

*LEMOINE*

---

HISTORICAL NOTES

ON



QUEBEC AND ITS ENVIRONS



HISTORICAL NOTES  
ON  
QUEBEC AND ITS ENVIRONS

BY  
J. M. LEMOINE,

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

---

DRIVE TO INDIAN LORETTE  
INDIAN LORETTE  
TAHOURENCHÉ, THE HURON CHIEF  
THE ST. LOUIS AND THE STE. FOYE ROADS  
CHATEAU BIGOT  
LAVAL UNIVERSITY PICTURE GALLERY

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

---

**THIRD EDITION**

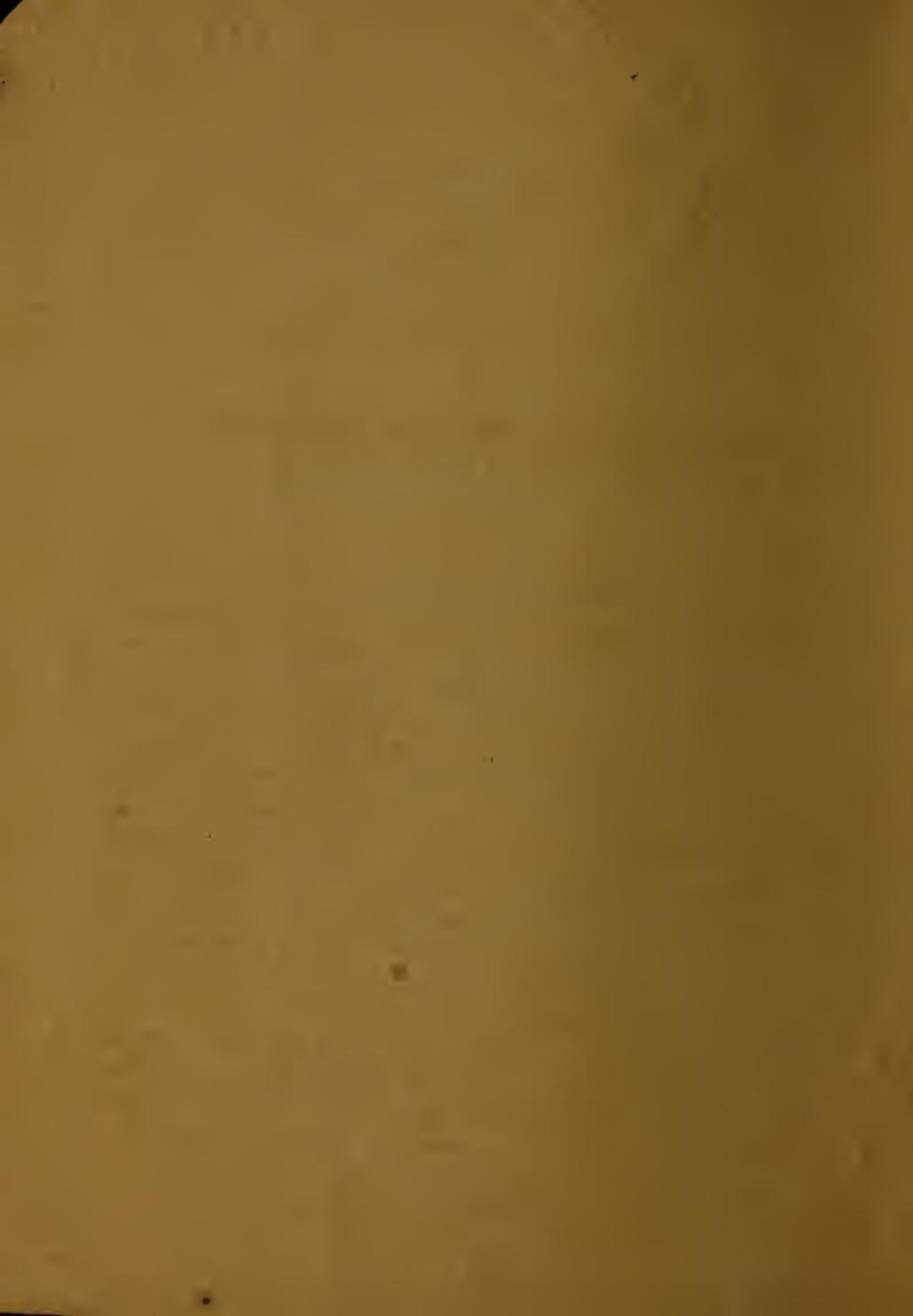
---

QUEBEC  
PRINTED BY C. DARVEAU

82 to 84, Mountain Hill

---

1888



## A VISIT TO THE INDIAN LORETTE.

---

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

one day in the old capital, sight-seeing. He had devoted the whole forenoon, visiting

THE CITADEL ON CAPE DIAMOND,  
THE SITE OF THE OLD FRENCH WALLS  
THE LAVAL UNIVERSITY—ITS MUSEUM AND PICTURE  
GALLERY,  
THE LITTERARY AND HISTORICAL SOCIETY AND ITS  
MUSEUM,  
THE FRENCH BASILICA—ITS RELICS, PAINTINGS, &c.,  
THE URSULINE CONVENT AND ITS FAMOUS OIL  
PAINTINGS,  
THE DUFFERIN TERRACE—THE DUFFERIN IMPROVE-  
MENTS,  
THE NEW PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS,  
THE PLAINS OF ABRAHAM,  
SPENCER WOOD AND ITS GRAND RIVER VIEWS,

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

The NATURAL STEPS and the historic fort adjacent

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

With a mellow autumnal sun, just sufficient to bronze the sombre tints, lingering at the close of the Indian summer, we left the Citadel, where Dean Stanley was the guest of the governor-general, Lord Dufferin, and rapidly drove through *Fabrique* and Palace streets, towards the unsightly gap in our city walls, of yore yclept Palace Gate, which, thanks to his powerful initiative, we expect yet to see *bridged over* with gracefull turrets and Norman towers. The New City Gates and imposing Dufferin Terrace have since been built, a lasting proof of his interest in the welfare of Quebec.

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

The park which intervened formerly between it and the St. Charles many years back was converted into a wood yard to store the fuel for the garrison; a portion now is used as a cattle market; opposite, stand the station and freight sheds of the Can. Pacific Railway; the road skirts the park towards the populous St. Roch suburbs, rebuilt and transformed since the great fire of 28th May, 1845, which destroyed 1,600 houses, occupying the site of former spacious pasture grounds

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

for the city cows, styled by the early French *La Vacherie*. In a trice we reach Dorchester bridge, the second one, built there in 1822—the first, opened with great pomp by His Excellency Lord Dorchester in 1789, having been constructed a few acres to the west, and called after him. The bridge, as a means of crossing from one shore to the other, is an undoubted improvement on the scow used up to 1789.

One of the first objects on quitting the bridge and diverging westward, towards the Charlesbourg road, on the river bank, is the stately, solid, antique mansion of the late Mr Chs. Smith, who at one time owned nearly all the broad acres intervening between this house and *Gros Pin*. The area took, for a time, the name of Smithville and was inherited by several members of his family, who built cosy cottages thereon. These green fields fringed with white birch and spruce plantations, are watered by the St. Charles, the *Kahir-Koubat*\* of ancient days. In rear of one of the first villas, *Ringfield*, owned by Geo. Holmes Parke, Esq., runs the diminutive stream, the *Lairet*, at the confluence of which Jacques-Cartier wintered in 1535-6, leaving there one of his ships, the *Petite-Hermine*, of 60 tons, whose decayed oak timbers were exhumed in 1843 by Jos. Hamel, City Surveyor of Quebec. A very remarkable vestige of French domination exists behind the villa of Mr Parke—a circular field (hence the name Ring-field) covering about twelve acres, surrounded by a ditch, with an earth work about twenty feet high, to the east, to shield its inmates

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

from the shot of Wolfe's fleet lying at the entrance of the St. Charles, before Quebec. A minute description has been given by General Levi's aide-de-camp, the *Chevalier* Johnstone\*, of what was going on, in this earthwork, where at noon, on the 13th Sept., 1759,

\* An eye-witness, the *Chevalier* Johnstone, thus writes :

“The French army in flight, scattered and entirely dispersed, rushed towards the town. Few of them entered Quebec they went down the heights of Abraham, opposite to the intendant's Palace (past St. John's gate), directing their course to the hornwork, and following the borders of the River St. Charles.....

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

“The hornwork had the River St. Charles before it, about seventy paces broad, which served it better than an artificial ditch : its front facing the river and the heights, was composed of strong, thick and high palisades, planted perpendicularly, with gun-holes pierced for several pieces of large cannon in it ; the river is deep and only fordable at low water, at a musket shot before the fort. This made it more difficult to be forced on that side than on its other side of earthworks facing Beauport, which had a more formidable appearance ; and the hornwork certainly on that side was not in the least danger of being taken by the English, by an assault from the other side of the river.....

“M. de Vaudreuil was closeted in a house in the inside of the hornwork with the Intendant (Bigot) and with some other persons. I suspected they were busy drafting the articles for a general capitulation, and I entered the house, where I had only time to see the Intendant, with a pen in his hand, writing upon a sheet of paper, when M. de Vaudreuil told me I had no business there. Having answered him that what he said was true, I retired immediately, in wrath, to see them intent on giving up so scandalously a dependency for the preservation of which so much blood and treasure had been expended. On leaving the house, I met M. Dalquier, an old, brave, downright honest man, commander of the Regiment of Bearn, with the true character of a good officer—the marks of Mars all over his body. I told him it was being debated, within the house, to give up Canada to the English by a capitulation, and I hurried him in to stand up for the King's cause, and advocate the welfare of the country. I then quitted the hornwork to join Poularies at the Ravine of Beauport, but

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

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

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

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

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

having met him about three or four hundred paces from the hornwork, on his way to it, I told him what was being discussed there. He answered me that sooner than consent to a capitulation, he would shed the last drop of his blood. He told me to look on his table and house as my own, advised me to go there directly to repose myself, and clapping spurs to his horse, he fled like lightning to the hornwork."—(*Johnstone's Diary of Siege of Quebec, 1759*)

The tower or boudoir, where was immured the Algonquin maid Caroline\*, the beautiful, that too has crumbled to dust. The *Rossignol* and Hermit thrush now warble their soft melody over the very spot which once echoed the dying shriek of this dusky Rosamond; the poniard of a rival had struck deeply, had struck home. Charlesbourg, in part colonized by Intendant Talon's quiet peasantry, with its white cottages, its frugal colonists, its erect cedar picket fences, like stockades or French sentries forgotten to prevent Indian surprises, amidst its lands, which fan-like all radiate † from a common centre, the parish church, is not a bad type of the primitive New France village.

But let us hurry on over the pleasant road, meandering round the crest of the highlands, towards the quaint Indian settlement of Lorette, for a glimpse of which my companion is longing. Here we are at last, but where is the wigwam of the chief medicine man, his *chichiquois* and *totems*? I had expected an Indian greeting such as rejoiced the ears of friend *Ahatsistari*, when recently he escorted there the light-

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

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

hearted officers of the French frigate *Laplace*, anchored under Cap Diamond.

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

---

## TAHOURENCHÉ.

---

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

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

We give here a faithful portrait of this noble savage, such as drawn by himself and presented, we believe, to the Laval University at Quebec ; for glimpses of

his origin, home and surroundings, we are indebted to an honorary chief of the tribe, Ahatsistari. \*

Paul *Tahourenché* (François Xavier Picard), Great Chief of the Lorette Hurons, was born at Indian Lorette in 1810; he is consequently at present 69 years of age. He is tall, erect, well proportioned, dignified in face and deportment; when habited in his Indian regalia: blue frock coat, with bright button and medals, plumed fur cap, leggings of colored cloth, bright sash and armlets, with war axe, he looks the *beau ideal* of a respectable Huron warrior, shorn of the ferocity of other days. Of the line of Huron chiefs which preceded him we can furnish but a very scant history, Adam Kidd, who wrote the *Huron Chief* in 1829, and who paid that year a visit to the Lorette Indian and saw their oldest chief, *Oui-a-ra-lih-to*, having unfortunately failed to fulfil the promise he then made of publishing the traditions and legends of the tribe furnished him on that occasion. Of *Oui-a-ra-lih-to*, we learn from Mr. Kidd, "This venerable patriarch, who is now (in 1829) approaching the precincts of a century, is the grandson of *Tsa-a-ra-ih-to*, head chief of the Hurons during the war of 1759. *Oui-a-ra-lih-to*, with about thirty-five warriors of the Indian village of Lorette, in conjunction with the Iroquois and Algonquins, was actually engaged in the army of Burgoyne, a name unworthy to be associated with the noble spirit of Indian heroism. During my visit to this old chief — May, 1829 — he willingly furnished me with an account of the distinguished warriors, and the traditions of different

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

tribes, which are still fresh in his memory, and are handed from father to son, with the precision, interest and admiration that the tales and exploits of Ossian and his heroes are circulated in their original purity to this day among the Irish." Mr. Kidd alludes also to another great chief, *Atsistari*, who flourished in 1637, and who may have been the same as the Huron Saul *Ahatsistari*, who lived in 1642.

---

## THE HURONS OF LORETTE

---

Of the powerful tribes of the aborigines, who, in remote periods, infested the forests, lakes and streams of Canada, none by their prowess in war, wisdom in council, success as tillers of the soil, intelligence and lofty bearing, surpassed the Wyandats, or Hurons. \* They numbered 15,000 souls, according to the historian Ferland; 40,000 according to Bouchette, and chiefly inhabited the country bordering on Lakes Huron and Simcoe; they might, says Sagard, have been styled the "nobles" among savages in contradistinction to that other powerful confederacy, more democratic in their ways, also speaking the Huron language, and known as the Five Nations (Mohawks, †

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

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

Oneydoes, Onondagas, Cayugas and Senecas, styled by the French the Iroquois, or Hiroquois, from the habit of their orators of closing their orations with the word "Hiro"—*I have said*.

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

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

Their final overthrow may be said to date back to the great Indian massacres of 1648-49, at their towns, or missions, on the shores of Lake Simcoe, the first mission being founded, in 1615, by the Friar, L. Caron, accompanied by twelve soldiers sent by Champlain in advance of his own party. The Jesuit missions were attacked by the Iroquois in 1648; St. Louis,

St. Joseph \*, St. Ignace †, Ste. Marie ‡, St. Jean ||, successively fell, or were threatened; all the inmates who escaped sought safety in flight; the protracted sufferings of the missionaries Brebœuf and Gabriel Lallemant have furnished one of the brightest pages of Christian heroism in New France. Brebœuf expired on the 16th March, and Lallemant on 17th March, 1648. A party of Huron sought Manitoulin Island, then called Ekaentoton; a few fled to Virginia; others succeeded in obtaining protection on the south shore, of Lake Erie, from the Erie tribe, only to share later on, the dire fate of the nation who had dared to incorporate them in its sparse ranks.

Father P. Ragueneau (the first writer, by the by, who makes mention of Niagara Falls—(*Relations de* 1648,) escorted three or four hundred of these terror-stricken people to Quebec on the 26th July, 1650, and lodged them in the Island of Orleans, at a spot since called *L'Anse du Fort*, where they were joined, in 1651, by a party of Hurons, who in 1649, on hearing of the massacre of their western brethren, had asked to winter at Quebec. For ten years past a group of Algonquins, Montagnais and Hurons, amidst incessant alarms, had been located in the picturesque parish of Sillery; they, too, were in quest of a more secure asylum. Negotiations were soon entered into between them and their persecuted friends of the West; a plan was put forth to combine. On the 29th March, 1651, the Sillery Indians, many of whom were Hurons sought a shelter, though a very unsecure one, in a

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

† St. Ignace was surprised and taken on 16th March, 1649.

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

|| St. Jean was ravaged on 7th December, 1849.

fortified nook, adjoining their missionary's house, on the land of Eleonore de Grandmaison, purchased for them at *l'Anse du Fort*. in the Island of Orleans, on the south side of the point opposite to Quebec. Here they set to tilling the soil with some success, cultivating chiefly Indian corn, their numbers being occasionally increased during the year 1650, by their fugitive brethren from the West, until they counted above 600 souls. Even under the guns of the picket Fort of Orleans, which had changed its name to Ile Ste. Marie, in remembrance of their former residency, the tomakawk and scalping-knife reached them; on the 20th May, 1656, 85 of their number were carried away captives, and six men killed, by the ferocious Iroquois; and on the 4th June, 1656, they had to fly before their merciless tormentors. The big guns of Fort St. Louis, which then stood at the north-west extremity of the spot on which—Dufferin Terrace has lately been erected, seemed to the Hurons a more effectual protection than the howitzers of *Anse du Fort*, so they begged from Governor Daillebout for leave to nestle under them in 1658. 'Twas granted. When the Marquis de Tracy had arranged a truce with the Iroquois in 1665, the Huron refugees bade adieu to city life and to city dust. Two years later, we find them ensconced at Beauport, where others had squatted on land belonging to the Jesuits; they stopped there one year only, and suddenly left, in 1667, to pitch their wigwams for a few years at Côte St. Michel. four and a half miles from Quebec, at the Mission of Notre Dame de Foye, now called Ste. Foye. On the 20th December, 1673, restless and alarmed, the helpless sons of the forest sought the seclusion, leafy shades and green fields of *Ancienne Lorette*.\* Here

\* This parish was called after the celebrated Church of *Santa*

they dwelled nearly twenty-five years. The youths had grown up to manhood, with the terrible memories of the past still fresh in their minds. One fine day, allured by hopes of more abundant game, they packed up their household gods, and finally, in 1697, they went and settled on the elevated *plateau*, close to the foaming rapids of St. Ambroise, now known as Indian, or *Jeune, Lorette*,

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

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

“Each family has its chief, or war captain ; he is elected by choice. The four war captains choose two council chiefs ; the six united select a grand chief,

*Casa*, of Loretto, in Italy. The Huron missionary, Father Chaumonot, had disposed their huts around the church, which he had erected in imitation of the Loretto Chapel in Italy, where he had seen a vision of angels.

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

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

either from among themselves or from the honorary chiefs, if they think proper.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

denizens of the reserve only; a Huron (and there are some, *Tahourenché*, Vincent and others) owning lands in his own right elsewhere, and paying taxes and tithes, enjoys the rights and immunities of any other British subject.”

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

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

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

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

British rule, in 1759, if it did bring the Hurons less of campaigning and fewer scalps, was the harbinger of domestic peace and stable homes, with very remunerative contracts each fall for several thousands of pairs of snow-shoes, cariboo mocassins and mittens for the English regiments tenanted the citadel of Quebec, whose wealthy officers every winter scoured the Laurentine range, north of the city, in quest of deer and cariboo, under the experienced guidance of Gros Louis, Siouï, Vincent, and other famous Huron Nimrods.

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

At the departure of the French, a new allegiance was forced on the sons of the forest; St. George and his dragon for them took the place of St. Louis and his lilies. The *Deer*, the *Bear*, the *Tortoise* and the *Wolf*, however, have managed to get en well with the *Dragon*. In 1776, Lorette sent its contingent of painted and plumed varriors to fight General Burgoyne's inglorious campaigns. The services rendered to England by her swarthy allies in the war of 1812 were marked; each succeeding year, a distribution of presents took place from the Quebec Commissariat and Indian Department. Proudly did the Hurons, as well as the Abenakis, Montagnais, Micmac and Malecite Indian bear the snow-white blankets, scarlet cloths and hunting-knives awarded them by George the King, and by the victors of Waterloo. Each year, at midsummer, Indian canoes, with

their living freight of hunters, their copper coloured squaws and black-eyed papooses, rushed from Labrador, Gaspé, Restigouche, Baie des Chaleurs, and pitched their tents on a point of land at Lévi, hence called Indian Cove, the city itself being closed to the grim monarchs of the woods, reputed ugly customers when in their cups. A special envoy, however, was sent to the Lorette Indians on similar occasions. The Indians settled on Canadian soil were distinguished for their loyalty to England, who has ever treated them more mercifully than did "Uncle Sam."

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

The sons of the forest were ever ready to parade their paint, feathers, and tomahawk, at the arrival of every new Governor, at Quebec; and to assure Ononchio\* of their undying attachment and unswerving loyalty to their great father or august mother "who dwells on the other side of the Great Lake." These traditions have descended even to the time when *Ononchio* was merely a Lieutenant-Governor under Confederation. We recollect meeting, in plumes and paint, on the classic heights of Sillery, on the 31st March, 1873, a stately deputation, composed of

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

twenty-three Hurons from Lorette, returning from Clermont, the country seat of Lieutenant-Governor Caron, where they had danced the war-dance for the ladies, and harangued, as follows, the respected Laird of Clermont, just appointed Lieutenant-Governor :—

ONONTHIO :—

Aisten tiothi non8a \* tishon dekha hiatanonstati deson8a8endio daskemion tesontariaï denon8a ation datito8anens tesianonronh8a nionde, anon8a deson8a8endio de8a desakatade ; a8eti desanonronk8anion datito8anens chia ta skenralethe kiolaoutou8ison tothi chia hiaha a8eti dechienha totinahiontati desten de sendete ataki atichiaï a8eti alonthara deskemion ichionthe destentiodeti aisten orachichiaï.

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

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

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

Francis *Sassennio*, The Victor of Fire.

Gaspard *Ondiaralethé*. The Canoe Bearer.

Philippe *Theon8atlasta*. He stands upright.

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

Paul Jr. *Theianontakhen*. Two United Mountains.

Honoré *Télanontoukhè*. The Sentry.

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

\* The 8 is pronounced *oui*.

[TRANSLATION.]

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

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

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

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

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

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

SPENCER GRANGE, 4th June, 1879.

J. M. LEMOINE.

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

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

---

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

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

\* The ornate residence of Honb. Jos. Shehyn, M. P. P. occupies now this historic site.

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

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

square, facing east north south and ouest with a spacious court yard in the centre, a jet-d'eau and lawns are erected on the north side of the *Grande Allée*. Close by looms out the handsome new Drill Shed. "Ferguson's house," next it, noted by Professor Silliman in his "Tour between Hartford and Quebec in 1819," is now difficult to recognize; its late owner A. Joseph, Esq., added so much to its size. Another landmark of the past deserves notice—the ex-Commander of the Forces lofty quarters; from its angular eaves and forlorn aspect, it generally went by the name of "Bleak House." I cannot say whether it ever was haunted, but it ought to have been.\* We are now in the *Grande Allée*—the forest avenue, which two hundred years ago led to Sillery Wood. Handsome terraces of cut stone dwellings erected by Honb. P. Garneau, Messrs Joseph Hamel, Roy, Bilodeau, and much to the appearance of this fashionable neighborhood. On turning and looking back as you approach Bleak House, you have an excellent view of the Citadel, and of the old French works, which extend beyond it, to the extremity of the Cape, overlooking *l'Anse des Mères*. A little beyond the Commandant's house, at the top of what is generally known as Perrault's Hill, stands the Perrault homestead, dating back to 1826, *l'Asyle Champêtre*,—now handsomely renovated and owned by Mrs Henry Dinning. The adjoining range of heights, at present occupied by the Martello Tower, is known as the *Buttes-à-Nepveu*. "It was here that Murray took his stand on the morning of April 28th, 1760, to resist the advance of Levi, and here commenced the hardest-fought—the bloodiest action of the war, which terminated in

\* The widening and paving of the *Grande Allée*, deserve also to be as signs of progress.

the defeat of Murray, and his retreat within the city. The Martello Towers are bomb-proof, they are three in number, and form a chain of forts extending along the ridge from the St. Lawrence to the River St. Charles. The fact that this ridge commanded the city, unfortunately induced Murray to leave it and attempt to fortify the heights, in which he was only partially successful, owing to the frost being still in the ground.

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

A party of Arnold's soldiers ascended these heights in November, 1775, and advanced quite close to the city walls, shouting defiance at the little garrison. A few shots soon dispersed the invaders, who retraced their steps to Wolfe's Cove. On the *Buttes-à-Nepveu*, the great criminals were formerly executed. Here,

la Corriveau, the St. Valier Lafarge, met her deserved fate in 1763, after being tried by one of General Murray's Court Martials for murdering her husband. After death she was hung in chains, or rather in a solid iron cage, at the fork of four roads, at Levis, close to the spot where the Temperance monument has since been built. The loathsome form of the murderess caused more than one shudder amongst the peaceable peasantry of Levis, until some brave young men, one dark night, cut down the horrid cage, and hid it deep under ground, next to the cemetery at Levis, where close to a century afterwards, it was dug up and sold to Barnum's agent for his Museum.

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

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

Eleven years later, in 1793, we have, recorded in history, another doleful procession of red coats, the Quebec Garrison, accompanying to the same place of execution a mess-mate (Draper), a soldier of the 7th Fusileers, then commanded by the young Duke of Kent, who, after pronouncing the sentence of death as commander, over the trembling culprit, kneeling

on his coffin, as son and representative of the Sovereign, exercised the royal prerogative of mercy and pardoned poor Draper.

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

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

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

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

sion. On the adjoining domain, well named "Battlefield Cottage," formerly the property of Col. Charles Campbell, was the historic well out of which a cup of water was obtained to moisten the parched lips of the dying hero, Wolfe, on the 13th Sept., 1759. The well was filled in a few years ago, but not before it was nigh proving fatal to Col. Campbell's then young son—(Arch. Campbell, Esq., of Thornhill.) Its site is close to the western boundary fence, in the garden behind "Battlefield Cottage." Here we are at those immortal plains—the Hastings and Runnymede of the two races once arrayed in battle against one another at Quebec. The Plains of Abraham are the eastern boundary of Marchmont, formerly owned by John Gilmour, Esq., now magnificently rebuilt by Thos. Beckett, Esq.

A few minutes more brings the tourist to Mr. Price's villa-Wolfe-field, where may be seen the precipitous path up the St. Denis burn, by which the Highlanders and British soldiers gained a footing above, on the 13th September, 1759, and met in battle array to win a victory destined to revolutionize the New World. The British were piloted in their ascent of the river by a French prisoner brought with them from England—Denis de Vitré, formerly, a Quebecer of distinction. Their landing place at Sillery was selected by Major Robert Stobo, who had, in May, 1759, escaped from a French prison in Quebec, and joined his countrymen the English, at Louisbourg, from whence he took ship again to meet Saunders' fleet at Quebec. The tourist next drives past Thornhill, Sir Francis Hinck's old home, when Premier to Lord Elgin; opposite appear the leafy glades of Spencer Wood, so grateful a summer retreat, that my Lord used to say, "There he not only loved to

live, but would like to rest his bones." Next comes Spencer Grange, the seat of J. M. LeMoine, Esq.; then Woodfield, the homestead of the Hon. Wm. Sheppard \* in 1847, now of Messrs John I. and Jas. Gibb. † The eye next dwells on the rustic Church of St. Michel, embowered in evergreen; close to which looms out, at *Sous les Bois*, the stately convent of *Jésus-Marie*; then you meet with villas innumerable—one of the most conspicuous is Benmore, Col. Rhodes' country seat. Benmore is well worthy, of a call, were it only to procure a *bouquet*. This is not merely the Eden of roses; Col. Rhodes has combined the farm with the garden. His underground rhubarb and mushroom cellars, his boundless esparagus beds and strawberry plantations, are a credit to Quebec.

Next come Clermont, (1) Beauvoir, (2) Kilmarnock, (3) Cataraqui, (4) Kilgraston, Kirk-Ella, (5) The Highlands, Bardfield, Dornald, MeadowBank, (6) Ravenswood, (7) until, after a nine miles drive, Redclyffe closes the rural landscape—Redclyffe, (8) on the top of Cap Rouge promontory. There, many indications yet mark the spot where Roberval's

\* Honb. W. Sheppard died in 1867—regretted as a scholar, an antiquary and the type of the old English gentleman.

† This realm of fairy land, so rich in nature's graces, so profusely embellished by the late James Gibb, Esq., President of the Quebec Bank, was recently sold for a Cemetery.

(1) The stately home of Lt. Col. Ferdinand Turnbull.

(P) The picturesque villa of R. R. Dobell, Esq.

(3) A mo sy old hall founded by Mr. McNider in the beginning of the century; now occupied by the Graddon family.

(4) The gorgeous mansion of Mrs. Chas. E. Levey.

(5) The property of Robert Campbell, Esq.

(6) The highly cultivated farm and summer residence of Chief Justice Sir Andrew Stuart.

(7) The beautiful home of W. Herring, Esq.

(8) Recently acquired by Amos Bowen, Esq.

ephemeral colony wintered as far back as 1542. You can now, if you like, return to the city by the same route, or select the St. Foye Road, skirting the classic heights where General Murray, six months after the first battle of the Plains, lost the second, on the 28th April, 1760; the St. Foye Church was then occupied by the British soldiers. Your gaze next rests on Holland House, Montgomerys headquarters in 1775, behind which is Holland Tree overshadowing, as of yore, the grave of the Hollands.\*

The view, from the St. Foye road, of the gracefully meandering St. Charles below especially during the high tides, is something to be remembered. The tourist shortly after detects the iron pillar, surmounted by a bronze statue of Bellona, presented in 1855 by Prince Napoléon Bonaparte—intended to commemorate the fierce struggle at this spot, of 28th April, 1760. In close vicinity appear the bright *parterres* or umbrageous groves of *Bellevue*, † Hamwood, ‡ Bijou, || Westfield, § *Sans-Bruit*, and the narrow gothic arches of Finlay Asylum; soon the traveller re-enters by St. John's suburbs, with the broad basin of the St. Charles and the pretty Island of Orleans staring him in the face. Let him drive down next to see the Montmorency Falls, and the little room which the Duke of Kent, Queen Victoria's father, occupied there in 1791-3. A trip to the Island of Orleans by the ferry will also repay trouble; half an hour of brisk steaming will do it. The Island contains hotel

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

† A stately Convent of Congregational Nuns.

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

|| The cosy dwelling of And. Thomson, President, Union Bank.

§ The homestead of Hon. David A. Ross.

accommodation. Let him cross then to St. Joseph, Lévis, in the steamer ferry, and go and behold the most complete, the most formidable, as to plan, the most modern earthworks, making one forget those of Antwerp. They are capable of containing three regiments of soldiers. At a point to the north-east of the lower fort, a plunging fire from above can be brought to bear, which would sink the most invulnerable ironclad in the world.

To

*The Author of "A Chance Acquaintance," &c.,*

W. D. HOWELLS,

CAMBRIDGE,

BOSTON.

The History of CHATEAU-BIGOT is respectfully inscribed in remembrance of the pleasure experienced by the writer, on perusing Mr. Howells' delightful account of "A Pic-Nic" at the CHATEAU.

J. M. L.

SPENCER GRANGE,

Sillery, 1st August, 1874.



# CHATEAU-BIGOT:

---

## ITS HISTORY AND ROMANCE

---

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

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

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

*The Hermitage.*

From time immemorial an antique and massive ruin, standing in solitary loneliness, in the centre of a clearing at the foot of the Charlesbourg mountain, five miles from Quebec, has been visited by the young and the curious. It was once a two-story stone building, with thick ponderous walls. In length, it is fifty-five feet by thirty-five feet broad—pierced for

six windows in each story, with a well proportioned door in the centre. In 1843, at the date of my first visit the floor of the second story was yet tolerably strong: I ascended to it by a rickety, old staircase. The ruin was sketched in 1858, by Col. Benson Loring and reproduced in *Harper's Magazine* for January 1859. The lofty mountain to the north-west of it is called *La Montagne des Ormes*; for more than a century, the Charlesbourg peasantry designate the ruin as *La Maison de la Montagne*. The English have christened it *The Hermitage*, whilst to the French portion of the population, it is known as *Chateau-Bigot, et Beaumanoir*; and truly, were it not on account of the associations which surround the time worn pile, few would take the trouble to go and look at the dreary object.

The land on which it stands was formerly included in the *Fief de la Trinité*, granted between 1640 and 1650 to Monsieur Denis, a gentleman from La Rochelle, in France, the ancestor of the numerous clan of Denis, Denis de la Ronde, Denis de Vitre, &c. \* This

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

After the conquest, the land came by purchase into the possession of the Stewart family, lately represented by the Hon John Stewart—a most interesting but lengthy letter from one of the Stewart's, describing the winter months he spent at the Hermitage in 1775-6, whilst Arnold, held for Congress, the environs of Quebec is in my possession. Mr. Wm. Crawford, the late owner of the land and ruins, having kindly allowed me the use of his title-

seigniory was subsequently sold to Monseigneur de Laval, a descendant of the Montmorency's who founded in 1663 the Seminary of Quebec, and one of the most illustrious prelates in New France : the portion towards the mountain was dismembered. When the Intendant Talon formed his Baronie Des Islets, † he annexed to it certain lands of the *Fief de la Trinité*, amongst others that part on which now stand the remains of the old chateau, of which he seems to have been the builder, but which he subsequently sold. Bigot, having acquired it long after, enlarged and improved it very much. He was a luxurious French gentleman who more than one hundred years ago,

deeds. I read that “ Charles Stewart, avocat et notaire demeurant à Québec, propriétaire du fief de Grand Pré, autrefois dit De la Mistanguenne ou Mont Plaisir, à la Canadière, par acte de Vente du 26 Juin 1780, devant Jean Antoine Panet, N. P. concéda à titre de cens et rentes seigneuriales . . . . à Monsieur Jean Lees, le Jeune, Simon Fraser, le Jeune, et William Wilson, négociant en cette ville, 10 arpents de front situés dans le fief Grand Pré ou Mont Plaisir, à la Canadière, au lieu nommé La Montagne ou l'Hermitage, prenant d'un bout, vers le sud aux terres de Joseph Bédard, et Jean-Baptiste LeRoux dit Cardinal, et allant en profondeur vers le nord quatorze arpents ou environ, jusqu'à la vieille clôture du verger, icelui verger compris en la présente concession et vente, les dix arpents de front joignant du côté du sud-ouest au fief de la Trinité, appartenant au S. minaire, et du côté du nord-ouest à la terre de Jean Chattereau, ensemble la maison à deux étages une grange et une étable en bois construits sur les dits dix arpents.”

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

† May, 1675, Louis the XIV and Colbert granted to Monsieur le Comte Talon, Intendant, the Seigniory des Ilets, “together with those three neighboring villages to us belonging the first called Bourg Royal, the second Bourg la Reine, the third, Bourg Talon, subsequently changed into the Barony of Orsainville.”—*Ferland*, II Vol., p. 69.)

held the exalted post of Intendant under the French Crown in Canada. † In those days the forests which skirted the city were abundantly stocked with game: deer of several varieties, bears, foxes, perhaps even that noble and lordly animal, now extinct in Lower Canada, the Canadian stag or Wapiti, roamed in herds over the Laurentine chain of mountains and were shot within a few miles of the *Chateau St. Louis*. This may have been one of the chief reasons why the French Lucullus owned the castle, which to this day bears his name—a resting place for himself and friends after the chase. The profound seclusion of the spot, combined with its beautiful scenery, would have rendered it attractive during the summer months,

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

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

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

even without the sweet repose it had in store for a tired hunter. Tradition ascribes to it other purposes, and amusements less permissible than those of the chase. A tragical occurrence enshrines the old building with a tinge of mystery.

François Bigot, thirteenth and last Intendant of the Kings of France in Canada, was born in the province of Guienne, and descended of a family distinguished by professional eminence at the French bar. His Commission bears date "10th June, 1747," the Intendant had the charge of four departments: Justice, Police, Finance and Marine. He had previously filled the post of Intendant in Louisiana, and also at Louisbourg. The disaffection and revolt which his rapacity caused in that city, were mainly instrumental in producing its downfal and surrender to the English commander, Pepperell, in 1745. Living at a time when tainted morals and official corruption raled at court, he seems to have borrowed his standard of morality from the mother country: his malversations in office, his extensive frauds on the treasury, some £400,000; his colossal speculations in provisions and commissariat supplies furnished by the French government to the colonists during a famine; his dissolute conduct and final downfall, are fruitful themes, wherefrom the historian can draw wholesome lessons for all generations. Whether his Charlesbourg (then called Bourg Royal) castle was used as the receptacle of some of his most valuable booty, or whether it was merely a kind of Lilliputian *Parc au Cerfs*, such as his royal master had, tradition does not say. It would appear, however, that it was kept up by the plunder wrung from sorrowing colonists, and that the large profits he made by pairing from the scanty pittance the French government allowed the starving resi-

dents, were here lavished in gambling, riot and luxury.

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

Such were the times during which \* Louis XV.'s XV's minion would retire to his Sardanapalian retreat, to gorge himself at leisure on the life-blood of the Canadian people, whose welfare he had sworn to watch over! Such, the doings in the days of La Pompadour. The results of this misrule were soon apparent: *the British lion quietly and firmly placed his paw on the coveted morsel.* The loss of Canada was viewed, if not by the nation, at least by the French Court, with indifference. Voltaire gave his friends a banquet at Ferney, in commemoration of the event; the court

\* These were times in which royalty did not shine forth in peculiarly attractive colors. On one side of the English Channel loomed out the effeminate figure of the French Sultan. Louis XV., revelling undisturbed in the scented bowers of his harem, the *Parc aux Cerfs*; *La Pompadour*, managing state matters; on the other, a Brunswick, (Georg II) one who, we are told, "had neither dignity, fearing, morals, nor wit—who tainted a great society by a bad example; who, in youth, manhood, old age, was gross, low and sensual:"—although Mr. Porteus, (afterwards My Lord Bishop Porteus) says the earth was not good enough for him, and that his only place was heaven!—whose closing speech to his dying, loving, true-hearted Queen is thus related by Thackeray: "With the film of death over her eyes, writhing in intolerable pain, she yet had a livid smile and a gentle word for her master. You have read the wonderful history of that death-bed? How she bade him marry again and the reply the old King blubbered out, "*Non, non, j'aurai des matresses.*" There never was such a ghastly farce."—(*The Four Georges.*)

favorite congratulated Majesty, that since he had got rid of these "fifteen thousand arpents of snow," he had now a chance of sleeping in peace the minister Choiseul urged Louis the XV to sign the final treaty of 1763, saying that Canada would be *un embarras* to the English, and that if they were wise they would have nothing to do with it. In the meantime the red cross of St. George was waiving over the battlements on which the lilly-spangled banner of Louis XV, † had proudly sat with but one interruption for one hundred and fifty years, the infamous Bigot was provisionally consigned to a dungeon in the Bastille—subsequently tried and exiled to Bordeaux; his property was confiscated, whilst his confederates and abettors, such as Varin, Breard, Maurin, Corpron, Martel, Estebe and others, were also tried and punished by fine, imprisonment and confiscations: one Penisseault, a government clerk (a butcher's son by birth), who had married in the colony, but whose pretty wife accompanied the Chevalier of Levi on his return to France, seems to have fared better than the rest.

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

After a ramble with an English friend through the woods, which gave us an opportunity of providing ourselves with wild flowers to strew over the tomb of the "Fair Rosamond," ‡ such as the marsh mary-

† In 1629, when Quebec surrendered to Kerth.

‡ The fascinating daughter of Lord Clifford, famous in the legendary history of England, as the mistress of Henry II, shortly before his accession to the throne, and the subject of an old ballad. She is said to have been kept by her royal lover in a secret bower at Woodstock, the approaches to which formed a labyrinth so intricate that it could only be discovered by the

gold, clintonia, uvularia, the starflower, veronica, kalmia, trillium, and Canadian violets, we unexpectedly struck on the ruin. One of the first things which attracted notice was the singularly corroding effect the easterly wind has on stone and mortar in Canada: the east gable being intented and much more eaten away than that exposed to the western blast. Of the original structure nothing is now standing but the two gables and the division walls; they are all three of great thickness; certainly no modern house is built in the manner this seems to have been. It must have had two stories, with rooms in the attic and a deep cellar: a communication existed from one cellar to the other through the division wall. There is also visible a very small door cut through the cellar wall of the west gable: it leads to a vaulted apartment of eight feet square: the small mound of masonry which covered it might originally have been effectually hidden from view by a plantation of trees over it. What could this have been built for, asked a romantic friend? Was it intended to secure some of the Intendant's plate or other portion of his ill-gotten treasure? Or else as the Abbe Ferland suggests: \* "Was it to store the fruity old Port and sparkling

clew of a silken thread, which the King used for that purpose. Here Queen Eleanor discovered and poisoned her about 1173— (*Noted names of Fiction*, 1175. See also Woodstock—*Waverly Novels*.)

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

[Three celebrated clubs flourished here long before the Stada-co and St. James' Club were thought of. The first was formed in Quebec, about the beginning of this century. It was originally called, says Lambert, the Beef Steak Club, which name it soon

Moselle of the club of the Barons, who held their jovial meetings there about the beginning of this century?" Was it his mistress, secret *boudoir* when the Intendant's lady visited the chateau, like the Woodstock tower to which Royal Henry picked his way through "Love's Ladder?" *Quien saby!* Who can unravel the mystera? Iô may have served for the foundation of the tower which existed when Mr Papi-neau visited and described the place fifty-six years ago. The heavy cedar rafters, more than one hundred years old, are to this day sound; oee has been broken by the fall, probably, of some heavy stones—There are several indentures in the walls for fire

changed for that of the Barons Club. It consistpd of twenty-one members, who are chiefly the principal merchants in the colony, and are styled barons. As the members drop off, their places are supplid by knights elect, who are dot installed as barons untel there is a sufficient number to pay for the entertainment which is given on that occasion." J. Lambert, during the winter of 1807, attended one of the banquets of installation, which was given in the Union Hotel (now the Morgan's Tailoring Store facing the Place d'Armes.) The Hon. Mr. Dunn, the President of the Province, and administrator, during the absence of Sir Robert Milnes, attended as the oldest baaon. The Chief Justice and ail the principal officers of the government, civi! and military, were present. This entertainment cost 250 guneas. The Barons cluo says Wm. Henderson, was a sort of *Pit Club*,—all, Tories to the backbone. It was a very select affair—and of no long duration. Among the members, if my memory serves me right, were John Coltman, George Hamilton Sir John Calûwell, Sir George Pownall. H. W. Ryland, George Heriot, (Postmaster and author), Methew Bell, Gilbert Ainslie, Angus Shaw. (*Notes of W. Henderson.*)

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

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

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

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

## CAROLINE, OR THE ALGONQUIN MAID

(by *Amedée Papineau.*)

“ We drove, my father and I, with our vehicle to the very foot of the mountain and there took a foot-path which led us through a dense wood. We encountered and crossed a rivulet, and then ascended a plateau cleared of wood, a most enchanting place ; behind us and on our right was a thick forest ; on our left the eye rested on boundless green fields, diversified \* with golden harvest and with the neat white cottages of the peasantry. In the distance was visible the broad and placid St. Lawrence, at the foot of the citadel of Quebec, and also the shining cupolas and tin roofs of the city houses ; in front of us, a confused mass of ruins, crenelated walls embedded in moss and rank grass, together with a tower half destroyed, beams, and the mouldering remains of a roof. After viewing the *tout ensemble*, we attentively examined each portion in detail—every fragment was interesting to us ; we with difficulty made our way over the wall, ascending the upper stories by a staircase which creaked and trembled under our weight. With the assistance of a lighted candle, we penetrated into the damp and cavernous cellars, carefully exploring every nook and corner, listening to the sound of our own footsteps, and occasionally startled by the rustling of bats which we disturbed in their dismal retreat. I was young, and therefore very impressionable. I had just left college ; the extraordinary sounds and objects at times made me feel very uneasy. I pressed close to my father, and dared scarcely breathe ; the remembrance of this subterranean exploration will not easily be forgotten. What were my sensations when I saw a tombstone, the reader can imagine ? ‘ Here we are, at last ! ’ exclaimed my father, and echo repeated his words. Carefully did we view this monument ; presently we detected the letter ‘ C,’ nearly obliterated by the action of time ; after remaining there a few moments,

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

to my unspeakable delight we made our exit from this chamber of death, and, stepping over the ruins, we again alighted on the green sward. Evidently where we stood had formerly been a garden : we could still make out the avenues, the walks and plots, over which plum, lilac and apple trees grow wild.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

(Ballad of Fair Rosamond.)

“Let us now see what took place on this identical spot on the 2nd July, 175—. It is night ; the hall clock has just struck eleven ; the ceaseless murmur of the neighboring brook, gently wafted on the night wind, is scarcely audible : the † Song Sparrow has nearly finished his evening hymn, while the ‡ *Sweet Canada* bird, from the top of an old pine, merrily peels his shrill clarion. Silence the most profound pervades the whole castle ; every light is extinguished ; the pale rays of the moon slumber softly on the oak floor, reflected as they are through the gothic windows ; every inmate is wrapped in sleep, even fair Rosamond who has just retired. Suddenly her door is violently thrust open ; a masked person, with one bound, rushes to her bed-side, and without saying a word, plunges a dagger to the hilt in her heart. Uttering a piercing shriek, the victim falls heavily on the floor. The Intendant, hearing the noise, hurries up stairs, raises the unhappy girl who has just time to point to the fatal weapon, still in the wound, and then falls back in his arms a lifeless corpse. The whole household are soon on foot ; search is made for the murderer, but no clue is discovered. Some of the inmates fancied they had seen the figure of a woman rush down the secret stair and disappear in the woods about the time the murder took place. A variety of stories were circulated, some pretended to trace the crime to the Intendant’s wife, whilst others alleged that the avenging mother of the creole was the assassin ; some again urged that Caroline’s father had attempted to wipe off the stain on the honor of his tribe, by himself despatching his erring child. A profound mystery to this day surrounds the whole

† *Melospiza melodia*.

‡ *Zonotrichia leucorhrys*.

transaction. Caroline was buried in the cellar of the castle, and the letter "C" engraved on her tombstone, which, my son, you have just seen."

Half a century has now elapsed since the period mentioned in this narrative. I search in vain for several of the leading characteristics on which Mr. Pineau descants so eloquently: time, the great destroyer, has obliterated many traces. Nothing meets my view but mouldering walls, over which green moss and rank weeds cluster profusely. Unmistakable indications of a former garden there certainly are, such as the outlines of walks over which French cherry, apple and gooseberry trees grow in wild luxuriance. I take home from the ruins a piece of bone; this decayed piece of mortality may have formed part of Caroline's big toe, for aught I can establish to the contrary; Chateau-Bigot brings back to my mind other remembrances of the past. I recollect reading that pending the panic consequent on the surrender of Quebec in 1759, the non-combatants of the city crowded within its walls; this time not to ruralize, but to seek concealment until Mars had inscribed another victory on the British flag. I would not be prepared to swear that later when Arnold and Montgomery had possession of the environs of Quebec, during the greater portion of the winter of 1775-6, some of those prudent English merchants (Adam Lyburner at their head), who awaited at Charlesbourg and Beauport, the issue of the contest, did not take a quiet drive to Chateau-Bigot, were it only to indulge in a philosophical disquisition on the mutability of human events; nor must I forget the jolly picnics the barons held there some eighty years ago. \*

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

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

† Book of Carthou.

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



## L'INTENDANT BIGOT—ROMANCE CANADIENNE

(Par Jos. Marmette.)

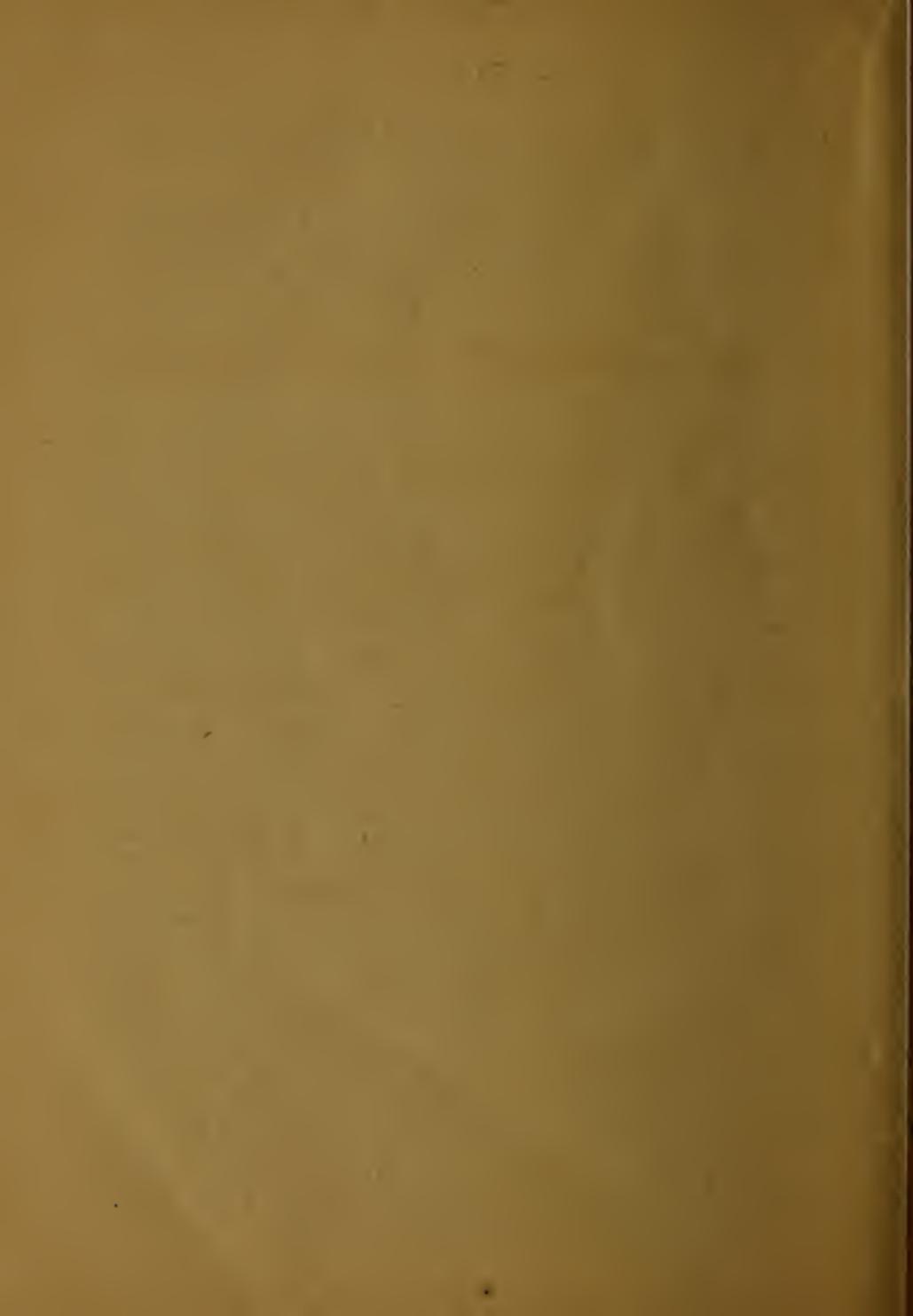
After perusing the Legend of *Caroline, the Algonquin Maid*, the lover of Canadian story, can find a more artistically woven plot in one of Mr. Marmette's historical novels, L'INTENDANT BIGOT. The following summary is from a short *critique*, I recently published thereon :

“ It is within the portal of Beaumanoir (Chateau-Bigot) that several of the most thrilling scenes in Mr. Marmette's novel are supposed to have taken place. A worthy veteran of noble birth, M. de Rochebrune, had died in Quebec, through neglect and hunger, on the very steps of Bigot's luxurious palace, then facing the St Charles leaving an only daughter, as virtuous as she was beautiful. One day whilst returning through the fields (where St. Rochs has since been built) from visiting a nun in the General Hospital, she was unexpectedly seized by a strong arm and thrown on a swift horse, whose rider never stopped until he had deposited his victim at Bigot's country seat, Charlesbourg. The name of this cold-blooded villain was Sournois. He was a minion of the mighty and unscrupulous Bigot. Madlle. de Rochebrune had a lover. A dashing young French officer was Raoul de Beaulac. Maddened with love and rage, he closely watched Bigot's movements in the city, and determined to repossess his treasure, it mattered not at what sacrifice, Bigot's was a difficult game to play. He had a *liaison* with one of the most fascinating and fashionable married ladies of Quebec, and was thus prevented from hastening to see the fair prey awaiting him at Beaumanoir. Raoul played a bold game, and calling jealousy to his help, he went and confided the deed to Madame Pean, Bigot's fair charmer,

entreated her immediate interference, and after some hairbreath escapes arrived at the Chateau with her just, in time to save Mdlle. de Rochebrune from dishonor.

Madame Pean was returning to the city with Mdlle. de Rochebrune and Raoul, when on driving past the walls of the Intendant's palace, close to the spot where Defosses street now begins, her carriage was attacked by a band of armed men — a reconnoitering party from Wolfe's fleet, anchored at Montmorency. A scuffle ensued, shots were fired, and some of the assailants killed ; but in the *mêlée* Mdlle. de Rochebrune was seized and hurried into the English boat commanded by one Captain Brown. During the remainder of the summer the Canadian maid, treated with very species of respect, remained a prisoner on board the admiral's ship. (It is singular that Admiral Durell, whose beloved young son was at the time a prisoner of war at Three Rivers, did not propose an exchange.) In the darkness and confusion which attended the disembarking of Wolfe's army on the night of the 12th September, 1759, at Sillery, Mdlle. de Rochebrune slipped down the side of the vessel, and getting into one of the smaller boats, drifted ashore with the tide and landed at Cap Rouge, just as her lover Raoul, who was a Lieutenant in La Roche-Beaucour's Cavalry, was patrolling the heights of Sillery. Overpowered with joy, she rode behind him back to the city, and left him on nearing her home ; but, to her horror, she spied dogging her footsteps her arch-enemy the Intendant, and fell, down in a species of fit, which turned out to be catalepsy. This furnishes, of course, a very moving *tableau*. The lovely girl—supposed to be dead—was laid out in her shroud, when Raoul, during the confusion of that terrible day for French Rule, the 13th September, calling to see her, finds her a corpse just ready for interment. Fortunately for the heroine, a bombshell forgotten in the yard, all at once and in the nick of time igniting, explodes, shattering the tenement in fragments. The concussion recalls Mdlle de Rochebrune to life ; a happy marriage soon after ensues. The chief character in the novel, the Intendant, sails shortly after for France, where he was imprisoned, as history states, in the Bastille, during fifteen months, and his ill-gotten gains confiscated. All this, with the exception of Mdlle. de Rochebrune's character, is strictly historical.

In 1886, a young Canadian writer Mr. Edmond Rousseau, of Chateau-Richer, wrote quite a stirring historical novel on the Ruin—intituled : LE CHATEAU DE BEAUMAÑOIR.



## THE LAVAL UNIVERSITY PICTURE GALLERY

---

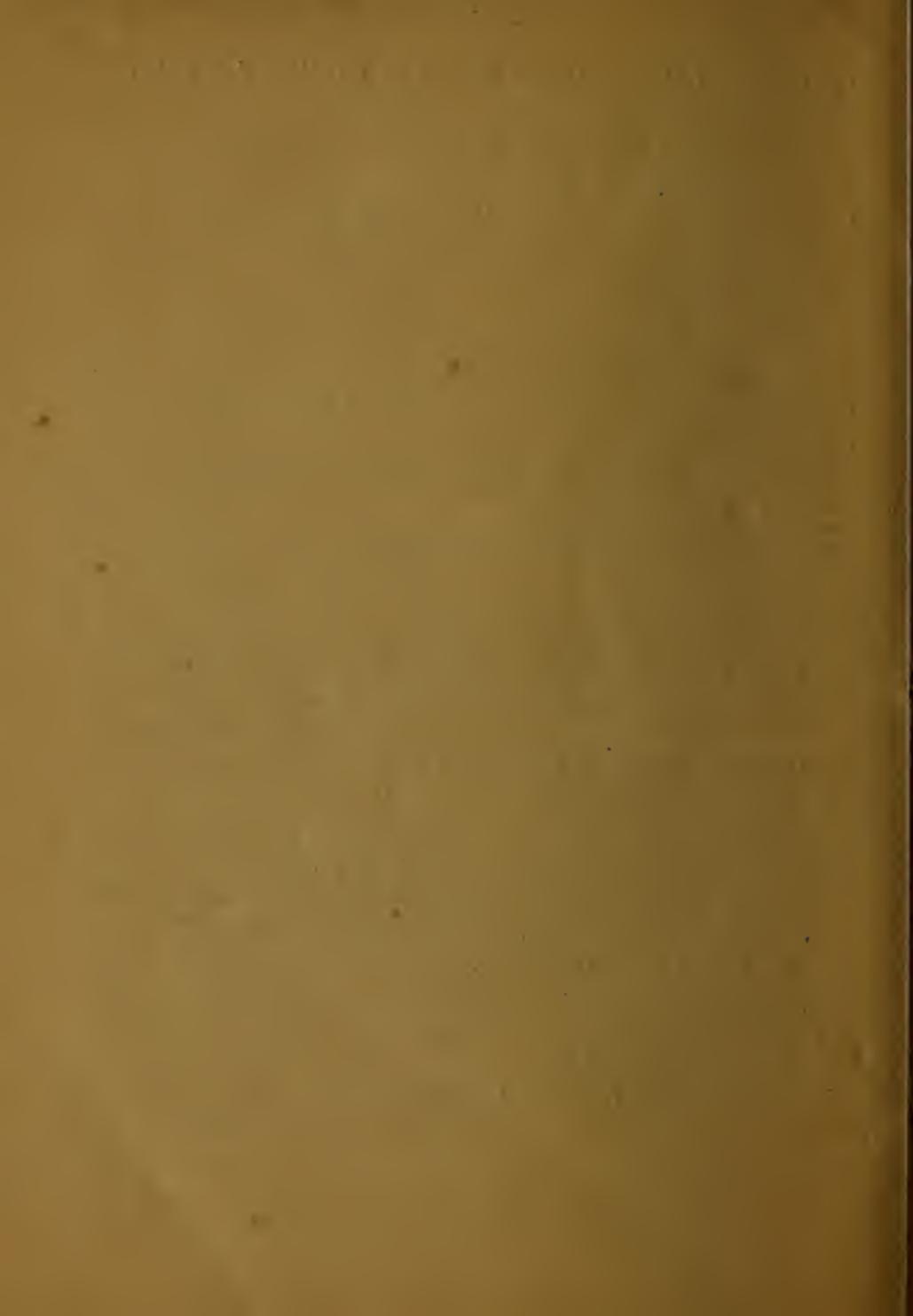
- 1 Victoria, Queen of England, by *Jos. Légaré*.
- 2 George III, King of “ “ “ “
- 3 Despair of and Indian woman in the forest by *Jos. Légaré*.
- 4 Mountain Scenery, striking effect,—by *T. Daniel*.
- 5 Portrait of Calvin,—by *Leemans (Chs. Pierson)*.
- 6 Juno giving orders to Iris,—*Daniel Mytens*.
- 7 Portrait of Cardinal Trivultius, Prince of Arragon—1643.
- 8 “ a Maiden.
- 9 Rural Scenery.
- 10 Scenery — bridge, — river — fall.
- 11 “
- 12 “ Shepherd and Flock.
- 13 “ Horses and Goats. *Salvator Castiglione*.
- 14 Woman milking Cows. Ruins.
- 15 Shepherd and Flock.
- 16 Mountains, — bridge, river, — waterfall.
- 17 Rural Scenery.
- 18 Mountains and Ruins.
- 19 The Old Convent, — *H. Vargason*.
- 20 Rural Scenery.
- 21 Tame Fowls.
- 22 “ “
- 23 “ “
- 24 “ “

- 25 Peaches and other fruits,— *Andrea Monticelli*.  
26 Flowers and fruits.  
27 “ “ *Grasdorp*.  
28 “ “ *Jean-Baptiste Monnyer*.  
29 Vase ornamented with flowers. S. P. Fiesne.  
30 Windmill by moonlight.  
31 Old Monastery, with river and herd of cattle.  
32 Hermitage. *H. Vargason*.  
33 Marine. *Karl Vernet*.  
34 “ “ “  
35 “ Negroes quarelling on the wharves,— *Karl Vernet*.  
36 “ Seaport,—*Jos. Vernet*.  
37 Landscape, showing river, bridge, buffaloes,—*Andrea Lucatelli*.  
38 Ancient Monastery, grotto and lake.  
39 Hunter and dog fight. *Abraham Rademaker*.  
40 Stag hunt. *Van Mullen*.  
41 Gazelle “  
42 Landscape.  
43 “ Card playing on the ground. *Salvator Rosa*.  
44 “ Copper-plate. *David Teniers*.  
45 “ “ “ “  
46 Delivery scene.  
47 Cariolanus desarmed by his mother.  
48 Little basket, charming scenery.  
49 Portrait.  
50 “  
51 The Poet Demetrius. *Brownzig*.  
52 The Poet.  
53 Butcher, baker and sailor. *John Opie*.  
54 Serenading in the streets of Rome.  
55 Torch light toilet. *Schalken*.  
56 Rural Scenery, ruins. *Peter Van Blounen*.  
57 Small Farm.  
58 “ “

- 59 Outside scene, lunch in a park. *Teniers.*  
 60 Inside " " "  
 61 In errear " *Jean Lingelback.*  
 62 " " "  
 63 Battle.  
 64 Cavalry encounter, between Saxons and Romans. *Jos. Parocel.*  
 65 " " *Turks and Romans* "  
 66 Attending to a wounded soldier.  
 67 Woman-returning from market.  
 68 Flute-player. *Jean Mohnaer.*  
 69 Geceful bacchanalian.—Palamede (Staevarst.)  
 70 Fair. *Monnieks.*  
 71 Roman antiquities. *Hubert Robert.*  
 72 Golden Calf. *Frank LeJeune.*  
 73 Martyrdom of Ste. Catherine. *François Chauvain.*  
 74 St. Michael triumphing over rebellious angels.  
 75 St. Jerome awaiting the sound of the last trumpet.  
 76 St. Michael vanquishing the Devil. *Simon Vanet.*  
 77 Daughters of Jethro. *Ciovanni Francisco Romanelli.*  
 78 St. Jerome in the desert. *Clàude Vignon.*  
 79 Elias throwing his mantle to Elisha. *Albert Van Ouwater.*  
 80 Ste. Elizabeth of Hungary.  
 81 Body of Our Saviour returned to his mother. *Antoine Van Dick.*  
 82 Judith and Hopherness head.  
 83 St. Louis Bertrand. *Pisanello Vittore.*  
 84 Our Saviour's birth announced to the Shepherds. *Cornelius Polemburg.*  
 85 Christ crowned with thorns. *Arnold Mytens.*  
 86 Martyrdom of Robert Longer (1764). *H. Allies.*  
 87 " " St. Stephen.  
 88 Death sentence. *V. H. Janssens.*  
 89 St. Bartholomew.  
 90 Wise men adoring. *Don Juan Carrenno De Miranda.*  
 91 Inside of a Church. *Pierre Neefs, & Ancien.*

- 92 Presentation in the temple. *Domenico Feti.*
- 93 Circumcision.
- 94 Mother of Sorrows.
- 95 St. John, the Baptist.
- 96 St. Hilary. *Salvator Rosa.*
- 97 St. Jerome commenting the scriptures.
- 98 Portrait of a Bishop.
- 99 SS. Peter and Paul.
- 100 Young woman playing guitar. *David Teniers.*
- 101 A Monk at Study.
- 102 A Head. *Stoplebeen.*
- 103 A Franciscan Monk praying by torch light.
- 104 Ecce Homo.
- 105 God, the Father, surrounded by angels. *N. Poussin.*
- 106 St. Jean the Evangelist.
- 107 St. Mary Magdalen. *Louis Antoine Daniel.*
- 108 Birth of our Saviour. *Antoine Coypel.*
- 109 St. Bruno and his disciple. *Le Sueur.*
- 110 St. Ignatius of Loyola. *P. Lauril.*
- 111 Disciples of Emmaus. *Paul Bril.*
- 112 St. Peter's Denial.
- 113 Cardinal P. H. Van Steeland after his death.
- 114 St. John the Baptist's Head.
- 115 St. Peter by torch light.
- 116 Adoration of Magi. *Don Juan Carrenno De Mirauda.*
- 117 St. Peter and the broken vase.
- 118 Blessed Virgin and infant in cradle.
- 119 Mater Dolorosa.
- 120 Faint outline of the features of a Saint.
- 121 Moses. *Lanfane.*
- 122 Shepherds adoring.
- 123 Mater Dolorosa.
- 124 Ecce Homo.
- 125 Aged monk studying by torch light.
- 126 Birth of our Saviour. *Lorenzo Gramiccia.*

- 127 School of Athens (from Raphaël) by *Ph. Paul Ant. Robert.*  
128 Burning of the Burg (from Raphaël.)  
129 Holy Family and St. Jean Baptiste. *Grammiccia.*  
130 St. Joseph and the infant Jesus.  
131 Martyrdom of Pope St. Vigil. *L. W. Baumgartner.*  
132 St. Ambroise and Theogosius. *F. Sigriso.*  
133 Jesus on the Cross. *Louis Carrache.*  
134 Aged Monk meditating.  
135 Fall of Simon the Magician. *Sebastian Boardon.*  
136 Religion and Time (allegorical).  
137 David gazing at the head of Goliath. *Pierre Puget.*  
138 The light Felicities. *J. Corneil.*  
139 The Coronation of the Virgin. *Giacomo Tintoretto.*  
140 The Child Jesus blessing.  
141 Battle between Indians. *Jos. Legaré.*  
142 St. Jerome.  
143 Ecce Homo.  
144 Louis XIV. *Quentin De Latour.*  
145 Marie Liezinska, Queen consort of Louis XV. *F. Boucher.*  
146 Marie Joseph de Saxe, Dauphine, mother of Louis XV.  
*F. Boucher.*  
147 Madame Victoire, fille de Louis XIV. “  
148 Madame Adelaide “ “ “  
149 Madame Louise “ “ “  
150 Jesus meeting Ste. Veronique. *Luis de Vergas.*  
151 Portrait of Josephthe Ourné, aged 25, daughter of an Abenakis  
Chief. *Jos. Legaré.*  
152 The Virgin and Child Jesus.  
153 Head of St. Nicholas.  
154 Bearing the Cross.  
155 Ascension of Our Lord.  
156 Assumption of the Holy Virgin.



# MEMORABILIA

---

Jacques Cartier landed on the banks of the Saint Charles,	Sept. 14, 1535
Quebec founded by Samuel de Champlain . . . . .	1608
Fort St. Louis built at Quebec . . . . .	1620
Quebec surrendered to Admiral Kirk . . . . .	1620
Quebec returned to the French . . . . .	1632
Beath of Champlain the first Governor . . . . .	Dec. 25 1635
Settlement formed at Sillery . . . . .	1637
A Royal Government formed at Quebec . . . . .	1662
Quebec unsuccessfully besieged by Admiral Phipps . . . . .	1690
Count de Frontenac died . . . . .	Nov. 28, 1698
Battle of the Plains of Abraham . . . . .	Sept. 13, 1750
Capitulation of Quebec . . . . .	Sept. 18, 1759
Battle of Ste. Foye—a French victory . . . . .	April 28, 1760
Canada ceded by treaty to England . . . . .	1753
Blockade of Quebec by General Montgomery and Col. Arnold . . . . .	Nov. 10, 1775
Death of Montgomery . . . . .	31st Dec., 1765
Retreat of Americans from Quebec . . . . .	May 6, 1776
Division of Canada into Upper and Lower Canada . . . . .	1791
Insurrection in Canada . . . . .	1837
Second Insurrection . . . . .	1838
Union of the two Provinces in one . . . . .	1840
Dominion of Canada formed . . . . .	July 1, 1867
Departure of English troops . . . . .	1870
Second Centenary of Foundation of Bishopric of Quebec by Monseigneur Laval . . . . .	Oct. 1st. 1664, 1874
Centenary of Repulse of Arnold and Montgomery before Quebec on 31st Dec., 1775 . . . . .	31st Dec., 1875
Dufferin Plans of City embellishment, Christmas day . . . . .	1875
Departure of the Earl of Dufferin . . . . .	18th Oct., 1878
Arrival of the Marquis of Lorne & Princess Louise, 20th Nov.,	1878
“ “ “ “ Lansdowne . . . . .	“ “ 1883



