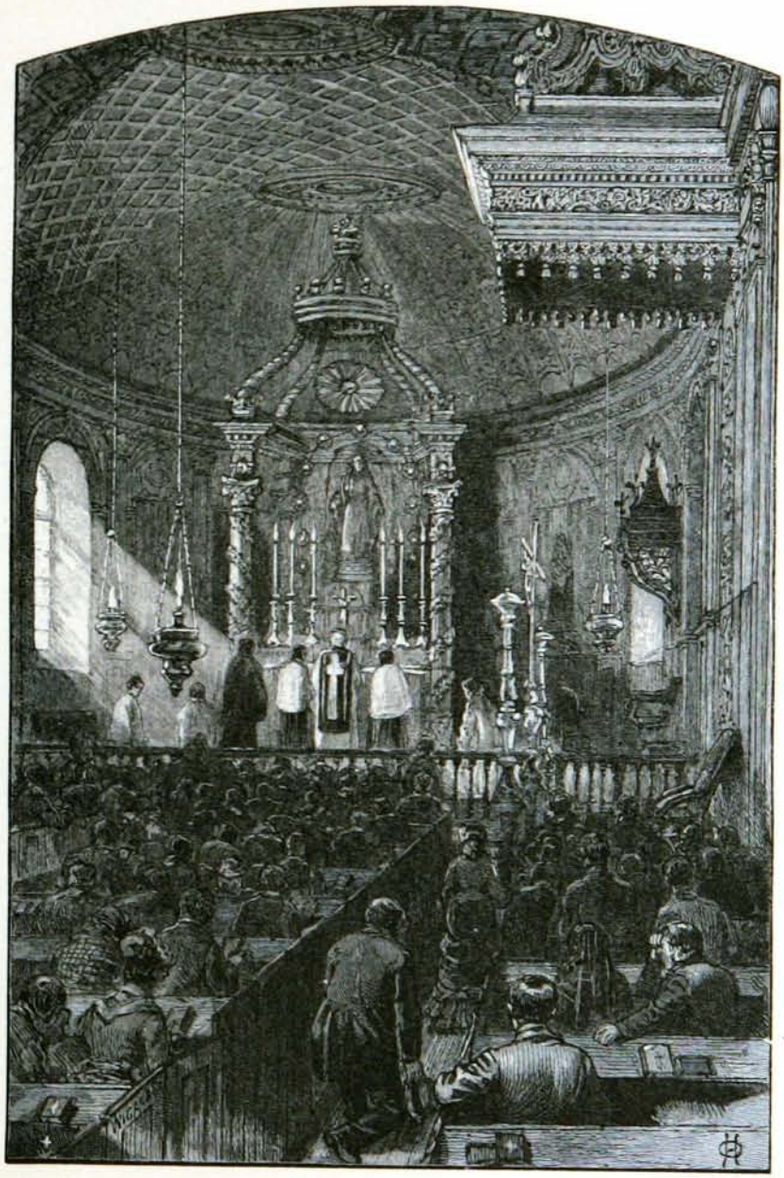
ship, with weird shadows moving across the cheerful gleam from the cosy cabin. Huge black masses loom up suddenly and glide past in silence. Long, snake-like monsters are left snorting astern. A group of water demons sing in wild chorus round a floating blaze. All manner of strange stars flicker low down on the horizon, changing their lines with sudden flashes. Everything is dim, shadowy and weird, till, suddenly, the moon bursts through the heavy clouds, shows the dull outline of the distant bank, gleams white on the canvas of a passing ship, reveals the long string of deep-laden barges following the sobbing tug, and dims the brightness of the raftsmen's fire.

Three Rivers dates far back in the history of French colonization in Canada. On one of the islands at the mouth of the noble tributary which here enters the St. Lawrence, Cartier, in 1534, planted a cross in the name of the King of France. In 1599 Pontgravé gave it the name of Rivière des Trois Rivières, from the appearance which two of the islands give it of being three separate streams; Cartier had christened it Rivière de Foie, from the Breton family of that name. Champlain and Pontgravé ascended it as far as the first rapids, and a little later Champlain made the mouth of the stream a rendezvous for the Hurons who joined him in his expedition against the Iroquois, the river being the highway of the tribes who came from the interior to barter furs with the French traders, having been driven away from the St. Lawrence by the Iroquois. Traces of an old Algonquin stockade that stood where the upper town is now, and was destroyed before Champlain's time, were found when the boulevard facing the St. Lawrence was made.

One of the Récollet fathers who came with Champlain in 1615, celebrated the first mass. Colonists came two years later, and a mission was founded. In 1634 a regular trading depot was established, as Pontgravé had proposed to do long before, when Tadoussac was preferred by his superior Chauvin. For a long time this was the extreme outpost of the French, and was held only by exceeding vigilance and bravery, which more than once saved Quebec from imminent danger. In 1624 Champlain's diplomacy brought together here one of the greatest assemblages of Indians ever known upon the Continent, and secured a treaty of peace between Hurons, Algonquins, Iroquois, and French. The Mohawks could not long resist the desire to use their newly-acquired fire-arms furnished by the Dutch and English, and then followed the bloody scenes which ended only with the arrival of the long prayed-for troops from France in 1665. The Hurons and Algonquins were almost exterminated, and the French were sore pressed. This was the heroic age of the colony so vigorously described by Parkman. The fur-traders of Three Rivers bore their part in it well, and when there was no more fighting to do their venturesome spirits found outlet in the existing work of exploration, for with the establishment of Montreal the importance of Three Rivers as a trading-post had begun to decline, and the necessity of being farther afield, to say nothing of the half-wild nature of the *coureurs de*

bois, led them on. The missionaries whose outpost, in the crusade against Satan and his Indian allies, Three Rivers also was, had set them an example. Jean Nicolet lived and died here, and the old Chateau of the Governors, in which La Verendraye lived, still stands.

Not far from the Chateau is the original parish church, the oldest in Canada



INTERIOR OF PARISH CHURCH.

except the one at Tadoussac. It has the oldest records, for those of Quebec were burned in 1640. They begin on February 6th, 1635, in Père Le Jeune's handwriting, with the statement that M. de la Violette, sent by Champlain to found a *habitation*, landed at Three Rivers on July 4th, 1634, with a party of French, mostly artizans, and

commenced the work; that the Jesuits Le Jeune and Buteux came on the 8th of September, to be with them for the salvation of their souls, and that several of them died of scurvy during the winter. The chapel of the Jesuit mission served till 1664, when a wooden church, with presbytery, cemetery and garden, was built. Fifty years



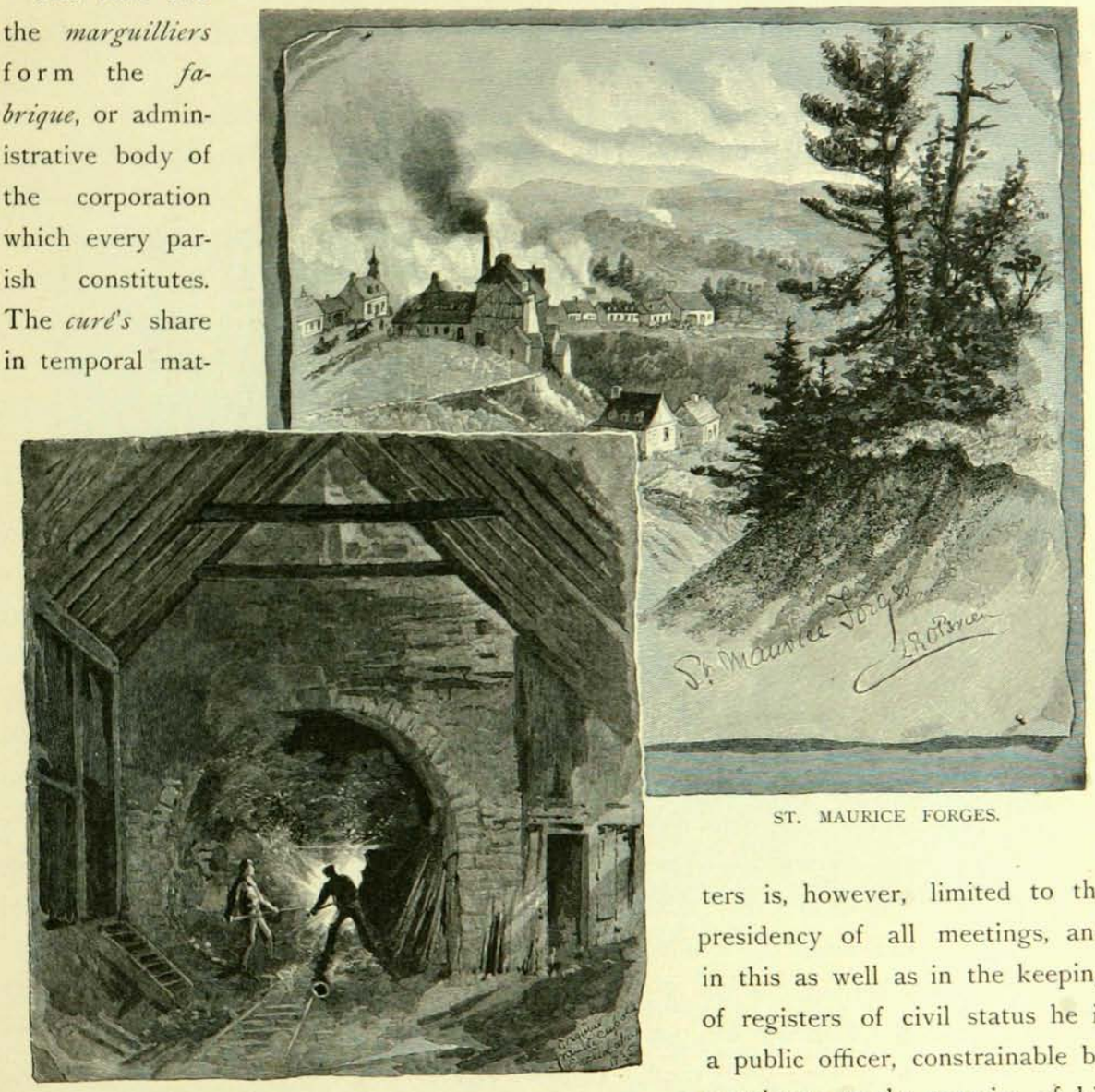
OLD CHIMNEY AND CHATEAU.

later the stone church that yet stands on a corner of the old parochial property was erected; it is an interesting relic of a by-gone time, and its hallowed associations make it for the devout Roman Catholic a place from which the grand new Cathedral cannot draw him.

The beauty of the rich oak carving which lines the whole interior was sadly

destroyed by a spasm of cleanliness on the part of the authorities, who a few years ago painted it white, but fortunately this style of renovation has not gone farther, and the old paintings and sculpture, of which there is a profusion, remain intact. The church is dedicated to the Immaculate Conception.

The *curé* and the *marguilliers* form the *fabrique*, or administrative body of the corporation which every parish constitutes. The *curé's* share in temporal matters is, however, limited to the presidency of all meetings, and in this as well as in the keeping of registers of civil status he is a public officer, constrainable by *mandamus* to the exercise of his duties. He appoints the choristers, keeps the keys, and has the right to be buried beneath the choir of the church, even in Quebec and Montreal, where interments within the city limits are prohibited.



ST. MAURICE FORGES.

The parishes are designated in the first place by the bishop, and are then civilly constituted by the Lieutenant-Governor on the report of five commissioners under the Great Seal, after all parties have been heard. Being corporations, their powers are defined, and exercise of them regulated by the civil law. The revenues are raised and

extraordinary expenses defrayed by assessment approved by general meetings. The manner in which the *curés* are paid varies a good deal. They are legally entitled to a tithe in kind, of one portion in twenty-six on all grain grown in the parish by Roman Catholics, except upon lands newly-cleared, which are exempt for the first five years. The tithe must be thrashed, winnowed, and put in the priest's barn. In many parts of the Province, however, what is known as the *supplement*—a money payment—takes the place of, or is combined with, the tithe.

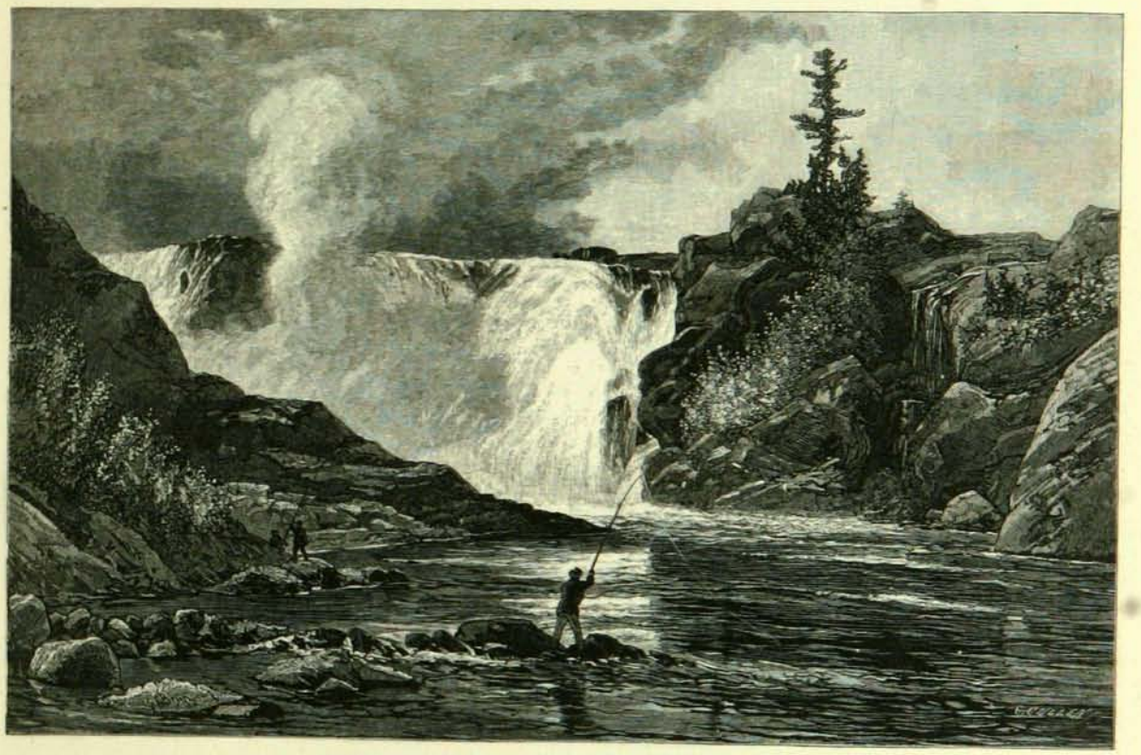
The St. Maurice Forges, on the right bank of the St. Maurice River, about seven miles above Three Rivers, are the oldest smelting furnaces in Canada, and dispute with those of Principio, in Maryland, the right to be considered the oldest in America. The deposits of bog-ore were known very early to the Jesuits. In 1668 they were examined by the Sieur la Potardièn, who reported unfavourably to the Intendant Talon as to their quantity and quality. Frontenac and De Denonville gave a better account of them, and it seems that tests were made before the year 1700. It was not till 1737, however, that a company was found to work them. This company was granted a large tract, including the site where the Old Forges now stand, and erected furnaces, but exhausted its capital, and in 1740 had to surrender its charter. The Government carried on the works very successfully, as a report of the Colonial Inspector Tranquet shows, and must have extended them, as appears by the erection of the old Chateau that stands on a flat bluff overlooking the river. On an iron plate in its chimney are the official *fleurs de lis* and the date 1752. Its walls, some two and a half feet thick, withstood the fire that destroyed its woodwork in 1863.

A brook flows through the ravine immediately below the Chateau. It furnished water-power for the oldest works, remains of which are to be seen near its mouth. The attachments of an old shaft show that a trip-hammer was used, and there are other signs of extensive works for making wrought iron. From 250 to 300 men were employed, under directors who had gained their skill in Sweden. Many of the articles made then—notably stoves—still attest the quality of the iron and of the work. Pigs and bars were sent to France. During the war, shot and shell were cast. When the English came to take possession, the Chateau was occupied by a Demoiselle Poulin, who threw the keys into the river rather than yield them. Legends of mysterious lights and buried treasure cling to the place. After the Conquest the works were leased to private persons, and have passed through several hands before coming into those of the present owners, who use most of the product in the manufacture of car-wheels at Three Rivers.

The original blast-furnace, or cupola—a huge block of granite masonry, thirty feet square at the base—is still used for smelting; the fire has rarely been extinguished, except for repairs, during the past 150 years. In a deep-arched recess is the "dam" from which the molten metal is drawn into beds of sand, to cool into pigs. During the time between "runs" or "casts," glowing slag is continually being drawn off. The

cupola is kept filled from the top with ore, broken limestone, and charcoal. The latter is made in immense kilns near the forge, from wood furnished in abundance by the surrounding forests. Against the volumes of white vapour from these kilns the old iron-works stand out, gloomy and black with the smoke and grime of generations. The limestone is obtained a short distance up the river, and the ore—dark-red spongy stuff, yielding forty per cent. of iron—is brought in by the *habitans*, who find it between two beds of sand on land that yields no crops, so that they are only too glad to dig it up.

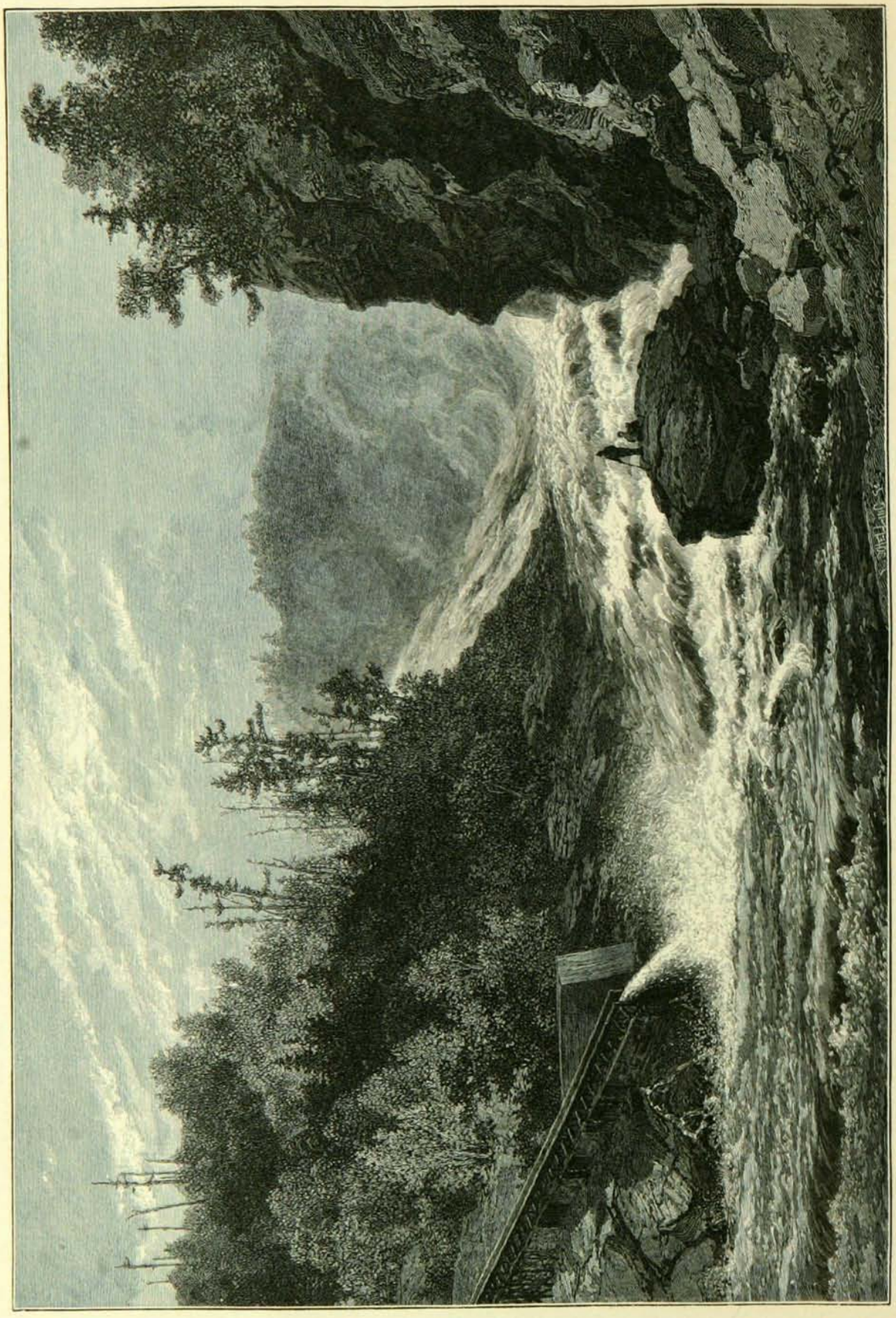
The works are surrounded by a little hamlet of workmen's cottages. An amphitheatre of wooded hills surrounds the scene. These rise gradually to the left, and over them



FALLS OF THE CHAUDIÈRE—NEAR QUEBEC.

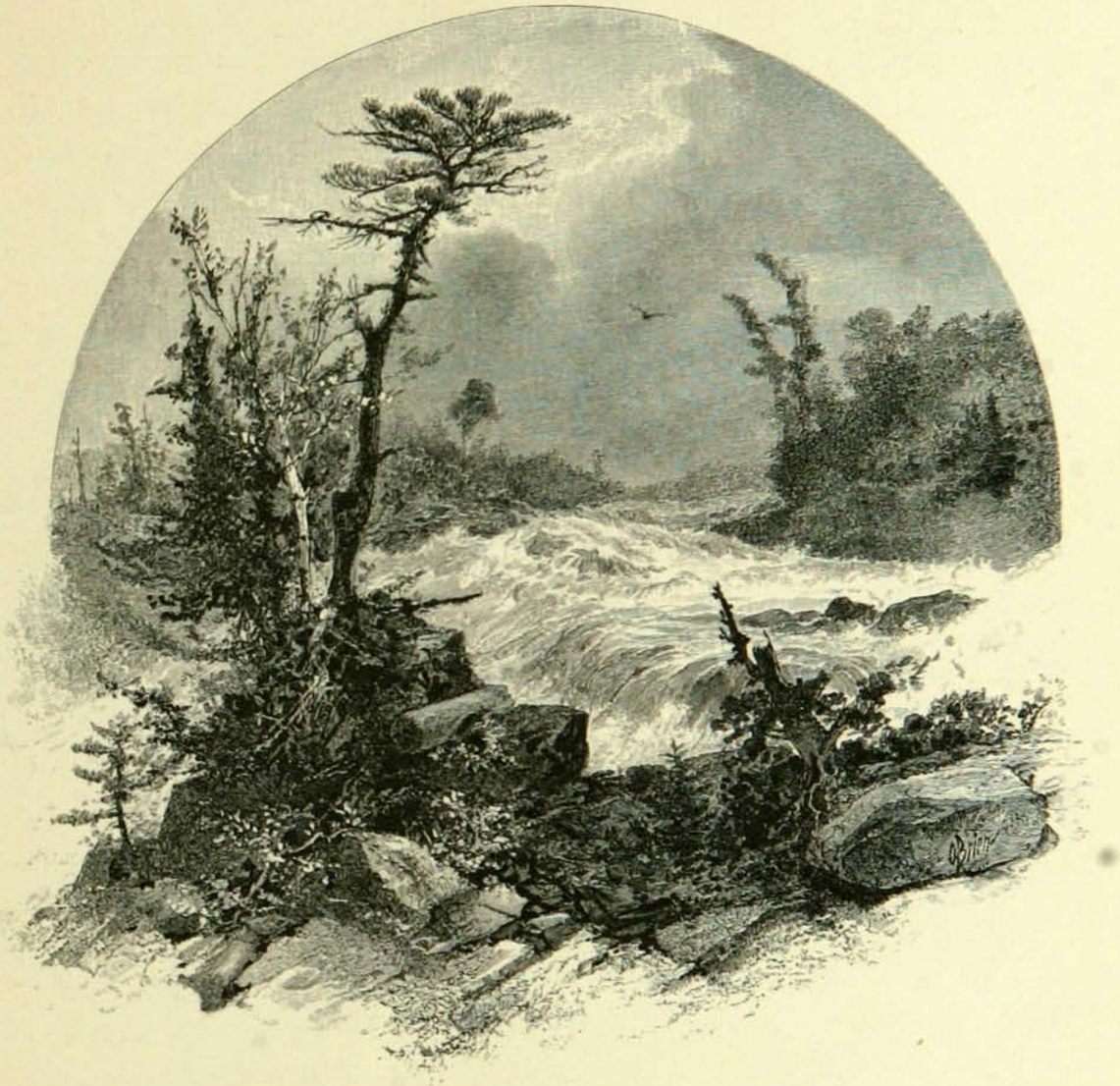
is seen the dark outline of the Laurentian range, against which is set the gleaming spire of St. Etienne Church. The lesser hills, across the St. Maurice to the right, are topped by Mount Carmel, and far up the stream the Shawenegan Mountains consort with the Piles peaks.

There is, perhaps, nothing in Canada that more forcibly strikes the English eye than the wild and silent grandeur of our mighty rivers. Though only ranking third among the tributaries of the St. Lawrence, the St. Maurice is a noble stream. During spring and early summer it becomes a raging flood fed by the melting snow and rains of the great northern water-shed, and even when the parching heat of summer has dried up its sources it remains a navigable stream nearly a quarter of a mile wide far above its mouth.



SHAWENEGAN FALLS.

Far to the north, 220 miles from the St. Lawrence, this river rises in a net-work of lakes and small water-courses, which feed also its elder brothers, the Ottawa and the Saguenay. It pursues its tortuous way in a main direction nearly south, while



HEAD OF SHAWENEGAN FALLS.

the others diverge so widely to the west and east that their several *debouchements* into the St. Lawrence are divided by a space of more than three hundred miles. All the upper part of the St. Maurice's traverses are unbroken wilderness, untrodden by the foot of man, except the few Indians and trappers who yet represent the aboriginal occupants, the Hudson's Bay *voyageurs* and traders who still use this route as a means of access to their remoter posts, and the lumberers whose camps and shanties have been already pushed two hundred miles back into the interior, and the ring of whose axes is heard at the head of every stream down which a saw-log can be floated in the freshets of the

Spring. Nothing can be more lovely than the constantly varied and unexpected beauty of the reaches of river, lake and stream, the water-falls, rapids, wild rocks, densely-wooded hills and forest glades with which this wild region is filled.

One hundred miles from its mouth the river meets civilization at the foot of the wild Falls of the "Tuque" (so called from the fancied resemblance of a hill in the vicinity to the French-Canadian head-gear of that name), in the form of a steamer which traverses a stretch of sixty miles to the "Piles," whence a railway to the front gives the go-by to the formidable but picturesque rapids and falls of the Lower St. Maurice. The first of these is the Grais, so-called because the old portage led across granite rocks now occupied by a saw-mill and all its unlovely litter of lumber, saw-dust and slabs. Here the river dashes itself over and through enormous rocks, which cause twin falls and a boiling rapid. A few evergreens cling to the rocks, and a low bench supports a scant growth of bushes, but above the river the tree-clad heights rise in successive steps.



LITTLE SHAWENEGAN.

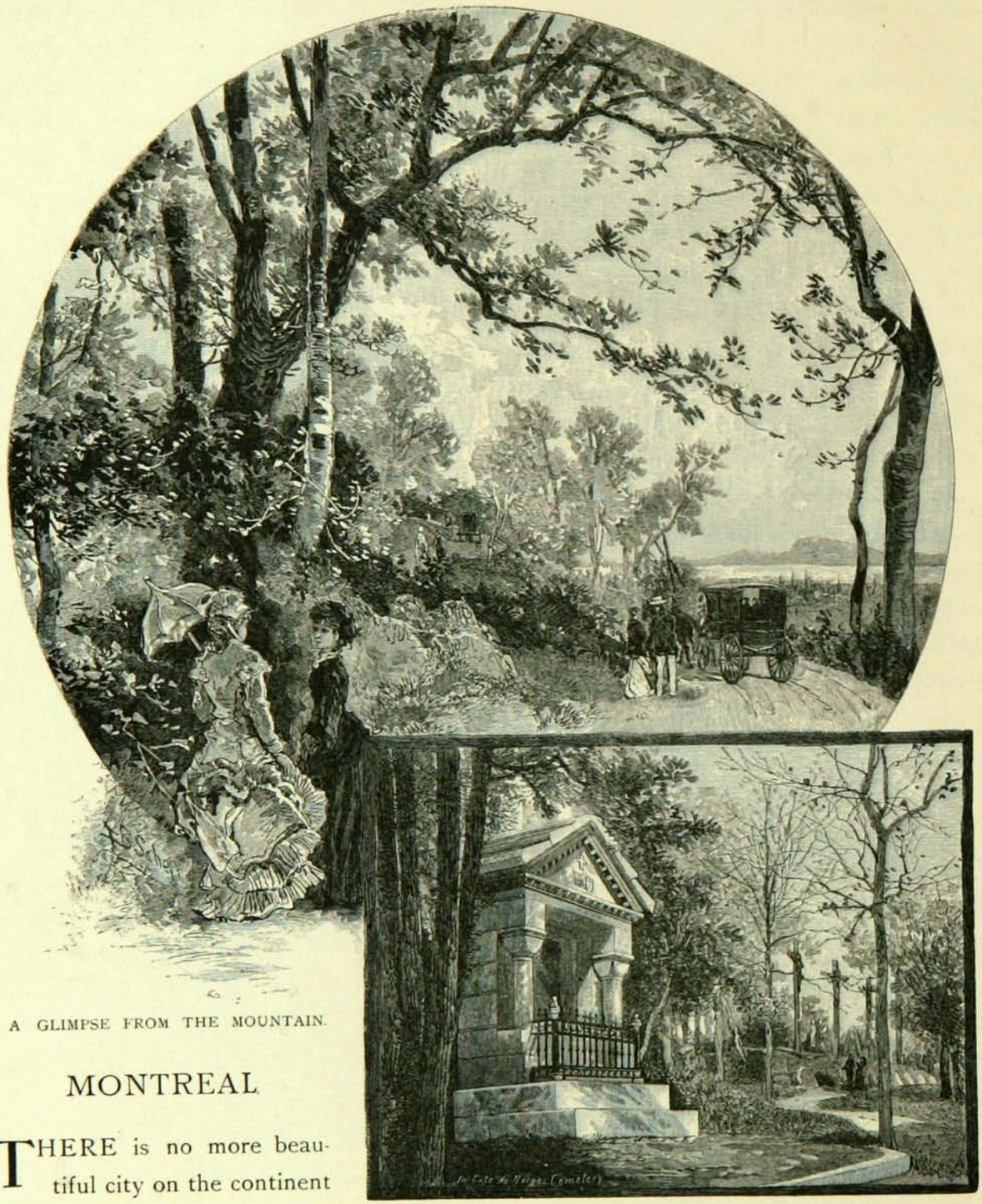
The unlimited water-power has caused the place to be selected as the headquarters of one of the vast lumbering establishments whose chiefs are kings in all but name. The proprietor of this establishment is practically king of the St. Maurice. The farmers, who compose the scant population of the neighbourhood, are dependent upon him for a market and for supplies of all they need from the outside world. Their crops are consumed by his horses and men, and their sons and brothers find employment in his service. The village about the mill is his property and the inhabitants are his servants. Hundreds of men and horses, under the direction of scores of foremen, labour for him through summer and winter,

undergoing the severest toil and perilling their lives to carry out his behests. His will is their law, his wages are their subsistence, and promotion in his service is their reward. Every foreman is chosen from the ranks of this great family. Should one of them take service with a rival house, he can never return to his allegiance. Great qualities of leadership are required for success in these vast enterprises, but if the rule of the lumber king is despotic, it is also patriarchal and beneficent.

For some distance above the Grais settlements continue on both sides of the river, but the stream itself is generally flanked by forest. High hills rise abruptly from its edge, and the land is a succession of well-defined benches. Good soil is found in the intervales of the tributaries, but some distance from the main river which in its course through the mountains forms many rapids and falls. The grandest of these are the Shawenegan Falls, twenty-four miles from Three Rivers. The river is narrowed between two projecting points, and divided by a rocky island into two channels of equal volume. The twin streams roll placidly for a while. Suddenly a swift rush begins, and their tawny water breaks into tossing foam. The right branch comes down with more direct course, dashed into white masses that rise, like fountains, perpendicularly into the air, and scatter their glittering beads of spray in wild profusion. The left branch sweeps round the island, and far up the narrow channel its stream can be seen, now reflecting the banks like a mirror and now tumbling over steps of shelving rock which stand darkly out of the variously-broken and lighted water. The play of colour from seal-brown to shining white is magnificent, and doubtless suggested the Indian name Shawenegan, or needlework, the "divers colours of needlework finely wrought." The left fall curves till at right angles to the other, when, meeting, they press upon and past a rocky point which stands out full against their united force when the water is low, but is swept by the Spring floods. Recoiling from its impetuous leaps against its adamantine barriers, the torrent sweeps down another long incline between walls of rock into a capacious bay, whose surface heaves as if with the panting of the water resting after its mad rush.

Into this bay enters the Shawenegan River, easily ascended by canoe, first through elm glades and restful flats, and then by sinuous turns between steep banks covered with spruce and birch, till the Little Shawenegan Falls burst on the view in exquisite loveliness.

In the quieter stretches of the St. Maurice there are many islands. These and the banks of the stream are beautifully wooded even up difficult steeps, rising far above the water's edge. Every here and there a mountain wall shadows the river, and breaks the forest greens with the purple and golden glories of the shrubs that alone can find hold upon its rugged face. Deep, gloomy gorges, through which come glimpses of a world of hills, mark the entrances of tributary streams. The grandeur and loveliness intensifies the mysterious solitude of the wilderness. Such is the country to which nearly three hundred years ago the *habitant* first came.



A GLIMPSE FROM THE MOUNTAIN.

MONTREAL

THERE is no more beautiful city on the continent of America than the commercial metropolis of the Dominion of Canada. The geographical features of the place at once suggest a city. Ocean-going steamers can navigate the river St. Lawrence no farther inland, but here. where insuperable difficulties stop navigation, nature has made it possible for human skill to produce a magnificent harbour. Lying between the

river and Mount Royal, rarely has it been the good fortune of any city to have so fine a background. The flat part, situated at the base by the river side, makes it easy for business; the sloping sides of the mountain are intended, perhaps, to meet the modern idea that prosperity shall build in the west end, and abundance in some overlooking heights. That which was natural happened; the city has extended westward and along the mountain side—that is to say, wealth used its undoubted right to erect its dwelling-places up the river where the water is clear, and up the mountain where the air is pure.



L'ESCALIER.

Reaching the city by way of the St. Lawrence, the eye rests upon a scene of rare beauty; three miles of river frontage turned into wharves; shipping of every kind and description, from the enormous steamship to the tiny pleasure yacht; back of that, long lines of warehouses; then, great public and private buildings, church spires and towers asserting their right to be higher than all other structures, and thus bid the busy world pause at times and look up. But the finest view of the city can be had from the mountain.

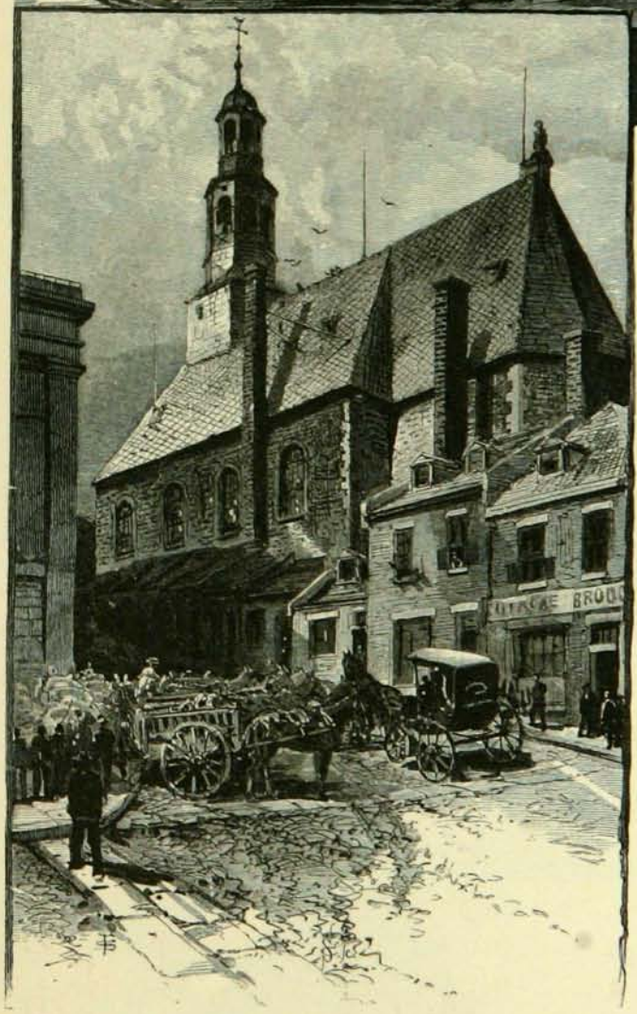
The top is reached by a winding path or, if the traveller choose, by steps suggestive of lungs and nerves, and a swimming head and death by falling. The view from the summit, however, is well worth the climb, whichever way may be chosen. The city lies at the base; the majestic St. Lawrence may be traced for miles. Just opposite it is spanned by the great Victoria Bridge, one mile and three-quarters long, built by Stephenson and Brunel, and opened by the Prince of Wales in 1861. Beyond the river is a vast stretch of land absolutely flat, bounded by ranges of hills among which, conspicuous, rise the twin mountains of St. Hilaire.

Montreal abounds with striking contrasts. The city is comparatively small—less than one hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants—as what was called "the census" has declared. It has had only one or two hundred years of history; and yet everything is here—the antique and the modern—while hostile oddities lie cheek-by-jowl on every hand. Here are frame houses, some of them scarcely better than an Irishman's hovel on his native bog, and ignorance and squalour and dirt; close at hand are great streets of great houses, all of fine-cut stone. Here are thousands of French who cannot speak one word of English, and thousands of English who cannot speak one word of French. Unthrift and thrift come along the same thoroughfares. Some are content with a bare existence and some are not content with colossal fortunes. In social life we have the old French families with their Old World refinement pressed upon and almost pushed out of existence by the loud manners of the *nouveaux riches*. The older houses have their heirlooms of gold trinkets and silver plate; the new houses have their art galleries of elaborate picture-frames, the meanest of which would honour Cellini, and gladden the eyes and heart of a solid Manchester man.

We have the same striking contrasts in the appearance of the people on the streets. Here are unmistakable descendants of the ancient Iroquois Indians; at a turn we come upon a company who, by their dress and talk, take us back to the peasant classes of older France; while crowding everywhere are ladies and gentlemen of the most approved modern type, according to the fashions of London, Paris, and New York. The business of the place shows the same quaint differences. At one market we are in an exclusively agricultural district; there is nothing to suggest a ship, a warehouse, or a factory; buyers and sellers are country people with country ways, except that now and then a lady from the more aristocratic parts ventures to go a-marketing in the interests of economy. Our illustration represents what may be seen in one of the principal squares of the city on a market day. All the streets round the Bonsecours Market are crowded with carts filled with country produce, and the overflow finds its way into Jacques Cartier Square. The horses feeding peacefully as they would beside a country hostelry, primitive carts and harness, the *habitant* piously committing his horse or his basket to the care of God while he slips into the old church to say a prayer, are not the pictures one expects to find in a great city

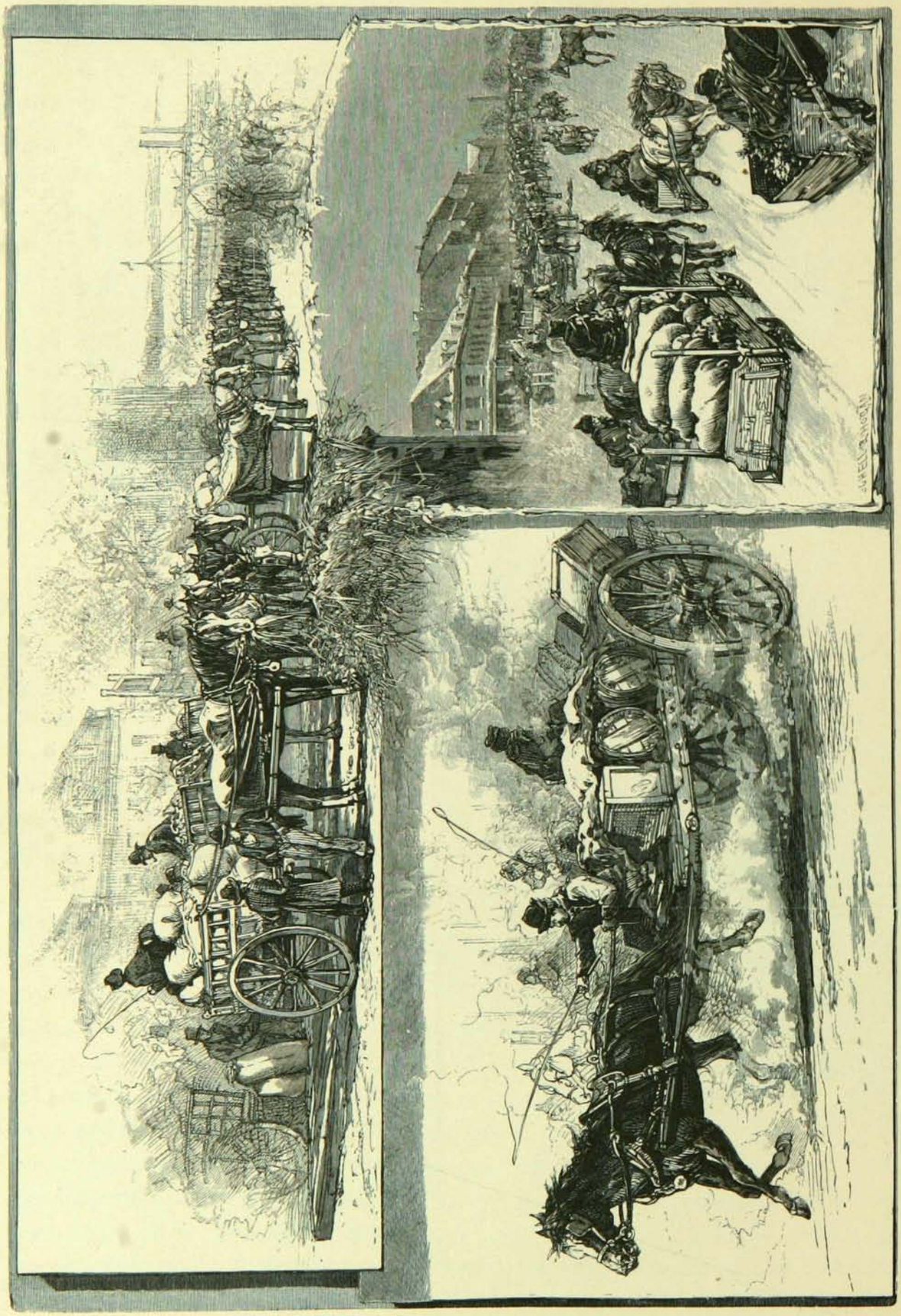


COMMISSIONER'S WHARF, AND BONSECOURS MARKET.

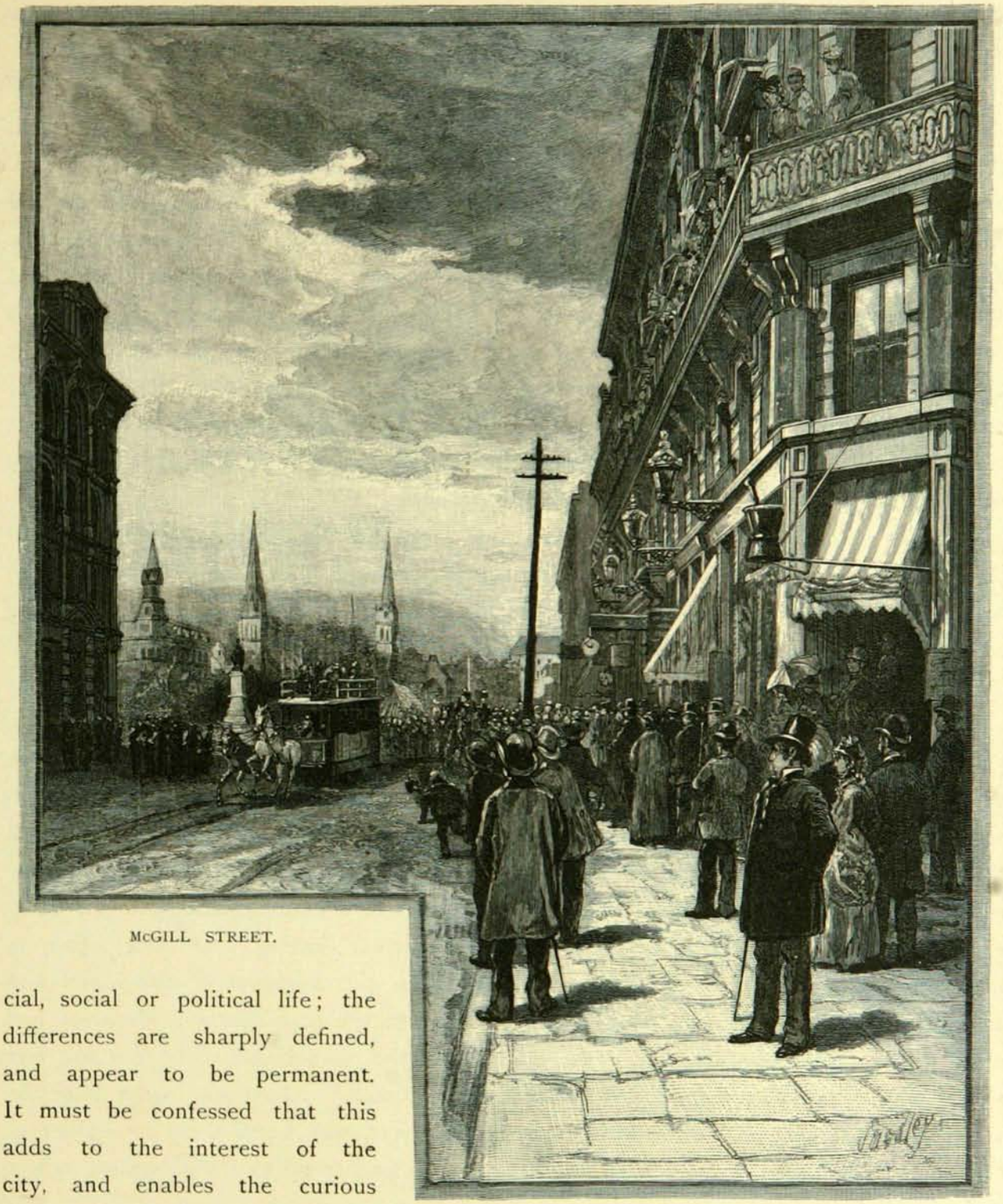


BONSECOURS CHURCH.

in the restless New World. A very little way to the west, you are in a different latitude. Signs of commerce and modern taste and industrial life abound. Here is a corner where we look into Victoria Square. The crowded streets, the magnificent cut-stone shops, hotels and warehouses, the well-appointed hall and rooms of the Young Men's Christian Association — the oldest Association of the kind in America,—the beautiful Kirk, Salisbury Cathedral in miniature, the bronze statue of the Queen by Marshall Wood, all reflect the nineteenth century. What surprises the visitor is the sharp distinction so long maintained. The new does not shoulder the ancient out of the way—does not even modify it. They move along parallel lines, neither affecting the other. There is no fusion of races in commer-



MARKET SCENES IN JACQUES CARTIER SQUARE.



McGILL STREET.

cial, social or political life; the differences are sharply defined, and appear to be permanent. It must be confessed that this adds to the interest of the city, and enables the curious to study human life and work under a variety of aspects. But we must turn now to a closer description of people and places and their history.

The history of Montreal is an eventful one, and full of interest. The site was first visited by Jacques Cartier, the discoverer of Canada, on the 2d October, 1535. The Algonquin village of twelve hundred inhabitants was then named Hochelaga, and the Frenchman was well received, supplies of fish and maize being freely offered in return

for beads, knives, small mirrors and crucifixes. Hochelaga was, even in those days, a centre of importance, having eight or ten settlements subject to it. Nothing more was heard of it, however, till 1611, when Champlain left Quebec for Hochelaga, with the intention of establishing there a trading-station. Temporary structures were erected, ground was cleared and seeds were sown, in order to test the fertility of the soil. Before returning to Quebec, Champlain held conferences with many Indians—Hurons and Algonquins—who had come to meet him in the neighbourhood of the present Lachine Rapids. Two years later, Champlain visited Hochelaga again, and pushed forward up the river Ottawa as far as Lake Nipissing. It was not, however, till 1640 that a permanent establishment was attempted on the island of Montreal. In that year a society, designated "La Compagnie de Montreal," was formed in Paris for the promotion of religion in the colony. This Company consisted of about thirty persons of wealth, who proposed to build a regular town and protect it against the Indians by means of fortifications. Maisonneuve, a distinguished and pious soldier from Champagne, was chosen to lead the expedition and direct the Company. The sanction of the King of France having been obtained, priests and families were sent out, and on the 17th of May, 1642, Villemarie was solemnly consecrated. The spot chosen for the ceremony was near the foot of the mountain.

Maisonneuve was a great man, knightly in bearing, brave as a lion and devout as a monk. Among his most efficient colleagues was d'Aillebout, who was subsequently twice Governor of New France. During the first few years the colony of Villemarie barely managed to subsist, being constantly exposed to the incursions of Indians. On one occasion, in 1652, a small band of Frenchmen defeated a body of two hundred Iroquois in the immediate neighbourhood of Montreal. The following year Maisonneuve returned from France with three vessels and upwards of a hundred soldiers. In 1663, an important event occurred, the "Company of Montreal" having sold their rights to the Seminary of Montreal, who have ever since been the seigniors of the island and associated with every incident of its history. In 1672 the population of Montreal had reached the figure of 1500, and a few years later the place began to be laid out into streets within a quadrangular space surrounded by a wall. About the same time the village of Laprairie, on the opposite side of the river, was founded by a number of converted Iroquois, and later they migrated a little farther up to Caughnawaga, where their descendants survive to this day.

The Iroquois were the allies of the English of the New England Colonies and the Dutch on the Hudson, as the Hurons were of the French of Canada; and the wars between these two savage nations naturally involved their white friends. In 1690 an expedition, consisting of two hundred French and Indians, set out from Montreal on snow-shoes, and fell upon a Dutch settlement at Schenectady, putting all therein to fire and sword. In retaliation, a force of thirteen hundred men, under General Winthrop



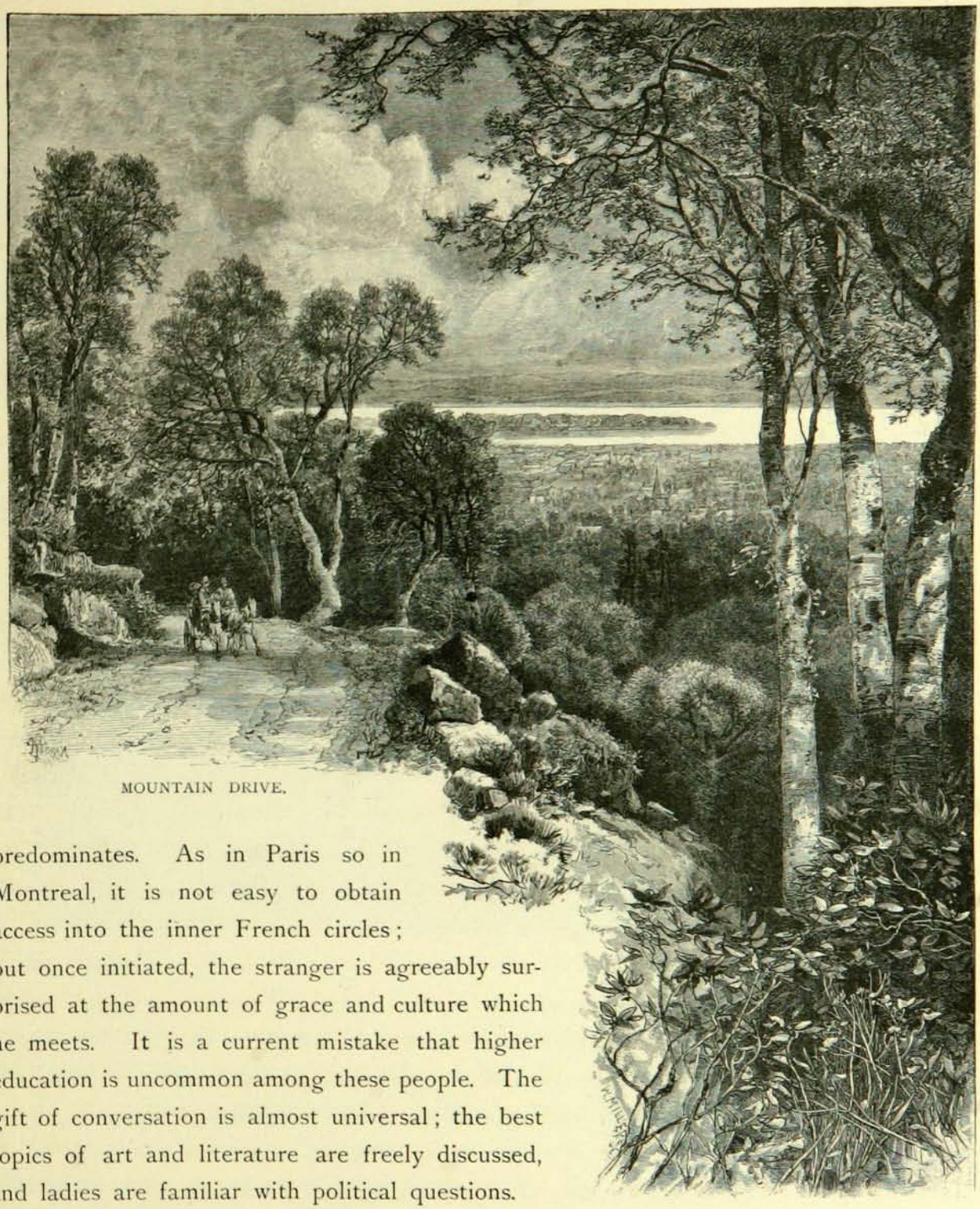
MONTREAL FROM THE MOUNTAIN.

and Major Schuyler, was equipped for a movement upon Montreal, by the way of Lake Champlain, while a fleet was dispatched against Quebec under the command of Sir William Phipps. The former accomplished nothing, owing to the difficulties of the march, and were easily repulsed; while the defeat of the latter by Frontenac is one of the most brilliant pages of the history of New France. In 1700–01 a great peace was concluded at Montreal between the Iroquois on the one hand, and the Hurons, Ottawas, Abnakis, and Algonquins on the other. This did not prevent works of defence being carried on, and in 1722 a low stone wall was erected, with bastions and outlets, extending all around the town. The population of Montreal at that time was three thousand. The fortifications, however, were available only against the Indians, and were not calculated to withstand artillery, as the events of fifty years later clearly proved. In 1760, after the fall of Quebec and the unsuccessful attempt of Lévis to recover that stronghold, Montreal became the last station of French power in America, and it is therefore indissolubly connected with the closing events of the Conquest. The British plan of campaign was to hem Montreal in from every side. With that view, General Murray moved up from Quebec, while Colonel Haviland advanced his army, composed of three thousand regulars and provincials, with a small body of Indians, from Crown Point on Lake Champlain, and up the Richelieu. On his side Sir Jeffrey Amherst, the Commander-in-Chief, set out from Albany and passed through the Iroquois country, now the State of New York, as far as Oswego, where he took boats to transport his men across the lower part of Lake Ontario and down the St. Lawrence. When he reached Lachine, Haviland had already occupied the south shore of the river opposite the city, and Murray was master of the territory extending to the foot of the island. Lévis had fired his last musket, Vaudreuil had exhausted all his diplomacy, and there only remained to be enacted the final scene of Capitulation whereby the fairest colony of France was transferred to Great Britain. It has never been definitely ascertained at what particular spot this impressive historical event took place. Most historians locate it at the Château de Ramezay, on Notre Dame Street, the official residence of Marquis de Vaudreuil, Governor and Lieutenant-General. There is a local tradition, however, that the Articles of Surrender were signed in a small frame house, on the Cote des Neiges road, behind the mountain, which was unfortunately destroyed by fire only a few years ago. It is not necessary to trace the general history of the city from this point of the Conquest down to our day. It will suffice to say that from 1760 to 1810, Montreal was little better than a frontier outpost, and an emporium of the trade of peltries with the Indians. In the succeeding decade, the North-West was explored by a number of hardy adventurers—the Selkirks, MacTavishes and others penetrated into the wilderness; the North-West Company multiplied its stations throughout the Red River valley, and Montreal became the headquarters of all these mighty traders. There are episodes in this period of the history of Montreal, up to 1830, which have the charm of romance, reminding one

of its ancient days. The famous *voyageurs* and *coureurs de bois* are indissolubly associated with the city. All the canoes that went up the Ottawa, thence to French River and Georgian Bay, to Lake Superior and on through innumerable portages, to Lake of the Woods and the Winnipeg River and Lake to Fort Garry, set out from the village of Lachine, it is true, but they were all laden with Montreal freight and propelled by the stalwart arms of Montreal oarsmen. Then came the great development of the lumber trade, which gave additional importance to Montreal and increased its wealth. This trade brought the whole back country of the Upper Ottawa into commercial union with the city, and the profitable connection has continued down to the present time. Toward 1840, steamboat navigation was introduced, first from Montreal to Quebec, and afterwards from Montreal to the principal towns of Upper Canada. This was the dawn of the era which was gradually to enlarge into the system of railways and steamships whereby the standard position of Montreal as one of the chief cities of the continent was permanently assured.

It is easy to trace the two main divisions of the population of Montreal. Taking St. Lawrence Main Street as a dividing line, all that is east of it is French, and all that is west of it is English-speaking. The two nationalities scarcely overlap this conventional barrier, except in a few isolated cases. And other external characteristics of the French population are as distinct as their language. The houses are less pretentious, though quite comfortable, and there is a general absence of ornament or of surrounding plantations. The extreme eastern portion is designated the Quebec suburbs, and there the native people can be studied as easily as in the rural villages, from which the majority hail. They are an honest, hard-working race, very gay and courteous, and of primitive simplicity of life. Their thrift is remarkable, and they manage to subsist on one half of what would hardly satisfy the needs of people of other nationalities. The old folks speak little or no English, but it is different with the rising generation. These use the two languages indifferently, and herein possess a marked advantage over the English, Scotch and Irish. Within late years also, they have learned to husband their resources. They have in their midst a flourishing branch of the City and District Savings Bank, a number of building societies and two or three benevolent guilds. Their poor are cared for by the St. Vincent de Paul Association, which has several ramifications, and the Union St. Joseph is devoted to the relief of artisans during life, and of their families after death.

There is a great deal of hoarded wealth among the French inhabitants, but as a rule they do not invest it freely. They have among them some of the richest men in the city who, however, are modest in their wants, and make no display either in the way of sumptuous mansions or gaudy equipages. Although extremely hospitable and fond of society, they are not in the habit of giving balls or fancy entertainments, their evenings being spent mostly in mutual visits, where a quiet game of cards



MOUNTAIN DRIVE.

predominates. As in Paris so in Montreal, it is not easy to obtain access into the inner French circles; but once initiated, the stranger is agreeably surprised at the amount of grace and culture which he meets. It is a current mistake that higher education is uncommon among these people. The gift of conversation is almost universal; the best topics of art and literature are freely discussed, and ladies are familiar with political questions.

The western part of the city is English. By this term is meant all those whose vernacular is our mother-tongue. Numerically, the English portion is not so great as the Scotch, who unquestionably take the lead in commerce, finance and public enterprise generally. In perhaps no section of the Colonies have Englishmen and Scotchmen made more of their opportunities than in Montreal. There is an air of prosperity about all their surroundings which at once impresses the visitor. Taken all in all, there is perhaps no wealthier city area in the

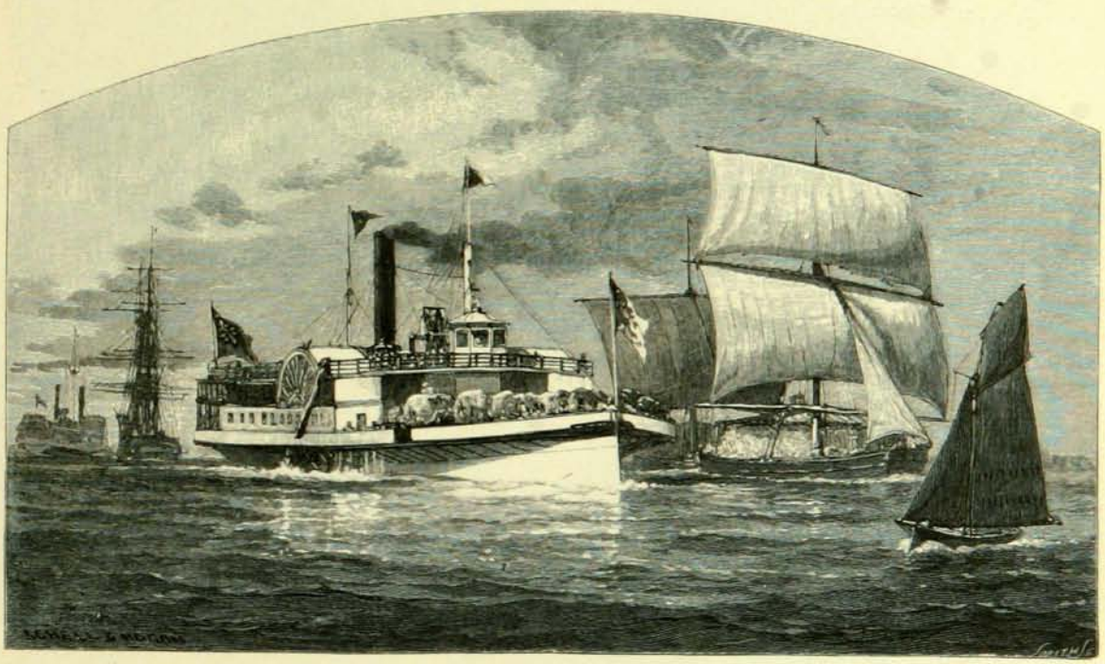
world than that comprised between Beaver Hall Hill and the foot of Mount Royal, and between the parallel lines of Dorchester and Sherbrooke Streets in the West End. Sherbrooke Street is scarcely surpassed by the Fifth Avenue of New York in the magnificence of its buildings. The grounds include demesne and park, the charms of the country amid the rush and roar of a great commercial centre. In winter the equipages present a most attractive spectacle. It has been said that in this respect only St. Petersburg can claim precedence over Montreal. A favourite drive on a Saturday afternoon in winter is from Victoria Square to Nelson's Column and back, the sumptuous sleighs of every description, drawn by high-steppers, and bearing lovely women ensconced in the richest furs of the Canadian forest, following each other in endless succession. There is also a winter driving club, which periodically starts from the iron gates of McGill College and glides like the wind along the country roads to a hospitable rendezvous at Sault aux Récollet, Lachine or Longue Pointe, where a bounteous repast and a "hop" are provided. The return home under the moon and stars is the most enjoyable feature of the entertainment, and many a journey through life has been initiated by these exhilarating drives.

The extreme south-western portion of the city is occupied almost exclusively by the Irish population. It is called Griffintown, from a man of that name who first settled there and leased a large tract of ground from the Grey Nuns for ninety-nine years. Over sixty years of this lease have already expired, so that in about twenty-five or thirty years the ground rent of this immense section will revert to the nuns. Griffintown comprises a little world within itself—shops, factories, schools, academies, churches and asylums. The Irish population of Montreal take a high stand in business, politics and society. They number in their ranks many successful merchants and large capitalists, and have leading representatives in all the learned professions.

The island of Montreal is the most fertile area in the Province of Quebec, and is specially renowned for its fruit, the *Pomme Grise*, queen of russets, and the incomparable *Fameuse*, growing with a perfection obtainable nowhere else. It is thickly settled, being studded with thriving villages and rich farms. It is about thirty miles long and ten broad, and is formed by the confluence of the Ottawa with the St. Lawrence at Ste. Anne's, in the western extremity, and by the meeting of the same rivers at Bout de l'Isle, on the eastern verge. The Ottawa behind the island is called Rivière des Prairies by the French, while the English have adopted the more prosaic title of Back River. About the middle of its course is a rapid known as Sault aux Récollet, so called from a Récollet missionary who perished there in the days of the Iroquois.

The city is bountifully provided with summer resorts and retreats within easy distance by rail and river. Lachine and Ste. Anne's have long been favourites among these, being admirably fitted by nature for boating and fishing purposes. They contain many charming villas and country houses. St. Lambert, immediately opposite the city,

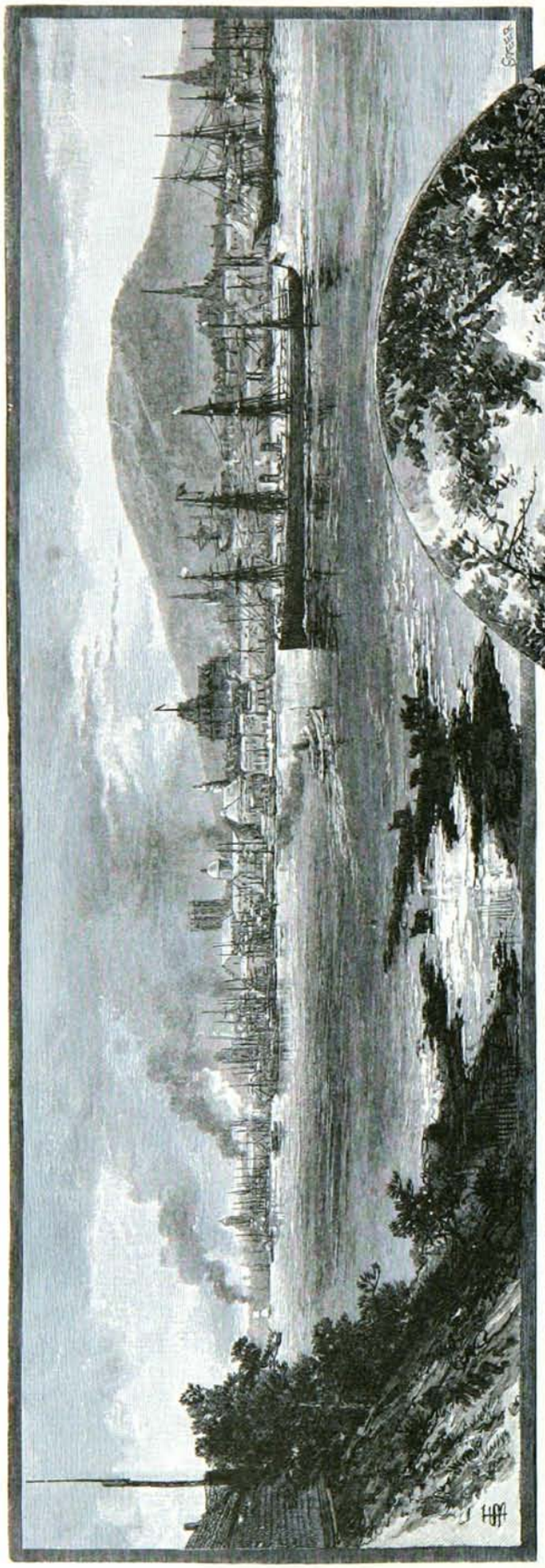
is growing in estimation from year to year. An old stopping-place is Longueuil, a little below St. Lambert, which has long had a considerable English colony, and is still a favourite resort in summer. No institution pays so well as the Longueuil Ferry, for a great deal of the traffic from the fertile counties of Chambly and Laprairie comes by it to the city. The quiet bay in front of the village is the roadstead for the craft of the Longueuil Yacht Club, whose record stands high in aquatic annals. Within an hour's ride is Chambly, situate on a basin of the same name, which forms part of the beautiful Richelieu River. Directly opposite tower the basaltic pillars of Belœil Mountain, one of the most picturesque spots in Canada, on whose summit a lovely



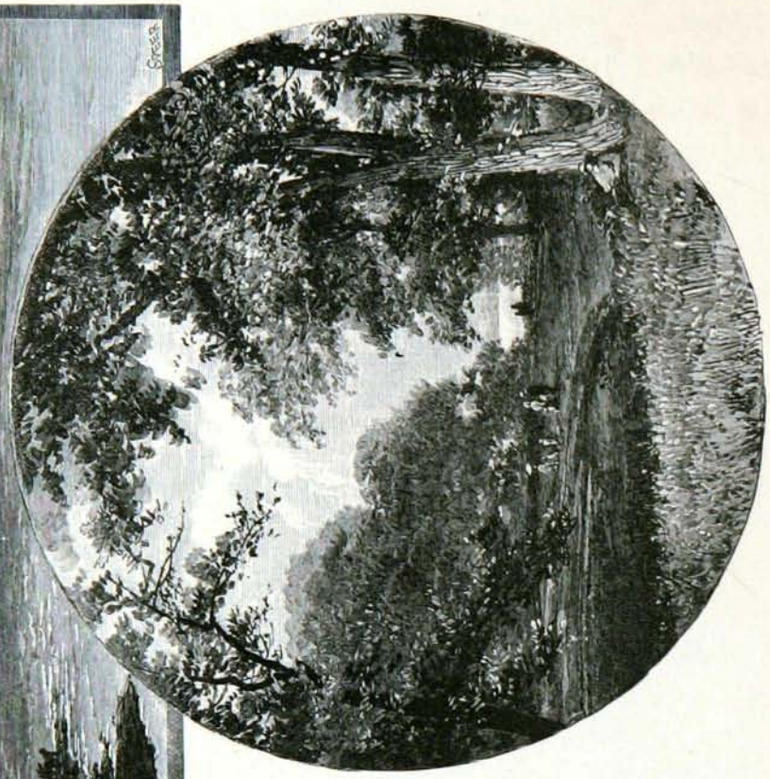
THE LONGUEUIL FERRY.

lake mirrors the sky—a spot resorted to by scores of families whose heads are able to come and go, to and from the city, without detriment to their business.

In the way of parks and pleasure-grounds Montreal is singularly fortunate. There is a Mountain Park and an Island Park, both of which may fairly claim to be unrivalled. The former cost the city nearly half a million of dollars, but is well worth the money. The drive round it is a favourite afternoon recreation for citizens and visitors. It ascends from the south-eastern base of Mount Royal, by curves that are sometimes like corkscrews, to the highest altitude, whence a magnificent panorama is outspread, including the whole island of Montreal, the fair Richelieu peninsula, the blue waters of Lake Champlain, and the undulating line of the Green Mountains of Vermont. Our illustration on page 113 shows the Nuns' Island above the Victoria bridge, a beautiful islet that owes its name to its ownership. This Mountain Park is



MONTREAL FROM ST. HELEN'S ISLAND.



THE ISLAND PARK.

still in its native ruggedness, and it will take years before it is completed, according to a scientific plan embracing tracts of landscape-gardening, relieved by spaces of woodland, glade and primeval forest. It is intended also to have preserves for game and wild animals. The Island Park is St. Helen's Island, in the middle of the river, and in it, within reach of sling or arquebuse, Montreal possesses a pleasure resort nowhere excelled. St. Helen's Island has a romantic history. Champlain's wife, Helen Bouillé, took a fancy to it, bought it with the contents of her own purse, and in return Champlain gave it her name. Later, it fell into the hands of the Le Moyne family, and became incorporated in their seigniory of Longueuil. Finally, it was purchased by the Imperial Government for military purposes, and barracks were erected thereon. After

the departure of the British troops from the country, the property was passed over to the Federal Government, who leased it, on certain conditions, to the city for park purposes. Looking at it from the city one has no idea of its height in the centre. It slopes upward from the water's edge, and thus affords a capital military position, as may be seen at a glance in our illustration of the Old Battery. The same feature makes it one of the best possible points from which to get a view of the city, especially of the harbour and long-extended line of wharves and docks, with the mountain towering up in the back-



OLD BATTERY, ST. HELEN'S ISLAND.

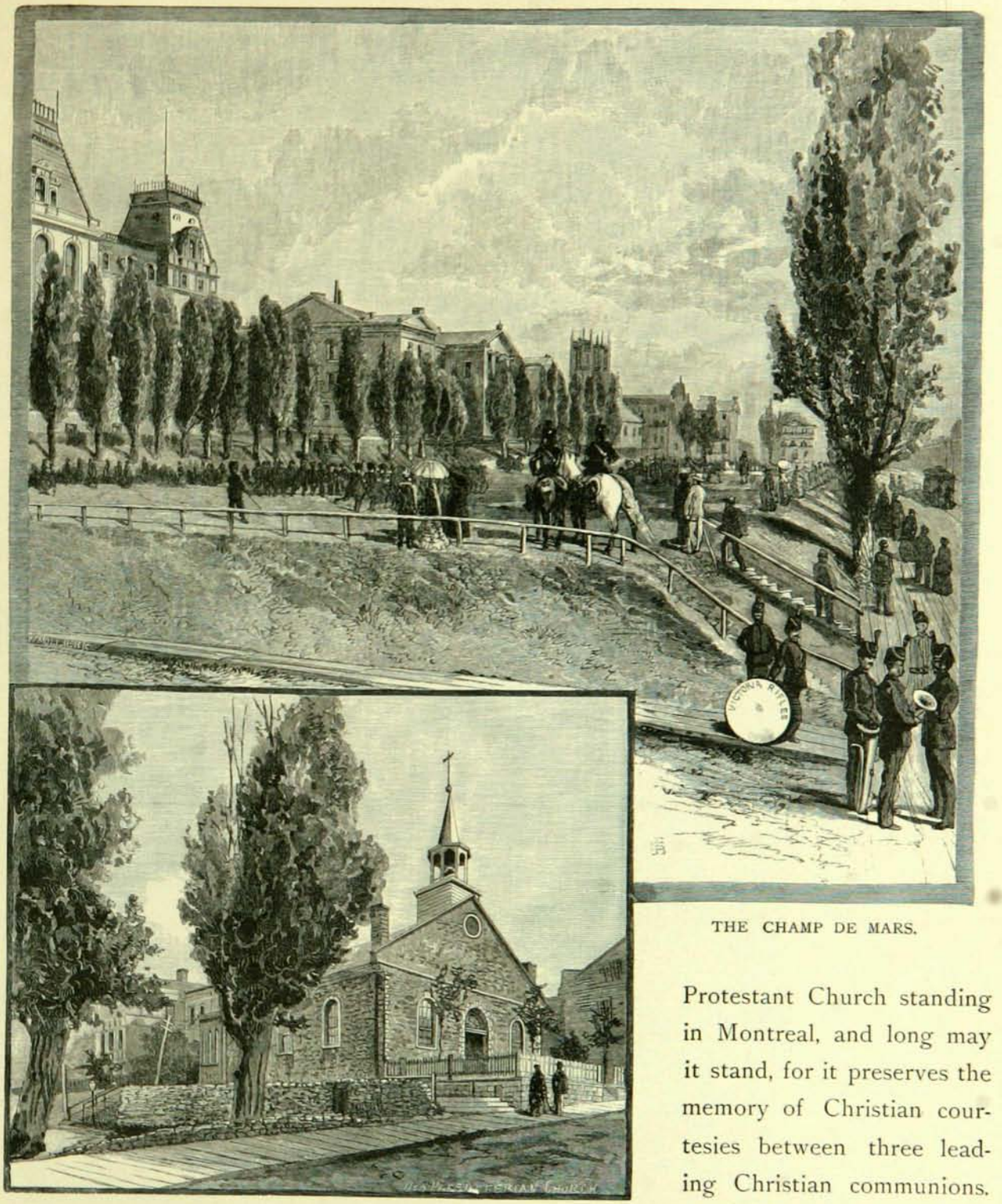
ground. In the fall of 1760, the island was the scene of a dramatic incident. The Chevalier de Lévis, who defeated Murray at the battle of Ste. Foye in the summer of that year, and would have recaptured Quebec and retrieved the disaster of the Plains of Abraham, had not a British fleet suddenly arrived under the shadow of Cape Diamond, was obliged to retreat towards Montreal, whither he was soon followed by Murray and Amherst. The French had to bow to the inevitable, and Vaudreuil signed the articles of capitulation. Meantime Lévis, who had retired to St. Helen's Island, sent a flag of truce to Murray, to request the surrender of his troops with the honours of war. For some inexplicable reason this demand was not granted, and

the high-minded Frenchman construed the denial into an insult. When the shadows of night had fallen, and the foliage of the great trees intensified the darkness, he gathered his men in the centre of the island around a pyre of blazing wood. At the word of command the colours were trooped, the staffs broken, and the whole thrown into the fire, while the drums beat to arms, and the veterans cried "Vive la France!" with the anguish of despair. The next morning the remnant of the French army filed before their conquerors and piled their arms, but never a shred of the white flag was there, to deepen their humiliation.

Chief among the public squares and gardens of Montreal, in size and in historic interest, is the Champ de Mars. In 1812, the citadel or mound on the present site of Dalhousie Square was demolished, and the earth of which it was composed was carried over and strewn upon the Champ de Mars. This fact, within the memory of the oldest inhabitants, has led some people to suppose that the Field of Mars dates only from that comparatively late period. Such, however, is not the fact. No doubt the dumping of so much new earth, with proper levelling and rolling, was a great improvement; but the site and general outlines of the ground itself belong to a higher antiquity. The Champ was a scene of promenade in the old French days, and many is the golden sunset that fired the leafy cylinders of its Lombardy poplars, as beaux, with peaked hats and purple doublets, sauntered under their graceful ranks in the company of short-skirted damsels. The chief glory of the Champ de Mars is its military history. With the single exception of the Plains of Abraham, there is no other piece of ground in America which has been successively trodden by the armies of so many different nations in martial array. First, it witnessed the evolutions of the blue-coated Frenchmen—probably such historical regiments as those of Carignan and Rousillon—and its sands were crunched by the hoofs of chargers that bore Montcalm and Lévis. Then the serried ranks of red-coats paraded from the days of Murray and Carleton. It were worth while to know how many regiments of the British army have, at one time or another, turned out on the Champ de Mars. Next, for about six months, the ground was used by

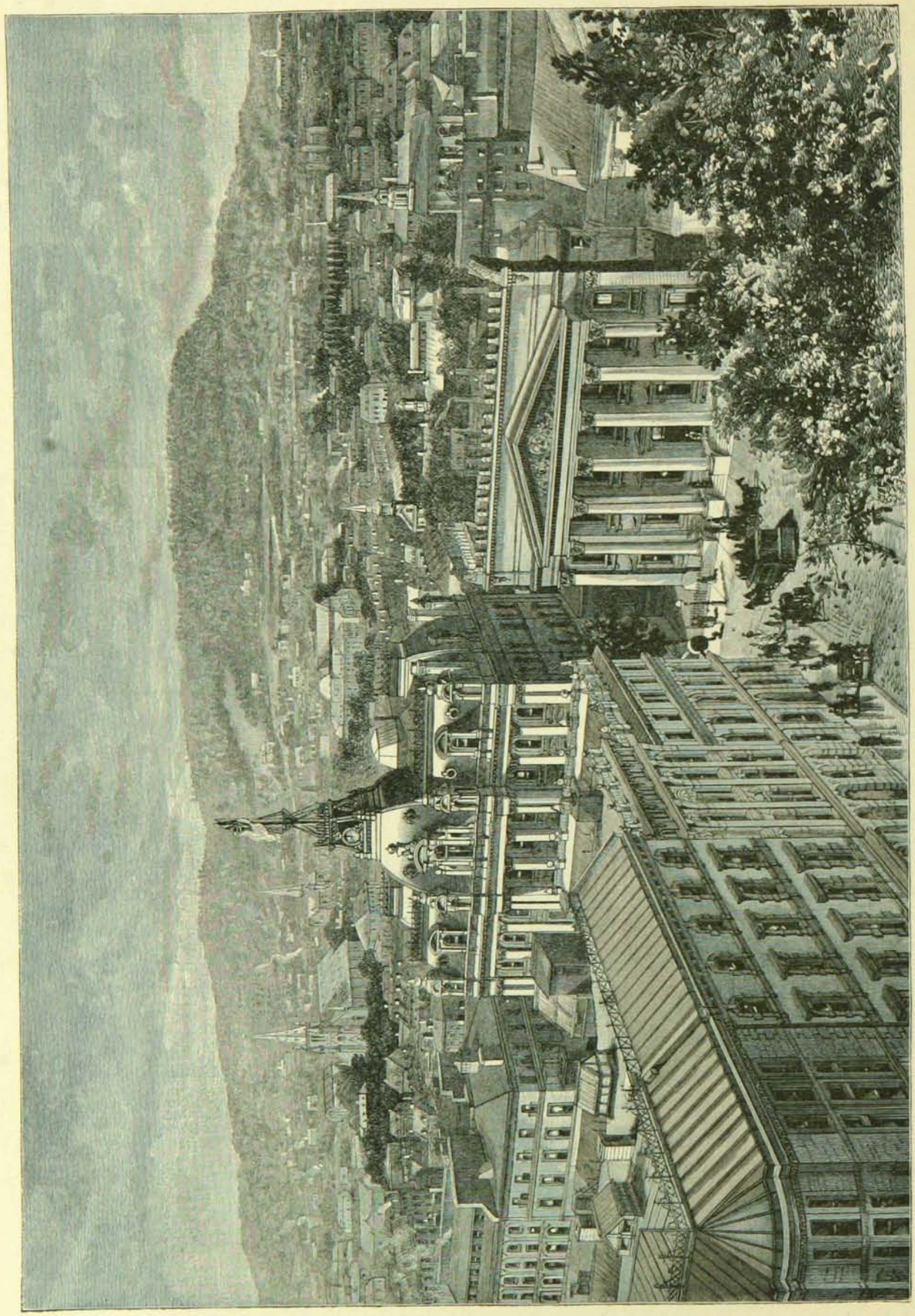
> "The cocked-hat Continentals,
> In their ragged regimentals;"

many of whom went forth therefrom to defeat and death under the cliffs at Quebec, with the heroic Montgomery. And now it is the parade-ground of our Canadian Volunteers. The illustration gives us a specimen of the Victoria Rifles, one of Montreal's crack regiments. The buildings shown are the rear of the Hôtel de Ville and of the Court House; then the twin towers of the parish church, which are seen from almost every point of view; and next to them the side of the modest little Presbyterian Church called St. Gabriel's, which is given below in its full dimensions. This is the oldest



THE CHAMP DE MARS.

Protestant Church standing in Montreal, and long may it stand, for it preserves the memory of Christian courtesies between three leading Christian communions. While the church was being built, the good old Récollet Fathers offered the congregation the use of their chapel to worship in. The sturdy Scotchmen accepted the offer, and when they moved into their own kirk presented the Fathers with a hogshead of Canary wine and two boxes of candles. Subsequently, when the Anglican church was burnt, the Presbyterians—doubtless remembering how they had been indebted to others—came forward promptly and put St. Gabriel's at the entire disposal of the Anglicans for the half of every



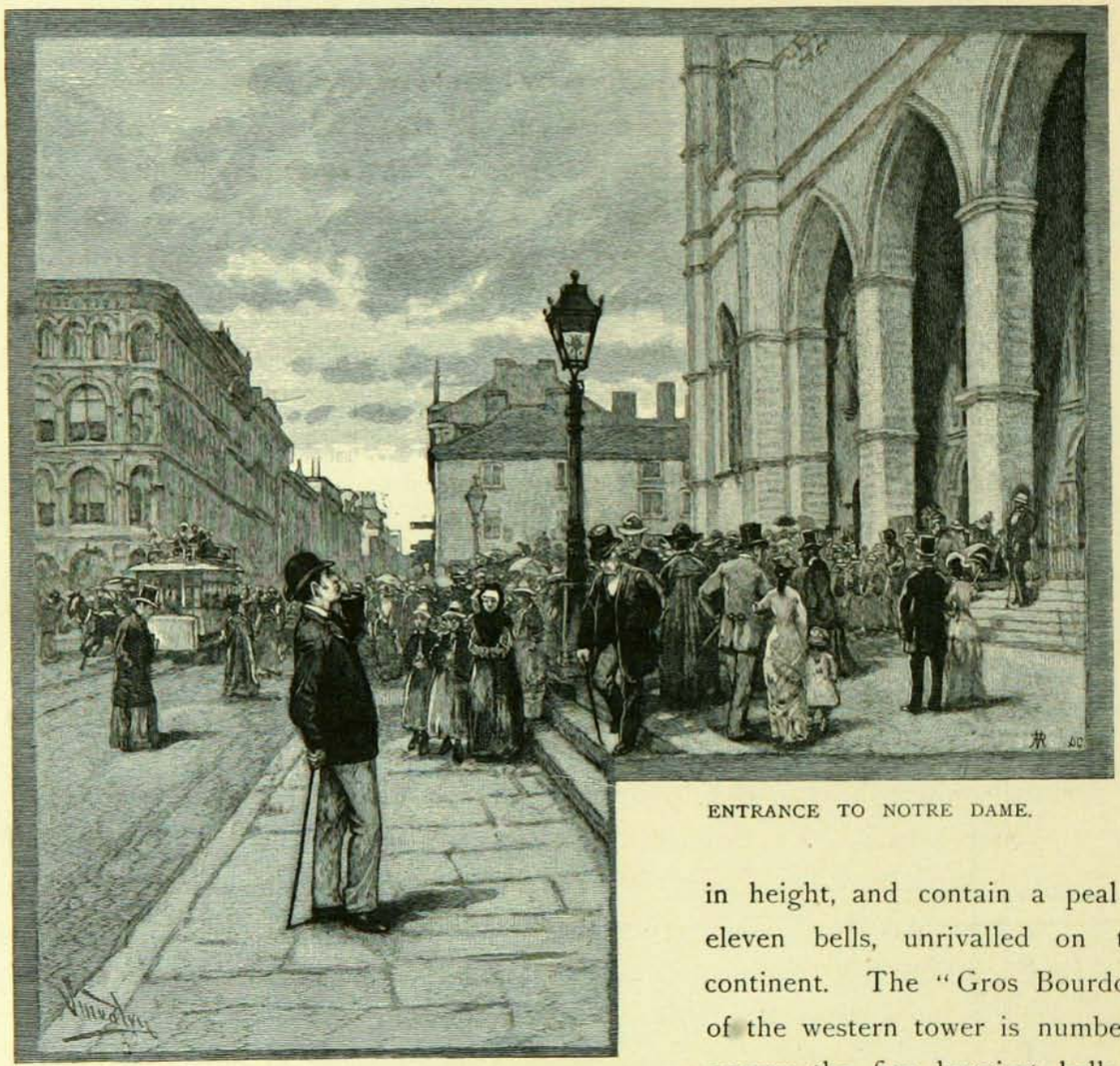
FROM THE TOWERS OF NOTRE DAME, OVERLOOKING THE PLACE D'ARMES.

Sunday, until their church could be rebuilt. This offer was accepted as graciously as it was made, and thus St. Gabriel's is, in itself, a monument equal in interest to anything in Montreal.

Historically, the Place d'Armes is even more interesting. As it stands at present, there are few more charming spots in Canada, framed in as it is by the Corinthian portico of the Montreal Bank, the Ionic colonnade of the City Bank—now the buildings of the Canada Pacific Railway Company—and the towers of Notre Dame. Our view is taken from Notre Dame, so that we get only a portion of the Place d'Armes ; but while we lose part of the Place, we gain a glimpse of the city as a whole, extending away to the foot of the mountains. Next to the Bank of Montreal, with its beautiful portico, stands the Post Office. Between it and the mountains the most prominent buildings are St. Mary's College and the Church of the *Gesu*, which attracts Protestants to its services by good music. Farther west the unshapely pile of St. Patrick's Cathedral bulks largely on the slope of Beaver Hall. The garden of the Place d'Armes is very beautiful in summer, with its young trees and central pyramidal fountain ; but in winter it is invested with a particular glory—for the place is the coldest spot in Montreal at all seasons of the year—the north-west winds streaming from the mountain in that direction as through a Colorado cañon. Its history goes back to the early history of the city. In 1643 and 1644, the Colony of Villemarie—the beautiful ancient name of Montreal—was practically in a state of siege, owing to the incursions of Indians. The noble Maisonneuve kept on the defensive for a time, until he was remonstrated with, and several of his more influential followers openly charged him with cowardice. This stirred his martial spirit ; he determined on changing his tactics. With a train of dogs accustomed to scent the trail of the Iroquois, and at the head of thirty armed men, he marched out in the direction of the mountain, where he was met by upwards of two hundred savages, who fell upon him and compelled his forces to retreat. Maisonneuve formed the rear-guard. With a pistol in each hand, he walked slowly back, and never halted until he reached the present site of the Place d'Armes. There, when the French had repulsed the foe and gathered their dead and wounded, they understood both the valour of their commandant and the wisdom of remaining behind the shelter of their fortifications.

There is no city in America which has a greater number of public institutions of an ecclesiastical, educational, or charitable character. Chief among these is the Church of Notre Dame, the largest edifice of the kind in America, except the Cathedral of Mexico. At the founding of Villemarie, a temporary chapel of bark was built on "Pointe á Calliére," which was used until the following year, when a wooden structure was raised on the same spot. In 1654, this chapel becoming too small, M. de Maisonneuve suggested the construction of a more commodious church adjoining the hospital in St. Paul Street, on the spot where stands to-day the block of stores belonging to the Hôtel Dieu. Service was held there for upwards of twenty years. In 1672, the

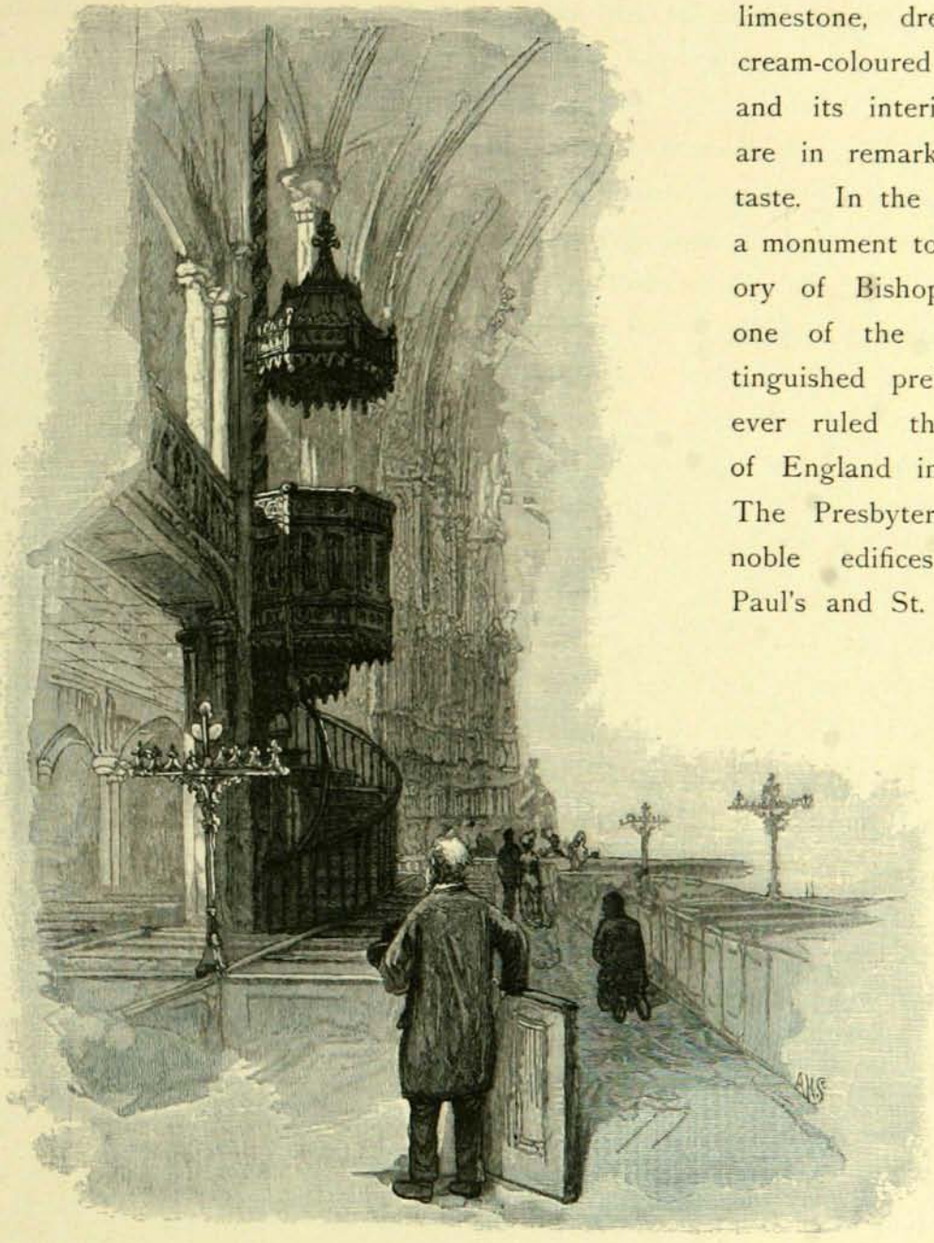
foundations of a more spacious edifice were laid in the Place d'Armes, and the church was completed in 1678. This lasted till 1823, when the present temple was devised, which, on the 15th June, 1829, was opened for public worship under the auspices of Mgr. Lartigue, first R. C. Bishop of Montreal. The pile was intended to be a representative of its namesake, Notre Dame, of Paris. Its towers are 227 feet



ENTRANCE TO NOTRE DAME.

in height, and contain a peal of eleven bells, unrivalled on this continent. The "Gros Bourdon" of the western tower is numbered among the five heaviest bells in the world. It was cast in London, weighs 24,780 pounds, is six feet high, and at its mouth measures eight feet seven inches in diameter. The nave of the church, including the sanctuary, is 220 feet in length, nearly 80 feet in height, 69 in width, exclusive of the side aisles, which measure 25½ feet each, and the walls are five feet thick. The church is capable of holding 12,000, and on extraordinary occasions, when chairs are used, 15,000 persons. The twin towers of Notre Dame stand out to every traveller as one of the notable landmarks of Montreal.

Other churches are so numerous that Montreal, like Brooklyn, has been denominated the City of Churches. Christ Church Cathedral, on St. Catherine Street, stands deservedly first. It is a gem of Gothic architecture, not surpassed by Grace Church, of New York. It is built of limestone, dressed with cream-coloured sandstone, and its interior fittings are in remarkably good taste. In the grounds is a monument to the memory of Bishop Fulford, one of the most distinguished prelates that ever ruled the Church of England in Canada. The Presbyterians have noble edifices in St. Paul's and St. Andrew's.



PULPIT OF NOTRE DAME.

The Methodists, Unitarians, Congregationalists and others are well represented, while the Israelites have two synagogues. The Jesuits boast of a church which is an exact counterpart of the celebrated *Gesu*, of Rome. The spirit of ambition is strong in the Catholics. The late Bishop, Mgr. Bourget, commenced the task of erecting a *fac-simile* in miniature of St. Peter's. The architect was instructed to proceed to Rome

and simply reduce St. Peter's to exactly one-third of its actual dimensions and reproduce it in that fashion in Montreal. Slowly it has been growing before the puzzled eyes of the citizens, and strangers ask with wonderment what it is, or is likely to be.

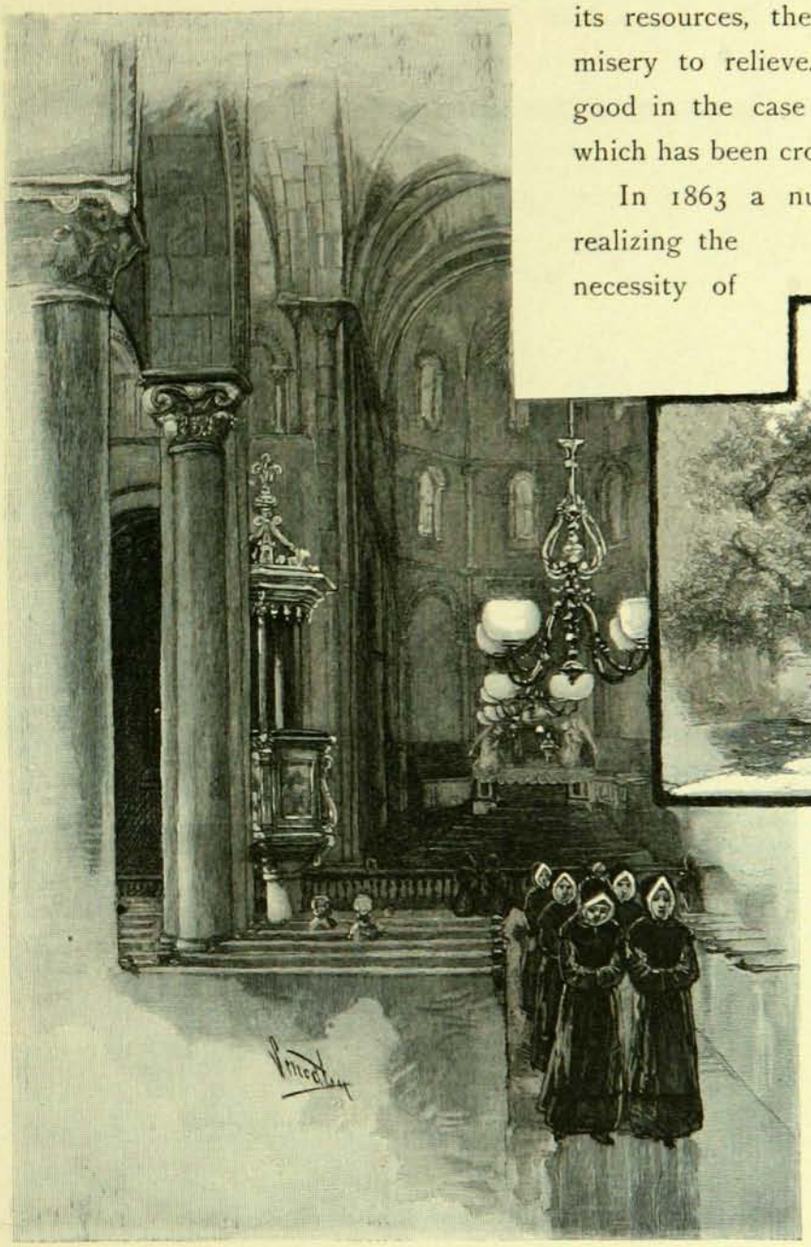
Not only are the charitable institutions of Montreal more numerous in respect to population than those of any other city on this continent, but several of them belong to a high antiquity, and are intimately connected with salient events in the history of New France. The foundation, for instance, of the Hôtel Dieu, reads like a romance. When Maisonneuve offered his services to the "Compagnie de Montreal," and was named Governor of the future colony, he was sagacious enough to understand that his scheme stood in need of a virtuous woman who would take care of the sick, and superintend the distribution of supplies. Such a person should be of heroic mould, to face the dangers and privations of the wilderness. What gold could not purchase, Providence supplied in the person of a young woman—Jeanne Mance, daughter of a *procureur du roi*, near Lamoges, in Champagne—who was impelled by an irresistible *vocation* to the missions of New France. Queen Anne, of Austria, and several distinguished ladies of the Court, apprised of her merit and extraordinary resolution, encouraged her in her design; and Madame Bouillon, a distinguished lady of that period, placed means at her disposal for the establishment of an hospital. In the summer of 1641, two vessels sailed from La Rochelle, one bearing Maisonneuve, a priest and twenty-five men—the other carrying Mademoiselle Mance, a missionary and twelve men. The winter was spent at Sillery, near Quebec. On the opening of navigation in 1642, a small flotilla, consisting of two barges, a pinnace and another boat, moved up the solitary highway of the St. Lawrence, and on the 18th May possession was taken of Montreal by the celebration of a solemn mass. The two principal persons who figured at the ceremony were Maisonneuve and Mademoiselle Mance; and thus it happened that a woman assisted in the founding of this great city.

Another community has long been identified with the history of Montreal. The mission of the Grey Nuns is to assist the poor, visit the sick, educate the orphan, and enfold with maternal arms the nameless and homeless foundling. There is no charity more beautiful than theirs, and hence their popularity with Protestants as well as Catholics. The Order was founded by Madame de Zanille, a Canadian lady, belonging to the distinguished families of Varennes and Boucher de Boucherville. The old convent stood for many years on Foundling Street—named thus in its honour—opposite Ste. Anne's Market,—but had to make way for the encroachments of trade, and has since been transferred to magnificent buildings on Guy Street. The Grey Nuns have spread over the Province, and have numerous representatives in the north-west, as far even as the Upper Saskatchewan.

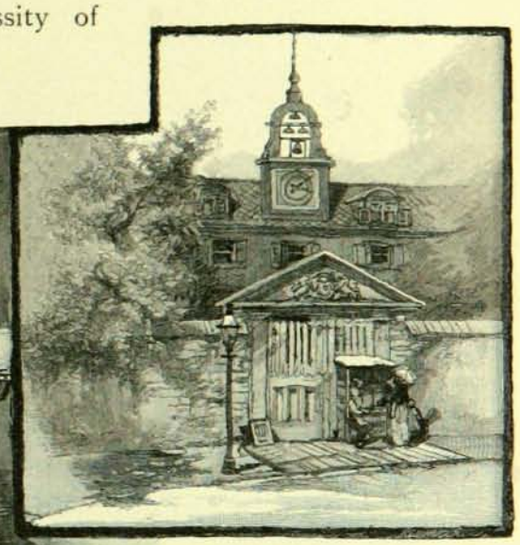
In the noble work of charity, the Protestant population, although numerically far inferior, has more than held its own. Notwithstanding the amplitude of its accom-

modation, the General Hospital was not found sufficiently large, and a good citizen, Major Mills, established another in the extreme west end, whence it derives its name of the Western Hospital. It has been said that charity differs from trade in this, that whereas the latter is always in direct ratio of supply to demand, the former reverses the rule; and the more it expands its resources, the more it finds objects of misery to relieve. The principle has held good in the case of the Western Hospital, which has been crowded from its opening day.

In 1863 a number of leading citizens, realizing the necessity of a peculiar asylum of help for the Protestant poor and unfortunate —especially the aged and feeble, who had no means of livelihood —raised upwards of $80,000, with which they laid the foundations of the institution called the Protestant House of Refuge and Industry. The dual character of the population, elsewhere referred to, has made necessary a double set of asylums for Protestants and Catholics, which accounts for the extraordinary number of these institutions, as compared with the total number of inhabitants.

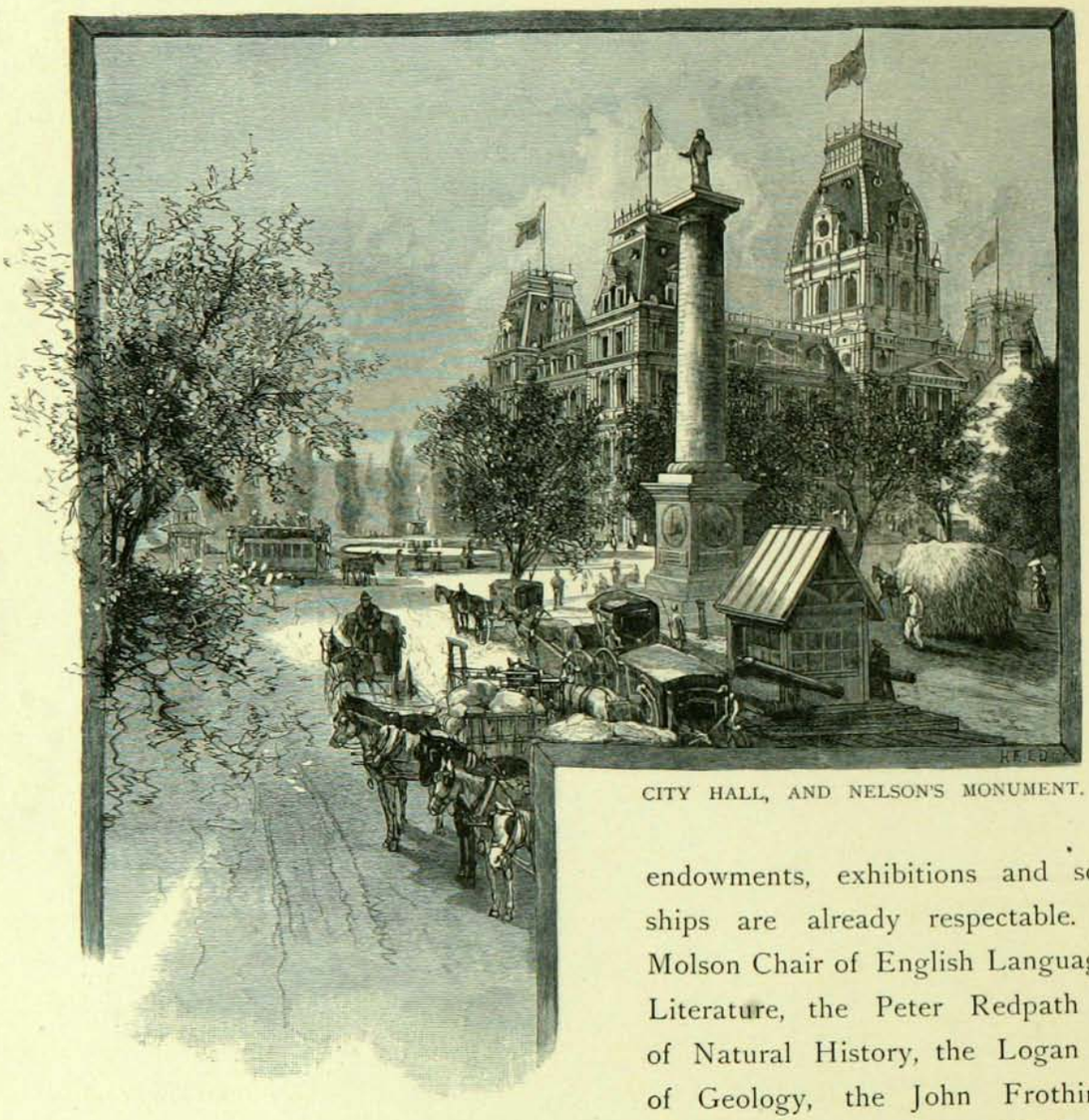


IN THE CHAPEL OF GREY NUNNERY.



GATEWAY OF THE SEMINARY OF ST. SULPICE.

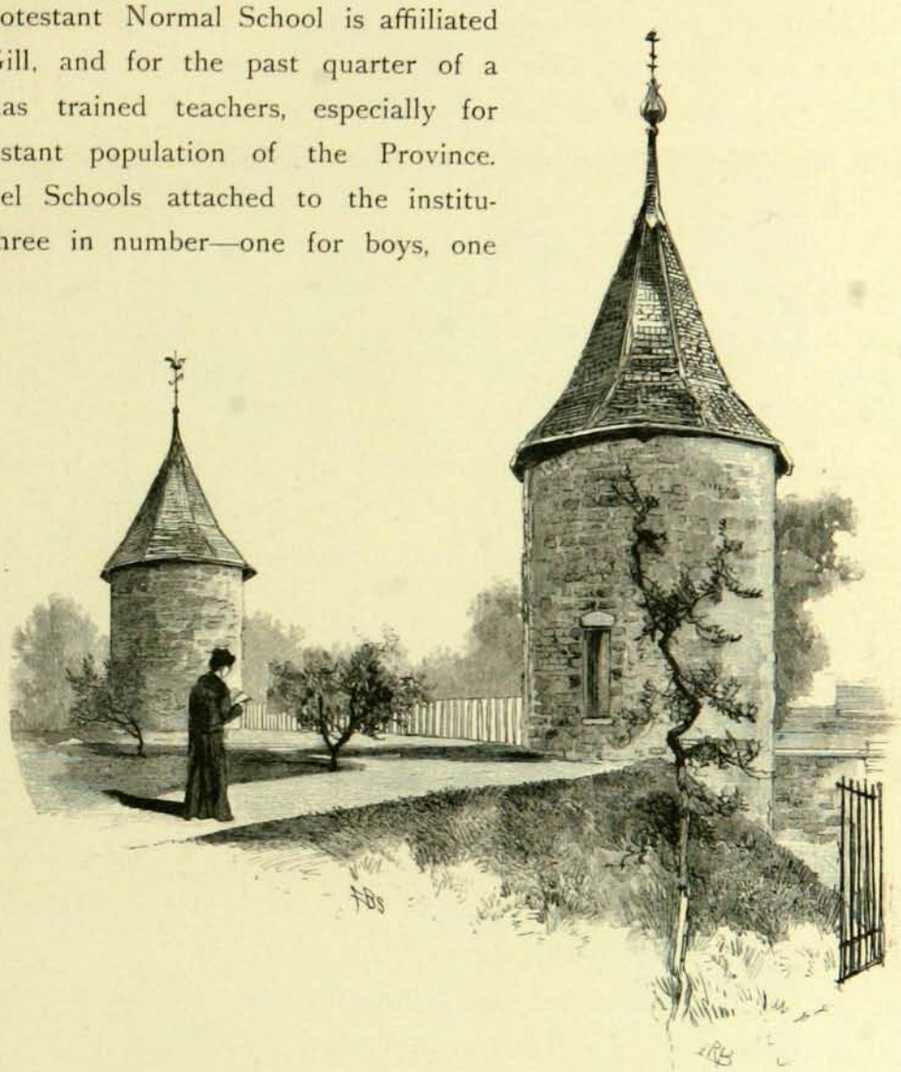
Chief among the educational establishments of Montreal is McGill University, whose history embraces several features that deserve consideration. Hon. James McGill, who was born at Glasgow in 1744, and died at Montreal in 1813, by his last will and testament devised the estate of Burnside, containing forty-seven acres of land, and bequeathed a large sum of money for the purposes of this foundation. The University was erected by Royal Charter in 1821, and reorganized by an amended Charter in 1852. Its



CITY HALL, AND NELSON'S MONUMENT.

endowments, exhibitions and scholarships are already respectable. The Molson Chair of English Language and Literature, the Peter Redpath Chair of Natural History, the Logan Chair of Geology, the John Frothingham Chair of Mental and Moral Philosophy, have each an endowment of $20,000. Students attend McGill not only from every Province of the Dominion, but from the United States. It counts among its professors some distinguished scholars, notably Dr. Dawson, the Principal, whose scientific reputation is world-wide. Among the affiliated institutions are Morrin College, Quebec; St. Francis College, Richmond; the Congregational College of British North America; the Presbyterian College of Montreal; the Diocesan College of Montreal, and the Wesleyan College

of Montreal. Under the regulations for the establishment of Normal Schools in the Province of Quebec, the Superintendent of Education is empowered to associate with himself, for the direction of one of these schools, the corporation of McGill University. In accordance with this arrangement, the Provincial Protestant Normal School is affiliated with McGill, and for the past quarter of a century has trained teachers, especially for the Protestant population of the Province. The Model Schools attached to the institution are three in number—one for boys, one



ANCIENT TOWERS AT MONTREAL COLLEGE.

for girls, and a primary. These schools are capable of accommodating about three hundred pupils; are supplied with the best furniture and apparatus; and are conducted on the most approved methods of teaching. They receive pupils from the age of six and upwards, and give a thorough English education. There are two high schools—one for boys and another for girls—largely attended.

Montreal College and St. Mary's College are Roman Catholic institutions. The former occupies a magnificent site on Sherbrooke Street, at the foot of the mountain, and the building is probably the largest single and continuous pile in America. This institution has been intimately associated with the history of Montreal for over a

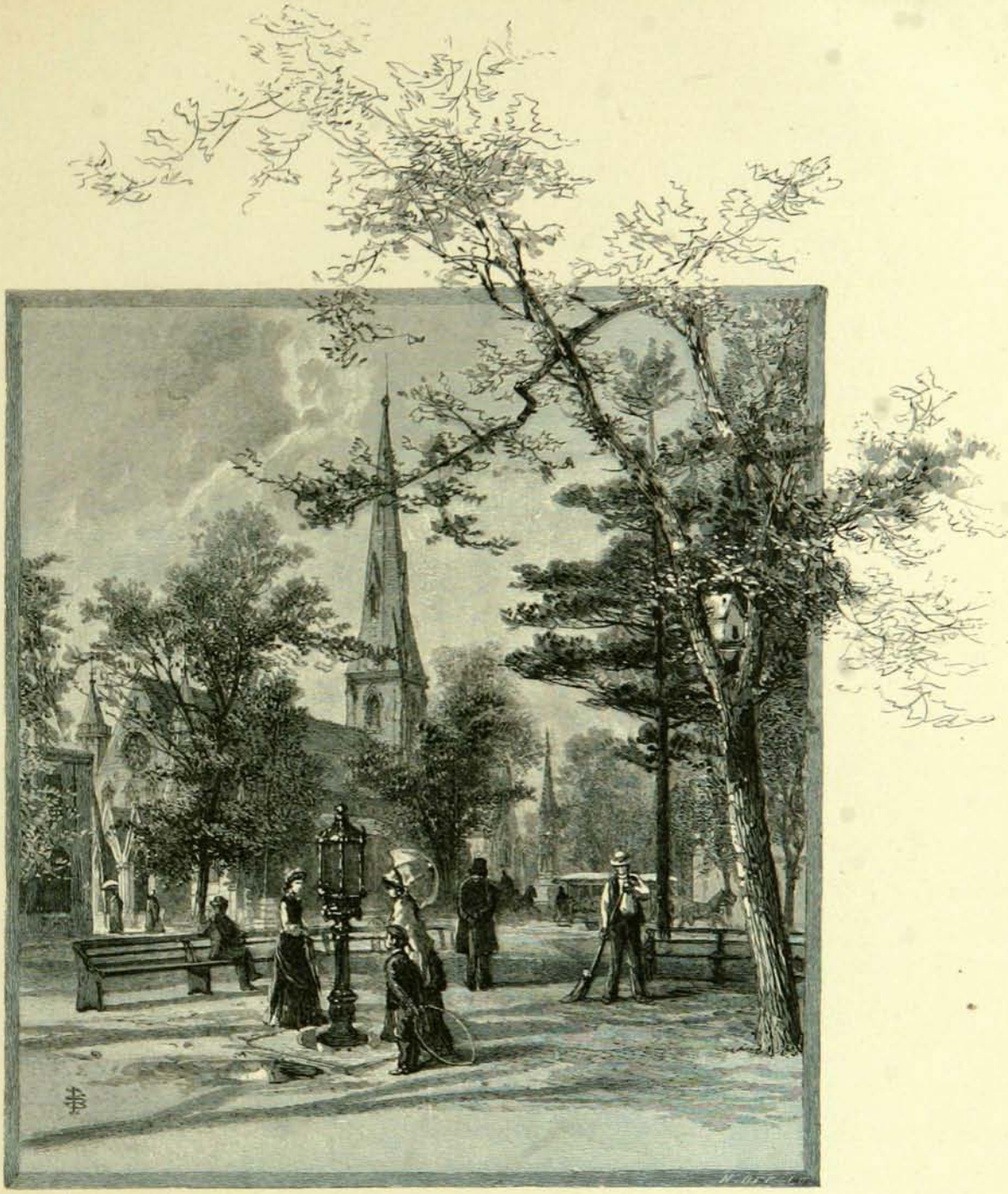
hundred years. It is under the control of the Seminary of St. Sulpice, who were made seigniors of the Island of Montreal and its environs by Royal Letters Patent, in 1640. The Theological Department is specially remarkable, and has been the nursery of priests and missionaries for more than a century. Its students are from all parts. Chief among the objects of interest connected with the college are the two round towers near the gates, which tradition traces back to the early days of the colony, when they were built as outposts of defence against the red men. These towers are kept in a perfect state of preservation, as memorials of those ancient days of peril.

St. Mary's College, on Bleury Street, is under the direction of the Jesuit Fathers, and their boast is that it is second to none of their establishments on this continent, which is saying a great deal when one is acquainted with such old and successful colleges as those of Fordham, N. Y., Georgetown, D. C., and St. Louis. Mo. Their celebrated *Ratio Studiorum* is carried out to the letter, and the results deserve attention, because the methods are so different from those in vogue in our day. There is tone and style in everything connected with St. Mary's College. Strangers are received with the utmost courtesy, whether they visit the institution itself or the adjoining Church of the *Gesu*, to see its relics of saints and its frescoes.

A second Normal School for the French and Catholics, under the patronymic of Jacques Cartier, was located from its foundation in the old Government House at Chateau Ramezay, opposite the City Hall, but has since been transferred to palatial quarters on an eminence at the East End. The management is almost wholly ecclesiastical, the Principal being Abbé Verreau, distinguished as an historian and antiquarian. The Catholic Commercial Academy, off St. Catherine Street, is the only institution of the kind in the Province which is altogether under the control of laymen, and from all accounts it has met with complete success.

The Art Association of Montreal was incorporated in 1858, but for many years it had but a languid existence. The late Bishop Fulford did much to encourage its members, but the credit of having placed the society on a permanent footing is due to Benaiah Gibb, who left property, money, and a number of paintings from his own collection, to form a gallery. A suitable building has been erected in Phillips' Square, and the art gallery was recently opened by His Excellency the Marquis of Lorne and H. R. H. the Princess Louise.

While little has been done for art, less has been done for libraries. The Mechanics' Institute has a collection of books, but not at all adequate to the wants of so large a population. A movement is at present on foot, tending to the establishment of a public library commensurate with the size, wealth and culture of the city. In truth, money was left by the late Mr. Fraser, to build and furnish a public library, but for some mysterious reason, the library is still *in posse*. The Institut Canadien flourished



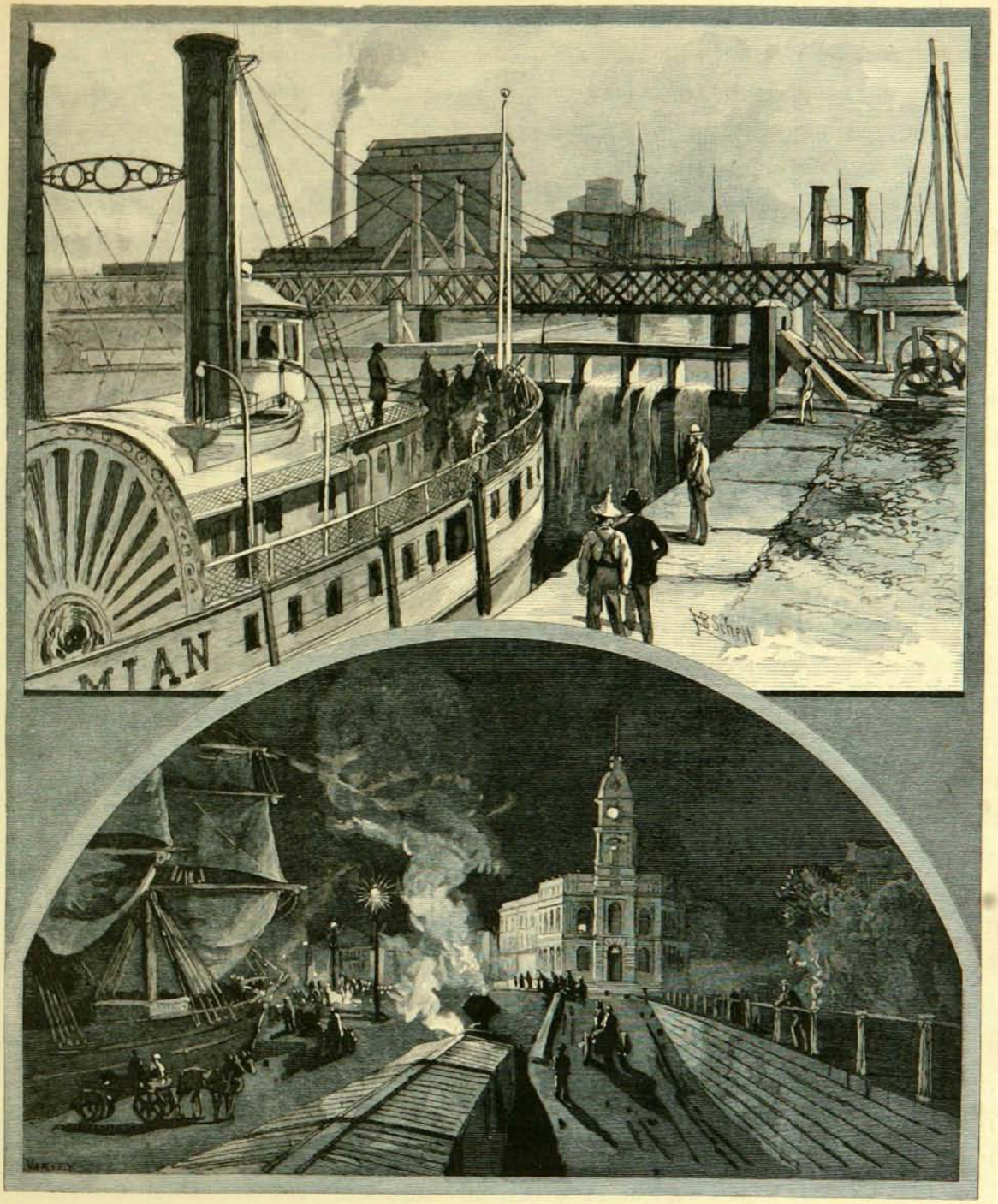
CHRIST CHURCH CATHEDRAL, FROM PHILLIPS' SQUARE.

for many years with a good library and reading-room, but it has of late fallen into disuse, and its books have been advertised for sale.

But Montreal is more interested in outdoor sports and in organizing amusement clubs than in art. The Victoria skating club, whose famous rink on Drummond Street was one of the first erected on this continent, has been the scene of many brilliant fancy-dress entertainments, which Royalty and nobility have graced. Those "carnivals" on the ice were first instituted here, and have since become popular elsewhere. There are three

curling clubs—the Caledonia, Montreal and Thistle—with a Canadian branch of the Royal Caledonian curling club of Scotland. The Montreal curling club was founded in 1807, and ranks high in the annals of the "roarin' game." Snow-shoeing has been reduced to an art. The parent club, the "Montreal," is perhaps the most prosperous corporate body of the kind in the city. The costume is singularly picturesque—white flannel coat and leggings, blue cap with tassel—from which is derived the popular name of Tuque Bleue—red sash and moccasins. There is no prettier sight than that of the club meeting at the McGill College gates, moving up the flank of the mountain to the "Pines," and then gliding to the rendezvous at the Club House, at Outremont. The memorable torchlight procession over this route to the hospitable villa of Thornbury, made in honour of Lord Dufferin, in 1873, was a fairy spectacle which will never be forgotten by those who witnessed it. Every winter there is a sweepstakes over the mountain, a day devoted to games and races, and several tramps across country to a distance of twenty-five or thirty miles. Lacrosse is the "national game" of Canada, and in that character it had its birth in Montreal. Four or five years ago, a select team made the tour of England, and had the honour of playing before Her Majesty at Windsor. The Indian clubs of Caughnawaga and St. Regis always take part in the games, but they have long lost the supremacy which they enjoyed for centuries. There is also a golf club, established in 1873, under the auspices of the Earl of Dufferin; a bicycle club, foot-ball club, and a chess club, which numbers among its members some of the strongest and most brilliant players in the country; an active and energetic club for the protection of fish and game, as well as a society for the prevention of cruelty to animals; two gymnasia, and a McGill College athletic club, whose annual games recall many feats of skill and strength. Boating is also a favourite pastime, and there are three large yacht clubs—the Montreal, Longueuil and Lachine. A regatta in Hochelaga Basin, with the prow of the graceful little vessels steering straight as a needle for the twin spires of Varennes Church, is as pretty a sight as one could wish to see.

The turning-point in the business history of Montreal was in 1850 or thereabouts, when it suddenly manifested a tendency to expand. That change was mainly due to two causes—the Allan Line of Steamships and the Grand Trunk Railway. This leads us to speak of the shipping and the carrying-trade from the interior to the seaboard, and *vice versa*. The geographical position of the city is of course exceptional; but in order to make the most of it, it was necessary to obviate the difficulty presented by the Lachine Rapids to up-stream navigation. The only way to do that was to turn the rapids by a canal. The Sulpicians understood this as far back as 1700, when they opened a sluice, 2½ feet deep, by the River St. Pierre to Montreal, and used boats therein. In 1821 public-spirited citizens, led by Hon. John Richardson, resolved to enlarge this primitive boat canal into a barge canal. Richardson wanted it to extend from Lachine to



STEAMER PASSING LOCKS, AND UNLOADING SHIPS BY ELECTRIC LIGHT.

Hochelaga, so as to avoid the current opposite the fort of St. Helen's Island and Isle Ronde, and thus make Hochelaga the real port, as Nature intended it to be, seeing that in its majestic basin the fleets of the world might moor in safety. But the opposition of interested parties thwarted this vast design, and the canal was dug only to Windmill Point, its present terminus, a distance of 8½ miles. The work was commenced

in 1821 and completed in 1825. But there was more to come, because more was needed. The barge canal was not sufficient, and must give way to a ship canal. The widening began in 1843 and continued till its completion in 1849, at an outlay of over $2,000,000. With the opening of these works the commercial supremacy of Montreal was secured, because it fixed the union of ocean and inland navigation. The trade, indeed, grew to such a volume that the canal was once more found inadequate, and in 1875 another enlargement was begun, at an estimated cost of $6,500,000. This is part of a gigantic scheme for the widening of the whole St. Lawrence canal system, a work whose magnitude will be understood when we remember that from the Atlantic entrance of the straits of Belle Isle, *via* the St. Lawrence and inland lakes to the head of Lake Superior, the distance is 2384 miles, and that on that route there are the Lachine, Beauharnois, Cornwall, Farran's Point, Rapide Plat, Galops and Welland Canals, the aggregate length of which is 70½ miles; and the total lockage 536¾ feet, through fifty-four locks up to Lake Erie; also, the Sault Ste. Marie Canal, built by the United States, one and one-seventeenth miles in length, with eighteen feet of lockage. These canals make Montreal the rival of New York for the grain and provision trade of the Great West and North-west. Her facilities are great, and there is every prospect of farther and speedy development. Already, we can get on board the "Bohemian," or some other large and well-appointed steamer, at the lowest dock of the Lachine Canal, and take as pleasant a summer journey up the St. Lawrence as mortal tired of the dust and heat of the city can desire; and still on by water without a break, up lake after lake, to "the city of the unsalted seas," in the heart of the Continent. Or, we can go east as safely as west. Nearly thirty years ago the first steamers of the Allan Company were sent forth, but a series of disasters well-nigh brought the enterprise to the ground. The Company persevered, however, until now they possess one of the finest and largest fleets afloat, comprising twenty-five iron and steel steamers, to say nothing of swift and powerful clippers. These vessels ply between Montreal and Liverpool, Montreal and Glasgow, Boston and Liverpool, and Boston and Glasgow. There are beside eight or ten steamship lines employed regularly in the Montreal trade—the Dominion, Beaver, Temperley, Ross, Thompson, Donaldson, Great Western, White Cross and Gulf Ports. A French line is also in near contemplation, for next season, as well as a service with Brazil. The inland navigation is perfectly supplied. We have a daily mail steamer to and from Quebec, connecting with steamers to all the watering places of the Lower St. Lawrence and the Saguenay; also a daily line to the ports of Ontario as far as Hamilton; another daily line up the Ottawa, and a number of way-boats to all the villages and towns of the St. Lawrence and Richelieu Rivers. The port is admirably provided with wharves and basins, and farther accommodation is being prepared. Indeed, the enlargement of the harbour is one of the main questions of the future, and some remarkable plans have already been submitted to the public. All the modern



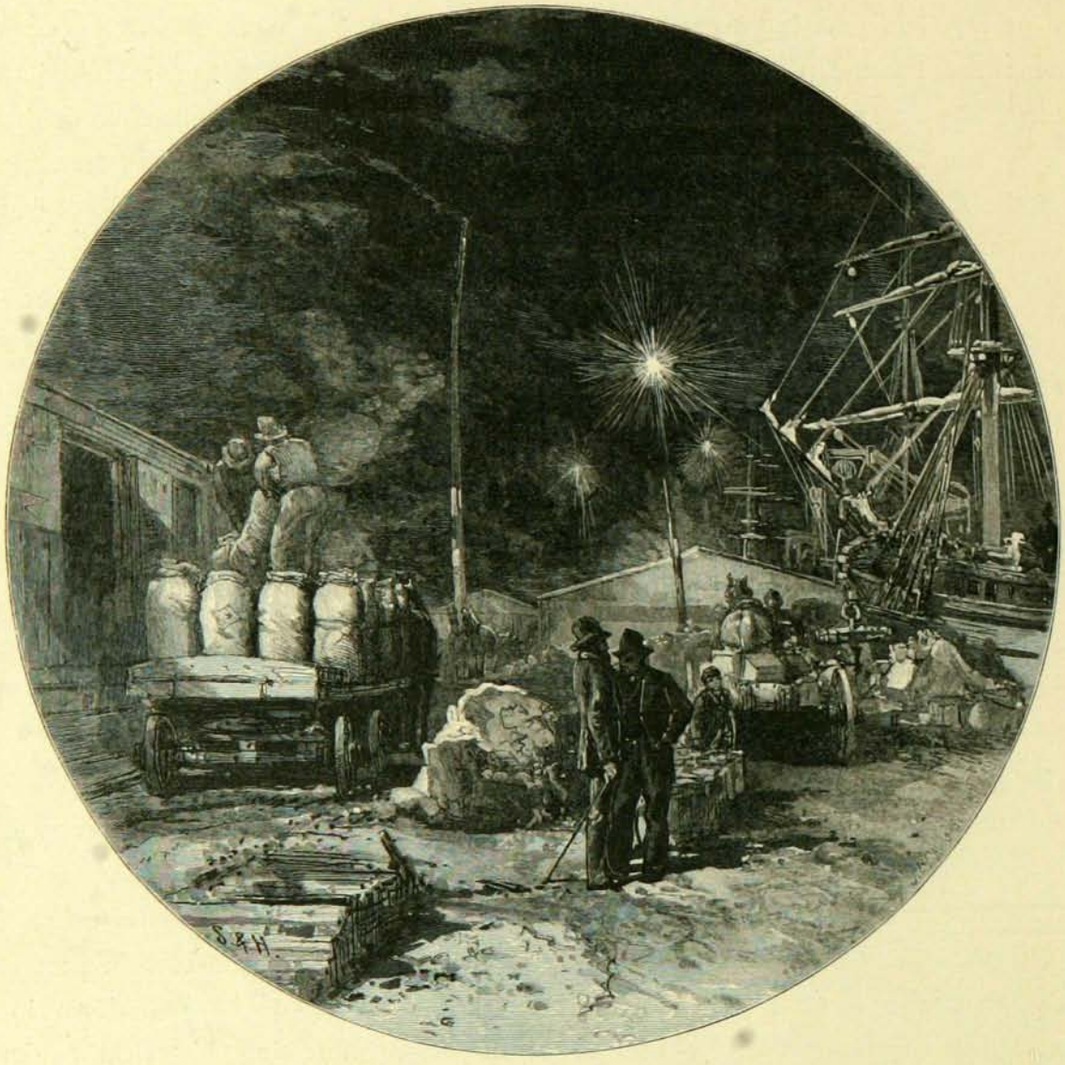
MONTREAL HARBOUR.

appliances for loading and unloading are employed, and the facilities for almost immediate transhipment from freight-cars to the hold of vessels are unsurpassed. Montreal was the first port in the world lighted by electricity. The result is continuous labour. The electric lights are placed at intervals of about two hundred yards, from the mouth of the Lachine Canal to Hochelaga, so that the whole harbour is lit up. The question of harbour dues has been engaging attention, and steps have been taken to make Montreal a free port. The port is governed by a Board of Commissioners, a portion of whom represent the Federal Government, another the shipping interest, and a third part the city corporation. It is impossible to conceive of a more striking contrast than that presented by the harbour in summer and in winter. Our illustration shows that part of it near the Custom House called Island Wharf. The dock here is always crowded with ocean steamers, elevators drawing grain from barges and loading them, and vessels and skiffs of all sizes—while a forest of masts and funnels extends far down the river. The scene is one of busy labour night and day. The great river sweeps past in calm majesty, with a force that no power could arrest. But the frost king comes, and everything that looks like commerce takes flight. The river is sealed fast, till another power comes with kindly influences. The spring rains and suns rot the ice, and it begins to break. Montreal is on the *qui vive* to see it start down the river. It starts, but is usually blocked at Isle Ronde, and grounds. Then it shoves, and piles up, and the lower parts of the city are flooded. To cross with a boat at such a time is not only an exciting but often a perilous undertaking, as the cakes of ice may move or turn under the men, when of course the danger is extreme even to the most skilful ice-navigators.

The Grand Trunk Railway has been for years the main artery of the commerce of the country, and Montreal is its chief terminus. Five other lines of railway centre here — the Champlain and St. Lawrence, Central Vermont, Boston and Delaware, South-Eastern, and North Shore. The North Shore (officially named the Quebec, Montreal, Ottawa and Occidental Railway) has its central station in the eastern part of the city, on the site of the old Quebec Gate Barracks, which had to be torn down in consequence, thus depriving the city of one of its most interesting historical landmarks. This railway is the property of the local government, which is said to have expended about thirteen millions in its construction, thereby creating a debt that weighs like an incubus upon the Province.

The Montreal Board of Trade was incorporated by Act of Parliament in 1842, and consists of an Executive and a Board of Arbitrators. There is also a Corn Exchange Association, incorporated in 1863, with a Committee of Management and a Board of Review. A third corporation, the Dominion Board of Trade, received its initiation mainly in Montreal, though its annual meetings have generally been held in Ottawa. Another important body is the Montreal Stock Exchange, which holds two daily ses-

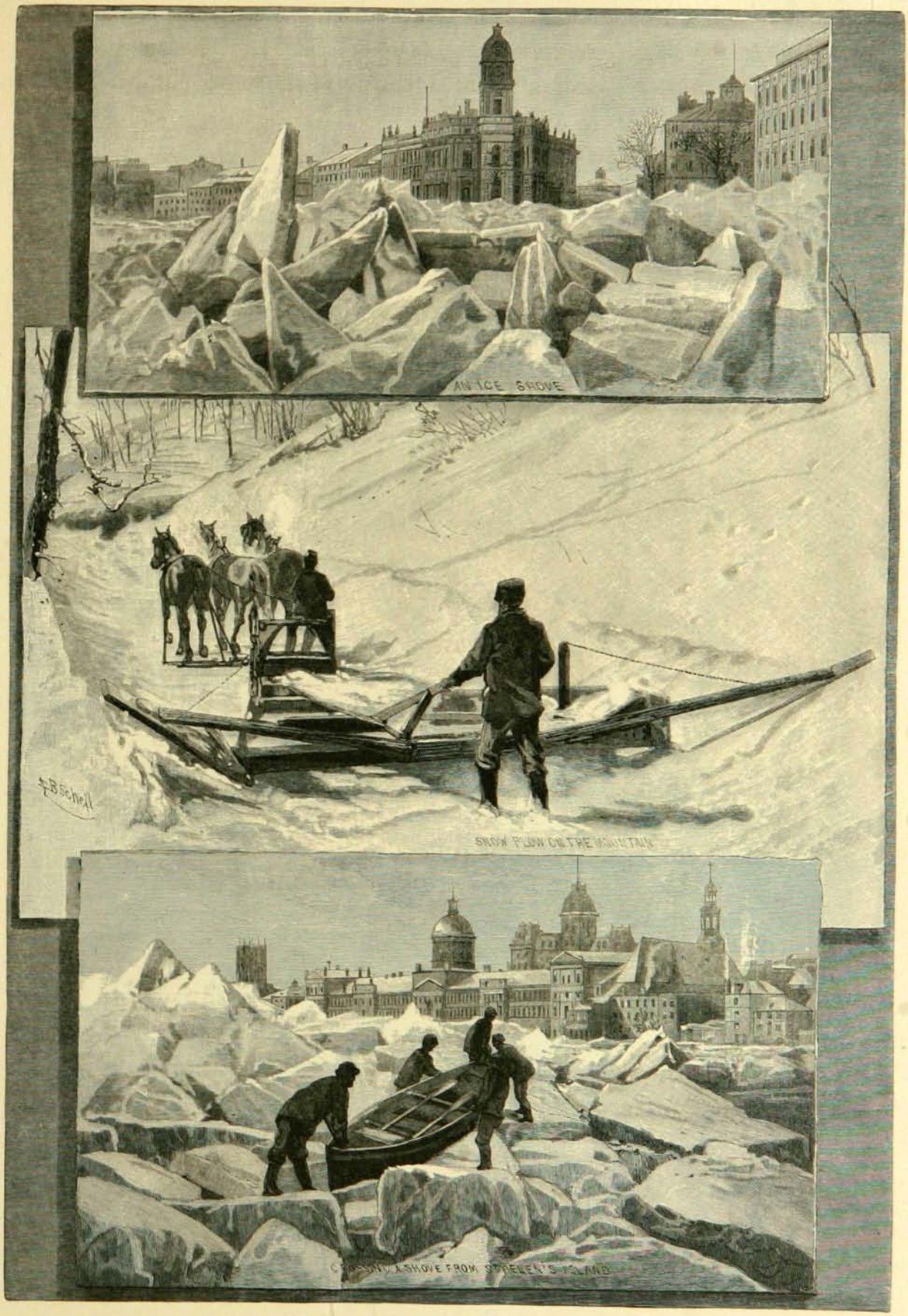
sions, forenoon and afternoon. The scene of its operations is St. François Xavier Street, which is the Wall Street of Montreal. There all the brokers have their offices, and about noon, on certain days, the sidewalks are crowded with dealers and speculators, discussing the ebb and flow of stocks, and conducting their mysterious operations. St. François Xavier is one of the oldest and narrowest streets of the city, but it affords



TRANSFERRING FREIGHT BY ELECTRIC LIGHT.

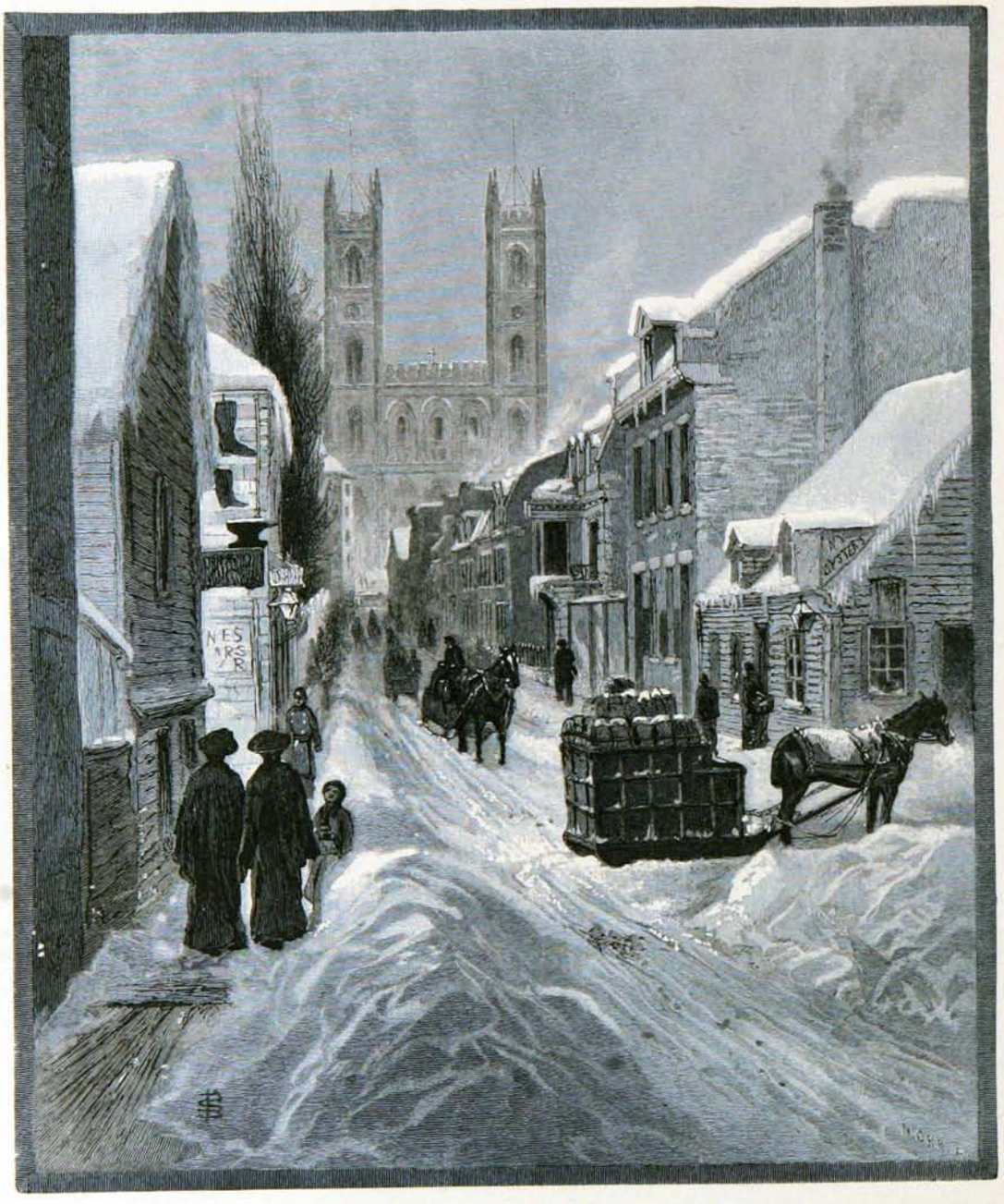
a curious ground of observation for the visitor who wishes to form an idea of the financial importance of the Canadian metropolis. When the heterogeneousness of the population is taken into account, the city government may be said to be fairly well administered. The standing trouble is the rivalry between the East and West Ends—that is, the French and English-speaking portions.

St. Urbain is another street that may be said to be on the border-land between the English and the French-speaking population of Montreal. We see it in winter



MONTREAL WINTER SCENES.

dress, the snow cleared from the sidewalks and forming parallel lines, between which traffic makes its way much more smoothly than in summer. The snow is less of an impediment to ordinary business than is dust or rain during the other seasons



NOTRE DAME, FROM ST. URBAIN STREET.

of the year. It is a decided impediment, indeed, to the progress of conflagrations, with which Montreal used to be scourged. The department, however, is now so thoroughly organized that it is almost impossible for a fire to make any headway before it is checked. The alarm system is so perfect and the brigade so disci-

plined, that no conflagrations on an extensive scale have taken place within the past twenty-five years. Everything is also done to protect property in case of fire. The illustration is a spirited sketch of a salvage wagon that has just come out of the

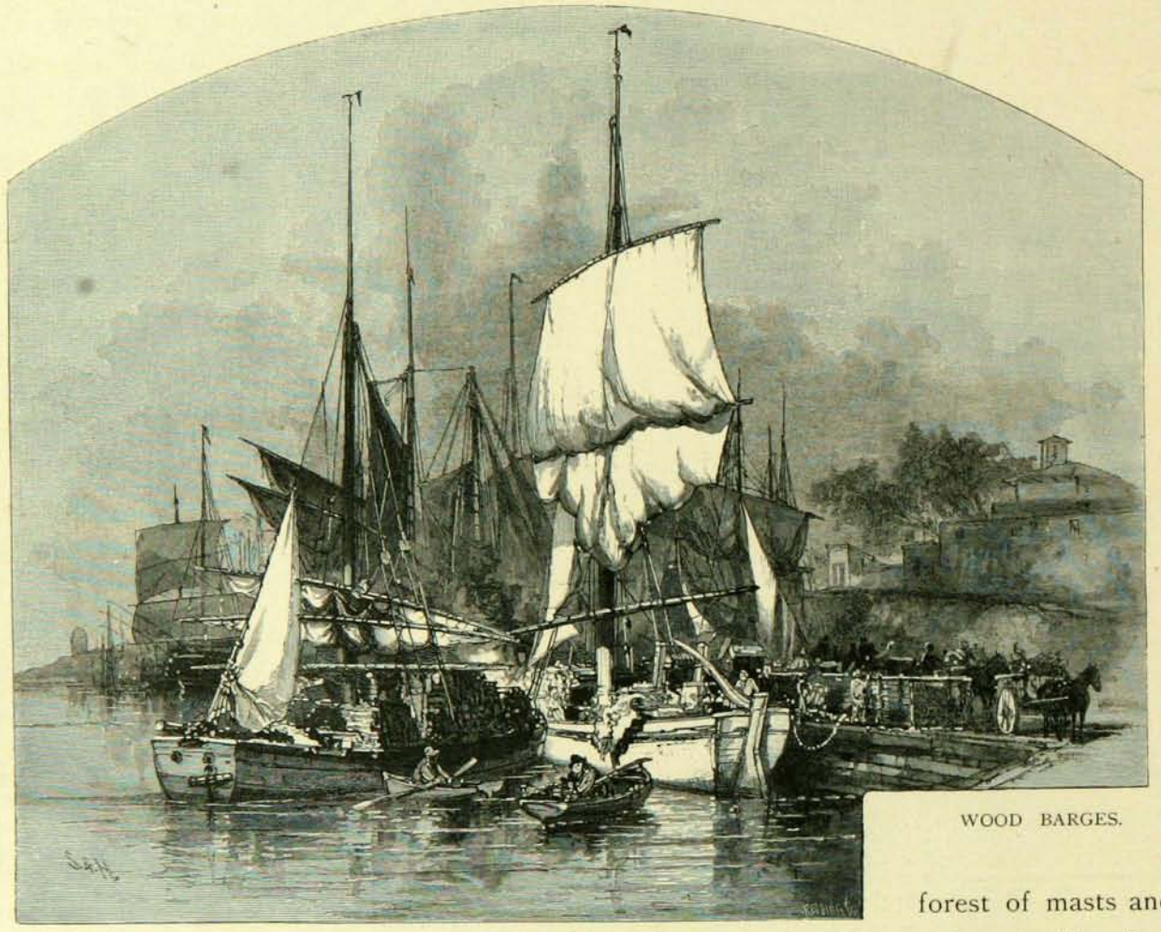


IN ST. GABRIEL STREET.

fire station on St. Gabriel Street, and is plunging along between the lines of piled-up snow, to the spot indicated by the alarm. The duty of the men is to cover up all endangered property with tarpaulins, and to be its custodians till questions of ownership and insurance are settled.

In a first visit to Montreal, by all means let the traveller approach from the water—

from up stream, down stream, or the south shore. From all three directions the view will repay him. The river itself is so fascinating in its strength of crystal purity, so overpowering in vastness and might, that it would dwarf an ordinary city. It does dwarf every other place along its banks—Quebec alone excepted. It bears, lightly as a garland, the chain of the great bridge that binds its opposite shores with multiplied links of massive granite. The green slopes of St. Helen's Island resting like a leaf on the water, the

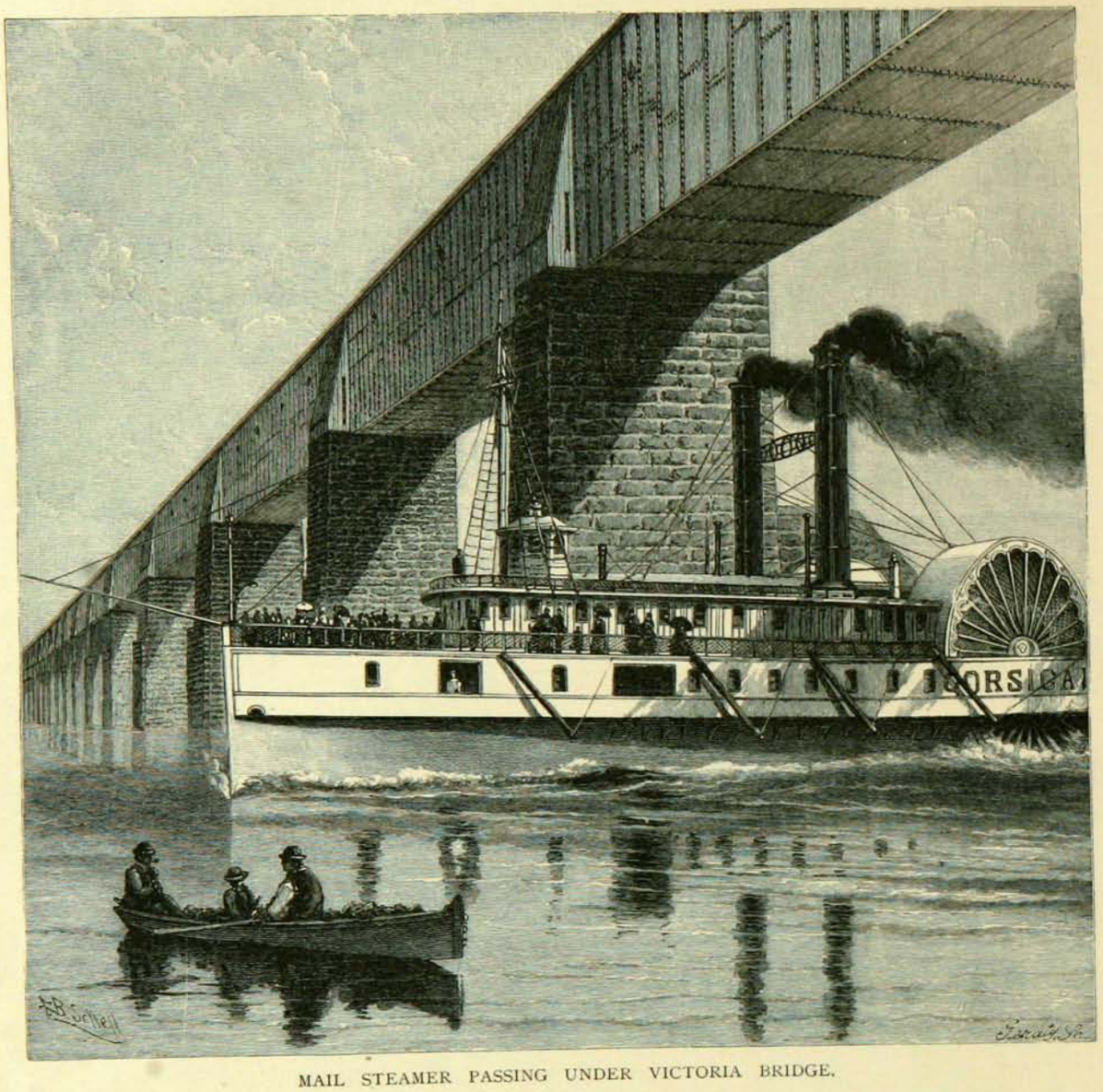


WOOD BARGES.

forest of masts and red and white funnels, the old-fashioned hay and wood barges, the long line of solidly-built revetment wall, the majestic dome of the Bonsecours Market, the twin towers of Notre Dame, palatial warehouses, graceful spires sown thick as a field, and the broad shoulders of Mount Royal uplifted in the background, make up a picture that artist, merchant, or patriot—each for his own reasons—may well delight to look upon. To persons coming from abroad, believing Canada to be a wilderness of ice and snow, the home of Indians and buffaloes, the first view is a revelation. When they drive through any of the numerous magnificent business thoroughfares, and then round the mountain, they sometimes consider what sort of a back country that must be which supplies such a river and builds up such a city, and wonder why—in the face of such grand enter-

prises and unrivalled progress on the part of Canadians—they have never heard of such a thing as Canadian patriotism.

Of the three water views there is none equal to that obtained on a summer afternoon or evening from the deck of a steamer coming down stream. From the time the Indian pilot is taken on board above the Lachine Rapids, all is eager expectancy on the part of passengers who have made the journey again and again, as well as in the case of tourists who are running the rapids for the first time. As we near Victoria Bridge it seems impossible that the "Corsican" can pass under, and the question is sometimes asked whether there is any arrangement for lowering the funnels. The steamer glides along; we look up and see our mistake, and then look down upon the innocent questioner. Now the crowded harbour, the city in its fresh beauty, and the mountain in all the glory of its summer vesture, are revealed. The steamer rounds up to the Commissioners' Wharf, to discharge its Quebec passengers into the huge palace floating alongside. Land here and stroll down stream before taking a cab. You soon find yourself in the heart of French-Montreal. Here are antique barges with hay, from the surrounding country, which is being unloaded into carts primitive enough for the days and the land of Evangeline. Instead of the rush of an American city, there is an air of repose and human enjoyment. The very coasters and carters pause in their work, to exchange gossip and cheery jokes. Here, again, are wood-barges that have evidently come from a greater distance. Each barge discharges part of its load at once and places it on the wharf on racks that indicate its measurement by the cord. The purchaser can thus point out exactly how much he wants, and the barge remains calmly beside the wharf till the whole cargo is sold. A few years ago, wood and hay barges were to be found in the centre of the harbour; but the increasing traffic is pushing them farther and farther down, all the way to Hochelaga. Return to the Bonsecours. The market is a great three-storey parallelogram of cut-stone, occupying a square on the river-front, and with a stately dome and cupola. It is crowded on the forenoons of market-days, when the manners of the *habitant* can be studied to best advantage. He has come to the city with the produce of his farm or garden. Quiet, patient, courteous, he waits for customers. Sometimes, these may be his own neighbours who happen to need what he has to sell, and then he puts down his price a little. Sometimes they are from the East End—French therefore—and to them he is more than amiable, and sells fairly. But the grand lady from the West End, while receiving ample politeness, must pay full price. Still, there is good feeling between the different races and, for the most part, honest dealing. Are they not citizens of a common country, even though the Ultramontane studiously characterizes those of English speech as "foreigners"? From the market, go up the lane leading to the old-fashioned church. The lane is encroached upon by little dingy eating-houses, thrown out, like buttresses, from the walls of the church. Dingy as they are, they give a

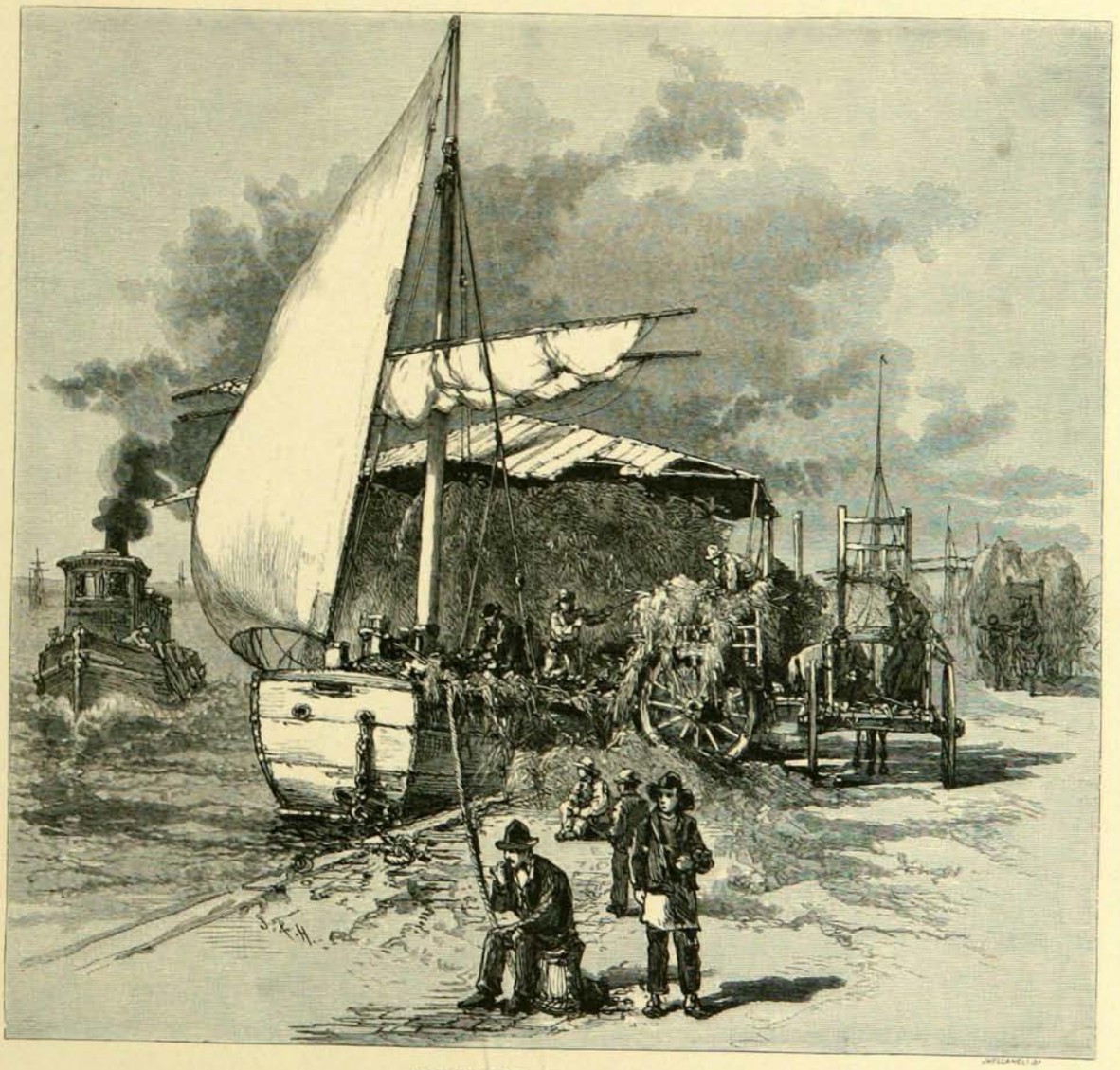


MAIL STEAMER PASSING UNDER VICTORIA BRIDGE.

better cup of coffee than either steamer or more inviting-looking restaurants. You soon reach St. Paul's Street, the street that constituted the City of Montreal at first, and now, by all means, enter the favourite city church of the *habitant*. The loud colours, the tawdry gilt and general bad taste of modern Catholicism, and the elaborate upholstery of shoddy Protestantism, are alike conspicuous by their absence. The *relievos* on the walls, the altar, the antique pulpit, remind one of a seventeenth century parish church in Brittany. We are taken back to the days of Marguerite Bourgeois, who laid the foundation-stone more than two centuries ago. Baron de Fancamp gave her a small image of the Virgin, endowed with miraculous virtue, on condition that a chapel should be built for its reception. Marguerite and the people of Montreal enthusiastically complied with the condition. From that day, many a wonderful deliverance, especially of sailors, has been attributed to Our Lady of Gracious Help. The image still stands on the

gable nearest the river, and within, votive offerings and memorials of deliverances almost hide the altar. An agnostic might envy the simple faith of the people, and the statesman could desire no better race to till the soil. Every true Lower Canadian loves the Bonsecours Chapel. It symbolizes, to a race that clings to the past, faith, country and fatherland. And it is the only symbol of the kind that "modern improvements" have left in Montreal. The old Récollet has been swept away. The spoilers have spoiled Quebec. And all over the Province, quaint churches beloved by the people are being replaced by huge, costly, modern structures. In the name of everything distinctively Lower Canadian, spare symbols like Varennes and the Bonsecours!

Here, beside his church and market, in the stately commercial metropolis of Canada, the white city of America, we leave the *habitant*, with cordial recognition of what he has been and is, and with all good wishes for his future.



UNLOADING HAY BARGES.

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