



FRONTISPIECE—TAKING POSSESSION OF THE COUNTRY.

THE EARLIEST  
BEGINNINGS OF CANADA.

BY

J. M. HARPER,

Author of "Our Jeames," etc.

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DEDICATED

TO

PRINCE GEORGE,

DUKE OF CORNWALL AND YORK,

ON THE OCCASION OF

HIS VISIT TO CANADA

IN 1901.

## PREFATORY NOTE.

The success of the first of these historical booklets which has now reached its third edition, has encouraged the author to place in the hands of the public another of the series. The plan of the present work, as of the other, is more for the student of Canadian history in his novitiate, than for the critic who thinks that everything should be written up to his high standard of literary excellence. Indeed the verdict, on such elementary works as those of this series that is likely to be thought the most of, is the verdict that has been matured by noticing the character of the effect produced. If our young people are to become the possessors of the true patriotism that comes from knowledge and not from unthinking excitement, the knowledge that begets the true patriotism, if it is to be attractive, must be presented, as is attempted in these historical *brochures*, in the simplest phraseology and literary style.

## THE EARLIEST BEGINNINGS OF CANADA.

Britain's claim to Canadian territory has been established by discovery as well as by conquest; and to **John Cabot**, the Venetian, sailing from Bristol under the auspices of the King of England, is due the honour of having set up on the shores of the western continent the standard of prior possession in behalf of England in 1497.

The success of Columbus had hardly been noised abroad among the nations, when this naturalized citizen of Venice found his way to England with his wife and three sons, to lay before Henry VII. his plans in connection with transatlantic discovery and exploration. He was skilled as a chart maker, and had proved his enterprise as a merchant, as well as his hardihood as a navigator, during sundry voyages in the Orient. The

date of his arrival in England is not definitely known ; but it is on record that he was permitted to lay his proposals before the King in 1495, and that he succeeded in securing his commission a year later. One cannot but smile at the manner of his arguments before the king, as the envoy of the Duke of Milan has reported it:

“But Master John has set his mind on something greater, for he expects to go further on towards the East, where he thinks all the spices of the world, and also the precious stones, originate. He says that in former times he was at Mecca, whither spices are brought by caravans from distant countries. Those who brought these spices to market on being asked where they grew, answered that they did not know, but that other caravans came to their homes with such merchandise from distant countries, and these latter caravans again say that they are brought to them from other remote regions. And he argues thus,—that if the Orientals affirmed to the Southerners that these things come from a distance from them, and so from hand to hand, presupposing the rotundity of the

earth, it must be that the last ones get them at the north towards the west. And this he said in such a way, that, the king, who is wise and not very lavish, has put some faith in him, and is inclined to fit out some ships for his use."

The patent issued to Cabot gave him warrant to search out unknown lands in the north-western seas, to take formal possession of them in the name of England, to assume the responsibility of the cost of the expedition, and to pay one-fifth of the gain, should there be any, into the king's exchequer.

The story of Cabot's memorable voyage comes to us almost in his own words, and is a complete refutation of the historical narratives that have given the honour of discovering the continent of North America to his son Sebastian. In the early part of May, 1497, the expedition set out from Bristol with a company and crew of eighteen men in one small vessel. "Having passed the western limits of Hibernia," as Soncino, the aforesaid envoy, says, "Master John stood to the northward and began to steer westward, leaving after a few days the north star on his right hand; and

having wandered about considerably, he fell in at last with *terra firma*, where he planted the royal banner and took possession of the territory on behalf of the king."

It was not until after the 24th of June, when seven hundred leagues had been traversed, that land was first seen. The exact spot of landing cannot now be ascertained, though it must have been somewhere near the eastern extremity of Cape Breton Island, if a map said to have been drawn by Sebastian Cabot, who could hardly have been of the expedition unless as a stripling, is to be believed. There is no authentic evidence, beyond Sebastian's own statement, that he shared in the expedition of 1497, and there are grave reasons for suspecting that the son, who afterwards made such a distinguished name for himself in other undertakings, was little inclined to make too much of his father's renown, while vaunting his own.

After taking possession of the New Lands, as they were at first called, in the name of the King of England, the navigator made a voyage along the

coast line of the newly discovered territory, though there is no chart extant that indicates the direction he took. Soncino, who evidently had all he tells us about the expedition from John Cabot's own lips, says that Master John, as he calls him, had the description of the world in a chart, and also in a solid globe made by himself, from which he could show where he landed, and the lands toward the east which he had passed considerably beyond the *terra prima vista*. There is further evidence that it was the father and not the son who discovered what is now called Prince Edward Island, if that province and Cape Breton are to be identified as the two islands which the former is said to have seen on his starboard, as he turned his prow homewards from the extreme limits of his voyage, when his provisions began to run low.

On his return much was made of both discovery and discoverer. The merchants of Bristol readily put their faith in the Venetian, as did also the king. He had brought back with him no tangible evidences of abounding wealth. But he was able to report that the lands that



he had visited were temperate in climate and yet warm enough for the cultivation of silk, wooded with deep groves of what looked like Brazil wood, and having sea-waters alive with fish of every kind. "I have heard Master John and his comrades declare," says Soncino, "that there can be brought home from the New Lands so many fish that the kingdom will no longer have any need of Iceland, from which our greatest stores of stock-fish come." The king made a present of money to the navigator, and executed an agreement to pay him a pension chargeable to the seaport of Bristol; and we are told that under circumstances thus improved the explorer, with a vanity ill-concealed, at once assumed the bearing of a gentleman, dressing himself in silk, and accepting the courtesy of the title of admiral. With his globe and chart in hand, and making the most of his argument that the wealth of the east was of a surety to be found by sailing westward, a second expedition was favourably discussed and finally agreed upon. "His Majesty will fit out some ships in spring for the said Master John," says his

friend Soncino, "and will besides give him several convicts. They will go to the new country, to make a colony of it, and by means of trading with it, a greater storehouse of spices will be established in London than the one that now exists in Alexandria."

While the second expedition, consisting of six vessels and as many men as were willing to go, was on the way of being organized, its prospects were freely discussed in the public places of Bristol and London, where Cabot had been welcomed as the most renowned man of his day. The hopes of the nation were in a flutter over his discoveries. We are told that the chief men of the enterprise were of Bristol, great sailors, who felt at their ease about it as an investment, since the voyage was only one of fifteen days and the storms less frequent beyond Hibernia than in the narrower seas nearer home. The absurdity of some of the fluttering hopes did not escape the humorous Italian, who has told us so much that is pleasant reading about his friend Master John.

"I have talked with a Burgundian," he says, "a comrade of Master John,

who confirms everything he has told me, and wishes to return to the newly discovered country, because the Admiral (for so Master John already entitles himself), has given him an island. And he has given another island to a Genoese barber. Both of these gentlemen regard themselves as counts, while my Lord Admiral esteems himself nothing less than a Prince. I think that with this second expedition there will go several poor Italian monks who have all been promised bishoprics. Being a friend of the Admiral's, I am sure, if I wished to go thither, I should get an archbishopric."

The second expedition sailed early in May, 1498, and as the charter says, it was under the sole command of John Cabot, none of his sons' names being mentioned. One of the six vessels was forced to put back to Ireland in a disabled condition, but strange to say, the records here fail us, and when we next read of the expedition from reports published some time after, the son's name takes the place of the father's, while only one voyage, the voyage of 1497, is spoken of, with the events, which

could only have happened during the second expedition, attached. In a word, the name of John Cabot, except as the father of the distinguished Sebastian Cabot, is not mentioned in any of these later reports, as the discoverer of America. We hear the last of him when he set sail from Bristol in 1498.

The following may be taken as the record of the expedition of 1498, though it is culled from reports derived originally from conversations with the son:

“With a company of three hundred men, the little fleet steered its way in the direction of the north-west. In due course the navigators came to a coast running to the north, which they followed to a great distance, and where they found in the month of July large bodies of ice floating in the water, and almost continual daylight. Failing to find the passage sought, they turned their prows, and sought refreshment at Baccalaos (Cape Breton). Thence coasting southward, they ran to about the latitude of Gibraltar, still in search of a passage to the wealth of the east, when, their provisions failing, they were obliged to return to England.

“ They landed in several places, saw natives dressed in skins of beasts and making use of copper implements. They found the fish in such great abundance that the progress of the ships was sometimes impeded. The bears, which were in great plenty, caught the fish for food, —plunging into the water, fastening their claws into them, and dragging them to shore.”

Such is all there is to tell of the discovery of Canada by John Cabot. How interested we all would be if another of Soncino's quaintly written letters were to turn up to inform us of the final fate of his friend Master John, and thus possibly provide an explanation of the remarkable reticence of Master John's distinguished son in regard to the issue of his father's last enterprises.

## JOHN CABOT'S PREDECESSORS.

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Christopher Columbus has a claim beyond all others as the discoverer of America ; for if, before his time, there were traditions afloat about the existence of a western continent, these traditions came to light as verified fact only through the enterprise of the great Genoese navigator. That his name should only be associated with portions of the continent he discovered is still a matter of historic regret, as it is of still more regret that no place of importance as yet, by its name, commemorates the discoveries made by Cabot. That Amerigo Vespucci, the Florentine, should have had the great honour of having a continent named after him arose from the fact that when his book, describing his voyages to the west, first appeared, the continent had been for fifteen years without a name, and as no one undertook to refute the false assertion that the Florentine, and not the Genoese or Venetian, had first set foot on the mainland, the New Lands came to be known as America. That Sebastian Cabot

should not have contradicted Amerigo's story is as much of a marvel as is his remissness in other matters pertaining to his father's renown.

The traditions which may or may not have reached the ears of Columbus, before he set sail in 1492, have now taken their place as authentic elements in the history of Canada. The story of Eric the Red is now recognized as the romantic opening chapter in the history of the era of discovery in the west. The story, as told by the author of this *brochure* in his *History of the Maritime Provinces of Canada*, is as follows :—

“While the nations bordering on the Mediterranean were growing rich, giving themselves up to a life of luxury and ease, the Northern tribes of Europe were eking out a scanty livelihood from the fisheries off their coasts, and from the produce of their comparatively barren soil. The contrast in the manner of living could not, in the nature of human progress, exist long among neighbouring races. The Northmen, desiring a share of the wealth of the South, turned their experience as sailors and fishermen to account, and became pirates.

“One of these pirates or sea-kings was **Eric the Red**, who, after amassing considerable wealth, attained to some distinction in his native country, Norway. His influence and wealth, however, did not save him from subsequent disgrace and punishment; for, on being found guilty of an

outrageous murder, committed for a purpose repugnant even to his neighbours, whose only morality was a rude form of chivalry, he was heavily fined, and banished from the land. This took place in the beginning of the tenth century.

“Eric, thus driven from his home, embarked his family and movable property in three ships, and set out for Iceland,—an island well known at this time to the Northmen, having been discovered by Gardar, a Swedish navigator, in 853, and colonized by Ingolf, a Norwegian, eleven years afterwards. Here he found a rude republic in existence, and a hardy industrious people labouring to develop the rugged resources which Providence had placed within their reach. But this was not the place in which a man of Eric’s self-will and cruel nature could flourish, for, after giving continued annoyance to the inhabitants and authorities of the island, he was outlawed a second time, and forced to flee for safety to some less civilized shore.

“Again the old viking set sail towards the west. The fishermen of Iceland, in their long voyages, had seen the high snow-bound mountains of a country near the setting sun; and this knowledge was Eric’s only chart, guiding him to the land which he named Greenland, and which he colonized with emigrants from the island which had banished him. There for many years, he ruled as a king; there he died.

“Eric had three sons, whose names were



Lief, Thorwold and Thorstein. Chiefly by their industry and example, the colony of Greenland prospered ; but in them the bold restlessness of their father appeared in an oft-repeated desire to set out on some daring expedition. Lief, on returning from Norway, where he had been converted to Christianity, and whence he brought out a number of missionaries, learned that during a voyage to Greenland, an Icelander, named Biorne, had been driven westward by adverse winds, and had there seen the shores of other lands, very different in natural features from those around Cape Farewell. He at once set out to verify Biorne's statement.

“ Sailing towards the south-west, he soon descried the land mentioned by Biorne, and there disembarked with several of his crew, intending to investigate the character of the country thoroughly. But the periodic fogs, the scarcity of vegetation, and the sharp, biting blasts which blew among the numerous icebergs clinging to the shores, cooled the navigator's zeal, and sent him back to his ship, from the deck of which he named the country *Helluland*,—the land of naked rocks. This was evidently Newfoundland.

“ Still intent on discovery, Lief sailed further south, and in a few days reached another land, flat in surface, sandy in soil, and covered with forests. This, which was probably Nova Scotia, he named *Markland*. Farther in the same direction, he cast

anchor off an island lying some distance from the mainland. With this discovery he was more satisfied than with the others; for here he found the days and nights nearly equal, the climate mild and genial, and dew upon the grass, which tasted sweet like honey. Thence he proceeded across a tract of water, and arrived at a country intersected with rivers and numerous streams, where fodder for cattle was abundant, and the winter comparatively mild. Here he remained for many months to explore the interior, finding grapes and wild maize for a plentiful cargo on his return. He called the country *Vinland*, now Massachusetts, where both wild grapes and maize covered a large part of the country when it was first colonized by the Puritan fathers.

“On Lief’s return to Greenland, Thorwald, the second son of Eric, set out in the same ship, and arrived in safety at Vinland, where stood the huts which his brother had erected. In one of his expeditions towards the country lying north of Vinland, he and his companions were attacked by the aborigines. Having been slain during one of these attacks, his followers buried him near Lief’s huts, and returned to Greenland.

“Thorstein, the third son, then sailed with his wife and a number of colonists, thinking to settle permanently in the country of Vinland. There he died. His widow, on her return to Greenland, married a man named Thorfinne, and induced him to settle in the land discovered by her

brothers. Thorfinne wisely followed her advice, and became rich and prosperous.

“Other voyages took place after this, for we are told that Eric, Bishop of Greenland, departed for Vinland, in 1121, for the purpose of converting his countrymen, who had fallen away from the Christian faith.”

Other traditions, more recent in their growth, support the claim that the country was visited by French sailors four years before the first voyage of Columbus, and that Columbus had heard not only of such a visit but was conversant with the story of Eric and his sons. Parkman also tells us that Columbus had learned from one asking to serve under him, in the expedition of 1492, that Cousin, a navigator of Dieppe, being at sea off the African coast, was forced westward by adverse winds and currents to within sight of an unknown shore, where he descried the mouth of a great river. There can be no doubt that the Breton and Basque fishermen were accustomed to make annual visits to Baccalaos, as the Cape Breton and Newfoundland fishing regions were called by them. There is reason to believe that the fisheries of the Banks of Newfoundland were known even prior to Cabot's time. They were at least frequented in 1577, by French and Spanish fishermen, as many as fifty vessels taking part in the trade in the years immediately preceding Cartier's visits. Early in the sixteenth century a sea captain of Honfleur and another of Dieppe had cruised round

the Gulf of St. Lawrence, while Baron de Lery tried to make a settlement on Sable Island in 1578, leaving cattle there which were afterwards of service in keeping the colonists, deserted by De la Roche, alive until relief came from France. All these traditions, however, do not detract from the renown of Columbus, Cabot and Cartier, a trio of heroic navigators to be remembered with pride by every child of Canada.

**The Pre-Columbian Indians.** The first of the great migrations into Canada ought to be identified with the general Mongolian migration into America from Asia by way of Behring Strait, though the discussion of the possibilities of its ever or never having occurred has no place here. When the French settlers took up the lands on or near the St. Lawrence or the great lakes, they found small communities of natives scattered all over the country. The manner of living of these tribes, seemingly isolated from one another was very much the same: the fur-bearing animals of the forest provided them with clothing and animal food, —maize, tobacco, and wild fruits being the principal vegetable products they could depend upon. These tribes had wider groupings into families or nations, of which the more important, found in what is now Canadian territory, were the Sioux, the Algonquins and the Hurons.

The Sioux had their northern home along the Assiniboine and Lake Winnipeg. They included the subsidiary tribes of the western

parts of Canadian territory, exclusive, moreover, of the aborigines of British Columbia, the Eskimos, and the Beothicks of Newfoundland. Preceding these were the "very ancient men" or mound-builders, whose way of living can only be surmised from the relics dug from their burial places. These consist for the most part of specimens of rude pottery, some primitive contrivances in copper, and a few stone implements evidently used in canoe-making and the pursuits of the chase.

The Algonquins were to be found along the northern shores of the River and Gulf of St. Lawrence, around the Bay of Fundy, the River Ottawa, and the western shores of Lake Huron. They included the following tribes: the Bersiamites, Montagnais, Atticamigues, Ottawas, Crees, Ojibaways, Chipewas, Abenakis, Milicetes, Micmacs, etc.

The Hurons occupied the peninsula bounded by the first three of the great lakes and included the Iroquois, the Eries, and the Neutral Nations. The Five Nations,—the Mohawks, the Oneidas, Onondagas, Cayugas, and Senecas,—were subsidiary cantons of the Iroquois, which as a distinct tribe was also divided up into eight clans, the clanship running through the five nations promiscuously, and confined in no way to the tribal limits.

## JOHN CABOT'S SUCCESSORS.

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**Sebastian Cabot**, the son of John Cabot, who may have accompanied his father on his first voyage of discovery, and whose name has been erroneously associated with the origin of the second expedition to America sanctioned by Henry VII., was born in Venice. The exact date of his birth is uncertain. The first we hear of him is when he accompanied his father to England at the time when the discovery of America by Columbus was producing its first excitement in Europe. After his father's death, he seems to have arranged with Sir Thomas Pert an expedition in search of a North-west passage, and in which he is said to have discovered the entrance to Hudson's Bay. There are doubts, however, whether such an expedition ever took place. His subsequent career was a cosmopolitan one. At the instance of Charles V. of Spain, by whom he had been made grand pilot, he commanded an expedition to South America. On his return, he was condemned to banishment in Africa, though it cannot be said that the sentence was ever carried out. Then he

offered his services to his native place, but was unable to make good his promises. In 1546 he returned to England as promoter of a north-east route to China and improved commercial relationships between England and northern ports. Edward VI. granted him a pension for his services to his adopted country, and the bounty was continued by Queen Mary. He died in London, in the year 1557.

**John Verazzano**, whose birth in Florence is dated 1480, has been given historical rank as the most prominent of Cabot's successors, having spent a very busy life as traveller, corsair and explorer under the patronage of the French government. His first great achievement was the capture of a treasure-ship on its way from Mexico to Spain, laden with the spoils of Montezuma's wealth, and his safe delivery of it to the King of France. His subsequent explorations of the whole of the eastern coast line from Florida to Newfoundland would have given more colour to the claim which the French subsequently made to the possession of the whole of North America, had the Cabots not been there before him, and had the honesty of his allegations not been impugned. Few of the Florentine's undertakings were above reproach, and it is not strange that there has been a long continued controversy as to the genuineness of Verazzano's letter to the king describing his achievements in the west. One of his

last enterprises associated him with Admiral Philippe de Brion-Chabot, Cartier's friend, and some of the prominent merchants of St. Malo. In 1527 a company was formed in which Chabot was interested for the importation of spices from the east. Verazzano was appointed commander of the first expedition under terms which did not preclude him from giving hostile attention to any Spanish merchantmen that should happen to fall in his way. The enterprise was the corsair's last misfortune ; for he was seized as he was passing near the coast of Spain and executed at the little village of Pico, in New Castile.

The romance of Verazzano's career has made a hero of him in certain quarters, and tradition has thrown the usual mist of uncertainty around the story of his life. If his own words are to be trusted, he was the first navigator to visit the shores of North Carolina, from thence, with varied experiences among the aborigines, passing along the shores of Virginia and Maryland, entering the Bays of New York and Narragansett, the surf-beaten rocks of Maine, and finally visiting the resorts of the Basque fishermen in Nova Scotia and Newfoundland. But as has been said, there are very grave doubts about the truth of this as the Smith-Murphy controversy has revealed. Indeed, Mr. Murphy declares that Verazzano's letter could not have been written by him, that there is no state record of the King of France ever having encouraged the Floren-



tine, that the description of the coast and some of the physical characteristics of the country he claimed to have visited and of the manners and customs of its inhabitants is false and evidently written by some one who had no personal experience of the scenes ; and, finally, that Verazzano, at the time of his pretended discovery, was actually engaged in a corsairial expedition sailing under the French flag in a different part of the ocean.

And whatever foundation there is for these allegations, the mystery of Cabot's taking off is repeated in the case of Verazzano. The record of his execution as a pirate comes from a Spanish source, while Ramusio, the supposed writer of his letter to the king, says that he was killed and eaten by savages in sight of his followers, though Parkman thinks that he was living in Rome at the time when Jacques Cartier was engaged with his explorations in the St. Lawrence.

### JACQUES CARTIER.

In the year 1888, on the fête-day of St. Jean Baptiste, a vast assemblage collected on the outskirts of the city of Quebec, at the head of the first winding of the St. Charles, to celebrate the unveiling of the Jacques Cartier Monument, which had just been erected near the scene of that intrepid sailor's first winter encampment in Canada. It was a day to be remembered. It was the festival of the patron saint of the French-Canadians, as it was also the anniversary of the discovery of the northern part of the American continent by Cabot. It was a day on which the marvellous growth of things in the great Canadian confederation was to be witnessed, not only in the stretching panorama of the prosperous city that

filled the eye to the southward, with its busy havens and factories below, and its towering civic, provincial and ecclesiastical edifices on the hillside beyond, but in the immense throng near by, as well as in the *personnel* of those who had been called upon to take a leading part in the imposing ceremonies ; for were there not a hundred thousand people present, presided over by the governor-general of a Canada stretching from ocean to ocean, by the first cardinal-archbishop who ever had ecclesiastical sway in the New World, by a Canadian-born lieutenant-governor, and other high dignitaries and officials of the new nation that had had its birth in 1867.

The spot on which the monument stands still indicates in its *natura loci* the reasons why the sailor of St. Malo chose it for his wintering station. Here the tideway is narrow, and the ebb, which always leaves a broad shore-line, showed him how far his little vessels, when anchored in the soft mud, would be safe from the ice dangers of a more open moorage; while the land position gave him isolation from the Stadacona encampments on the great plateau be-

yond. Besides, with the little mud-stained Lairet on the one side, and the St. Charles in front, it was a site easily fortified, and this was surely a consideration of no little moment for a colony that had to lay its foundations amid the uncertainty of a land hitherto unexplored.

The leader of the band of colonists had been in Canada before, but it was only as an explorer and not as a colonizer that he had cruised around the shores of the open gulf. He had set sail on his first voyage in 1534 under the auspices of King Francis I. of France, having been selected, on the advice of Philippe de Brion-Chabot, the Admiral of France, as a navigator competent to face the dangers of the Atlantic, and brave enough to assert the claim of his royal master to some share of a continent which the Spaniards had come to regard as theirs and theirs only, though Columbus had never ventured further northward than the Bahamas. Sailing on the 20th day of April, and returning early in the following September, Cartier had only seen the summer aspect of the country.

There had been little or no hardship to encounter. In his time, Newfoundland was no *terra incognita* to Europeans, for after Cabot's memorable voyage in 1497, and Verrazano's expedition in 1524, the valuable fisheries on the great submarine plateaus near the shores of that island had been noised abroad, and more than one Breton fisherman through hope of gain had found his way there. Besides, the visits the skilful mariner had made to Ile St. Jean, Miramichi Bay, Chaleur Bay, and Gaspé Peninsula, were more or less the excursions of a yachtsman who never loses the reckoning of a sure way back again. But now there were heavier responsibilities to assume. The company he had brought out with him, in his three vessels, was one in which an element of nobility was to be found, for, with the forty or fifty possible settlers that had been induced to accompany him, several gentlemen of note, such as Charles de la Pomeraye, Claude de Pontbriand, and Phillippe Rougemont d'Ambroise, had joined in the colonizing venture, leaving behind them in France, when they sailed, the spirit of expectation in high

places, which it would be all but a disgrace to disappoint.

On the morning of the 16th of May, 1535, a special service was held in the Cathedral of St. Malo, in honour of the expedition which was to sail in three days' time. Officers and sailors were received by the bishop of the diocese, amid a pressing throng of the fellow-townsmen of the intrepid commander. He had spent forty years of his life, boy and man, amongst them. His grandfather had been a native and life resident of the place, as had also his father, and the day was remembered when the youthful sailor, Jacques Cartier himself, had led to the altar Catherine des Granches, the daughter of the constable of the town, M. Jacques des Granches, who is said to have been a man of means, and a citizen of considerable influence. As a skilful mariner and privateersman Cartier had in course of time acquired some property of his own in St. Malo, having a winter residence in the street which ran past the Hospital of St. Thomas, as well as the chateau out at Limoilou in the outskirts of the town, whose quaint archway and enclosures

had no doubt become, after the fame of his first voyage, as much an object of interest to the people living in and around St. Malo, as are its picture representations at the present moment to every Canadian. As a man of means, a skilful seaman, and a citizen of fearless integrity, he had gained the confidence of that high official, the Admiral of France, and even the ear of the king himself; and when the news spread through St. Malo that he had received his commission to make a second voyage across the ocean in search of a new realm for his royal master to govern, he and his companions had naturally become the heroes of the hour. And what a solemn service that must have been in the old Cathedral! Men bold enough to undertake the most dangerous experiment, with their own lives and the lives of others in their hand, and yet humbly submitting themselves to God as they piously besought Him to protect them from the dangers of the deep, and the uncertainties of a region yet to be discovered! At length, confession having been made, and a special mass celebrated, Cartier and his com-

panions left the sacred precincts, and with the blessing of the bishop upon them, gave themselves up to the final preparations for the sailing which took place on the 19th day of May, amid a crowd of anxious onlookers, waving their adieus.

The three little vessels,—the largest the *Grande Hermine*, only of a hundred tons burden, and the smallest, the *Emerillon*, a mere pinnace of forty tons,—had hardly lost sight of land when a severe storm scattered them; but so skilfully were they under control, so sure were their captains in their reckoning, that they all met again according to agreement, in the passage of White Sand Island, the Belleisle of to-day. Cautiously hugging the forbidding coastline of Labrador, even now so unlike in its character to its romantic name, they cast anchor for the moment in the estuary of what is known as the St. John's River of Saguenay, on the 10th of August. Cartier turning to his calendar, found that the 10th of August was the fête-day of St. Lawrence, and, at once calling the little haven the Bay of St. Lawrence, afterwards applied the



same name to the wider sea outside, as he sailed across it in a westward direction, past the great island of Anticosti, which for a similar pious reason he named Assumption.

While at Gaspé on his previous voyage, Cartier had entrapped two of the natives of that region. These he had taken to France with him, and while there they had been able to pick up sufficient French to make themselves intelligible. From them, however, Cartier seems to have kept the inner secret of his expedition, namely the finding of a passage to Asia, until he had passed Assumption, and when he at last broached the subject to them, they could only shake their heads and tell him of the great river they were entering, whose banks rapidly contracted, until, many miles up, the way was interrupted by shallows and rapids. And the report of the Indians was soon verified by the freshening of the water as they approached the mouth of the Saguenay, and beheld the wide-spreading shore flats laid bare by the ebbing of the tide. Thinking for the moment to explore the great tributary current,

the navigator turned aside and came in sight of several canoes out hunting seal, which, at first fleeing from his approach, halted and drew nearer, when the voices of the Indians on board the *Grande Hermine* hailed them. After being hospitably entertained by the tribes around Tadoussac, and possibly warned by them against going further up the gorge of the Saguenay, Cartier continued the ascent of the main river, and again came in sight of a number of canoes near an island covered with *coudriers* or hazel-nut trees. The savages in charge of the canoes, were, it seems, out on a whale hunt, and when congratulations had been interchanged the Frenchmen were invited to share in the sport. One of the marine animals taken, which Cartier himself describes as being as shapely in form as a greyhound, was no doubt the *Beluga Catadon*, or white whale, whose bones so often turn up in the post-pliocene clay of the St. Lawrence. On leaving the dusky whale-hunters, he was informed of the existence of a large Indian settlement called Stadacona situated further up the river, near Quebeio or

Quelibec, the narrow place of the waters; and he had not proceeded very far on his upward course, when he was met by the chief of the settlement in the person of Donnacona on his way down to meet the white-faced strangers in their strange-looking vessels. The chief, we are told, addressed them in a set oration, delivered in true native style with many gesticulations and rhetorical mannerisms.

It was now near the middle of September, and it behooved the explorers to keep their eyes open for a suitable place whereon they might build for themselves a station, at which they should test the rigours of a winter that bound all things up, as they were told, in snow and ice.

Taking the channel between a long island and the northern woodland, they anchored near the shore of the former, which Cartier called the Ile de Bacchus from the abundance of vines that were found growing on its slopes,—a name that has since been changed to the Island of Orleans. The newcomers were soon engaged in exploring the tidal line for a site, and at last entering

the curving mouth of the tributary of the St. Lawrence, they selected the memorable site on which, strange to say, the Jesuits ninety years afterwards established their first mission in Canada, and near which the modern village of Stadacona now stands. As was his pious custom, Cartier named the river the St. Croix,—the day on which he arrived in its channel, the 14th of September, being the fête for the salutation of the Holy Cross. The stream which is still spoken of as “the Little River.” received the name of the St. Charles from the Jesuits in 1625, in honour of M. Charles de Boues, a benefactor of their order.

The old Stadacona over which Donnacona held sway was situated on the great rock plateau to the south along its northern edge near what is now known as the Ramparts; and on the day the French arrived, a friendly demonstration was made by its inhabitants as they crowded out to the tongue of land now known as Hare Point. Donnacona himself, however, kept aloof from the rejoicings, and the two natives, whom Cartier had taken to France, also

kept out of the way, as if repentant of their friendly relations with the French commander. Among the confidences between them and the chief, the explorer's purpose to sail further up the river, even as far as the great Hochelaga, had leaked out, and since such a voyage seems to have been looked upon by Donnacona as an indirect interference with his personal interests, he determined to throw every obstacle in the way of the venture. Even after a friendly compact had been struck between Cartier and Donnacona's own subjects, and the two natives who had sailed with the expedition from France had returned to the ships, and everything was ready on board the *Emerillon* to sail from Quebec, the old chief thought to deter Cartier by pretending to call to his assistance the demons which were supposed even by the French themselves to fill the forests around. Dressing up several of his tribe as devils from Hochelaga, representatives of the great spirit Cudraguy of the upper St. Lawrence, he brought them into the commander's presence. But the drama with its blood curdling

whoopings, and its threatening antics was only a drama with Cartier, and on the third day, leaving his two ships in the safe-keeping of a sufficient garrison, he set sail with fifty of his men past the towering rock of Quebec, variegated with all the deep-toned tints of early autumn.

Those who have sailed on the St. Lawrence for miles, must have noticed the many stretches of shore line that have remained unchanged since Cartier's time, save for the cutting of the heavier timber. As one passes these stretches, it needs but little effort of the imagination to picture the feelings of the mariner of St. Malo and his companions as they proceeded on their western course towards what seemed always to be in their minds, the great eastern continent of Cathay and its mythical limits. The maples were beginning to bespangle the woods with their crimson and gold, and the great oaks and birches and stately poplars were interlining the evergreen of the forest with a relieving streak of sepia. The majesty of the great stream must have been a continual source of marvel to the strangers, as

new vistas of water and woodland revealed themselves beyond every curving headland. Tacking by day, and anchoring by night, the little *Emerillon* fought its way bravely against the current, and half the distance between Stadacona and Hochelaga had been accomplished without mishap. But beyond the large treble-mouthed tributary, now known as the St. Maurice, the St. Lawrence widens out into one of its greater expansions, and before the channel was improved for vessels seeking an inner port beyond, the upper end of this expansion was interrupted by rapids impassable to a vessel of heavy draught. The *Emerillon* was only forty tons burden, but Cartier thought it best to leave her at anchorage near the shore of Lake Angouleme (St. Peter) and pursue his investigations in the two boats that had been towed from Quebec.

At length, after a thirteen days' voyage, the Frenchmen came in sight of the hill of Hochelaga. They landed at a creek which they called St. Mary's, three miles from the village itself, and, news of their arrival instantly spreading, crowds of natives, bringing with them

supplies of food, and other tokens of good-will, came from all parts of the island to greet the pale-faced strangers. And the reception which Cartier received when once he was taken to the Indian capital, is as interesting to read as any story ever told.

Hochelaga was only one of many villages on the island, as Cartier very soon learned. It was however the largest of these, containing about fifteen hundred people, and being the residence of the most influential of the chiefs. What tribe the inhabitants were of there is now no means of definitely ascertaining, since every vestige of the settlement had disappeared when Champlain made his famous visit to the locality in 1611. At the time of Cartier's visit the place was certainly at the high tide of its prosperity—as prosperity goes among the Indian tribes. The village itself was situated on a fertile plain with tillage carried to the very foot of the rising ground behind it. The pathway leading from St. Mary's was well beaten and ran easy of access through the level fields, that still bore traces of having yielded rich harvests of



maize, and were bordered by groves of great oak trees as pleasant to look upon as any in France. On the way towards the village, the Frenchmen were met half-way by one of the chiefs, who, causing a fire to be lighted by the roadside, invited his guests to be seated around it, while listening to an elaborate harangue of welcome; and as a return Cartier presented the chief with a couple of axes and knives, not forgetting a crucifix which he hung round the swarthy heathen's neck and made him kiss.

Then came the final march to the village. The place was circular in plan with a triple palisade fence running all around it. There was but one entrance, a gateway guarded by moveable barriers, while at intervals on the inner side of the wall were erected platforms, near which were heaped mounds of stones and pebbles as ammunition against possible besiegers. In the centre was placed the public square or assembly ground, around which were grouped the dwellings or birch bark houses. The wigwam of nomadic life had, for the time, given way to the tenement of per-

manent abode, for Cartier, in describing one of the houses, says it was a building of about a hundred and fifty feet in length and forty-five in breadth, constructed of a wooden frame covered with great pieces of bark sewed together, and divided up into halls and chambers, for the accommodation of single families. Above these were arranged rooms for the harvests of grain and roots, while, within the groups of tenements, wide courtyards were enclosed and covered in, where groups of families did their cooking and lived in common during the day. It was the Age of Stone and community of property with the Hochelagans in 1534. Their weapons and industrial implements were made of the native rock, and, as Cartier further says, content to earn a living by farming and fishing, they made no account of the luxuries of this life, because they had no knowledge of them around their permanent home near the mountain.

There was a hurried crowding of the villagers from all parts when Cartier and his followers were conducted within the central square. The matrons

and maidens, with children in their arms, pressed forward to kiss the strangers, and, weeping for joy, besought them to touch the children by way of a blessing. Such men as these must be skilled medicine-men, the direct agents of Manitou perhaps, and forthwith the sick, the blind and the impotent were brought to the commander with the request that he would lay his hands upon them and heal them. And among these came old Agouhanna himself, the palsied "lord and king of the country," who, approaching the company of explorers on the shoulders of nine or ten of his subjects, took the porcupine-woven wreath of royalty from his head with trembling hands and placed it upon Cartier's brow, beseeching him to touch his shrunken limbs and make him whole. Manitou was surely come. God had descended from heaven. The age of St. Peter and St. Paul was repeating itself in the presence of the good Catholics of St. Malo. And what was the leader to do since the virtue of healing was no element of his piety? What could he do, but make the sign of the cross, recite a portion of the gospel of

St. John, and with service book in hand read the "Passion of Christ" from beginning to end? To the religious ceremony—the first Christian service ever held in Canada,—the natives attended with the stoicism of their race, and when it was ended made merry, like children, over the distribution of hatchets, knives and trinkets, and the flourish of trumpets that followed. It was a momentous day for Hochelaga, a momentous day for Canada. And when Cartier afterwards ascended Mount Royal and beheld the magnificent view of hill and plain, of river and island, that spread out before his gaze, there was in the interest it excited in him and his companions a prognostic of the time when Mount Royal would give its name to Montreal and preserve in that great metropolis the prestige which once pointed out Hochelaga as the largest and most important centre of population in the country.

When Cartier returned to Quebec, the nights were beginning to tell of the approach of winter. During his absence the men he had left behind had erected a rude fortification and sur-

mounted it with some of the pieces of artillery taken from the vessels. There was no immediate necessity for the action, for the residents of Stadacona were peaceable and friendly. They were present in numbers to receive the commander on his return, and friendly visits were interchanged until winter came, between the little settlement of the St. Croix and the encampment on the hill a mile away. Even in December, when the eastern blizzards and piercing north winds kept the thinly clad Frenchmen within their camp to huddle round the fire, the natives would push their way through the deep snow-drifts to give greeting to the prisoners within, or bring them presents of food. At length these visits suddenly ceased, and Cartier was not to know the cause until the plague of scurvy had run its course through the Indian encampment and had made a prey of his own little community. This painful disease, so often spoken of as the sailor's malady, is induced chiefly by prolonged privation from fresh vegetable and animal food. Emaciation, followed by loathsome skin discolourings and dysentery, ending

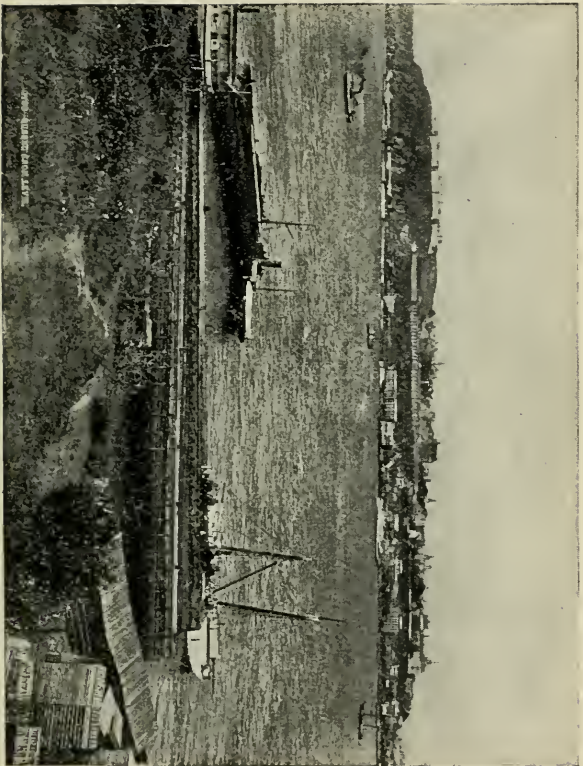
in death from exhaustion, is its usual course; and when Cartier saw his companions become its victims day by day "his heart was moved with compassion and his soul filled with sore distress."

More than once the navigator regretted that there was no priest among his band of pioneers. The natives of Hochelaga, as has been indicated, were ready to meet half-way any missionary enterprise in their behalf. They had virtually used the prayer of the Psalmist in Cartier's hearing, "Cause us to know thy way that we may walk therein." And just as religiously inclined had he found the natives of Stadacona. It would probably be difficult to get them to give up their practice of scouring the woods for the scalps of their enemies,—for these emblems of torturing victory were common enough around their dwellings. But they had earnestly desired to be baptized according to the Christian forms, and but for the insurmountable prejudices against a man, even of Cartier's orthodoxy, assuming the professional duties of the clerical office, the sympathetic mariner might have followed up his efforts as a lay preacher, by

organizing a mission amongst them. All he could do, however, was to promise them "a man of God" in his next expedition, and to continue to regret, on his own account, that no father of religion was near by to give consolation and absolution to his poor disease-stricken companions as they continued to die before his eyes.

The day without hope had come upon the expedition. Even the lengthening days of February had in them no breath of spring. Twenty-five of the pioneers had succumbed to their sufferings, and the living left behind had barely strength enough to scoop out the necessary graves for them in the snow wreaths without. At any moment the Indians might descend upon the wretched camp and make an end of it, as they had of the abandoned *Petite Hermine*. They had been seen hovering around as if to spy out the condition of affairs; and, to deceive them, Cartier had caused a great clamouring to be made within as of men too busy at work to give heed to anything without.

At length a special and united appeal was made directly to heaven. They



View of Quebec from the river

# QUEBEC.





would brave the spying of the Indians, and make a procession to the slope over which the great cross now extends its arms in front of the monument. Placing the picture of the Virgin Mary in a shrine rudely constructed near a great tree, Cartier led his companions forth on the shortest of pilgrimages to salute the Mother of Heaven and to beseech her intercession. There was no priest to celebrate mass, as there was on the great day of commemoration in 1888, but while his emaciated and death-stricken followers knelt tremblingly in the snow in presence of the image, the commander read aloud the prayers for the sick and distressed, and extracts from the Psalms. It was a terrible ordeal for them all, and when young Philippe Rougemont died that night, it seemed for the moment as if even heaven had deserted them.

At last, one morning while walking by the river, Cartier, who had puzzled over the fell disease even to the point of holding an autopsy on poor Philippe Rougemont's body, was informed by an Indian that *ameda* was a sure cure for the disease which was threatening his

camp with extinction. And what this *ameda* was the elated explorer was not long in finding out and applying as a remedy to his sick comrades. The medicine was a simple decoction of the leaves of a variety of spruce, and, as Cartier mirthfully says, so marvellous were its curative effects that in six days the men had drunk "a tree as large as a French oak."

When the advent of spring had thawed the icicles from the palisades of the little fort, hope had come back to the pioneers, though it was a hope that led them to prepare for their return voyage to France. The marvellous tales they had heard from the natives of a land abounding in gold and precious stones that lay beyond Hochelaga, had no influence with men who had endured so much in one season. The colonization of the country was only for an expedition better equipped than theirs had been. Such an expedition might be arranged for next year. In the meantime the summer scents of *la belle France* was what they longed for, and the sooner the return voyage began the better.

Even Cartier himself made no effort to delay the return to France. The rivers teemed with fish and the forest with fur-bearing animals, and here and there patches of fertility were to be seen in the meadows and around the Indian clearings; but all these sources of wealth would keep, and hence he encouraged his followers to have everything ready for the return voyage on the 6th of May. On Holy Rood Day he set up a cross, with some show of ceremony, and to it affixed the superscription, in Latin, "Francis I. reigns King of the French, by the grace of God."

The last incident of this memorable winter's sojourn in New France, throws an unfavorable light, it is thought, upon the integrity of the commander. Donnacona and his subjects had told him many marvellous stories about the wealth of the country far to the west, and Cartier, no doubt anxious that his royal master should hear these tales directly corroborated, determined to seize the old chief and carry him to France accompanied by one or two of his tribesmen. In pursuance of this object he caused the king of Stadacona to be seized and

carried on board just as the vessels were weighing anchor, resisting the piteous importunities of the natives, as they crowded on the shore and offered ransom for their ruler. But when it is known that Donnacona himself assured his subjects, as they persevered in following up with their canoes the departing vessels as far as the *Ile aux Coudres*, that he was willing to go and would assuredly return to them, Cartier's conduct may be somewhat excused. Indeed, before the Frenchmen left with their captives, the tribesmen of Stadacona made peace with the commander, and, as a free gift, presented him with the ransom they had offered for their king, consisting of valuable bundles of beaver skins, a great wampum belt, and a red copper knife from the Saguenay.

Thus ended Cartier's second voyage. Though unpropitious weather detained him at the mouth of the river and in the gulf, he was able to visit Gaspé again, and greet the great cross he had set up the year before. He also visited Brion Island of the Magdalen group, and explored the southern coast of New-

foundland. Finally he left Cape Race on the 16th of June, and, after an uneventful voyage across the Atlantic, arrived at St. Malo on the first of July, 1536.

Cartier's First Voyage had taken place a year before the date of the above recorded expedition and ten years after John Verazzano, the Florentine navigator, had by his alleged transatlantic discoveries under the auspices of Francis I. given the French a seeming claim to the continent of America. During these ten years the wars in which France was engaged made the corsair's occupation a busy and remunerative one; and it was only when the Treaty of Cambrai brought about peace that the navigators of the period, with their occupation as privateersmen virtually gone, turned their attention to schemes of exploration beyond the seas, in the territory which had been called since Cabot's time the New Lands. As one of these sons of hardihood, Cartier had made friends with Philippe de Brion-Chabot, the Admiral of France and boon companion of the king, and, when the war came to an end, he had, through such a prominent courtier, sufficient influence at court to secure a commission to follow up Verazzano's explorations.

He received such a commission in 1533, and set sail on the 20th of April, 1534. The voyage across was a speedy one, since he

reached Cape Bonavista on the 10th of May. The command included two vessels of fifty tons each and a company of one hundred and sixty-two men. After a delay of ten days, the explorers sailed northwards to the Island of Birds, where they amused themselves by firing into the thick flocks of sea-fowl, and by watching a large bear as it fearlessly swam out to devour the victims. But sterner work was in store for them, when the ice baffled their attempts to enter the Straits of Belleisle, and drove them to take doubtful shelter in one of the small harbours of the Labrador coast, which Cartier, in honour of the most westerly seaport of France, named Port Brest. The fact that Port Brest was visited by a trading vessel from Rochelle, while Cartier's exploring parties were investigating the neighbouring shores, goes to show that the St. Malo navigator was as yet in no unknown land. Even from the days of Cabot, fishermen were to be found on the great fishing grounds of the Banks of Newfoundland, as may be read of, on another page.

With the aid of a map, the reader can follow with increasing interest the course pursued by Cartier after he had passed through the straits to the open gulf beyond. His exploring parties had located and named several of the small harbours on the Labrador coast, such as St. Anthony, St. Servans, and St. John River; but the reports brought back from these places

were all of the same kind : " The land was so forbidding in its appearance that it could hardly be other than the land allotted to Cain." The explorers reported that the country was not uninhabited, but the savages they had caught sight of were said to be so "wild and unruly, hailing from the mainland out of warmer regions," as to be altogether unworthy closer attention.

The first object of interest, after the explorers had sailed from Port Brest, past Point Rich and Cape Aiguille, was the Bird Rocks which lie to the north-east of the Magdalen group, and whose steep whitened sea-walls, the home of the ganet and gull, continue to excite the attention of the passengers of our modern ocean steamships, as much as they did the followers of Cartier from the poops of their fifty-ton caravels. Not far from the Bird Rocks is Brion Island—a name given by Cartier in honour of his patron, which still indicates it—and this the navigator describes as a place "six miles long, and full of beautiful trees, meadows and flowers, though the shores are guarded by sea monsters with tusks as large as elephants." From Brion Island the explorers passed to another island "very high and pointed at one end," which cannot but be identified as the Prince Edward Island of to-day ; and the yachtsman who has lingered in sight of the sand-dunes and sheltering bays, in the safe waters of the north shore of that province, can bear witness to the terrorless nature of the scene.



It was not until the vessels had anchored in Miramichi Bay (Bay of Boats) that there seemed to be any danger. Here the native Micmacs came out in a great fleet of canoes, and crowded around the new comers so impedingly, that Cartier had to fire a cannon to keep them at a safe distance. On the 5th of July, the two little vessels entered the wide mouth of the Bay Chaleur, and when they had crossed to the other side, the explorers again made acquaintance with the aborigines, though these were less threatening in their attitude, and evidently belonged to a different tribe. But Chaleur Bay gave as little evidence of its being a possible channel through the land to the longed-for Cathay as had the Bay of Boats; and when anchorage had been found near the entrance to Gaspé Basin, the mariner of St. Malo, being now, at least, where no European had ever been before, decided to take possession of the only prize within his reach. Cathay with its fabulous resources, or even the way to it, was little likely to be found during what there was left of the summer months, and it was time for the grateful commander to be doing something for his royal master. There was only one prize to be had, and rough and valueless as it seemed, there was nothing left for him but to take possession of it in the name of Francis I. of France.

The day on which the ceremony took place was the 24th of July. A large white cross, thirty feet high, with a shield at-

tached, was erected in presence of the ships' crews and the assembled natives. The escutcheon had engraved upon it the fleur-de-lis (the blossom emblem of France) and the words "Vive le Roi de France." When the cross was firmly placed, the Frenchmen knelt around it, and with an "Ave" from the lips of their leader, laid claim to the territory near and beyond, in the name of their king and country. The ceremony was so simple and unmistakable in its significance, that the natives knew enough of it to protest against the taking of their country from them. Even the old chief, accompanied by his two sons, seconded the protest in person on board of Cartier's vessel. We are not told how Cartier replied to the protest, but his followers set themselves to appease the father by decorating the sons with white shirts, coloured jerseys, and red caps, flinging around their necks glittering brass chains and amusing them in sundry other ways. The effect produced seemed to please alike the old corsair of St. Malo, and the Souriquois chief. Indeed the boys were so taken with their new friends that they elected to remain with them for the night while their fathers went on shore, and when Cartier set sail next morning two specimens of "native flesh and blood" were safe on their way to France as presents for His Most Gracious Majesty the King.

That is all that came of Cartier's first voyage. The route to the Orient by the

west had not been discovered ; nor did the navigator find out till afterwards how near he had been to the mouth of the great river it was his to navigate in the subsequent year, and in connection with which his name has come to be immortalized in the history of Canada.

**Cartier's Third Voyage** is the prelude to Roberval's attempt at colonization at Cap Rouge in 1542. Five years had gone by since Cartier's return from his second voyage. As a cause for this, some have blamed the St. Malo navigator for having circulated a poor report of the country, yet unappeased cupidity on the part of king and courtiers had perhaps more to do with the neglect than anything else. The way to the east had not been found by way of the west, and no treasures of gold and precious stones had made up for the mishap.

The king, however, was at last roused to listen again to his master pilot and his patrons. On the 15th of January, 1540, Jean François de la Roche, Sieur de Roberval, a nobleman of Picardy, was created Viceroy and Lieutenant-General of Canada, Hochelaga, Saguenay, Newfoundland, Belleisle, Labrador and Baccalaos. These names are significant. Cartier had evidently not lost heart, and the news soon reached St. Malo that he had been appointed captain-general and master pilot of the expedition to follow. For this expedition five vessels were soon on the stocks at St. Malo, built with

the approval of king and viceroy and under the eye of the captain-general. The object of the voyage is expressly given in the words of the report, namely, that "they might discover more than was done in some voyages, and attain if possible to a knowledge of the country of the Saguenay, whereof the people brought by Cartier, as is declared, mentioned to the king that there were great riches and very good lands."

Only three of the ships would be ready, it seems, to sail early in May and the king, impatient at the delay—for in the light of the Pope's Bull which granted all America to the Spaniards, there had been some international trouble over the matter—ordered Roberval to send Cartier forward at once. Cartier thereupon set sail on May 23rd, 1541. His intention was to visit Stadacona and the St. Croix again for purposes of settlement as well as exploration. But the delays of his departure pursued him. Storms beset every mile of his way across the ocean, and over three months had passed before he could make the turn of the channel past the Island of Bacchus, or hold his first reception with the natives as they crowded round his ships to hear of their chief Donnacona and the others. Cartier had to tell them that Donnacona was dead, but, to appease with a subterfuge, he led them to infer that the others were doing well and living luxuriously in France, whereas all of them had died except one little girl. Agona, the new chief, pretend-

ing to believe all that Cartier told them, took the leather crown or Indian fillet from his own head and placed it on the head of the captain-general, adorning at the same time his wrists with bracelets. There were some acclamations of joy during the ceremony, but reciprocal distrust found its way alike into the heart of savages and Frenchmen, and, in view of such, there was nothing strange in Cartier's selecting another site for a wintering encampment further up the river, away from Stadacona.

Sailing up the St. Lawrence one still sees, nine miles from Quebec, a strange-looking gap in the river's northern bank. Through the gap there is an entrance to the valley of the St. Charles so well defined that many believe that the St. Lawrence must have passed that way in prehistoric times. Be this as it may, the north-eastern embankment presents almost as prepossessing a site for a city as Cape Diamond itself, and no doubt Cartier saw its suitability as such when he sailed up the river away from his former allies. With a fort above and a fort below, there was ample safety for his encampment, until Roberval should appear upon the scene and the buildings for the proposed capital were fairly under way.

For the first day or two there was very little done. The tropical heat of August was not favourable to hard work, and the pioneers gave themselves up to little exploration parties in search of what was in everyone's mind, the riches of the East.

The irregular quartz crystals found in the surface deposits of the cliff and the yellow scales of pyrites found in the slaty formations fostered in them the notion that such a search would not be in vain. Even Cartier was of the same opinion. And when the forts had been completed, the captain-general left the encampment in charge of Viscomte de Beaupré, master of one of the vessels, as he went off on a visit up the river to Hochelaga.

The news of Cartier's third arrival in the country had already been carried to Hochelaga, but when the explorer reached the place with the intention of surmounting the rapids above, under the guidance of his friends of Mount Royal, he found that they had been put on their guard against him. He was even told that their chief had gone to Quebec to plot against him with the chief of Stadacona. Under such circumstances he could only think of returning to Cap Rouge. To place a hostile tribe between him and his capital would be suicidal. Before turning his back on Mount Royal, however, he is said to have surmounted the Lachine Rapids by careful portaging, and to have reached the mouth of the Ottawa.

Meanwhile, what of Roberval? Had he arrived at Charlesbourg Royal, as the encampment at Cap Rouge had been named? Before Cartier left for Hochelaga he had sent two of his captains back to France, and these had been met by Roberval in

Newfoundland on his way out. No message of his superior officer's arrival, however, could have yet reached Cartier's ears. The blustering winds of October were beginning to sweep across the vast expanses of the mighty river he had discovered and with which he was now becoming familiar, as he traversed it on his return, to meet his associate. What was to be the outcome of his present enterprise? Would Charlesbourg Royal meet the same fate as the settlement at St. Croix? Was there to be discontent or co-operation? Was Roberval a man of whom to be jealous? Would he be waiting at Cap Rouge to give him welcome?

There are two sides to the story of the quarrel between Roberval and Cartier. Whether they passed the winter of 1541 at Cap Rouge in the same encampment or not, it is impossible to say. They were certainly both in Canada during that winter, the date of Roberval's departure from France attested by the official record proving this; and there could therefore have been no meeting of the two at St. John's, Newfoundland.—the one coming from France, and the other sailing for France. Roberval set sail from Honfleur on the 22nd of August, 1541, and not, as Hakluyt says, from Rochelle on the 14th of April, 1642. In a word, Cartier and Roberval arrived in Canada the same year, and the story of their quarrel as told by Parkman and others is one of those myths which history finds it so difficult to miss repeating.

The facts, as attested by lately discovered documents, are these. Cartier set sail on the 23rd of May, 1541. In the month of July following, the king complained to parliament of Roberval's delay in following up his master pilot. On the 18th of August Roberval sent a message from Honfleur that he would sail from that port for America in four days, and the official record proves that he kept his word. Thus it is clearly proved that Roberval did not delay a whole year in joining the proposed colony in New France, but arrived at Quebec in the autumn of 1541, sending from that place two of his vessels back to France, as Cartier had done a month or so earlier. Whether he was at Cap Rouge when Cartier returned from his visit up the river or not cannot now be known. There is no evidence, however, that the lieutenant-general and captain-general had an open rupture, and the fact that the king subsequently extended his favor to Cartier, is almost conclusive that the failure of Roberval's scheme of colonization was not to be traced to Cartier's jealousy, but to the discontent and disaffection of the colonists. If there had been any foundation for the story, Cartier would hardly have been the man selected to go out on a fourth voyage to Canada to bring Roberval home in 1543.

The fate of Charlesbourg Royal as located by Cartier is mixed up with the fate of France Royale, the name given to Roberval's settlement. Parkman takes for granted



that the two places are one and the same, and locating them both at Cap Rouge thus describes Roberval's regime with a free pen :—

“Roberval held his course up the St. Lawrence, and dropped anchor before the heights of Cap Rouge. His company landed; there were bivouacs along the strand, a hubbub of pick and spade, axe, saw and hammer; and soon in the wilderness up rose a goodly structure, half barrack, half castle, with two towers, two spacious halls, a kitchen, chambers, store-rooms, workshops, cellars, garrets, a well, an oven and two water-mills. It stood on that bold acclivity where Cartier had before entrenched himself, the St. Lawrence in front, and, on the right, the river of Cap Rouge. Here all the colony housed under the same roof, like one of the experimental communities of recent days,—officers, soldiers, nobles, artisans, labourers, and convicts, with the women and children, in whom lay the future of New France.

“Experience and forecast had alike been wanting. There were storehouses, but no stores; mills, but no grist; an ample oven, and a woeful dearth of bread. It was only when two of the ships had sailed for France that they took account of their provision and discovered its lamentable shortcoming. Winter and famine followed. They bought fish from the Indians, dug roots and boiled them in whale oil. Disease broke out, and, before spring, killed one third of the col-

ony. The rest would have quarrelled, mutinied, and otherwise aggravated their inevitable woes, but disorder was dangerous under the iron rule of the inexorable Roberval. Michel Gaillon was detected in a petty theft, and forthwith hanged. Jean de Nantes, for a mere venial offence, was kept in irons. The quarrels of men, the scolding of women, were alike requited at the whipping-post, 'by which means,' quaintly says the narrative, 'they lived in peace.' Thevet, while calling himself the intimate friend of the viceroy, gives to his history a darker colouring. Forced to unceasing labour, and chafed by arbitrary rules, some of the soldiers fell under his displeasure, and six of them, formerly his favourites, were hanged in one day. Others were banished to an island, and there held in fetters; while for various light offences several, both men and women, were shot. Even the Indians were moved to pity, and wept at the sight of their woes.

"And here, midway, our guide deserts us; the ancient narrative is broken, and the latter part is lost, leaving us to divine as best we may, the future of the ill-starred colony. That it did not long survive is certain. It is said that the king, in great need of Roberval, sent Cartier to bring him home. It is said, too, that in after years, the viceroy essayed to repossess himself of his transatlantic domain and lost his life in his attempt. Thevet, on the other hand, with ample means of learning

the truth affirms that Roberval was slain at night, near the Church of the Innocents, in the heart of Paris."

The last we hear of Jacques Cartier is when he and Roberval were summoned to appear before the king, after Cartier had brought the latter back from Canada. He continued to live in St. Malo until the day of his death, which probably occurred in 1555.

**Cartier's Successors.**—Some two miles above the port of Dartmouth in England, as Anthony Froude the historian tells us, there has stood for centuries the manor-house of Greenway, on a projecting angle of land which runs out into the river at the head of one of its most beautiful reaches. The water runs deep all the way to it from the sea and the largest vessels may ride with safety within a stone's throw of the windows. Here it was, that three little boys, who were afterwards to have their names known as navigators were wont to play as sailors,—in the summer evenings doubtless rowing down with the tide to the port to marvel at the quaint figure-heads and carved prows of the ships which thronged it, or climbing on board, and listening with beating hearts to the mariners' tales of the lands beyond the sunset. These three lads were no other than Humphrey Gilbert, his brother Adrian, and his half-brother Walter Raleigh, and it is just possible that at times, they were joined in

their boyish expeditions by a sailor lad of the adjoining parish of Sandwich, John Davis by name. Of Humphrey Gilbert and John Davis, the early history of our country, even in epitome, has always something of interest to say.

Sir Humphrey Gilbert was born in 1539. From the famous school of Eton he passed to Oxford, with the intention of finally taking up the profession of the law; but changing his mind, he entered the army and won renown in suppressing the Irish rebellion of 1570, was appointed governor of Munster, and had bestowed upon him the honour of knighthood.

But it is not in his soldiering that we read the romance of his life. His fate seems to have been solved when he put pen to paper and gave to the world a treatise on the *New Passage to Cathay*, a subject which was engrossing the world's attention in his day. Nothing had come of Cartier's voyages save a definite knowledge that there was a continent to explore. The fishermen continued to ply their vocation at the approaches to the gulf which he had explored, and the harbour of St. John's was beginning to be known as one of their places of rendezvous coming and going. But there was surely something more than this to come of the New Lands. If there was not to be found in them any surprising wealth of silver and gold and precious stones, there was at least a pathway, to discover through them, to places where one could not fail to

find these natural treasures. And when Sir Humphrey appeared before Queen Elizabeth, as John Cabot had appeared before her grandfather, the outcome of his representations was very much the same; he was armed with a royal warrant to take possession of any uncolonized lands in North America upon payment of one-fifth of all the gold and silver found in them.

There was a heroism in Sir Humphrey Gilbert's standard of living strikingly exemplified in his memorial to the queen which closes with these words:—"Never mislike with me for taking in hand any laudable and honest enterprise, for, if through pleasure or idleness we purchase shame, pleasure vanisheth; but the shame abideth for ever. Give me leave, therefore, without offence, always to live and die in this mind; that he is not worthy to live at all that for fear or danger of death, shunneth his country's service and his own honour, seeing that death is inevitable and the fame of virtue immortal; wherefore in this behalf I despise either changing or fearing (*mutare vel timere sperno*)." And we know that these were no empty words but the creed of a brave man, who, while battling with the storms of the Atlantic, within an hour or two of the sinking of his vessel, could encourage his men by assuring them that they were as near heaven by sea as by land.

As in the case of Cabot, we have the record of Gilbert's most memorable voyage

from one who knew him personally. The first two voyages he undertook, with Walter Raleigh as an associate, came to nought. In the third a fleet of five ships sailed from the port of Dartmouth, not without the foreboding on the part of the queen that she would never see its commander again. As a last favour she sent a jewel to him and asked Raleigh to have his picture taken for her before he set sail.

As Mr. Froude tells us, quoting from the Dartmouth merchant who accompanied Sir Humphrey, the fleet consisted of the *Raleigh*, the *Delight*, the *Golden Hinde*, the *Swallow*, and the *Squirrel*, the first being a bark of two hundred tons and the latter a frigate of ten tons. "We were in all," says Mr. Froude's eye-witness, "two hundred and sixty men, among whom were of every faculty good choice. Besides, for the solace of our own people and the allurements of the savages, we were provided with music in good variety, not omitting the least toys, as morris-dancers, hobby horses, and May-like conceits to delight the savage people."

The expedition reached Newfoundland without accident. St. John's was taken possession of and a colony left there; and Sir Humphrey then set out exploring along the coast to the south, he himself doing all the work in his little ten-ton cutter, since the service was too dangerous for the larger vessels to venture on. One of these had remained at St. John's. He was now accompanied by the *Delight* and the *Golden Hinde*,

and these two keeping as near to the shore as they dared, he spent what remained of the summer examining every creek and bay, marking the soundings, taking the bearings of the possible harbours, and risking his life, as he was obliged to do in such a service, in thus leading, as it were, the forlorn hope in the conquest of the New World. How dangerous it was we shall presently see. It was towards the end of August. "The weather was fine and pleasant, yet not without token of a coming storm, and most of the evening had been spent in the *Delight*, like the swan that singeth before her death, in the sounding of drums, trumpets, and fifes, with the winding of cornets and hautboys, and in the end of the jollity with the battle and ringing of doleful knells."

Two days after came the storm. The *Delight* struck upon a bank, and went down in sight of the other vessels, which were unable to render her any help. Sir Humphrey's papers, among other things, were all lost in her, at the time considered by him an irreparable misfortune. But it was little matter; he was never to need them.

The *Golden Hinde* and the *Squirrel* were now left alone of the five ships. The provisions were running short and the summer was closing. Both crews were on short allowance; and yet it was not without difficulty that the commander was prevailed upon to be satisfied with what he had done, and to set sail for England.

The return voyage was inaugurated with

an omen which the leader made less of than his followers. It was the age in which the new was ever being looked upon as something uncanny, and we must not lose sight of the fact when we read that when the explorers had changed their course on their way back to England, there passed along between them and the land "a very lion, to their seeming, in shape, hair, and colour; not swimming after the manner of a beast by moving his feet, but rather sliding upon the water, with his whole body, except his legs, in sight, neither yet diving under and rising again as is the manner of whales and porpoises, but confidently showing himself without hiding, in face of open gestures from those on board. Thus did the monster pass along turning his head to and fro, yawning and gaping wide, with ugly demonstrations of long teeth and glaring eyes, and as if to bid farewell to those on board, ran right against the *Hinde*, sending forth a horrible voice with roaring and bellowing like a lion." In the minds of many of the crew, this was nothing short of a visitant from the nether world giving them a send-off presaging misfortune. Sir Humphrey, however, counselled them to look upon it as a good omen, though the after event did not bear out his interpretation.

Had Sir Humphrey kept to the largest of his vessels all would have been well with him personally, but in spite of the importunities of captain, master, and friends, he kept to the *Squirrel*, declaring that he would



not forsake the little company with whom he had passed so many storms and perils. On the 2nd of September, after many days at sea, he went on board the *Golden Hinde*, "to make merry with us," as the narrator puts it. He greatly deplored the loss of his books and papers, but he was full of confidence from what he had seen, and talked with eagerness and warmth of the new expedition for the following spring. There were some of his companions who believed that Sir Humphrey was keeping to himself some secret discovery he had made, and they tried hard to extract it from him. They could, however, make nothing of his odd, ironical answers, and their sorrow at the catastrophe which followed was sadly blended with disappointment that such a secret should have perished.

When they were more than half way to England, a storm like unto the tempest which beset St. Paul at Melita, came down upon Sir Humphrey and his ships. Tossed about on his cockle shell of a frigate, he would sometimes pass near the *Golden Hinde* and shout greeting across the stormy waters.

"On Monday, the 9th of September, in the afternoon, the frigate was near cast away oppressed by the waves, but at that time recovered, and giving forth signs of joy, Sir Humphrey, sitting abaft with a book in his hand, cried out to us in the *Hinde* as often as we approached him: 'Be of good cheer, boys, we are as near to heaven by sea as by

land.' This he did not fail to reiterate, well beseeching a soldier resolute in Jesus Christ, as can be testified of him. The same Monday night, about twelve of the clock, or not long after, the frigate being ahead of the *Göläen Hinde*, the lights of the former suddenly disappeared, and our watch cried out that the General was cast away."

Thus was the sowing made, without any immediate seeming of a coming harvest. As Froude says, such was Sir Humphrey Gilbert, still in the prime of his life when the Atlantic swallowed him. Like the gleam of a landscape lit suddenly for a moment by the lightning, these few scenes flash down to us across the centuries, but what a life must that have been of which this was the conclusion.

The Arctic Regions have a history of their own, drawn from the records of the various expeditions in search of a North-west passage, and extending from the days of Frobisher and Gilbert to the final success of McLure and McClintock. An old map has led to the surmise that Sebastian Cabot sailed as far north as Cumberland Island or Melville Peninsula; but **Sir Martin Frobisher** may with certainty be looked upon as the first of the long line of Arctic explorers, leaving, as he has done, a geographical memorial of his visit in the name of one of the entrances to Hudson Bay from Davis Strait. For fifteen years he laboured to find a patron, and when he at last succeeded

in forming a company, he was able to count among the subscribers, Queen Elizabeth, who invested four thousand pounds, Lord Burleigh, the Earl of Warwick, the Earl of Leicester, Sir Philip Sydney, Sir Thomas Gresham, Sir Francis Walsingham and others scarcely less conspicuous in that generation. The first expedition consisted of two small vessels. On the 28th of July, 1576, Frobisher reached that part of what is now called Baffin Land, which still bears the name he gave to it of *Meta Incognita*. Taking possession of this region, in the name of England, he gave orders to his company, if by any possible means they could get ashore, to bring him whatever they could find, "living or dead, stock or stone in token of Christian possession." Some of the men returned to him with flowers, some with grass, and one brought a piece of black stone "like unto sea coal," and with this as a specimen of the mineral wealth of the country, and with a captured native as a specimen of its inhabitants he returned to England.

This piece of mineral finally saved his credit. Presenting it to one of his associates, that gentleman's wife accidentally threw it into the fire where it remained some time when it was taken out and quenched in vinegar. It then appeared of a bright golden colour, and on being submitted to an assayer in London was said to be rich in gold.

No sooner was the news of this spread in

the right quarter than there arose an eagerness to send out a second expedition. The gold fever has never been difficult to stir up, and Frobisher was twice sent back to make further explorations under the auspices of gold-seekers, and with more than a hundred men to work the prospective mines. On the second voyage he secured about two hundred tons of ore, and on the third over thirteen hundred tons, but it was finally proved to be of little value, and the interest in Frobisher's enterprise soon died out. It is said that a house of stone and lime was erected at one of the summer rendezvous in which were deposited some articles that might afterwards lead to its identification.

Subsequent to this, Frobisher was associated with Sir Francis Drake in his voyage to the West Indies. In 1588 he was knighted for services against the Spanish Armada. In 1594 he was sent to France to aid Henry IV., and while attacking that monarch's enemies at Croyzon near Brest, he received his death wound, of which he finally expired at Plymouth in the autumn of 1594, though he was able to bring back in safety the fleet under his command.

The fate of Sir Humphrey Gilbert did not deter others from following in his track in search of the sea channel in the north which had foiled Frobisher's efforts. The sailor lad, who had possibly joined in the games of boyhood with the Gilberts and Raleigh in the neighbourhood of Dartmouth, had no doubt been influenced by Sir

Humphrey's book, when he made up his mind to set sail for western Greenland. **John Davis** has left his name to the spacious coast-water that lies between Greenland and Baffin Land. Sailing from Dartmouth and entering by the route taken by Frobisher, he examined the "Land of Desolation," as he called the western coast of Greenland, and discovered a bay to which he gave the name of his early playmate, calling it Gilbert Sound. On his return he published a pamphlet in which he set forth the grounds of his belief that a North-west Passage existed. He made in all three voyages to the Arctic regions. He died at sea near the coast of Malacca in 1605.

**Henry Hudson** is another of the many intrepid sailors who have left their names as legacies to the Arctic regions. He had made a name for himself as a navigator years before he took charge of an expedition to the Arctic coast-waters. In 1608, he made a voyage to Nova Zembla, discovering the island of Jan Mayen so well known to the readers of the literature of Arctic explorations. Sailing afterwards under the auspices of the Dutch India Company he discovered Hudson River and explored it as far as Albany. In 1610, he undertook, under English auspices, to follow up the discoveries of Frobisher and Davis, exploring Hudson Strait, and discovering Hudson Bay. The last scene of his life is a pathetic one.

Three months had been spent in exploring the great inland sea which will always bear

the name of the intrepid navigator. The grip of winter seized his ships early in November, and held them firm until the following June, when, strange to say, with the prospect of relief before the crew, a mutiny arose. The explorer failed to subdue the malcontents, who won over the majority to their way of thinking, and, finally forcing Hudson with his son, and six others, into a shell of a boat, left them to perish in the great unexplored waters of the north. Nothing was ever heard of them again, though the scandal of their desertion was made public, when the mutineers, after encountering great perils and privations, again set foot in England in 1611.

**William Baffin**, another of the brave mariners who made their fame amid the icebergs of the Far North, gave his name to the great Arctic coast-water whose entrance is Davis Strait. Sailing further north than any of his predecessors, he affixed the names of the promoters of his enterprise, and of some of his personal friends to Smith Sound, Wolstenholme Sound, Cape Dudley Diggs, Hakluyt Island, Lancaster Sound, Jones Sound, and Cary Islands.

Following Baffin came a long list of navigators, whose names are still read of in the pages of our geographies, such as Fox, James, Middleton, Mackenzie and Barrow, not to mention Parry and Franklin whose expeditions formed the prelude to the actual discovery of the North-west Passage by Captain McLure. The search for Sir John

Franklin, with the romantic interest that surrounded it for years, led to McClintock's rescue of McLure, and the exploration of seven thousand miles of coast-line along the northern limits of Canada, which the Canadian government will no doubt in time follow up.

Captain James Cook, the celebrated navigator, whose life story is a romance in itself, has given his name to Canadian history in more ways than one. Born of humble parentage in 1728, he was brought up in the Yorkshire village of Marton, England. After some years of experience as an ordinary seaman, he joined the navy in his twenty-seventh year, and had climbed up to being the master of a sloop at the siege of Quebec in 1759 under General Wolfe. After his fame had been established as the first circumnavigator of the globe, he was engaged by the British Government to make sundry explorations, and among them one to Behring Sea, to solve if possible the mystery of a North-west Passage from the Pacific side. The mysteries of the Arctic regions have always had, and still have, an attraction for the fame seeker, and Captain Cook was willing enough to accept the commission of discovery, which gave him charge of two vessels, the *Resolution* and *Discovery*, and included instructions to examine the coast-line from the forty-fifth parallel to the limits of the north.

As early as 1592, the waters between what

is now called Vancouver Island and the mainland of Canada had been examined by a Spanish sailor in the employ of the viceroy of Mexico,—a visit which, though long considered apocryphal, has given the sailor's name, Juan de Fuca, to the strait between the United States and British Columbia. In 1748, Behring, the Danish navigator, under the auspices of Russia had worked his way from the strait which bears his name along the Pacific coast as far south as Mount St. Elias, the highest mountain peak in Canada; while Queen Charlotte Islands, Nootka Sound, and the mouth of the Columbia River had been located by Juan Perez, the Spaniard, and others.

To the expedition of Captain Cook may be traced the beginnings of trade in this remote region which is said to have had the elements of its earliest population from the Mongolian tribes of Asia. The weather was so unpropitious for exploration purposes during his visit, that he was unable to identify the country around Nootka Sound as forming part of a large island. Indeed he went so far as to discredit the existence of the Straits of Juan de Fuca, and Queen Charlotte Sound, having no chance to hug the shore very closely as he passed northwards to Behring Strait.

It was on this the third of his greater voyages that Captain Cook was cruelly put to death on the Sandwich Islands, which he had touched at on his way home from the Arctic circle. While in the north, his asso-



ciates had collected costly stores of furs from the natives; and when, on their return from the south seas, after the death of their master, they spread reports of the great wealth that was to be had from sea and land in the regions they had visited, there arose great eagerness on the part of the fur merchants of London to open up a trade in the Northern Pacific. Captain Cook's posthumous report was given to the world in 1784,—a year ripe with expectations also for Eastern Canada in the Loyalist migration, and Nootka Sound soon became a mooring place for trading fleets from all parts of the world. And here it is in what has been called the "Nootka affair" that we may find the very beginnings of the political history of the great western maritime province of Canada.

Among the traders who found their way to Nootka was one Captain Meares, a British subject, who had made successive voyages to China and the East Indies. When he arrived at Nootka in 1788, he set up a trading establishment, erecting a storehouse and fortifying its approaches. The land on which he placed his trading house he had purchased with due formality from the native chief of the district, and the idea possibly never came into his head that there could be any dispute about his property not being on British soil. About a year after he had left Nootka, however, Don Estevan Martinez, the commander of a Spanish exploring expedition, arrived one day in the

harbour, and seized everything in the name of his country, confiscating the vessels, and taking into custody their crews. Such conduct was an outrage on the feelings of every true-hearted Briton when the news reached England, and a demand was at once made, at the instance of parliament, that Spain should give immediate satisfaction, by releasing the property confiscated and by paying an indemnity to the captive seamen. The demand brought Spain to see the right of the question. She paid nearly a quarter of a million of dollars in arranging matters; and Britain, to close the dispute for all time, sent **Captain George Vancouver** out to arrange the final steps towards restitution, and to make a survey of the whole territory.

Vancouver's enterprise has been trebly commemorated in the west, by his name being attached to the island he explored, to the town on the Columbia in Washington Territory, and to the growing emporium in the New Westminster District, British Columbia. The survey which was placed in his charge led to a close examination of the whole coast line from the mouth of the Columbia northwards; and, when it came to be completed, the idea that there was a sea-way somewhere leading from the Pacific to Hudson Bay was given its *quietus*. Further than this, however, and the meting out of justice to the traders of Nootka, the visit of Vancouver led directly to no permanent settlement of the country. Indeed, when we look for the earliest stages of

colonial development in the west, we must follow the movements of the North-west Company and its rival and successor, the Hudson's Bay Company.

Sir Alexander Mackenzie, whose name is attached to the largest river basin in Canada, was the first to make his way to the western coast across Canadian territory. He was a native of Inverness, Scotland, and while yet a lad entered the service of the North-west Company. He spent eight years of his life as employee of that great fur trading organization at their station on Lake Athabaska, where he conceived the idea of exploring the regions north and east of that remote inland water. To prepare himself for the work, he returned to his native land, spending a full year in studying astronomy and navigation, and supplying himself with canoes and companions. Previous to this he had followed the great river that bears his name to the tideway of the Arctic Ocean, and when he set out from Fort Chippewayan on the 10th of October, 1792, with his twelve associates and four canoes to find a way overland to the Pacific Ocean, he had an experience to associate his name with, which few men of his time had. By June of the following year he was no further than the southernmost source of the Peace River. Portaging the height of land between this and what he thought at the time to be the Columbia, his canoes were launched in the waters of what is now known as the Fraser

River. From this he passed westward across the country and reached the Pacific on the 20th of July. Returning to Britain in 1801, he immediately set himself to prepare an account of his voyaging, which he eventually completed in a quarto volume of five or six hundred pages entitled *Voyages from Montreal through the Continent of North America to the Frozen and Pacific Oceans*. He received the honour of knighthood in 1802, and died at Dalhousie, Scotland, in 1820.

**Marquis de La Roche.**—The search for a North-west passage to the wealth of the east had finally no first place in the minds of those who sought to visit the shores of the New World. There was a wealth to share in, nearer than the east. The fisheries of Newfoundland and Cape Breton Island were in themselves a tangible inducement to the European merchant in his early efforts to colonize our country, and from the rich return which these fisheries gave may be traced the locating of permanent abodes along the sea-board.

Before the sixteenth century was far into its fourth quarter there were to be seen annually around St. John's, Baccalaos and Canso, a fleet of nearly four hundred vessels engaged in the fishing business, and it was no unusual thing to meet sailor-fishermen who had been "across the water" thirty or forty times. Nor were these sailor-fishermen long in finding out from the native tribes that a more lucrative trade than the

curing of codfish, was at the merchant's door; and, when opportunity arose, they were often able to show specimens of the rich furs and walrus tusks that had been bestowed upon them by their dusky friends for a handful of glass beads or an almost valueless piece of ironware.

Such stories were not long in travelling. Before long, as Parkman affirms, the western seaport merchants and adventurers began to turn their eyes towards America, not like the Spaniards, seeking treasures of silver and gold, but the more modest gains of codfish and train oil, beaver skins and marine ivory. And the enterprises of these merchant-adventurers make in many ways as interesting reading as the most romantic of tales, as is to be exemplified in the story of the French nobleman whose name stands at the head of this paragraph, in the story which Francis Parkman has made so familiar through his marvellous word painting.

**Lord Selkirk and the Red River Settlement.**—Thomas Douglas, fifth Earl of Selkirk, was born in Scotland in the year 1771. Early in the nineteenth century he turned his attention to British America as a suitable place of settlement for emigrants from the Highlands of Scotland, and made a careful study of all the conditions relating to the new world. As early as 1802 he asked for a grant of land in the region of the Red River, for the purpose of founding

a colony ; but as the territory he asked for was situated within the limits ceded by its charter to the Hudson's Bay Company, the Imperial authorities refused his request. He was however told that he might find in Prince Edward Island or in what is now the province of Ontario a tract that might suit his purpose as well. In 1803 he accordingly arranged for the carrying of three ship-loads of immigrants to Prince Edward Island, who settled in that part of the island at present known as Queen's County. In the course of the next few years he brought out about 4,000 settlers from Scotland. The results of these efforts not seeming to be satisfactory to him, he afterwards attempted to open up certain sections of Upper Canada, and founded the Baldoon Settlement in Kent county. These attempts were not attended with success. Lord Selkirk, during his visits to the country, became familiar with the workings of the great fur-trading companies, the Hudson's Bay Company and the North-west Company, learning not only of the rivalry which existed between them, but becoming acquainted with the men who formed them and gaining an insight into the value and importance of the peltry trade. Never losing sight, however, of the idea of colonization, he seemed more than ever to regard the valley of the Red River as a most suitable place to establish the settlement he had in view. Finding that he could not get a grant of land in that region direct from the government, he

thought it might be possible to arrive at the desired end by acquiring a controlling interest in the Hudson's Bay Company. He accordingly put forth another effort, and in 1811 a tract comprising 116,000 square miles was ceded to him for the purpose of establishing a colony. This was not accomplished without a great deal of opposition, inspired by the North-west Company and its friends.

As soon as the grant was an assured fact, Selkirk immediately set to work to turn the tide of emigration from the Scottish Highlands in the direction of the region over which he had just obtained control. An expedition was soon under way, accompanied by Captain Miles Macdonell who held a commission from Lord Selkirk and the Hudson's Bay Company as first governor of the newly founded colony. This expedition left Stornoway on the 26th of July, 1811, but did not arrive at York Factory until the 24th of September. As the season was too far advanced to think of traversing the seven hundred miles necessary to reach their destination, the winter was passed in the vicinity of York Factory. This occasioned much suffering and privation to the poor settlers. The following summer the Red River valley was reached, where the intending colonists were harassed in many ways by the agents of the North-west Company. At the approach of winter, refuge was sought at Pembina, where there was a Hudson's Bay post; and in the following

spring the undaunted settlers returned to their prospective homes and set about their task of cultivating the soil. At this time they established Fort Douglas as a centre. The next winter was likewise spent at Pembina, the population having, during the preceding spring, been increased by a second migration consisting for the most part of Irish peasants, who after a winter of untold privation also reached the Red River.

It was at this time that the persistent attacks of the North-west Company on the young colony began. This corporation and its supporters had always looked upon Selkirk's colonizing schemes as not altogether disinterested, and seemed to regard them as an attempt to interfere with their trade. These attacks, and the quarrels they led to, seriously hindered the growth of the settlement, especially as inducements were offered to the new colonists to abandon their homes. The strife went so far as to lead to the killing of Governor Semple of the Hudson's Bay Company in a hand to hand battle which took place during the summer of 1816. In the meantime attempts were being made to combine the two rival companies; though Lord Selkirk's offers in this direction were at first rejected.

Hearing of the attacks made upon his colony by the agents of the North-west Company, Selkirk, being in Canada, began a counter movement against their forts and posts, and, with a hurriedly enlisted force, seized Fort William and the posts at Fond



du Lac, Michipicoten and Rainy Lake, with their stores consisting largely of valuable furs. Pushing on to the Red River, his little army re-took Fort Douglas, which had been occupied by the North-west Company, and the colonists were again established in the homesteads they had abandoned.

Thereupon ensued a number of actions at law, in which Lord Selkirk was anything but successful. The governor-general sent to the scene of the trouble two commissioners to carry out the instructions of the Imperial authorities. While respecting the warrant of these commissioners, Lord Selkirk spent much time in arranging matters in such a way as to establish the colony more securely. The spiritual needs of the settlers and the education of their children having at length been provided for, the noble colonizer left for England and did not again visit the Red River. The relations between the two companies remained in an unsatisfactory condition so long as Selkirk retained control of the Hudson's Bay Company's affairs. During all this time the settlers were compelled to endure hardships of every description, and for seven or eight years they must have been brought many times well nigh to despair. All credit is due to their steadfastness of purpose.

After Lord Selkirk's death, which occurred on the 8th of April, 1820, the rival companies joined forces, the whole fur trade of the great north-west being carried on in the name of the Hudson's Bay Company.

From these beginnings sprang the present province of Manitoba, which was admitted into the Canadian confederation in 1870. Previous to this, in 1869, the rights of the Hudson's Bay monopoly had been purchased, and the region known as Rupert's Land and the North-West Territory formally transferred to the Dominion Government.

**The Hudson's Bay Company.**—In studying the history of Canada's development, the Hudson's Bay Company must of necessity attract attention. Founded in 1670, under the patronage of King Charles II. for the benefit of Prince Rupert, cousin to the king, and a few of his intimate friends, it had given to it powers and rights in the New World, which were almost unlimited. Its charter gave it control of what was called Rupert's Land, including the whole extent of country drained by the tributary streams of Hudson Bay and Hudson Strait. This meant a monopoly of all the trade at the time possible in this territory, although for over one hundred years the company did not carry its operations inland to any extent. It then came into competition with the North-west Company of Montreal, a competition which ended only with the joining of the two companies in 1821. By virtue of the powers granted to the two corporations, the new concern had entire control of all the country from Davis Strait to Mount St. Elias, and from the Arctic Ocean to the Californias.

Twenty years later, however, their dominion was lessened as a result of the giving up of Oregon and other great tracts to the United States. This gradual restriction was also hastened by the organization and development which led to the birth of the Dominion of Canada.

The deed which brought the Hudson's Bay Company into existence made its jurisdiction complete over the territory granted to it, with the power to engage in war with non-Christian peoples. The letters-patent also fixed the constitution of the company. The administration of its affairs is carried on by a governor and committee in England, assisted by a governor and council in Canada, and every shareholder has a vote for every share of stock he owns. The local officers in charge of the trading posts are called factors. The profits are divided among the owners and the various officers according to a fixed scale. Although engaged in a very general business, the company's chief source of revenue has always been the fur trade. At the same time it is interesting to note that a very great impetus was given to its commerce by the recent discoveries of gold in the Yukon district.

**Founding of Halifax.**—In view of the importance of Chebucto Bay as a strategic point for the protection of British interests in America, the Board of Trade and Plantations, in 1749, at the request of the New England colonists, sent out about 3,000

immigrants under the care of the Hon. Edward Cornwallis (afterwards Lord Cornwallis), first governor of Nova Scotia, to form the nucleus of their colonization plans. The majority of these settlers, who arrived at their new homes towards the end of June, were retired army men and their families. As soon as the settlement was an assured fact, it received the name it still bears, in honour of the Earl of Halifax, president of the Board under whose auspices the movement had been inaugurated. The population increased steadily, being added to by the arrival of Irish and German immigrants. Halifax from the first was one of the principal military and naval stations on the Atlantic seaboard, and it is so still. Here, three years after the forming of the little colony, was published the first Canadian newspaper, the *Halifax Gazette*. As an indication of the value, from the very beginning, of Halifax as a basis for military operations, there is the fact that it was the rendezvous of the force which captured Louisbourg in 1758, and that it was used by Wolfe in the following year as the remote base for his operations against the French in Canada.

**Founding of St. John.**—On the 24th day of June—an anniversary famous in Canada—in the year 1604, Champlain and DeMonts visited the inlet now known as St. John harbour; but it was nearly sixty years later before any attempt at permanent set-

tlement was made in this vicinity. About this time Charles de la Tour founded the fort named after him, on the east side of the harbour, and carried on an extensive trade with the Indians for a number of years. Becoming embroiled, however, with his rival, D'Aulnay Charnisay, of Port Royal, the latter attacked Fort La Tour in 1643. La Tour escaped to New England and returned with a force sufficient to compel the besieger to retire, but in 1645, during the absence of La Tour, Charnisay made another attack on his enemy's stronghold. The gallant manner in which the heroic wife, Madame La Tour, defended her husband's property, has been celebrated by poet and historian. The fort only succumbed to treachery from within, and the entire garrison was hanged before the eyes of the noble woman who had done so much to secure its safety. Charnisay, after destroying Fort La Tour, built another on the other side of the harbour. Upon his death, however, in 1650, La Tour, whose wife had died of a broken heart, after the capture of the fort, married his former enemy's widow and again assumed control of affairs. Although about the year 1762 a settlement was founded by a small body of men from New England, the actual founding of St. John dates from 1783, when 10,000 United Empire Loyalists arrived. The settlement, which arose from this migration, was called Parr Town, but shortly afterwards received the name by which the city is now known.

**Early Settlement of Prince Edward Island.**—Although there is reason to believe that the island was discovered by Cabot in 1497, and it is certain that it was visited by Cartier in the early part of the sixteenth century, no attempt was made to colonize its fertile lands for nearly two hundred years. Under the name of *Île St. Jean*, it was included by the French as part of Acadia, and in 1663 was granted to a captain of the French navy, Sieur Doublet, who, in engaging in the fisheries, built a number of huts for his fishermen. The first permanent settlers, however, were Acadians who came over from the mainland in 1713, at the time of the cession of Nova Scotia to the English. The subsequent expulsion of the Acadians from Nova Scotia added considerably to the population. The island was ruled by the governor of Port la Joie, which was built opposite the site of Charlottetown, the present capital of the province. When Port la Joie was captured by the force sent out under Lord Rollo, the island passed into the hands of the English and was later formally ceded in 1763, when it was annexed for purposes of government to Nova Scotia, together with Cape Breton. Various schemes were proposed for the peopling of the island, which at the time of the cession had a population of not more than one hundred and fifty; but it was not until 1767 that any definite steps in this direction were taken by the authorities, when the whole land surface was divided

into sixty-seven lots or townships of twenty thousand acres each. These townships were apportioned by lot to about one hundred grantees, upon the condition that a certain number of suitable settlers should without delay be placed on the land apportioned to each. Very little effort was put forth by the grantees to fulfil the conditions imposed, and it was only when this system of tenure was modified by legislation, that the colonization of the island advanced in anything like a satisfactory manner. Immigrants began to arrive in increasing numbers, and, as has already been mentioned, the Earl of Selkirk brought out about eight hundred Highlanders, who before long became prosperous farmers. In 1770 the Island of St. John was made a separate province, and in 1800 its name was changed to Prince Edward Island, in honour of the Duke of Kent, grandfather of King Edward VII. Six years after the four Canadian provinces had formed a confederation, the province entered the union. Charlottetown, the capital, is of historic interest in connection with the birth of the Dominion, as being the place where was held the conference which first gave a definite form to the idea of a Canadian federation.

**The United Empire Loyalists.**—In speaking of the early settlement of Canada, mention must of necessity be made of the brave men and women who, at the time of the secession of the United States from their

British connection, chose rather to seek new homes for themselves than change their allegiance. The United Empire Loyalists, as they liked to be called and as they are known in history, were an important element in the moulding of Canada into the prosperous country it now is. At the close of the War of Independence, these sturdy settlers were deprived of their property, and even their lives were in some instances threatened; and in view of this state of affairs, the British authorities came to their aid, by voting more than three million pounds sterling and furnishing ships to convey them and their families to Canada. At the same time arrangements were made to provide homes for them in the Maritime Provinces and in the fertile sections of what is now called the province of Ontario. Numbers of them also found their way to the Eastern Townships of Lower Canada. In this way the country secured as an addition to its growing population many excellent settlers, whose descendants continue to be notable for their patriotism and loyalty to the Crown. Among the first of the Loyalists to cross the boundary line were those who, in 1778 and the following year, arrived at Machiche, on the shores of Lake St. Peter, at Chambly, St. John's, Point Claire and Beauce, and in the neighbourhood of Sorel. Others, in 1784, established themselves at Cataraqui, in Upper Canada, and from there settled the region along the Bay of Quinté, while many, selecting the lands



to the north of Lake Ontario, afterwards founded as a centre the settlement which is now the city of Toronto. The island of Cape Breton also received over six hundred families, while those who left their farms in the New England states in 1783, were taken to the richer sections of Nova Scotia, settling eventually in the valley of the St. John river, at Shelburne and in Prince Edward Island. The new comers and their immediate descendants received grants of land from the government, and those in need were assisted in other ways. Their numbers increased rapidly, so that within ten years from the exodus, over 41,500 Loyalists had found peaceful homes in the land of their adoption. An Imperial order in council of November 9th, 1789, provided that "all Loyalists who had joined the cause of Great Britain before the treaty of separation of 1783, together with their children of both sexes, have the distinction of using the letters U.E. after their names, thus preserving the memory of their devotion to a United Empire."

Sir William Alexander received from James I. a grant of the territory between the Bay of Fundy and the River St. Lawrence in 1614,—a concession which was confirmed by Charles I., who at the same time instituted the order of Baronets of Nova Scotia, to give eclat to the proposed settlement of the country. Sir William died in 1640.

## SUPPLEMENTARY NOTES.

The government of the Province of Ontario, in arranging for the decoration of the Legislative Buildings at Toronto, has decided to embellish the entrance hall and stairway with paintings illustrative of the history and development of Canada. Among the proposed subjects of these works of art are the following, which are of interest in connection with the early beginnings of the country.

**Indians.**—The early navigators so called the aborigines of the West Indies, under the delusion that they had reached the shores of Asia, but the name was afterwards applied to the natives of America in general. As a race the American Indian appears to be peculiar to this continent, having characteristics which are not found in the other groups of the human family. The Indian population of New France, including Acadia, in 1665 was estimated at about 17,500. There are now, according to the latest returns, nearly 100,000 in Canada. These are for the most part confined to the "reserves," and are looked upon as wards of the government, being under the direct

care and supervision of the Department of Indian Affairs at Ottawa.

**Northmen** is the name given to the early inhabitants of northern Europe, but more particularly to the ancient Scandinavians. An account of their visits to the New World has already been given.

**Cabot and the Discovery of Cape Breton** have been spoken of in preceding pages of this booklet.

**Cartier at Quebec.**—The exploits of Cartier and his brave followers at Stadacona have also been described.

**Maisonneuve and the Founding of Montreal.**—The present metropolis of Canada was nothing but a trading post up to the year 1642, on the 18th of May of which year the town of *Ville Marie de Montréal* was formally founded by Paul de Chomedey, Sieur de Maisonneuve, acting for the *Compagnie de Montréal*. The object of its establishment was religious rather than commercial, it being regarded as the foundation stone of a "Kingdom of God" which was to be instituted in New France, and *Ville Marie* was to be a centre for the Christianizing of America. In 1663, by free gift from the Company of Montreal, the Seminary of St. Sulpice became the owner of the island on which the city stands, and since that time has continued to possess the

seigniorial rights. Maisonneuve's memory is preserved by a monument in the Place d'Armes, as well as in the name of a prosperous suburban town lying to the east of the metropolis.

**Franklin on the Arctic Ocean.**—Sir John Franklin was born in Lincolnshire, England, in 1786. He was a mariner from his earliest years, and saw service in the engagements of Copenhagen, Trafalgar and New Orleans. His fame, however, is more intimately connected with exploration in northern latitudes, he having commanded expeditions to the Arctic regions in 1818, 1819 and 1825. He received the honour of knighthood in 1829, and was for a time governor of Tasmania. His last visit to the frozen north was in 1845, when he set out with two vessels, the *Erebus* and *Terror*. The unfortunate explorer was never seen again, though numerous expeditions were sent out to search for him. Many traces of the party were found, and, in 1859, McClintock discovered at Point Victory documents which seemed to show beyond a doubt that Franklin died near Lancaster Sound in June, 1847. Franklin's name is perpetuated in various ways on the maps of the North Polar regions, as in Franklin Bay and Franklin Channel.

**Founding of Port Royal.**—When De Monts and Champlain visited the beautiful bay now known as Annapolis Basin, in 1604,

one of their companions, the Baron de Poutrincourt, being much impressed with the appearance of the surrounding country, decided to found a settlement on the shores of the inlet. Having secured a grant of land, he established a post and called it Port Royal. In 1605, those who survived the fate of the settlement at St. Croix removed to Port Royal, and in the following year the arrival of a number of colonists from France further increased the population. The site was, however, abandoned in 1607, owing to the king having recalled the privileges he had granted to De Monts ; but three years later Poutrincourt re-established the settlement. In 1613 Captain Argall led a force from Virginia against it and destroyed what had become a flourishing colony, an act which was inspired by the Jesuits, whose enmity Poutrincourt had incurred. For a long period Port Royal was the bone of contention between the powers striving for supremacy in the New World, and to this no doubt may be ascribed the fact that it ceased to have any importance save as a basis of warlike operations. The place was finally occupied by the English in 1710, when it received the name it now bears, Annapolis.

**Discovery of the Saskatchewan Valley by Verandrye.**—Pierre Gautier de Varennes de la Verandrye was a native of Canada, being born at Three Rivers in November, 1685. After serving in the French army, he

later devoted himself to exploring the far west of his native country. In 1732 he crossed the Lake of the Woods, and the following year descended the Winnipeg river, building a fort on the lake of that name. He even penetrated as far west as the Rockies, and in 1749 ascended the Saskatchewan river, establishing Fort Dauphin at what is now called The Forks. Verandrye died at Quebec in December, 1749.

**McKenzie's Discovery of the Pacific** has been referred to in speaking of the work done by that daring explorer.

**Hennepin at Niagara Falls.**—Louis Hennepin, known in history as Father Hennepin, a Franciscan missionary, was born in Flanders in 1640, and came to Canada in 1675. After his arrival he became greatly interested in the exploration of the unknown regions of what he describes as *un très grand pays*. To him is given the credit of discovering the famous cataract on Niagara river, in 1678, and he was later associated with LaSalle in his expeditions to the great lakes and the Mississippi river. His works dealing with his discoveries are of great interest to students of history. He died in the year 1706 at Utrecht.

**Founding of Fort Frontenac.**—This fort was established by Count Frontenac, governor of New France, in 1683, at the point

where the St. Lawrence river issues from Lake Ontario, and LaSalle was placed in charge of it. Not long after it was built, the Iroquois destroyed it, but it was restored by Frontenac in 1695. On the occupation of that section of the country by the United Empire Loyalists, the name of the settlement at the fort was changed to Kingston.

**Launch of the "Griffon."**—The name of René Robert Cavalier de LaSalle is connected rather with the early history of the United States than with that of Canada, although he was associated with Frontenac in his efforts to strengthen and develop New France. Having visited the great lakes and established Fort Niagara, he built a vessel intended for the navigation of these waters. The craft, which has been spoken of as the first built in Upper Canada, was launched in the waters of Lake Erie in 1679, and was called the "Griffon." The vessel was most unfortunate, however. On her first voyage she sailed through lakes Erie and Huron and reached Lake Michigan, but in returning was wrecked before she reached the Niagara river, to the loss of her valuable cargo of furs.

**The North-west Company at Fort William.**—This great fur-trading enterprise has been referred to in connection with the Hudson's Bay Company. Fort William, from a mere trading post, has become a flourishing town and is now

largely engaged in the handling of grain, being admirably situated on the western shore of Lake Superior.

**Founding of Fort Rouille.**—This was a small trading post established on the northern shore of Lake Ontario by the French, in 1749, during the administration of de La Galissonnière. It afterwards became known as York, and eventually received the name of Toronto, which it now bears.

**French Settlement on the Detroit River.**—The site of the present city of Detroit was first visited by the French in 1610, although the first permanent settlement was not made until 1701, when Fort Ponchartrain was established, with Sieur de la Motte Cadillac as governor. In 1763 it came under British dominion, and afterwards under that of the United States, in 1787.

**Highland Settlement at Glengarry.**—What is now the county of Glengarry, in the province of Ontario, was first settled by United Empire Loyalists, whose migrations are spoken of elsewhere. Those who sought refuge from oppression on the virgin soil of the most easterly corner of Upper Canada, on the shores of Lake St. Francis, were for the most part natives of the Highlands of Scotland, and not long after their establishment on their Glengarry homesteads, their numbers were added to by the arrival of a body of Scotch immigrants who came out



under the care of Bishop Macdonnell. Among the early settlers of the county were many military men, and Glengarry has produced a race of soldiers, whose deeds of valour, during the war of 1812, and later, in the troublous times of 1837-38, have ever been the pride of their compatriots.



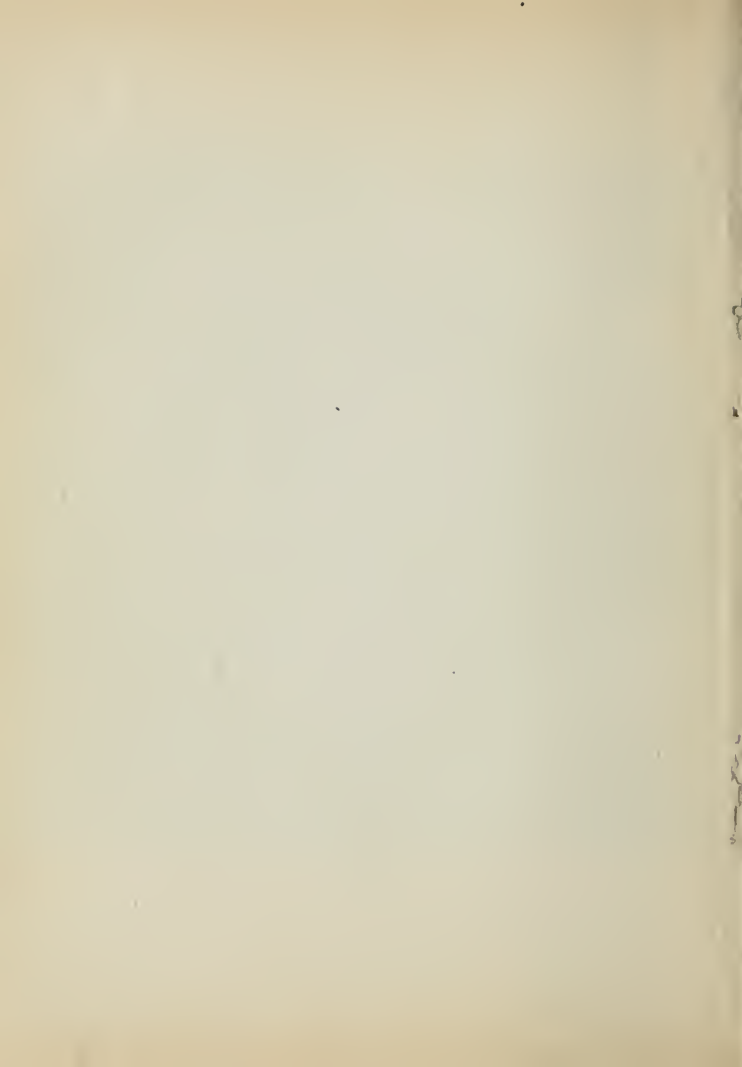


FRONTISPIECE. (See Page 8.)

THE BATTLE OF THE PLAINS

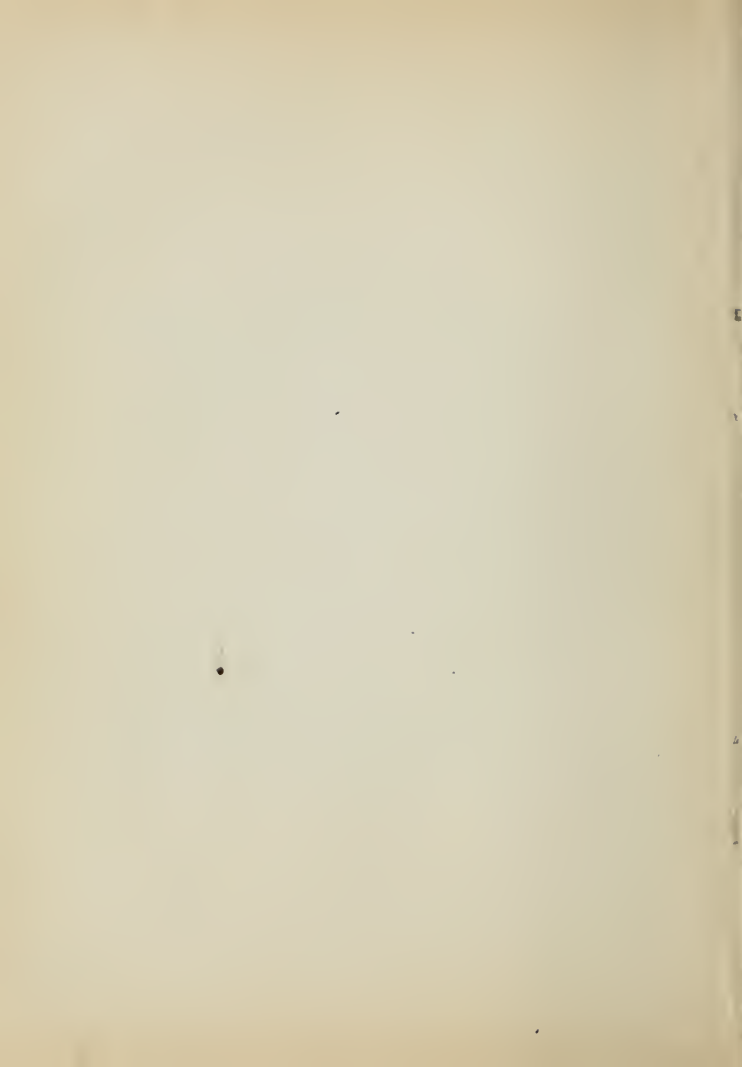
BY

J. M. HARPER,  
Author of "Our Jeames."



## PREFATORY NOTE.

The Battle of the Plains of Abraham, fought on the 13th of September, 1759—the most memorable date in the history of Canada—has been variously described by our many historians ; and it is no purpose of this *brochure* to enter into the causes which led to the engagement, or to give any continuous narrative of the whole of the fourth siege of Quebec. The introductory paragraphs are confined to the topography of the scene of the battle, providing the outlines of an observation lesson to the visitor or to the young student of Canadian history ; while the remaining pages contain a description in verse which has for its object the emphasizing of the heroic shock of the battle, and the romantic and immortal fate of the two opposing generals who took part in it.



## THE TOPOGRAPHY OF THE SITE OF THE BATTLE.

The Plains of Abraham lie to the west of the city of Quebec, and may be reached in a few minutes from the Chateau Frontenac by the electric cars that run as far as Maple Avenue. The street thus traversed slopes east and west from the highest point of land in the city, formerly known as Buttes-à-Neveu, and still called Perrault's Hill. The crest of this height runs from the Martello Tower overlooking the St. Lawrence, along the line of Claire Fontaine Street, and it was from this height of land that the troops of Montcalm, with the general himself stationed a hundred yards or so north of what is now the site of the Church and Convent of the Franciscan Nuns, first beheld the battalions of Wolfe, marshalled on the level ground, extending in a line north and south from a point not far from the corner of St. Louis Road and what is now



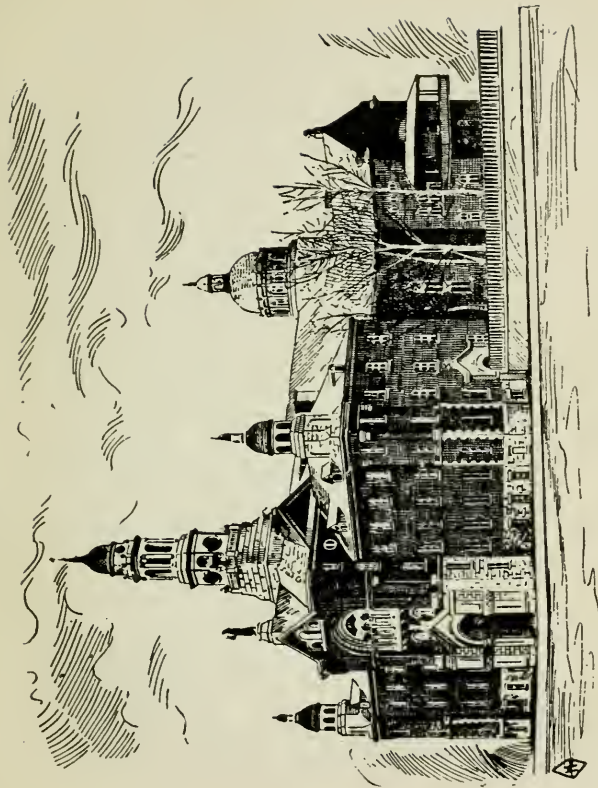
called Wolfe Avenue,—a spot which has been identified as the position held by the British general in person as he issued his orders to the right and left on the morning of the battle. The old citadel and French outworks were not to be seen from Wolfe's standpoint, being hidden behind the slopes on which the French army was marshalled ; and even Montcalm's left wing was only in part visible, especially the companies that held the ground in the hollow between the Buttes-à-Neveu, and the rising ground on which the jail now stands. According to the express orders of Wolfe this rising ground, on which were stationed at first the Louisbourg grenadiers, was taken possession of by these veterans before the main action of the battle began ; and from it as a vantage-ground,—from the tower of the jail or from its door-step—the plan of the battlefield and its topography can be most readily examined. Looking northward in the direction of the irregular sweep of the Laurentides, and the beautiful valley of the St. Charles, the beholder has on his right the spreading suburbs and the city proper lying beyond and enclosed within its walls ; on his left, Wolfe's Cove, known before the battle as l'Anse au Foulon, and now indi-

cated at its entrance by the spire of Sillery Church ; and behind him the majestic St. Lawrence itself.

When the news reached the city that the English had at last gained a footing on the plateau to the west of the city, Montcalm was with his army at Beauport. During several anxious months he had been able to keep Wolfe in check along the Beauport shore and at Montmorency ; and when Wolfe in despair brought his fleet up the river past the citadel, and kept on the move for several days between Sillery and Cap Rouge, Montcalm stationed Bougainville at the latter place with two thousand men and instructed him to set outposts at Sillery and l'Anse au Foulon to keep watch upon his adversary's movements. When the alarming news spread through the city to Montcalm's headquarters, the French regulars had a distance of six or seven miles to march before arriving at the plateau of the Plains, and it was nearly ten o'clock before they had reached the open spaces beyond the walls by way of St. John Gate and St. Louis Gate, to be finally drawn up in battle array along the line of the Buttes-à-Neveu.

The English had been in possession of the plateau from early dawn. They had left

Cap Rouge shortly after midnight, and arrived at Sillery Point about four o'clock in the morning, having deceived the sentinels of Bougainville's outposts at Sillery by passing themselves off in the darkness of early morning as an expected detachment taking supplies for Quebec. As chance would have it, the tide carried some of the boats containing the men beyond the more spacious inlet, now known as Wolfe's Cove, to a landing place further to the east; and it was by the Scottish infantry from these barges, that the first escalade of the disembarkment was made. So impossible of ascent had this place seemed to the French, that no guard was found blocking the way of the intrepid Scotsmen as they emerged from their perilous climb and took breath on the level ground above. The nearest outpost was several hundred yards away, immediately overlooking the partially blocked up pathway leading to l'Anse au Foulon; and it did not take long for the invaders to descend upon this post, and capture the heedless commander, whom they found asleep in his tent. Immediately the message was sent to their comrades, waiting below in the light transports at anchorage in the Cove, that the coast was



FRANCISCAN CONVENT, (Overlooking the Battle-field. Page 42.)



clear, as far as the French outpost was concerned. The general disembarkation began at once, and shortly after the dawn of day the whole British army was ready for the march towards Quebec.

On the way across the plateau there was some skirmishing on the part of bands of militia and Indians ; and to provide against any general movement on the exposed flank of the British army, Brigadier Townshend was placed in charge of a detachment to traverse the open spaces near the St. Foye Road. The first shock of the battle must have taken place a short distance from the present line of Wolfe Avenue, the companies extending across the whole level tract as far as the St. Foye Road. The marshalling was as follows :—Monckton in command of the right wing with the Louisbourg grenadiers, Murray in the centre, Townshend on the extreme left, and Burton behind with the reserves. Wolfe was leading in person when the first movement took place. Then he seems to have joined the grenadiers as they started from their vantage-ground of the jail-site. While leading this after-movement, he was first wounded in the wrist and then in the groin, and finally received his death-wound near what

are now the grounds of the Protestant Home. The hero's monument marks the spot where he expired, he having been carried thither by his men for shelter behind the grassy slope, and beyond the rush of the British onset against the retreating French lines. There was a thicket near by, where the old cemetery of DeSalaberry Street is now enclosed, and the fact that this formed a shelter for some of Montcalm's men both before the battle and after the rout began leads to the conclusion that the battle shock took place between the high ground of the jail-site and DeSalaberry Street,—a stretch of ground well within the line of vision of those standing near the dying hero, when they exclaimed in his hearing that the opposing army was in flight. As has already been said, it is no purpose of this booklet to give a full account of the momentous contest. The topography of the historic ground is what will interest the tourist or the youthful student of history the most, and possibly the explanatory notes at the end of the work will be of further assistance when the various historians who have described the battle in detail come to be examined.

## THE BATTLE OF THE PLAINS.

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O Fate ! what shadows flit within the pale  
Of memory's maze, as seeming near, the wail  
Of heroes' hopes, spent in the rage of war,  
Brings echo from the past a-seeming far !  
How pause we on the verge of living joy  
To scan the mirth and woe of life's alloy  
Writ red on history's page,—a tale ungrate,  
Of glory's prowess born of tribal hate !  
Athwart these plains, where armies erst have  
fought  
In short-timed strife, we still would glide in  
thought,  
To read heroic day-dream in the forms  
Of gathering clouds, arrayed for battle-storms,—  
To watch the flash that livid gleams on death,  
While roars its thunder o'er the torrid heath.



Is that the pibroch of the Celtic braves  
That calls contending kinsmen to their graves ?  
Are these the shouts of liberty that guide  
To slavery a budding nation's pride ?  
Adown the hollow there may still be found,  
Near by an obscure pillar, helmet-crowned,  
The spot revered, where Wolfe victorious fell,  
Within the sounds of Montcalm's dying knell :  
'Twas yonder near the slope, in full array,  
While yet the scene was one of doubtful fray,  
He saw, through haze of death, his trusty Celt  
Rush at the foe ; 'twas here his great heart felt  
At once the greatest mortal joy and pain,  
Soul-wrung with victory as he passed within.

#### DEATH OF GENERAL WOLFE.

Abreast the lines the hero fell,  
Near the thickest of the fray,  
And he whispered near him not to tell,  
Till victory crowned the day :  
As he lay upon the greensward slope,  
With anguish in his eyes,  
His soul still bounded, winged with hope,  
To grasp ambition's prize.

A patriot trained, his king he served :  
His courage never paled :  
Against his feeble body nerved,  
His spirit never failed ;  
If he felt his race its goal had found,  
For him was glory's gain,  
In the hopes that still dared hover round  
His battle-field of pain.

A moment's thought for those he loved  
In the dear old English home,  
And then again his longings roved  
To sift the cannon's boom :  
Will he die before the victory  
Assured is in his ears,  
To sound the valedictory  
Of his earthly hopes and fears ?

Ah ! no, for stands a messenger,  
With tidings from the plain,  
Whose troubled smile is harbinger  
Of joy repressed by pain ;  
For he knows his general's dying fast,  
Whate'er the news he bears,  
And his heart, with sadness overcast,  
His zeal restrains with tears.

Yet stooping o'er the prostrate form  
To catch the hero's eye,  
He tells how fast before the storm,  
They run the musketry :  
" Who run ?" the general quickly said,  
Though no fear was in his face,  
For of nothing was he e'er afraid,  
Unless it were disgrace :

Besides, he knew his men were brave  
Tried veterans in the field,—  
From Louisbourg victorious wave,  
That seldom thought to yield :  
And when the soldier knelt to tell  
How the foe it was that ran,  
" So soon !" was all that feebly fell  
From the lips resisting pain.

" Send Burton," and he breathed again,  
" To check them in retreat,  
" To guard St. Charles's bridge and plain,  
" And make secure defeat."

Alas ! 'twas duty's last behest,  
In faintest whisper sighed,  
For death his soldier-victim pressed  
And would not be defied.

But now to him death had no sting,  
Though his years had been but brief,  
For he knew his deeds would joyous ring  
To soothe a mother's grief.  
"Now God be praised," his last words came,  
"For happy do I die ;"  
And those around him knew his fame  
Was immortality.

And still the centuries love to tell  
Of victory's glorious sheen,  
That gilds the plain whereon he fell,  
To keep his glory green ;  
For his renown is England's might  
That finds her own the fame  
Of those who death have dared in fight  
For the honour of her name.

\* \* \* \* \*

With speed of light, as on the silvered plate  
Of photographic art, the tints innate  
On fancy's film, begrimed with battle-breath,  
Group animate around the hero's death.

Across the thorn-clad plain, in dawn's faint  
light,

We still would see the prelude of the fight,  
And breathless watch the panoramic view  
Of red array on battle-field anew.

Behold the invader's columns press the edge  
Of slopes worn headlong near the river's sedge !

With nature for defence on further side,  
The left battalion, steeled with veteran pride,  
Turns to the field, for no defeat prepared,  
Till fate and death its courage tried have dared.

From neighbouring woods a galling fire declares  
The foe astir ; and then the message nears  
They're on the march,—a band to reach St.

Foye,

While three divisions o'er the plains deploy.

At first, attack disturbs the British flank,

As tribute-claims it draws from every rank ;

But Townshend and his men, with speed of wind,

The aid desired for comrades wavering find,

While still their general's friendly voice rings

out

• To re-assure brave men with valour's shout.

\* \* \* \* \*



WHERE WOLFE DIED.



And now we see, as fancy's freaks behoove,  
In lights phantasmic, French and British move,  
To meet in middle shock, not far a-field.  
Where prowess overpowered by fate must yield,  
The French, yet heedless of the stern advance  
Of kilted silence, soon the strife commence ;  
Their fitful volleys on the British lines,  
But mark the wounds which marching courage  
tines,  
By filling up the breach, at duty's call,  
By daring death's demands as comrades fall,  
The havoc 's great ; yet, never wavering led,  
The British cohorts march with fearless tread,  
Nor fire a shot, howe'er their wills rebel,  
Till at command their every shot can tell.  
But when the word goes forth, the vale is filled  
With thunderous fire a nation's pride hath  
drilled,  
To time its volleys in one musket roll,  
Against defeat that flouts its own control.

\* \* \* \* \*

What strange éclat to us that volley brings  
As through our souls becalmed it booming  
rings !



We hear its echoes through the aisles of time  
And hallow it with requiem-thoughts sublime ;  
While yet we see the stricken Frenchmen reel,  
As Celtic cheers a British victory seal.  
The dreadful rout three waves of fire complete,  
Till o'er the glebe it moves with hurrying feet,  
To crowd the wailing streets of old Quebec,  
And breathe a moment from the battle's wreck.  
'Twas then, with Wolfe and Montcalm  
    stricken down,  
A failing cause was fought by fate alone ;  
'Twas then, when France o'ercome, the field  
    forsook,  
The empire of New France, decaying, shook.

#### DEATH OF GENERAL MONTCALM.

'Twas in the rear the hero fell,  
    A victim of defeat  
That weeps to sound a brave man's knell,  
    A brave man in retreat ;  
When he saw his wavering army fly  
    Across the smoke-girt plain,  
His great heart heaved a bitter sigh,  
    Though his soul defied the pain.

There ran confusion like a tide  
At full ebb down the slopes,  
As the fragments of a soldier's pride  
Lay shattered with his hopes,—  
Those hopes, which, bright as early dawn,  
Had cheered him in the morn,  
Now draggled by defeat and drawn  
Beneath the feet of scorn.

'Tis true his men had braved the storm  
Of British musketry,  
As, at his word, they dared re-form,  
Before they turned to flee ;  
But nothing could a victory urge  
O'er lines that never swerved,  
Whose front drove back the battle's surge  
In face of death unnerved.

'Twas as he rode by panic's flank  
To re-assure retreat,  
That, pressed by death's chance bolt, he sank  
At anxious duty's feet ;  
Yet, stricken down, his only thought  
Was how the tide to stem,  
As from his steed he vainly sought  
A lost cause to redeem.

Even when the rout found rest at last  
From the galling musketeers,  
His orders issued thick and fast,  
To calm his followers' fears :  
Though wounded sore he gave no heed  
To what betokened death,  
For he felt his country's fate had need  
Of a patriot's latest breath.

At last when told his end was near,  
'Twas then he found relief,  
" I shall not live the doom to hear  
" Of a city wrung with grief ;  
" 'Tis God's hand presses on the town,  
" Perchance He 'll set it free,  
" Besides, the foe hath high renown  
" That claims the victory."

And when De Ramesay sought his couch  
To urge a last behest,  
No tremor throbb'd the hero's touch  
As the soldier's hand he pressed ;  
" To France the fair be ever leal,  
" Whatever may betide,  
" Soil not her lilies when you seal  
" A treaty with her pride ;

“ Our foe is generous as brave,  
“ Nor will our faith betray,  
“ He’ll never make New France a slave,  
“ Though victor in the fray ;  
“ This night I spend the last on earth,  
“ Communing with my God,  
“ The morning’s sun will bring me birth  
“ Within His high abode.

“ So God be with you all,” he said,  
As he chid his comrades’ tears,  
And turned with pain upon his bed,  
Still undisturbed by fears ;  
And soon from earth there passed a soul  
As brave as France hath seen,  
And as the centuries onward roll,  
His fame keeps fresh and green.

\* \* \* \* \*

And now the knoll that deadly conflict saw  
Is strangely crowned with emblem of the law  
That curbs the human passions, finding vent,  
Though not in war in ways unholy bent.  
In summer from the tower the eye may rest  
Upon the fields by war and nature pressed

Aloft in gravel-beds and grassy knowes,  
Whereon the lowing kine the greensward  
browse.

When winter comes with polar storms in train  
To cover with its fleece the drowsy plain,  
Beneath the wreathlets of the snow-flake sea  
There sleeps the mingling peace of destiny,  
While liberty assured has crystallized  
The bitterness of strife in union prized.



WOLFE'S MONUMENT.

## BIOGRAPHY OF GENERAL WOLFE.

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JAMES WOLFE, the hero of the Plains of Abraham, was the son of Lieutenant-colonel, afterwards General Wolfe, who was also a distinguished officer. He was born at Westerham, in the county of Kent, England, on the 15th of January, 1726, and received his earliest education at a small school in the vicinity of his home. At the age of fifteen he saw service as ensign in the 12th Regiment of Foot, and in 1743 took part in the battle of Dettingen, in Bavaria, where he filled the important office of adjutant. Three years later he had obtained a captaincy in the 4th Regiment, and between that year and 1747, acted as brigade-major in Scotland, taking part in the battles of Falkirk and Culloden. Shortly after, he was again serving on the Continent, being wounded in the battle of Laufeldt, where he distinguished himself by his signal bravery. At the age of twenty-two he received his majority, being attached to the 20th Regiment, the command of which shortly afterwards was entrusted to him. He did much important and responsible work

in Scotland during the years immediately following, till the close of 1753, when he returned to England with his regiment. He is said to have been the first to counsel the banding of the restless Highlanders of Scotland into loyal regiments, a policy which brought peace to the northern districts of that country and fame to the empire. In 1757 he accompanied the expedition against Rochefort as quartermaster-general, and although the failure of that enterprise was due to lack of management, it was generally believed that had Wolfe's counsels prevailed the result would have been different, a circumstance which tended to enhance his reputation as a brave and capable officer. So brilliant was his record that he was given the full rank of colonel, and a few months later was put in command of a brigade under Lord Amherst, who had charge of the operations against Cape Breton. The successful issue of the siege of Louisbourg was the almost direct result of Wolfe's daring skill, so much so that he became popularly known for a time as "The Hero of Louisbourg." Just about this time plans were being matured for an invasion of French Canada, and the British authorities, recognizing the superior quali-



HEBERT'S STATUE OF WOLFE.





ties of Wolfe, put him at the head of the expedition against Quebec, the capital of Canada, giving him the rank of major-general, with a following of over eight thousand men. With these he set sail from England on the 17th of February, 1759, and landed his forces on the Island of Orleans, in full view of the city of Quebec, on the 26th of June. He immediately prepared his plans of attack, which after nearly four months of active operations were at last crowned with success, though they cost him his life. On the 13th of September, as has been said, he succeeded in reaching the heights, and on the Plains of Abraham, outside the city walls, spread his battle array against the French forces under General Montcalm. The result of the day made history for Canada, and after a sharp struggle, in which both leaders lost their lives, victory was won for the British arms, and the British flag floated on the stronghold of Quebec. The life of Wolfe presents a striking picture. At the age of thirty-three he had risen to prominence in his profession, and that as an immediate result of his own personal ability. To what eminence he might have risen had life been spared to him, is beyond conjecture. As it is, he occupies a conspicuous place in

the history of his country. As soon as the story of his achievements crossed the ocean, he was acclaimed as a national hero, and Parliament, at its first session after his death, ordered a monument to be erected to his memory in Westminster Abbey. His body found a last resting place in the family vault under Greenwich Parish Church. His mother was still living when her son died, and it is said that on his return from Canada he was to have been married. Thackeray in his *Virginians*, has given us a picture of some of the social aspects of his life before he left England on his last expedition.



WOLFE AND MONTCALM'S MONUMENT.

## BIOGRAPHY OF GENERAL MONTCALM.

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THE MARQUIS OF MONTCALM, Louis Joseph de St. Veran, was born near the town of Nîmes, in France, in the year 1712, and was thus Gen. Wolfe's senior by fourteen years. Like his celebrated rival, he entered the army when he was but a boy, and was found taking part in the campaign in Italy shortly after attaining his twenty-first year. He was forty-four years of age when he received his appointment from the King of France to take command of the forces in Canada. The activity of his generalship rallied for a time the courage of the colony, and the taking of Fort Oswego and Fort William Henry were the preludes to his crowning victory at Ticonderoga, in 1758. But his skill as a general was all but neutralized by the indifference of the French government, and the incompetency of those in charge of affairs at Quebec; and when he was preparing for his final campaign to

save that city, he is said to have prophetically remarked that he was only likely to find his grave eventually under the ruins of the colony. The resistance he offered to his rival at Montmorency and along the Beauport shore proved his military ingenuity and unremitting courage. The story forms a fascinating page in the history of our country ; and, as it is being read, the possibility of ultimate French success under more providently guarded resources ever recurs to the mind of the reader. The plight of the colony, brought about by the speculations of Bigot and others, was Montcalm's ever-present humiliation, as he bravely strove to do his best to keep his antagonists in check. His popularity among the soldiers who fought under him was a strong element in his successes, which, however, could not counteract the effects produced by the lack of energy on the part of those who had sent him to Canada, and the scarcity of provisions and military supplies in a country which had fallen a prey to unprincipled rulers. He had not only the British to contend with, but those who ought to have had, with him, the best interests of the French colony at heart. The closing scene of his eventful career was to be witnessed as he

entered St. Louis Gate, on the evening of the 13th of September, 1759, after he had vainly striven to reduce the retreat from the Plains of Abraham to a semblance of order.

“*Oh mon Dieu, mon Dieu, le Marquis est tué,*” cried the women as they saw the blood dripping from his saddle ; while he, holding up his hands, quietly replied, “*Ce n'est rien, ce n'est rien ; ne vous affligez pas pour moi.*”

He is said to have breathed his last in the house of one of the city's physicians in Louis Street, while his remains were deposited within the precincts of the Ursuline Convent. The funeral, which took place on the day of his death, is thus described by Sir James LeMoine in his *Picturcsque Quebec* :—

“At nine o'clock in the evening of the 14th of September, 1759, a funeral cortège, issuing from the castle, winds its way through the dark and obstructed streets to the little church of the Ursulines. With the heavy tread of the coffin-bearers, keeps time the measured footstep of the military escort, De Ramesay and the other officers of the garrison following to their resting place the lifeless remains of their illustrious commander-in-chief. No martial pomp was displayed around that humble bier, but the

hero who had afforded at his dying hour the sublime spectacle of a Christian yielding up his soul to God in the most admirable sentiments of faith and resignation, was not laid in unconsecrated ground. No burial rite could be more solemn than that hurried evening service performed by torchlight under the dilapidated roof of a sacred asylum, where the soil had been first laid bare by one of the rude engines of war—a bombshell. The grave tones of the priests murmuring the *Libera me Domine* were responded to by the sighs and tears of consecrated virgins, henceforth the guardians of the precious deposit, which, but for inevitable fate, would have been reserved to honour some proud mausoleum. With gloomy forebodings and bitter thoughts De Ramesay and his companions in arms withdrew in silence. A few citizens had gathered in, and among the rest one led by the hand his little daughter, who, looking into the grave, saw and remembered, more than three-fourths of a century later, the rough wooden box, which was all the ruined city could afford to enclose the remains of her defender."

## EXPLANATORY NOTES.

(1.) The name given to the battlefield arose from the fact that a part of the plateau was originally occupied by a settler of the name of Abraham Martin, said to have been a pilot of Scottish descent. The name remains in Cote d'Abraham, the connecting thoroughfare between the suburbs of St. John and St. Roch. The land owned by Maitre Abraham, as he was called by his neighbors, consisted of thirty-two acres immediately to the west of what afterwards became the wall line of the city, and the site of the suburbs of St. Louis and St. John; and the name seems to have been extended, by use and wont, to the sloping ground and plateau beyond, until finally it came to be applied to the whole tract as far as Sillery and Dumont's Windmill on the St. Foye Road. In early times the Ursulines came into possession of part of these lands, and naturally enough when they



gave to the Imperial authorities in 1802 a ninety-nine years' lease of their property, which extended southwards from the St. Louis Road, the name clung to that part, thus giving rise to the popular misconception of the original extent of the battlefield.

(2.) The size of the respective armies has been a disputed point among our historians, the numbers given of the French varying from three thousand five hundred to seven thousand. The British army numbered four thousand eight hundred men ; and the inequality between the armies was not so much in numbers as in training, Montcalm having had under him a mixed force of Imperial battalions, the militia of the colony, several troops of Indians, and bands of Canadian volunteers, who could hardly be expected as a whole to withstand an attack from the veterans of Louisbourg and the European battle-fields.

(3.) The two generals must have been nearly opposite each other when the first shock of the battle occurred. While still only in an opposing line of battle, the French stretching north and south along the slope of the Buttes-à-Neveu, and the English lines extending across the open plain also north and south, there was not



WHERE MONTCALM DIED.



more than half a mile between the combatants. The coppice behind the site of St. Bridget's Asylum however must have hidden the generals from each other. During the rout Montcalm received his death-wound as he was approaching the St. Louis Gate, and was observed by the people on the street to be severely wounded as he rode to his head-quarters. He died next day and was buried in the court-yard of the Ursuline Convent.

(4.) The surface of the plateau at the time of the battle was for the most part covered with thickets of thorn-bearing shrubs and burr-bushes. There were three noteworthy coppices of varied tree-growth which marked the ground ; first, one immediately outside the city walls a little to the east of the present site of the Parliament Buildings ; second, the Coteau St. Genevieve woods traversed by the St. Foye Road and near what is now called Sauvageau Hill ; and the third on what is now called DeSalaberry Street. Besides these there were several windmills to be seen in the landscape, notably the one which occupied the site of the Martello Tower on the Grande Allée, where there must have been some severe fighting, since many relics were dis-

covered near the spot some years ago, as if from the remains of soldiers hurriedly buried in their fighting gear. The main highways were then as now the St. Foye and St. Louis Roads, though the latter was not in 1759 the straight highway it is at present. Its course was somewhat winding after it left the line of what is now St. Amable Street, and it had an offshoot that extended across the present race-course and the Marchmont lands to Wolfe's Cove. Cape Diamond reveals the rock formation of the district. It belongs to what is called the Quebec Group of the Silurian Period, consisting for the most part of argillaceous schists. On more than one melancholy occasion the crevices, weathering in the high embankments, and having become filled with the slaty detritus, have expanded, and, throwing the peeling rocky surface outwards, have caused several disastrous landslides. The height of the rock near Cape Diamond is a little over three hundred feet, while the highest point of the Buttes-à-Neveu or Perrault's Hill is over four hundred feet from the level of the river.

(6.) It is mentioned in Colonel Bouchette's *Topography* that one of the four meridian stones, put in place at Quebec in 1790, stood

in the angle of a field-redoubt where General Wolfe breathed his last, thus verifying the exact position where the hero lay when the rout took place. This redoubt, whose ruins were removed when the jail was being built, was one of two redoubts which must have been erected by the British later than 1759, the other being situated a little beyond Maple Avenue on the St. Louis Road, near the spot where Wolfe had directed his forces.

(7.) As the identification of the prominent buildings which have been erected from time to time on the battle-field may be of some interest, the following notes may also be here given.

*a.* The Jail of Quebec which forms such a conspicuous piece of architecture, as seen from the St. Lawrence or from any high point of land near the city, was finished in 1867. Its enclosures cover an area of thirty-two acres, while the building itself is spacious and fitted up with all the healthful appliances that are now to be found as adjuncts to the mode of punishing crime by incarceration. There are in all seventy single cells, twenty-seven double cells, and forty-one for female prisoners. The build-

ing, which cost \$138,000, is maintained by the provincial authorities.

*b.* **The Ladies' Protestant Home** which is situated on Grande Allée beyond St. Bridget's Asylum and DeSalaberry Street, was opened in 1863. Eight years previously, there had been organized in Quebec the Ladies' Protestant Relief Society, and a successful appeal to the public led to the society's incorporation and the erection of the present attractive looking edifice. The institution is under the supervision of a matron and a committee of ladies selected from all the Protestant denominations in Quebec. The finances have been greatly relieved by donations from the Senator Ross bequest. The function of the institution is the safe keeping of indigent old women and the up-bringing of female orphans.

*c.* **The St. Bridget Asylum** had its origin in 1856, in a small building near St. Patrick's Church, under whose auspices it was opened. It is now located in the spacious buildings at the corner of Grand Allée and DeSalaberry Street, its precincts including what is still called the "Old Cholera Burying Ground." The function of the institution is to educate orphans and give a shelter to the aged and indigent of St.

Patrick's Parish. The institution is under the management of nuns, acting with the St. Patrick's Ladies' Charitable Association. The endowment is small, and consequently its grant from government has to be largely supplemented by donations from the charitably inclined. There is a neatly arranged chapel in connection with this institution and this is attended on the Thursdays and Sundays by the parishioners in the vicinity. The singing of the children of a summer's morning or evening has a very grateful effect on the listener outside, and gives a charm to the whole historic neighborhood.

*d.* **The Church of England Female Orphan Asylum** is a large gaunt-looking building of gray stone, standing on Grande Allée on the outer slope of the historic Buttes-à-Neveu. It was originally a military home for discharged soldiers' widows and orphans, and when the troops left Quebec the premises became vacant, and being purchased in 1873, were utilized as the present Female Orphan Asylum. It has an ample endowment drawn from the sum left to the charities of Quebec by the liquidation trust of the Quebec Savings Bank. The institution is in the hands of a matron and preceptress



under the authority of a committee of ladies of the Church of England.

*e.* The **Finlay Asylum** is an institution on the St. Foye Road between DeSalaberry Street and Maple Avenue, which sprang from humble circumstances. The first donation towards its organization was eight hundred dollars—the orphan's mite possibly given by a Miss Finlay to the Anglican Bishop of Quebec. The money was expended by the Bishop in the purchase of a cottage on Sutherland Street near Mount Pleasant, and in 1861 a further donation of two thousand dollars, given by another lady, induced the Anglicans of Quebec to assist the Bishop in putting up the present building. The place, as at present organized, is a home for male orphans and indigent old men. It has a large endowment received from the Ross bequest, and is conducted under the auspices of the rector and churchwardens of the English Cathedral.

*f.* The **Martello Towers** which command the approaches to the city by way of the plateau across which Wolfe's army made its approach in 1759, were completed in 1812, having taken six years in their erection and having cost sixty thousand dollars. It is said that Sir Isaac Brock, afterwards the

hero of Queenston Heights, supervised their construction, assisted by Colonel By, afterwards engineer of the Rideau Canal and founder of Bytown (Ottawa). To examine one of these is to examine any of the four of them. Though not all of the same size they are of the same plan. The sides facing towards the west are thirteen feet thick, diminishing in thickness until they come to be only seven feet on the side facing the city. The lower flat of the structure is set apart for tanks and storage ; the second for the accommodation of the men of the garrison in charge ; and what might be considered the roof, protected only by a wooden awning or covering, is intended as the place for the heavier guns. Since the departure of the British troops, these outposts have not been garrisoned, but are merely in the hands of tenant-keepers.

*g.* The **St. Foye Road** is one of the two highway-threads that intersect the plateau all the way to Cap Rouge. It begins at Mount Pleasant, being built up on either side by many of the "stately homes" or manor houses of Quebec. About five miles from the city is the church and hamlet of the parish of St. Foye, with a pleasant cross road running southward to join the

St. Louis Road. In 1673 the Huron Indians took refuge here, and in 1760 the British soldiers took possession of the church, which, established as the church of Notre Dame de Foye (of good faith), gave its name to the whole district. The Battle of St. Foye, which was fought between Generals Murray and De Levis, and which the monument near the Belvidere Road commemorates, took place six months after the battle on the Plains of Abraham. The severest shock of the battle took place near the brook beyond the monument, into the basin of which hundreds of dead and dying were hurled, until the valley below ran red with blood. The issue of the contest was the retreat of the British into the city, though not before thousands of those in the rear had been massacred by the Indians who had flocked under the French standard. The scene of the contest has been the haunt of relic hunters for years. The St. Foye Monument was erected in 1860, under the auspices of the St. Jean Baptiste Society, the figure of Bellona surmounting the pillar having been presented by Louis Napoleon. Buried beneath are the collected bones of those who fell in the fight, there having been over four thousand in all slain between



HEBERT'S STATUE OF MONTCALM.



St. Foye and the city walls. The carnage around Dumont's Mill is represented on one of the bas-reliefs. In connection with the term St. Foye, it may be said that it was one of the surnames of Louis XIII., and was the title given to Louis de St. Foye, the son of the so-called king of Canada, whose arrival in a Quebec ship in 1627 created such a furore in France.

*h.* The **St. Louis Road**, which is a continuation of the Grande Allée, just as the Grande Allée is a continuation of Louis Street, is the highway of the plateau which runs through Bergerville to Cap Rouge, where it meets the St. Foye Road. It received its name in honor of Louis XIII., and in token of the loyalty of his subjects of New France. There is no more pleasant drive for the visitor than this beautifully shaded macadamized roadway, the places of interest on either side being the scene of the battle of 1759, the steep incline of Wolfe's Cove, the little vale of the Ruisseau St. Denis, the charming avenues of Spencer Wood, the sylvan recesses of the Gomin Road, with its periodical gipsy-encampments, the approaches to Sillery, and the numerous manor-houses and *plaisirs*. Connected with the history of this highway,

there linger many memories of the old coaching days, when the journey from Quebec to Montreal in the winter time was a matter of four or five days.

*i.* **The Old Cholera Graveyard**, once covered with the thick coppice of willow and thorn behind which many of the French rushed after the rout of the battle of 1759 began, stands behind the St. Bridget Asylum, the victims of the dread disease which visited Quebec in 1832, 1849, and 1854, having been buried hurriedly there. It is now closed, being used as a recreation ground for the inmates of the asylum.

*j.* **Wolfe's Monument**, which is situated on the Plains of Abraham, was, as the inscription placed upon it says, preceded by one that had fallen into decay. The preceding one was erected in 1832 by Lord Aylmer, and the present one in 1849 by the British army in Canada.

**The Church and Convent of the Franciscan Nuns**, of Quebec, was founded as late as 1892, and from very humble beginnings has become one of the most attractive edifices in the city. It is in charge of what are popularly called the "White Nuns," the chief function of the organization being, within, the perpetual Adoration

of the Blessed Sacrament, and, without, the care of the sick and afflicted. The order is of modern date, the foundress, Madame de Chappotin, being still alive. The Mother Society at Rome has already the supervision of fifty houses such as that in Quebec, with over two thousand *religieuses* attached. In the Quebec house there are over one hundred nuns and novices, while fifty of the members have been sent out since 1892 from the institution to foreign countries. The church is among the most conspicuous points of interest in the city, standing, as it does, within the limits of the famous battle field, while the interior is as choice a piece of church ornamentation as is to be seen anywhere. The service is specialized by the responses of the nuns in a body before the altar. The grounds, which are spacious are being laid out in well shaded recreation areas and gardens.

**Montcalm's Headquarters.**—As one of our illustrations indicates, there stands at the corner of St. Louis and Garden Streets, opposite the Masonic Building, a quaint-looking edifice which is considered to be the oldest dwelling house in Quebec. A local historical querist writes of this edifice to the following effect: "This is the old-



est building of which reliable record exists, a deed of its transfer, bearing the date Nov. 30th, 1674, being extant. It is the house which in 1759 was occupied by Surgeon Arnoux, who attended General Montcalm on his death bed. Montcalm died in this house, and here the articles of capitulation are said to have been signed."

Mr. P. B. Casgrain, the brother of the Abbé Casgrain, has lately issued two lectures in French, one on the momentous event of 1759, and the other on what he calls the Second Battle of the Plains of Abraham. Mr. Doughty has also in preparation a volume upon the first event, which promises to be a very exhaustive treatise. In the writings of these gentlemen, the minutest details of the first contest have been collected after careful research, and the conclusion one draws from their respective attitudes is, that while Wolfe's first general movement started near what is called at the present time the Plains of Abraham, the contest and final rout actually took place on the ground now intersected by the line of DeSalaberry Street.



ST. FOYE MONUMENT.



THE QUEBEC JAIL.



KENT GATE.



ST. JOHN'S GATE.

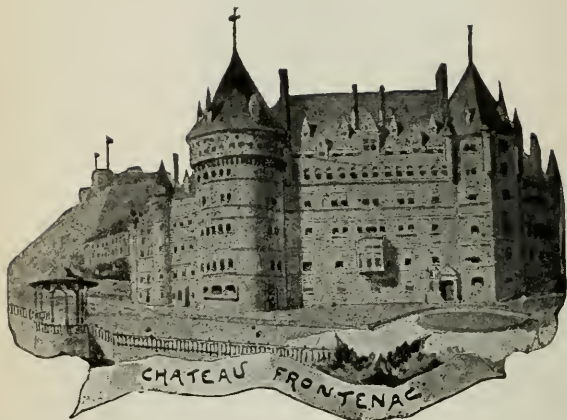


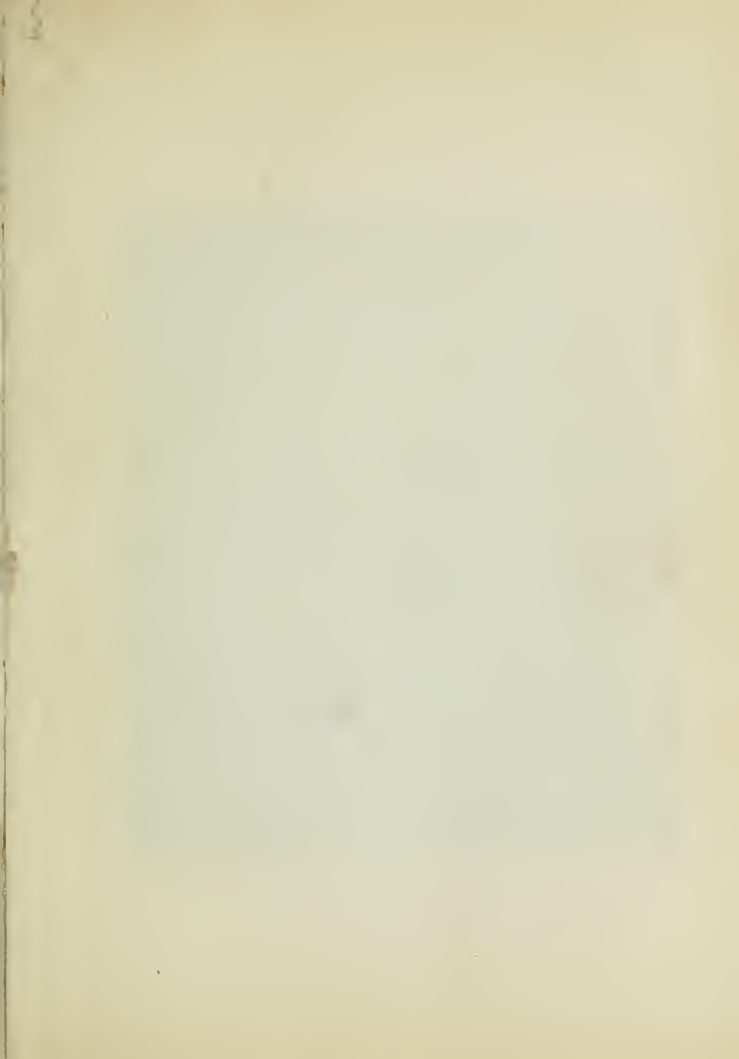
478 - ANGLICAN CATHEDRAL

ANGLICAN CATHEDRAL.



CITADEL HILL.







St. PAUL'S, NEW YORK.

# THE MONTGOMERY SIEGE

BY

J. M. HARPER,

The Author of "Our Jeames."

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DEDICATED

TO

SIR JAMES M. LEMOINE, D.C.L.,

SPENCER GRANGE, QUEBEC.





### PREFATORY NOTE.

This is the third of the series of the historical *brochures* which the writer is preparing for Canadian readers and those who visit us. The success which has attended the others, it is to be hoped, will be graciously extended to this one also. The visitor will find its pages a ready guidance while learning the topography of the ancient capital, a little bit at a time; and the young Canadian may not regret the labour required to commit to memory the verses that are meant to embody one of the most exciting chapters in the history of our colonial development and broadening loyalty.



## DESCRIPTIVE NOTES.

It is a far cry, as a Scotsman would say, from the seething crowds of Broadway, where old St. Paul's has weathered the changes of a century or so, to the silent crevices of Cape Diamond, which overlooks the spacious harbour of Quebec. The rear of the sacred edifice, so well known to the citizens of New York, is adorned with a monument which tells us how the remains of General Richard Montgomery, who fell at Quebec, December 31st, 1775, were deposited under its base within the chancel window, in the year 1818; while on the scarred flank of the rock of Quebec, on its southern side, there is to be seen a well-worn inscription, also intimating that the said Richard Montgomery met his fate near the foot of the precipice on which the Citadel of the ancient capital of Canada is built. Those who would understand the plan of the siege of 1775, and the topography of the ground encompassed by Montgomery and Arnold, would do well to begin their investigations at the foot of Cote de Lamontagne, common-

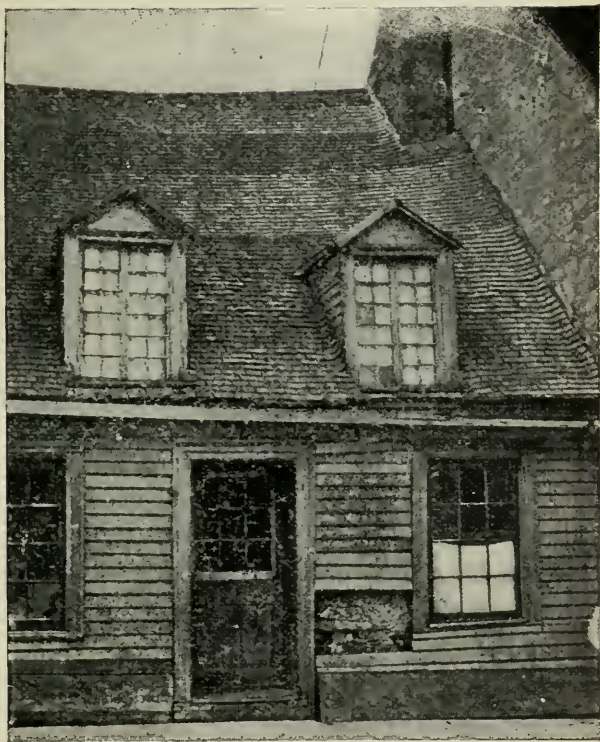
ly called Mountain Hill,—*first*, by taking a drive eastward along Notre Dame and Champlain Streets as far as Wolfe's Cove, and thence upwards and across from St. Louis Road to the St. Foye Road as far as Holland House, at the head of what is known as Sandy Hill; and *second*, by taking a walk along Sault-au-Matelot and Sous-le-Cap Streets, ascending the successive inclines that lead to the site of Hope Gate, and then proceeding from the Battery to the foot of Palace Street. On the drive westward, the points of interest to be taken note of *en route* are: the Church of Notre Dame des Victoires; Mountain Hill and little Champlain street; the Champlain Market House; the buildings around the King's Wharf; the scene of the Landslide; the buildings on the Allans' Wharf; the Ruisseau St. Denis at Wolfe's Cove; and the *plaisirs* of Wolfesfield and Holland Farm. Attention is given to these places seriatim in another part of this work. The same is done for the points of interest in the direction to be taken eastward by the visitor; these being the buildings in the neighbourhood of the Quebec Bank; "the Rock of Dog Lane"; the Battery; the Ramparts; the Hotel Dieu; and the building now known as Boswell's Brewery, occupying as it does, the site of the Intendant's Palace. The changes which have taken place in the "lay of the streets" since 1775 are best understood by locating with some care the Cul-de-Sac of Champlain's time, the little

bay which has long been filled in, and which forms the present site of the Champlain Market Place. This inlet, wherein small craft used to discharge their cargoes or were moored during the winter months, extended inwards as far as the line of Little Champlain Street, and was bounded on the east by the houses of Sous-le-Fort Street, and on the west by the King's Wharf. At the foot of Sous-le-Fort Street, where stood Champlain's Habitation, there was an open space, in 1775,—the site of the Royal Battery of the French regime; and at its head there was the old stairway-link between Cote de Lamontagne and Little Champlain Street. Champlain Street proper had its origin at the open waters of the Cul-de-Sac and ran along the river front, as a carriage way, as far as Près-de-Ville, which is described as being on the further side of the King's Wharf past the old King's Forges. There can be no doubt therefore that the memorial sign-board attached to the side of the crevice, leading from the enclosure of the Allan's Wharf to the Citadel, indicates the exact site of the barricade attacked by Montgomery. Beyond Près-de-Ville there extended a footpath round Cape Diamond, but this was hardly to be distinguished from the shore-line, which was always passable in summer as far as Wolfe's Cove for people on foot. The course followed by Montgomery, therefore, after he had descended the steep of Wolfe's Cove on his way to Près-de-Ville, was beset with the winter difficulties to be

seen at any time during the months of December and January near the tide-line of the river beyond Sillery or New Liverpool.

The plan matured by Montgomery for the taking of the city was so simple and the only one feasible, that it is a wonder he remained so long out at Holland House without putting it into execution. Arnold was in St. Roch squandering his strength and ammunition against Palace Gate and its blockhouse; and when he was dislodged from the Palace his principal vantage-ground, on its being unroofed by the besieged, there was nothing for him to do but to wait till Montgomery was ready to move from his encampment, and so combine in a simultaneous assault, by way of the steep street leading into the upper town, from the river front on the south side. But the true condition of affairs within the walls was not so well known to the leader of the invaders as were the dissensions in his own ranks. Delay had brought him no success. Indeed, he seems to have been more or less the dupe of circumstances, living in a fool's paradise, from the moment he arrived before Quebec, if one would explain his inaction and the remarkable letters he sent to Carleton and the citizens. And when at length he made up his mind to do something, before his soldiers could legally demand a release, it was hardly to be expected that other than failure would come of his assault. Carleton certainly stood in no fear of his advance.

There is no intention to place on record



“The House where lay the General dead.”





here in prose the events of the siege as they occurred. Montgomery's purpose was to work his way past all obstacles on Champlain Street, and by way of Notre Dame Street to join Arnold's forces as they issued from Sault-au-Matelot on their march from St. Roch, an attack in the meantime to be simulated before the walls in upper town. The signal agreed upon was the firing of two rockets near the *Anse des Mères*, and it was on seeing these on the memorable morning on which the assault occurred, that Captain Malcolm Frazer raised the alarm. The accompanying verses attempt to describe the event of the contest as seen from within the city walls, rather than, as has been so often done, from without. The notes on these, as well as on the local points of interest indirectly connected with the narrative, it is to be hoped, will enable the reader to get as near to the experience of an eye witness as it is possible to get, after the expiry of so many generations.





## THE MONTGOMERY SIEGE.

The Angelus in the gloaming, ringing peace in  
time of strife,  
Sendeth echo through the streetlets that makes  
a jar of life,  
While rumours,—ghastly rumours—scurry  
thieflike through the town,  
From citadel to suburb, making French and  
English frown  
At fate, that lingers brooding, near basilica and  
fane,  
Over colony and empire whose weal seems on  
the wane.

The shadows bear the presage, on record much  
the same,

When the good old city dared withstand a  
foreign foeman's claim,—

When the rivals, France and England, deadly  
duel fought afield,

Leaving prestige well protected under Britain's  
broader shield ;

With citizenship a brotherhood that flouts the  
common foe,

And claims its own the pride to aid its own in  
weal or woe.

Yca, the shadows bear a presage, with no  
prophet near at hand,

To read aright the tidings dire that linger  
through the land ;

For alas ! St. Johns is taken, Mount Royal  
sore beset,

And the Richelieu's great waterway gives joy  
to foe elate,

Waylaying brave Sir Guy's descent near by the  
confluence-coigne

Where Chambly's rapids, run their course, the  
proud St. Lawrence join.

God save us ! Who's the messenger that brings  
the tidings dire ?

Whence comes he ? Give us patience ! Is he  
friend or foeman's hire ?

What say the men that govern us—the men Sir  
Guy has sworn

To man the walls and guard the gates against  
the invader's scorn ?

Is there no one near to tell us what is false or  
what is true ?

Is there no one near to tell us what 'tis the best  
to do ?

The moon in ragged radiance looks askance  
upon the scene ;

The drifting clouds fringe spire and dome as  
with a sackcloth screen ;

And the crowd is growing wider around the  
Barracks Square,

With the human streamlets closing in, from  
every thoroughfare :

A vocal tremor fills the air,—a cry is heard  
beyond,

Where the Chateau stands a sentinel on conse-  
crated ground.

As from reservoir to cistern, the *Place* runs  
o'er in turn,

And the news like wildfire blazes forth, as heart  
and temper burn;—

“The good Sir Guy is home again! List to  
the cannon's boom!

“Hurrah for hope! Hurrah for joy! Away  
with doubting gloom!

“What! Montreal has fallen? Three Rivers,  
too, you say?

“What of it, now that Carleton is with us in  
our fray?

“Perchance poor Monsieur Arnold, with his  
tattered crew of braves,

“Will dance again round Port St. Louis, to tell  
us we are slaves;

“A second challenge he may send, decreeing  
still our doom,

“Or bring a host from Pointe-aux-Trembles,  
without the walls to fume;

“But he'll find, with all his bluster or yet  
Montgomery's aid,

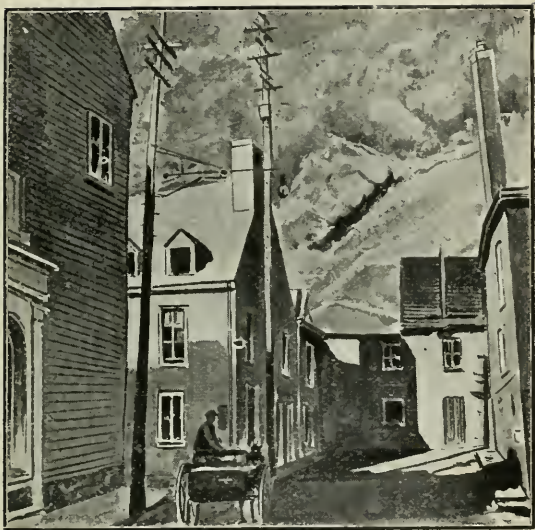
“That the colours of the British flag are never  
like to fade.”

Thus spake brave Maître Thompson, beside the  
Chateau's gate,  
Where stood his comrades under arms the  
general to await ;  
Full well he knew how far the walls could check  
the approaching foe,  
Since, under orders night and day, he had been  
to and fro,  
From the Palais to the Citadel, making good  
the new defence,  
A blockhouse here, a picket there, with palisades  
condense.

- “ Fear comes and goes, yet Arnold knew a fear  
no more than we,  
“ When hardship stayed his timorous march  
beyond the friendly sea,  
“ When through the pathless wilderness, across  
Megantic's heights,  
“ He traced the toilsome Chaudière by a thousand  
dismal lights :—  
“ The British flag flaunts freedom, but is its  
freedom free ?  
“ Perchance 'tis ours to find elsewhere a truer  
liberty.”



Bold be ye Adam Lymburner, in presence thus  
to speak,  
Since ears there are fell keen to hear, and minds  
as sure to leak,  
Some say 'twas Humphreys carried you a letter  
from without :—  
Was't then your hope of liberty made him a  
welcome scout ?  
Was't then you thought it safer far, to make a  
foe a friend,—  
A patriot or a traitor, your country to defend ?  
Not so spake Maitre Thompson, though the  
words were on his tongue,  
For the general then was passing in, while yet  
the plaudits rung ;  
But his face flashed indignation on the coterie  
near by,  
And Adam felt the lightning force of the over-  
seer's eye ;  
“ God take such traitorous townsmen ! ” was  
all the goodman said,  
As Captain Owen sent him word to join the  
men he led.



The Site of the "Second Barricade."



That night was consummation,—no doubt, far  
less despair ;  
A master mind was in command, his will was  
everywhere ;  
As he sat within his council and heard what  
had been done  
To make secure the city walls, the bastions one  
by one,  
As he heard the tidings from around,—the  
numbers of the foe,  
Within was courage, and without, joy took  
the place of woe.

And soon the story went the rounds in every  
street and lane  
Of the risk the good Sir Guy had run to reach  
Quebec again ;  
How his fleet had neared Lavaltrie, where  
Easton lay in force,  
Defiance in his outer line, resistance his  
resource ;  
How the fateful winds opposing, despair sat  
vulture-like  
From every mast and broken spar to watch the  
invader strike.

For brave Bouchette, the keen '*La Tourtre*,'  
when tales were in the wind,  
Of an evening down in Notre Dame, the com-  
pany being kind,  
Would tell how he and Lanaudière, took  
matters well in hand,  
And swore an oath that *coute que coute*, the devil  
to command,  
They'd find a channel safe enough, the general  
in their charge,  
Round Ile du Pas to St. Maurice in the pilot's  
swiftest barge.

"By Jove, you well may say it,—the night was  
black as pitch,

"And every passage in our way looked black as  
midnight ditch :

"Our muffled oars abandoned, we paddled with  
our hands,

"Stealing through the weed-grown reaches, and  
whispering our commands :

"Was there doubt the foe were watching,—  
were watching as they could ?

"Oh, how we blessed the darkness, that hid us  
in its hood !

- “ Yes, a blessing is the darkness, as the general often said,
- “ You know the way, *mon cher Bouchette*, and I am not afraid ;
- “ But we’ll reach the safer open, before the dawn of day,
- “ And then your stalwart oarsmen, with ne’er a hand to stay,
- “ Will sweep the wide St. Peter’s, with speed of fleetest crew,
- “ To save Quebec,—’tis all that’s left,—to bless Quebec and you.
- “ To save Quebec ! God grant it ! and his words came free at last,
- “ The dawn is here, the waters safe, up with your makeshift mast ;
- “ With wind and arm in favour, and current swift beside,
- “ By noon we’ll reach Three Rivers whatever may betide !
- “ ’Tis there we’ll find some tidings of Arnold’s late attack ;
- “ Be brave my men, a patriot’s stroke, until your muscles crack !”

- “ And the men rowed fierce like fighters, a-  
fighting with their fate,  
“ *God save Quebec*, their watchword, giving nerve  
to love and hate ;  
“ And still the general urged them on, the tiller  
in his hand,  
“ Until the barge found moorage safe, near  
Laviolette’s favoured strand ;  
“ My gratitude, brave comrades ! Such loyalty  
is life,—  
“ And he leaped ashore to dare the first, the  
tidings of the strife.
- “ And soon came yeoman Frazer, staunch  
royalist and brave ;  
“ In haste across the fields he came and grateful  
greeting gave :  
“ Some rebels have been here, he said, a-  
straggling east and west,  
“ And fain were we to follow, their fighting  
gear to test :  
“ And now we shall, my general,—ah, pardon,  
may I not ?  
“ ’Tis only sixteen seasons since with Wolfe we  
both have fought.

- “ But scarcely had the veterans grasped each other by the hand,—
- “ The townsfolk ear and eye intent,—the marvellous in demand,—
- “ When there came a later tidings that the foe six hundred strong,
- “ Machiche had crossed, full bent on harm, to reach the town ere long :
- “ Then haste ye, men, the general said, haste for a country’s weal,
- “ God saving us, we’ll dare outrun the rascals in their zeal !
- “ And haste we did I tell ye, a mouthful ta’en in haste,
- “ The wind still in our favour to bend the make-shift mast ;
- “ And aye the general urged us on, the tiller in his hand,
- “ Their zeal is nought to ours, he’d say, while yet our zeal he fanned.
- “ Some craft no doubt is hovering where Arnold safely hides ;
- “ So, on, my hearties—keep the time,—keep heart whate’er betides !”



Thus brave Bouchette would gossip, when tales  
were in the wind  
Of an evening down in Notre Dame, to keep the  
company kind,  
Or further tell of hazards on the way to Point  
Platon  
Where the rapids made the river the crests of  
danger don,  
Where the curvings of the northern banks  
round many a pleasant bight  
Them led to Pointe-aux-Trembles with Arnold's  
tents in sight.

And oft,—the wine-cup lingering,—Bouchette  
would sing with pride :  
“ Ho, there, my hearties,—keep the time,—keep  
heart, whate'er betide !  
“ Ho, here's to Napier's frigate that met us on  
our way !  
“ What care we now since Carleton is with us in  
our fray !  
“ Hurrah for hope! hurrah for joy!—away with  
doubting gloom !  
“ For the good Sir Guy is home again,—home  
to Quebec, our home !”

. . . . .

Far other tales of daring had whilom gone the  
rounds,  
In the dingy doubtful rendezvous of Sault-au-  
Matelot's bounds,  
Where the slinking disaffected would seek the  
midnight hour  
To entertain some wretched spy, or plan some  
change of power,—  
Less bold than Adam Lymburner in openness  
to speak,  
Afraid of ears fell keen to hear, if not of minds  
that leak.

'Tis said no word escapeth the phonograph of  
time—  
No thought of secret daring—no ecstacy of  
crime ;  
And if the Neptune's time-worn walls their  
record would reveal  
Of guests hob-nobbing unawares, rebellion to  
conceal,  
What a tale of double-dealing—of bravery  
perchance—  
In these doubtful restless days of yore, its annals  
might enhance !

For was it not the hostel, in the years between  
the wars,  
Of mine host, the *bonhomme Taché*, whose fame  
had reached the stars,  
The trysting-place of traders, the hailing-ground  
of cheer,  
A focus-point of welcome, diverging far and  
near ?  
Was it not where burly Benedict, a-mannered  
bluff and bold,  
Made courtship to the valour that is weakness  
when 'tis sold ?

I know you've heard the story of his march  
across the plain,  
Where the Kennebec its sources finds, within  
the woods of Maine,—  
Of his daring on Dead River, his camp at Spider  
Lake,  
His muster where the Chaudière goes brawling  
through the brake,  
His bravings in the wilderness by cataract and  
fell,  
His triumphs over forest foes incredible to  
tell ;



The "NEPTUNE INN" (Restored.)



But had you known Sir Boniface, the Neptune's  
lusty host,  
The phonograph of time perchance had not its  
records lost,  
Of guests hob-nobbing unawares, rebellion to  
conceal,  
Dire tales of double-dealing, delivered under  
seal,  
When ambitious burly Benedict, with manners  
bluff and bold,  
A-dallied with a double fate presaging shame  
for gold.

Within a blearing darkness, remote from public  
ken,  
One night the disaffected sought audience yet  
again,  
In Taché's secret chamber, as rang the midnight  
hour,  
Running chances with the populace, to plan a  
change of power ;  
For known it was, through Mercier, with tidings  
from the foe,  
That burly boastful Benedict would strike  
another blow.

And when the light gave entrance, with silent  
call of roll,  
The phonograph of time made haste to turn its  
record's scroll :  
There was François Sourde, the tanner, with  
Caldwell as ally,  
And Judas Duggan, barber bold, and three of  
kindred fry,  
And Ancien Boulanger, of sapient vacant mind,  
Whose vapourings made a proverb of the  
veerings of the wind.

There was Adam d'Eaux and Pierre Le Jeune,  
with Mercier's clan near by,  
And lurking near, with furtive glance, Jules  
Turque, the quondam spy,  
And one or two of Arnold's friends, who knew  
him in the days  
He bargained in the hostel-halls or joined the  
trader's frays ;  
Nor least of all was Williams near, the man who  
knew no fear,  
Till danger stood him face to face or shouted in  
his ear.

- “Why should we budge?” as first he was, in  
whisperings thus to speak,
- “You have your rights and hopes beside, with  
vengeance yet to wreak ;
- “The invader gives us better terms than  
Carleton proclaims,
- “The freedom of the future has in it prouder  
aims ;
- “Then budge we not ! Together stand, and  
claim our own reward !—
- “A challenge give in mustering strength, and  
mystify the guard !
- “What lesson is there yet to learn of England’s  
cruel might ?
- “Escaping, risk ye yet again the hateful  
tyrant’s blight ?
- “Is Bigot dead to live again, in seigneur’s  
grasping wrath,
- “As save we from oppression’s chains a living  
worse than death ?
- “Are mothers’, wives’ and children’s cries again  
to rend our ears,
- “With famine stalking through the land, their  
only food our tears ?”



Then, others having spoken, Le Turque took up  
the word,

With a message in his tasseled *tuque*, 'twas time  
he should be heard :

How came he by the message, the ramparts so  
secure,

Nor spy nor scout assured enough to climb the  
countermure ?

“ 'Twas a woman, grey and haggard, from the  
cove beyond the heath,

“ Had given him the message, Montgomery's  
name beneath.”

And they listened to the daring, with the furtive  
in their eyes,

Cupidity and cunning gloating over promised  
prize,

While 'twas read how pending carnage avoided  
still might be,

If a townsman only could be found the gates to  
open free :—

Ay, if traitor only could be found, to act the  
coward's part,

Planning ruin for his city, bringing shame to  
patriot's heart.

But scarce had ceased the reading, when  
Williams, pale with dread,  
Made whisper of a distant din—a something's  
hurried tread :  
'Tis nothing ! No ! Yet nearer still the rush is  
in the street,  
And the Neptune's door, loud shaken, hastens  
Taché to his feet !  
What's that ? And that ? Make haste, ye fools :  
Ha, ha, no time to run,  
For the corridors run counter, while there's  
seizing one by one !

“ So ho, my hearties, caught at last ! God send  
you grace in time ! ”  
And the captain of the town's patrol made  
laughter somewhat grim.  
“ The general needs a score of you, to soothe an  
anxious hour,  
“ So make ye ready running, there are places  
else to scour ;  
“ The Chateau's near ; Sir Guy is there ; the  
jail is on the hill ;  
“ We'll give you quarters for the night, so march  
ye will-or-nill.”

And the grey is in the dawning, snell winter  
in the air,  
When the populace, in a day or more, to Louis  
Gate repair ;  
For the wretched disaffected are ordered, man  
by man,  
To leave the precincts of the town, the traitress  
in their van ;  
Sir Guy has spurned the foe within, to dare the  
foe without,  
All courtesy suspending to treason, spy or  
scout.

And even Adam Lymburner, as the overseer  
said,  
No longer sought the public ways, his  
sympathies to spread,  
But found retreat within the woods of Begon's  
Hermitage,  
His soul to soothe in solitude, his judgment  
better gauge,  
That the British flag waves freedom, a freedom  
that is free,  
With little hope to find elsewhere a truer  
liberty.

. . . . .

The days were at their shortest, there was hurtling in the air  
As December, breeding bitter blasts, was nursing its despair ;  
A reckless foe, a ruler stern,—to do or die in both,  
The one in guise of liberty, the other true as oath  
Eternal ! What the issue ? God wot, there's only one !  
Though the marchings out of Chambly seemed a holiday begun.

Within the city's palisades, beneath the bastion's frown,  
No quarter's given to cowardice, no grace to idle brawn ;  
No loyalty inactive :—" Ho there, a willing hand !  
" Keep watch and ward at yonder nook, attend the countermand !  
" Sir Guy's behest is law within, his word is faith enough,—  
" A man to fear, a man to love, ay, ay, of British stuff !"

And even now the brave Bouchette had oft to  
be restrained :—

“ The foe, by Jove, what is the foe ? The scruff  
of humankind !

“ Give me my sword and Lanaudière, with  
matters well in hand,

“ And, *coute que coute*, the horde of them, the  
devil to command,

“ We’ll put *en route* to Boston beach, and crave  
no rich reward :

“ Ay, ay, fear not ; to save Quebec, we’ll soon  
relieve the guard ! ”

But the wise Sir Guy craves patience and makes  
defence secure ;

Urging citizen and soldier insultings to endure ;  
The walls bemanned to westward, the Palace  
Gate enclosed,

The vantage-nooks and ledges, with outlooks  
well disposed,

Give assurance to the barricades along the  
river’s line,

From Près-de-Ville the outer guard to Sault-  
au-Matelot’s chine.



GENERAL SIR GUY CARLETON.  
(LORD DORCHESTER.)

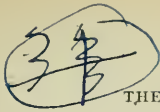


And still the watchful days and nights keep  
lingering into weeks,  
With a message scorned from Holland House,  
'mid cannonading freaks,  
Or yet deserter slinking near, and faltering ta'en  
within,  
To tell his tale of failing hearts, nathless the  
open din :  
And Barnsfare and McQuarters, with a hint  
how things will be,  
Keep a keener guard than ever, in the cause of  
liberty.

And Maitre Thompson labours on, with his  
hundred men or more,  
No blockhouse uninspected from the Palais to  
the shore :  
“ We'll dare the devils and their ploys,” 'twas  
his with pride to say :  
“ They little reck what old Quebec can gather  
for the fray :  
“ The day they came from Levis I fired the  
bastion's gun,  
“ And, do ye know, the rascals ran as if their  
dargue was done ;



- “ But once give Jones the signal, Dupré,  
Chabot, Picard,  
“ With kindred watch-dogs, true as steel, their  
mystery will mar :  
“ With a Caldwell and Mackenzie and a  
Hamilton to boot,  
“ Sir Guy, our freedom’s champion, will rout  
them horse and foot :  
“ The poor old Palais lies full low, o’erturned  
by friendly blow,  
“ But lower still, the day quite near, shall  
yonder dastard foe  
  
“ Be driven back from every glade. What  
daring brings them here ?  
“ Is this their land—their hearth-and-home ?  
Think they we quake with fear ?  
“ Ha, ha, my lads, ’tis ours to fight for what is  
yet our own !  
“ *En bas* with those who soon will reap what  
they have wildly sown !  
“ They little reckon what old Quebec can muster  
for the fray :  
“ We’ll dare the devils and their ploys, our  
trust in God always.”



Indeed so ill the secret was kept beyond the  
town,  
That from citadel to water's edge, the invaders'  
plans were known ;  
And when the year had run its course beyond  
the Christmastide,  
There was waiting for their coming, as if 'twere  
naught to hide,—  
One band approaching from the *Anse*, the other  
by St. Roch,  
To meet at foot of thoroughfare to escalate the  
rock.

The night is dark, the sifting snow wreathes  
high its rampart walls,—  
A fitting hour for mischief's deeds, wrath-  
winged with fitful squalls,  
Expectation stands on tiptoe, though no mur-  
murings are heard,  
Revealing passion's wakefulness, by any idle  
word :  
For Barnsfare and McQuarters, now knowing  
what's to be,  
Have instant duty well in hand, in the cause of  
liberty.

And Malcolm Frazer has betimes good use for  
both his eyes,  
With forecast's surety in his soul to anticipate  
surprise :

“ Did ye not see that tongue of fire ? Why,  
there it is again !

“ A signal ? Yea, the truth at last ! Our  
watching's not in vain !

“ Ho, there, ye guards, arouse ye ! Ring out  
the town's alarms !

“ The foe is hither marching : to arms, to arms,  
to arms !”

And in the Recollets' Convent, the governor  
takes his place,

There is calmness in his bearing, a smile upon  
his face,

“ Stand by your posts, each man his own, you  
know them well, I trow,

“ There is danger only when disgrace be-  
smirches fealty's vow :

“ If barricade or picket fail, no likely fate to be,  
“ Here on this crowning ground I'll wait the  
hour for you and me.

- “ The cannonading yonder is feigning of its kind,  
“ ’Tis from below the struggle comes ; so wing ye with the wind,  
“ Each to his own, brave comrades ; stand by the barricades :  
“ Faith in one’s king and country—a soldier’s—seldom fades,  
“ Your baptism, perchance severe, will bring its own reward :  
“ Stand by ye then, march with your men, and instant join the guard ! ”

No further word is spoken, no need for countermand ;

All else is ordered as before, each knows his own command :

For the good Sir Guy had chosen subalterns faithful, true,

From the loyalty within the town, when the traitorous withdrew ;

And he watches for their tidings by the beetling hillside’s brow

From the outer posts of Près-de-Ville and Sault-au-Matelot.

And, as he stands, the din of war comes distant  
to his ear,

A muffled sound near Palace Gate, a sound of  
seeming fear ;

Then louder as if bolder, men's shoutings fill  
the air :

Is the picket yet in danger ? Is there in these  
cries despair ?

But the governor, trained a soldier, is silent as  
a king,

And awaits for surety's message his faithful  
scouts will bring.

“ What, ho, they're past the Palais ! ” corroborate  
tidings come,

“ The demon Arnold at their head, with  
rataplan of drum ;

“ Their marching now an open game, they  
thread the Canoterie,

“ The shipyards on their outer flank, the Battery  
on their lee,

“ Will they dare the deadly danger from the  
ramparts overhead ?—

“ Ah, there it is—the first to fall—a shower-bath  
raining lead ! ”

And still another voice brings tale : " They're  
at the barricade !—

" Forlorn the hope before them, behind a whole  
brigade :

" The snow is in their bloodshot eyes, the cold  
their senses stuns,

" 'Tis hand to hand, no quarter now, they've  
thrown away their guns :

" They say their leader's fallen, and Morgan  
takes his place ;

" What cheering's that ? Is't ours or theirs ?  
It cannot mean disgrace ?

" Disgrace to us ? It cannot be ! The barricade  
is ta'en !

" Who told you that ? Is Caldwell there ? Ay,  
ear, and eye, and brain !

" Lymburner's house is in his hands, where  
centring passions roar,

" The windows bringing in relays, while the  
invader's at the door :

" Brave, say ye ? No one braver ! List to his  
musketry !

" Can heroic strife be closer ? Wait till the  
rascals flee !"

For flee they must the din declares, attacked in  
front and rear,

With Nairne, Dambourges, and all the rest at  
last in full career.

A pause ! a cheer ! a mighty cry ! Is't true the  
day is ours ?

God save Quebec ! Quebec is saved, since God  
thus owns her powers !

Hurrah for hope ! Hurrah for joy ! Away  
with doubting gloom !

For the good Sir Guy is home again—home to  
Quebec, our home !

But Près-de-Ville, I pray thee ! Is the leader  
overcome ?

Ay, hours ago ! At early dawn he met his  
sudden doom !

Amid the snow his body lies, his sword-hand in  
the air ;

Around him, dead, his comrades : his followers  
in despair ;

For Farnsfare and McQuarters knowing well  
what was to be,

Had no failing in their courage in the cause of  
liberty.

THE SITE OF PRES-DE-VILLE.







The tale is brief. A hazard blindly thrown in  
fortune's face,—  
To do or die in action,—since delay forebode  
disgrace !  
The day is at its breaking, the wind a thousand  
darts,  
Frost-pointed, piercing keenly, while the foot of  
soldier parts  
The curving drifts below the cliffs, as best a  
soldier may,  
When obstacles of nature, as of arms, are in his  
way.

There's no hiding of their errand now, as a  
keen-eyed guardsman says,  
And theirs will be the welcome soon that stills  
ambition's craze :  
See how they brave the ice-floes, to overtake  
the path  
That labours round Cape Diamond to further  
fateful wrath !  
They dream, perchance, we're sleeping, as we  
rest upon our arms ;  
Ay, ay, they'll hardly waken us till nearer our  
alarms !

Now they turn the ledge's limits, whence the  
picket's been withdrawn :

The fools ! they're daring nearer ! be ready  
man to man !

Ah, how the storm goes raging ! Just wait an  
instant more !

Hush ! There they are, a handful ! Now let  
the volleys roar !

There's no resisting fire like that ! ah, ha, they  
disappear !

Another volley once again, and victory is  
near !

And when Montgomery's orderly, with but an  
hour to live,

Was borne in time within the camp, he had no  
word to give

Of his master's fate, though well he knew how  
far his cause was lost ;

But he told how brave a word was his, with  
little heart to boast,

As he led his men from Holland House across  
the snow-bound plain,

With fate contending step by step to end the  
dread campaign.

- “Forward,” he cried,—our leader cried,—  
“disaster lies behind !  
“ If foe there be, we’ll dare the worst, in teeth  
of every wind :  
“ The outer post’s abandoned ; perchance the  
inner fort ;  
“ So hand to hand, I dare demand extremity’s  
support ;  
“ If hardship has beset our path, the prize is  
near at hand ;  
“ So, onward press, my gallants, ’tis our country  
gives command.”

And as they soothed the sergeant’s couch, and  
sought for further word,  
If his leader was among the first to pass the  
outer guard ;  
“ Who knows may say,” the poor man sighed :  
“ he safety may have found,  
“ To nerve his followers’ courage, my comrades  
yet beyond,—  
“ A restive band, God knows how far, since a  
soldier may not tell !”  
And weird the word came from his lips, alas !  
the last to fall.

Fate ! folly ! was't a soldier's dream,—his  
death a nation's birth ?

His sword the emblem of a cause, or but a  
soldier's worth ?

Crown him with pride ! He has been crowned.  
But what of those who stood

Against his ill-timed onset,—of Carleton the  
good ?

Of Farnsfare and McQuarters, daring well what  
was to be,

Ey faith abiding hand to hand in the cause of  
liberty ?

## BIOGRAPHY OF SIR GUY CARLETON.

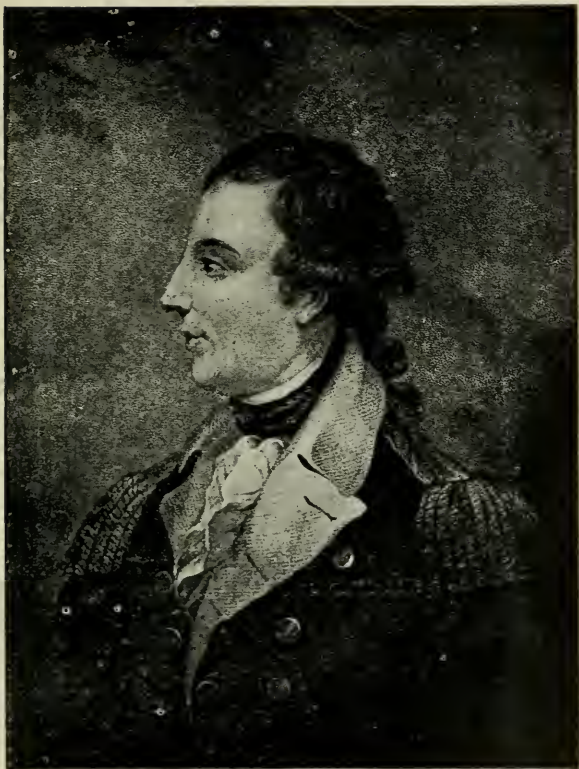
Sir Guy Carleton, afterwards Lord Dorchester, was the third son of General Sir Guy Carleton, of Newry, Ireland, being born at Strabane on September 3rd, 1724. Having entered the Guards as a youth, he received a lieutenancy in the 72nd Foot when twenty-four years of age, and served in Germany, where he was distinguished for his efficiency as an officer and his bravery in the field. With the rank of Colonel he accompanied Wolfe in his expedition against Quebec, during which campaign he acted as quartermaster-general. He had also to take charge of the engineering department, for Wolfe soon found that his engineers had little experience and less zeal. In the struggle which ensued, and which was to decide the ownership of Canada, Carleton had command of an attack on Pointe-aux-Trembles, was wounded at the Battle of the Plains, and served under Murray at the Battle of St. Foye. He acted as brigadier in the expedition against Belle Isle, as quartermaster in the siege of Havana, and was

wounded at the capture of the Spanish redoubt on More Hill. In 1766 he arrived at Quebec, with a commission to act as administrator of the government of Canada in the event of the absence of the governor; and later, on October 25th, 1769, succeeded General Murray as governor-in-chief of the colony. On assuming this important office, he quickly gained the public regard, from the fairness and consideration with which he treated the inhabitants, among whom at the time of his appointment, there was much dissatisfaction. The French element of the population were making demands for the restoration of the French civil law and custom. Carleton listened to their petitions, and after making a study of the situation, arranged for the careful compiling and revising of the *Coutume de Paris*, which embodied the civil law; while the criminal law of England was declared to be in force. In 1770 Carleton returned to England on leave of absence, and while he was away petitions were prepared asking for the inauguration of a House of Assembly in accordance with the terms of the Royal Proclamation of 1763. These requests were ultimately granted by the passing of the Quebec Act in 1775. During the same year the American Revolution broke out, shortly after Carleton's return to Canada, and all his energy was required to save British America to the Crown. After the capture of Ticonderoga and Crown Point, the "Gates of Canada," by the Continental forces, as

they were called, the governor summoned the *seigneurs*, and called upon them to enroll their *censitaires* in the militia. The *habitants* refused to take up arms, and Carleton declared martial law. Upon the continued refusal of the *habitants* to serve in the country's defence, Bishop Briand, at the governor's request, issued a pastoral letter, urging the people to respond to the call made upon them. Even this had but little effect, so that Carleton had to prepare for the defence of the colony with very few troops at his command. He, however, divided this meagre armament as best he could, to guard the various approaches to the interior, and set out himself for Montreal, where his further appeals to the French-Canadians were again met with indifference. By this time the country was in a critical phase of its existence. It was threatened with what seemed likely to prove an effective invasion by a hostile force, while all was not peace and harmony within its borders. The English population was to a great extent disloyal, being jealous of the privileges granted to the French portion of the population by the Quebec Act, and, on the other hand, the latter refused to join in the defence of the government which had granted them these privileges. The capture of the forts at Chambly and St. Johns by Montgomery's forces was followed by an attack on Montreal, which also fell temporarily into the hands of the invaders. Sir Guy, however, escaped just as Montgomery



was entering the town, and passing silently down the river, reached Quebec on November 19th, an event which without doubt saved Canada to Britain. Here he found consternation reigning as a result of the siege inaugurated by Arnold, who had arrived before the walls by way of the Chaudière valley. How the governor grasped the situation at once, expelled the disaffected from the town, and, imparting his own fixedness of purpose and energy to the little garrison, succeeded in frustrating the besiegers' every attempt to effect an entrance, is a matter of history. In 1766, Carleton organized an expedition against the revolted colonies and defeated Arnold's flotilla on Lake Champlain. The following year he was superseded in the command by Burgoyne, who proved comparatively incompetent; but in 1781 he succeeded Sir Henry Clinton as commander of the British forces in North America, and in 1786 was appointed Governor-General of Canada, having been raised to the peerage, as Lord Dorchester, shortly before his appointment. On his arrival he immediately assembled the Legislative Council and formed its members into committees to enquire into the state of the education, commerce, laws, and police protection in the country, the chief justice having charge of the investigation into the condition of legal affairs. These enquiries showed that things were in a very indifferent state in every particular; and to remedy the evils thus discovered, the Constitutional



Major General Richard Montgomery,  
after the portrait by C. W. Peale.



Act of 1791 was passed by the British Parliament, after having been submitted to Lord Dorchester for revision. Canada lost one of the best friends she ever had when Lord Dorchester took his departure from her shores on July 9th, 1796. His kindness, justice, sound common sense and love for constitutional government endeared him to all classes of Canadians, who have ever justly regarded him as having been instrumental in securing for them the freedom which they enjoy. He died at Maidenhead, England, on the tenth of November, 1808.

#### BIOGRAPHY OF RICHARD MONTGOMERY.

Richard Montgomery, the general in command of the forces which besieged Quebec in December, 1775, and who lost his life during the attack upon that stronghold on the morning of the 1st of January, 1776, was an Irishman by birth. He was born in December, 1736, near Feltrim, Dublin, and received his education at Trinity College. Early in life he chose as his calling the army, being attached to the Seventeenth Regiment when eighteen years of age. He served under Wolfe at the siege of Louisbourg, and later, in 1759, was with Amherst on Lake Champlain, and with Haviland in the following year. He received a captaincy in 1762, and as such saw further service at Martinique and Havana. Throughout the

Seven Years War he acquired much experience and some distinction as a soldier; and looked forward to gaining his majority on his return to Ireland. Failing in this, he sold his commission and betook himself to America, arriving in New York, where he married Janet, eldest daughter of a former friend of his, Judge Robert R. Livingston. It seems to have been his intention, upon his marriage, to retire definitely from a military career, and to content himself with the retirement of his own home circle. Purchasing a farm at Rhinebeck, he built a house and mill, and settled down to a life of rural ease. Embracing, however, the political views of his wife's immediate relatives, who were all ultra-colonial in their opinions, he was not long allowed to remain in seclusion. Possessed of more than ordinary ability, and thoroughly schooled in the art of warfare, his services were of too much value to the embryo nation to be lightly set aside. In 1775, he was chosen by the electors of the county of Dutchess to represent them at the first provincial convention in New York, being almost immediately appointed a brigadier-general in the army, which was being organized by Washington, — a position which it is said he accepted with some reluctance.

Montgomery was convinced of the strategic advantage to be gained by the acquisition of Canada, and, while relieving Schuyler at Ticonderoga, received despatches from General Washington, outlining a plan of

campaign having that for its object. Being thus connected with the enterprise, Montgomery found himself ere long in command of the invading expedition, and conducted personally the capture of St. Johns and Montreal, and ultimately the attack on Quebec, where, as has been said, he was abruptly cut off in the prime of his life. The motives which influenced Montgomery in joining the colonial forces against the royal master of his earlier years have been the subject of much discussion among historical writers and others; but in view of his apparent general character and marked talent, it is only fair to give him the benefit of any doubt there may be. As regards his change of allegiance, his position was not greatly different from that of his companions in the struggle which lost to England the American colonies.

#### BIOGRAPHY OF BENEDICT ARNOLD.

Benedict Arnold, second in command to General Montgomery in the attack on Quebec in December, 1775, was a native of America, being born at Norwich, in Connecticut, on the 14th of January, 1741. When very young he enlisted as a soldier, but deserted from the ranks shortly afterward, and worked as an apothecary's assistant in his native place. Removing to New Haven, in 1762, he carried on business as a druggist and bookseller, becoming after a time a property owner and assuming the title of

general. Failing in business, he entered the service of the State of Massachusetts, early in 1775, with the rank of colonel; and a few months later was entrusted with the command of the two battalions, consisting of about eleven hundred men, sent by Washington against Quebec. His success in leading this force on its terrible march through the trackless wilderness of Maine and the valley of the Chaudière, proved that he was a man of daring bravery and wonderful endurance. Having effected a meeting with Montgomery before the walls of Quebec, he took part in the attack and was seriously wounded. For his services in this connection he was appointed a brigadier-general; and in 1776, was in command of a small fleet,—engaging in a naval fight on Lake Champlain, in which, though not successful, he showed a great deal of courage and skill. Notwithstanding the recognition given to his intrepidity, he was not promoted to the rank of major-general until 1777, although several officers who were his juniors received that distinction before him. This was a cause of much annoyance to him, and made him discontented with his position in the service. He was present at the battles of Bemis Heights and Stillwater, on the latter occasion showing an utter lack of subordination to the general in command. In this engagement he was again seriously wounded, being rendered unfit for service for some time. In 1778, Congress gave him the command

at Philadelphia, where he married, as his second wife, Margaret, daughter of Edward Shippen, who afterwards became chief-justice of Pennsylvania. Having during his tenure of this office, incurred heavy pecuniary obligations and made a number of enemies, he was tried by court-martial on a variety of charges; and, though he was acquitted, the general-in-chief was ordered to reprimand him. So convinced, however, was Washington of Arnold's ability and freedom from fault, that he praised rather than censured him. In 1780, at his own seeking, he was given command at West Point, an important military post, and almost immediately entered into negotiations with the British authorities to hand it over to them. The arrangements for the carrying out of this act of treachery were practically completed, when Major André, who was acting for the British general in the matter, was captured and the plot was discovered. Arnold fled and sought refuge on the *Vulture*, a British war vessel, on September 25th, and escaped to New York, where he joined the British army. He was commissioned to lead an expedition from that point against Virginia, where he greatly harassed the colonists in that part of the country, and did much damage to their property. He received £6,300 from the British Government for his proffered services; and, retiring to England, as the war was drawing to a close, died in London, little regretted, in June, 1801.





## TOPOGRAPHICAL NOTES.

St. Paul's Chapel, situated at the lower end of Broadway, was erected in 1776, and is the oldest building of colonial origin in New York. It was the only building of importance that escaped in the burning of the city in 1776, and for twelve years thereafter was the parish church. The inauguration procession of General George Washington was received in this place of worship by Bishop Provoost on the 30th of April, 1789, the newly elected president being accompanied by both Houses of Congress and the members of the Cabinet. The pew is still shown which the President occupied as a member of the church between the years 1789 and 1791. As has been said, the remains of General Montgomery were deposited within the precincts of this chapel in 1818, and from the monument erected to his memory may be read the following inscription: "This monument is erected by the order of Congress, 25th January, 1776, to transmit to posterity a grateful remembrance of the patriotism, conduct, enterprise

and perseverance of General Richard Montgomery, who after a series of successes and amidst the most discouraging difficulties, fell in the attack of Quebec, 31st December, 1775, aged 37 years. . . . The State of New York caused the remains of Major-General Richard Montgomery to be conveyed from Quebec and deposited beneath this monument, the 8th day of July, 1818." What a quiet retreat out of the swirl of life in the streets around! What a crowding of memories, amid the crowding of the great city's interests! There is no need for a service to sanctify the soul of the wayfarer here. The old sounding-board of the pulpit has its lesson of the past to teach, as has almost nearly every other object near by, from the old graveyard without, to the old pews within. The church itself is a relic of old colonial times; and, when one examines the coat-of-arms of the Prince of Wales above the old-fashioned pulpit, he wonders how it comes to be there after all that has been said and done. The modest card he holds in his hand, however, tells him the story of its escape from the hands of the iconoclasts, and American and Britisher are alike glad to-day that it did so escape, in presence of the international sympathy that gives a guarantee of the world's greater progress in the years to come.

**Notre Dame des Victoires.**—This church is situated on what was called originally the *Grande Place* of lower town, in Quebec, and

later the *Place du Marché*. The site for it was secured after some delay by Bishop Laval in 1648, and the church itself was opened as a place of worship in 1688, two years previous to the siege by Sir William Phipps. After this event, it was called Notre Dame de la Victoire, and when the tidings was borne to the town that the projected siege by Admiral Walker in 1711 had been abandoned, on account of the shipwreck of the squadron under his command, the name was changed to the plural form, Notre Dame des Victoires, as a memorial of both events. The interior of the church was destroyed during the siege of 1759, and the relics it contained lost. Among the curios destroyed there was a picture of Quebec in flames bearing a prophetic inscription declaring that lower town would be destroyed by fire some time previous to 1760, as well as a flag captured from Phipps during the memorable contest in the harbour. Notre Dame Street extends from Mountain Hill westward to Champlain Market, receiving its name no doubt from the above church. In older times it led directly to the open waters of the Cul-de-Sac, and was once a busy thoroughfare on market days with the *Marché de la Place* in front of it. This open space formed part of the enclosures of the Habitation of Champlain. In front of the church stood the pillory, and within the open space of the square the scaffold for executions used to be erected. In 1641,

there stood in the centre of the square, where the fountain now is, a wooden statue of Louis XIII., which was superseded by one in bronze in 1667, a gift from M. de Champligny. The first church ever erected in Quebec stood at the head of the Cul-de-Sac, at the foot of the narrow pathway now obviated by Breakneck Steps. It was under the supervision of Father Dolbeau, who arrived in Canada in 1615, with his associate Récollets, Father Jamay and Father Le Caron; and there is a record of the Te Deum sung within its walls on the arrival of Madame Champlain, as well as on account of its destruction in the siege of 1629. While digging at the foot of the stairway in 1856 the foundations of this chapel were laid bare, and a vault exposed containing the remains of a human skeleton. At first it was thought that the remains were those of Champlain himself, but they were afterwards identified as those of Father Duplessis, the first of the Récollets to die in Quebec.

**Mountain Hill, or Cote de Lamontagne.**—As the visitor takes his way down Mountain Hill, he may wish to pause for a moment for an explanation of the strange name the thoroughfare has had ever since the city had an English resident. The street was opened up by Champlain when he was drawing stone and building material from the vicinity of the Habitation, to use in the construction of Fort St. Louis. The declivity which ran from the graveyard to Sous-le-Fort Street, and which is now indicated by the line of

Breakneck Steps, he found too steep, and so he opened up a new *sentier* to connect with what was called Cote du Magasin, which ran parallel with the direction of the present Notre Dame and St. Peter Streets. At first the roadway was very narrow. Then it was widened after the fire of 1682, after which houses began to be built first on one side and then on the other. John Neilson, of the *Gazette*, had his printing house opposite the opening leading to the steps, in one of the houses which was removed after Prescott Gate had disappeared. The name of the street was given to it in honour of one of its residents, Mr. Lamontagne. Hence the term Mountain Hill is its own appropriate name, and no misnomer; while, as a street, it should be called in French Rue or Cote de Lamontagne, and not de la Montagne.

Champlain Street, which extends along the base of Cape Diamond from the Champlain market place to the city limits, has many objects of interest to examine along its winding course. Prominent among these are : Little Champlain Street, formerly a business centre of the town; the old Guard House at the entrance to the wharves of the Marine and Fisheries Department; the scene of the Landslide of 1889; the Anglican Chapel; the Norwegian Schoolhouse; the great ladder-like stairway leading to the Cove-fields; the Diamond Harbour Chapel; and the remains of the old harbour of Quebec.

Of these the Market-Hall itself takes a

noticeable prominence. The space around it formed the little bay so long known as the Cul-de-Sac,—the inner harbour of Quebec in its early days. The spacious building was erected in 1853, out of the materials of the old Parliament House, which stood on the site at the head of Mountain Hill now known as the Frontenac Park. The architect had instructions to retain the form of the building as it was to be seen when parliament assembled in its halls, and this was done with the exception of the dome and the wings. The visitor, therefore, in examining the exterior of this market-house is virtually looking at the Quebec Parliament Building as it was seen at the time of the union of the two Canadas. *Little Champlain Street* was formerly called Rue de Meules in honour of the Intendant of that name. At the time of Champlain, this street bounded the governor's gardens on the north, having at its eastern extremity the little wooden church erected by the Recollets in 1615. It is specially described by Charles Lever in his "Con Cregan," and is said to have been at one time one of the city's important commercial centres. Behind one of the houses facing the short stairway connecting the two Champlain Streets, there is still to be seen what was once known as Champlain's Fountain,—a spring of clear cold water trickling from the living rock. It is mentioned in several public documents, but its exact position was unknown for years until Mr. P. B. Casgrain brought it

to light. In the eighteenth century the tide ran up to the base of the cliff, and there was no Champlain Street beyond Près-de-Ville, when Montgomery made his march, there being no houses on the beach all the way to Sillery. Hugh McQuarters, the artillery sergeant who had charge of the guns at Près-de-Ville, had his residence in the street, where he died in 1812. So far the house in which he lived has not been identified.

**Breakneck Steps** have been in existence since the year 1660 according to a plan of the town bearing that date, previous to that time there being only a pathway leading to or from the little church which Champlain built at the head of Sous-le-Fort Street overlooking the Cul-de-Sac. In 1706, for some cause or another, the Superior Council ordered the steps to be so narrowed above and below that only one person could pass at a time. The present iron stairway was erected in 1895, as part of the earlier city improvements, the old wooden steps being removed none too soon.

**The King's Wharf and Storehouses.**—At the junction of the two Champlain Streets, there is a grouping of quaint buildings which cannot but attract the eye of the visitor. The old building with its cannon-protected gateway and ancient-looking dingy guard-house was once the King's Arsenal or Military Storehouse, while the more modern building to the west along the line of the street was once the Custom



House, and is now occupied by the Quebec branch of the Marine and Fisheries Department. The wharves within are the property of the federal government and have formed scenes of many memorable public receptions of distinguished guests arriving by water. The spaces within also witnessed the gathering of the troops during the Rebellion of 1837, as well as during the excitement of the Fenian Raid. By a careful examination of the limits of the wharfage some idea can be formed of the compass of the Cul-de-Sac, with what is now called the Napoleon Wharf at its eastern bend and the government wharves at the western. In one of the buildings, a sad spectacle was presented to the citizens of Quebec on the 19th of September, 1889, when a morgue had to be improvised for the bodies of the victims of the terrible landslide. The effects of that catastrophe may still be seen a few hundred yards further on at the end of the Dufferin Terrace where the face of the rock parted from the hillside and in its descent overwhelmed several dwellings, burying in the debris from fifty to sixty persons. The bodies were placed side by side in a chamber of the old Custom House as they were dug out one by one; a memorial of the lamentable awe-inspiring spectacle having been handed down to us in the following verses:

Have you heard the direful tidings  
Trembling in the morning air,—

Death that harbours with disaster,  
Bringing on the town despair?  
All last night from eve to daybreak,  
Roared the tempest, pouring down,  
Lashing like some blinding fury,  
Through the highways torrents grown.

What, you have not heard the tidings,  
How the storm did not abate,  
As the darkness deep as Egypt's  
Settled like a coming fate!  
Why, 'twas flood and earthquake rending  
Rock and terrace-strand in twain,  
Crashing with relentless downfall,  
Rack and ruin in its train!

Up and to the work of rescue;  
Brothers help us; sisters, pray:  
Dig for life; tear out the timbers;  
Heave the boulders from our way!  
Hark, a sound beneath the debris!  
Hark, again, a human sigh!  
Dig for love; O, dig in earnest!  
Dare we pause when one may die!

What, you say, 'tis yet another,—  
A fair-haired laddie, limp and dead!  
O God, to think how many, many,  
Lie upon the morgue's cold bed!  
Young and old, men, women, children!—  
What of that? Again that cry!—  
Yes, 'tis there, though faint and feeble,  
Up, and every sinew ply!

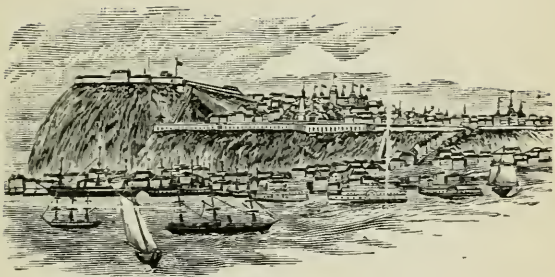
To the work, a thousand helpers!  
Should we save but one 'twere well!

The sounds below come near and nearer,  
 Making every heart-ache swell:  
 He's dead you say? No, no, he's living!  
 Be tender, lift him out with care!  
 Would that all had thus been rescued!  
 Alas; the wish but brings despair!

He dies; he's dead; the last one dead!  
 Count them? No, we may not stay!  
 Such lament makes hope a ruin;  
 Let us help those whom we may.

Alas, for us and for our city!  
 Alas, for those who victims fell!  
 Alas, for weeping kindred, wailing,  
 As the verger tolls the knell!  
 Crash it came; No moment's warning:  
 Down it plunged, dire avalanche:  
 Rock and ruin, breaking, bursting,  
 Making all the world blanche.

**Pres-de-Ville** was situated near the gateway leading to the *Allans' Wharf*. There was but a short distance, as Caldwell says, between the King's wharf and the King's forges, which must have been situated near the base of the landslide just referred to. It will be noticed that one of the Allans' storehouses has about it an interesting look of age. It was at one time a brewery, standing at the end of the roadway passable for vehicles and occupying the site of the Potash, or Mr. Simon Frazer's house near which Farnsfares and McQuarters were stationed the morning of Montgomery's



QUEBEC.



advance. The configuration and projection of the rock, here indicates how suitable the locality was for an outpost, as well as how necessary to have an outlook round the angle, to watch the advance of an invader. An incident is recorded by Kingsford which shows how isolated Près-de-Ville was considered to be, by those who had guarded it so well. Shortly after the repulse of Montgomery, "some old woman came in with an account that the other division of the enemy had surprised the post at Sault-au-Matelot, and was in possession of the lower town. Some of the detachment commenced to conceal their arms, others to offer to throw them in the river. Such fear was shown that a Mr. Coffin, who had taken refuge in the house adjoining the barricade, with his wife and twelve children, drew his bayonet and declared he would put to death the first man who laid by his arms or attempted to abandon the post. With the assistance of the seamen two guns were pointed in the direction of the city, in case they should be assailed from that direction, though Arnold's force was at that moment surrendering as prisoners of war."

Cape Diamond is the name given to the rock on which the Citadel is built, and which extends beyond the platform extension of the Dufferin Terrace proper to the old French outworks. The first name given to the rock was Mont de Gast, bestowed upon it by Champlain in honour of his superior officer, De Monts. But the crop of

transparent quartzite crystals which recur in its strata led to the use of the name it continues to possess. It is supposed that the great rock, which is over three hundred feet in height, led from its striking appearance to the naming of the city itself; though no one will now ever be able to tell which of Jacques Cartier's men it was that shouted in admiration when he first saw it, "Quebecque! What a cape!" It is interesting to know that Quebec, that is *Kepac* or *Kelbec*, *Kelibec*, in the Algonquin language means a narrow place, or a place shut in, which the harbour of Quebec certainly seems to be as we approach it from outside.

The **Ruisseau St. Denis** and **Wolfesfield** are of the deepest interest to those who would study the sieges of 1759 and 1775. From the front of the house, the natural pathway can be seen along the line of the burn up which Major John Hale made his way on the morning of the 13th of September, 1759, while his master took possession of Vergor's outpost on the other side of the *sentier* leading direct from the Cove itself. Near the turn of the road in a corner of the Marchmont grounds may still be seen the remains of the French entrenchments, which Montgomery must have passed on his way to meet his fate at Près-de-Ville. The first house on the grounds was erected by Captain Kenelm Chandler who died as seigneur of Nicolet, in 1853.

**Holland House**,—a long high-peaked structure, situated on the St. Foye Road near

the top of Sandy Hill and a little to the right of the site of Mr. Ross's present villa,—was not known by that name until it came into the possession of Major Samuel Holland, in 1780. It had been originally built in 1740 by Mr. Jean Taché, a merchant of lower town, and ancestor of Sir Etienne Taché of later political fame. Beyond the interest attached to the place as the headquarters of Montgomery in 1775, it has a history of its own, in connection with the annals of Quebec society, beginning with a visit of the Duke of Cornwall's great-grandfather, and ending with the death of Judge Okill Stuart, the last of the owners of the original Holland Farm, which extended from the St. Foye to St. Michael's Chapel, and contained over two hundred acres.

The Quebec Bank stands on an historic spot of much interest to any one trying to learn the topography of the siege of 1775. It was here the Lymburners' offices and storehouses stood, with some dwellings opposite, belonging to Joseph Levy the Jew. The second barricade, which Morgan beset after Arnold had been wounded, was built at the junction of Sault-au-Matelot and Dog Lane. Arnold's detachment had taken ladders with them, and under Morgan's command these had been placed in position outside the barricades, and finally a lodgement for one of them was made on the inner side. Meantime the besieged took possession of the houses above mentioned, pouring from the windows in the rear a deadly fire



upon those of the enemy who had been able to get within the barricade. The ladder within the barricade was at length seized by the defenders and placed against the gable of one of the houses, thus enabling a stream of Caldwell's men to pass into the upper rooms, while Morgan's men were rushing in by the street door, only to be driven out at the point of the bayonet. For a time after this the scene within the second barricade was a hand to hand contest, along towards Des Soeurs Street, where there was a third line of defence. But the reserves under several British officers came pouring in from behind, and when the invaders saw this they immediately threw down their arms. When they were being conducted back as prisoners, the corner house against which the ladder stood had to be passed through, each prisoner entering by the front door and descending from the upper window into the street outside the barricade; but, as there were over four hundred prisoners taken, the barricade itself was finally opened to give space for a general march back to Palace Gate and thence to the Seminary where it was decided the prisoners should be located.

Of the Quebec Bank itself, it may be said, that it was organized in 1818 with a proposed capital of \$600,000. It has had its charter amended several times, and after the disturbances of 1837, during which the banks were obliged to suspend operations, a Royal charter was secured during the

reign of William IV. The present building was erected in 1863. On the wharf which once extended from the neighbouring site, were built the stores of the Hudson's Bay Company, and the situation of this wharf so near St. Peter Street, as late as 1823, indicates the remarkable changes that have been made in the river front since that date.

"The Rock of Dog Lane."—Before St. Paul Street had been laid out as a connecting thoroughfare between lower town and St. Roch, there was only a narrow pathway along the shore line, wide enough for the foot passenger, and frequented by the boys and their dog-sleds or little carts in search of kindling wood near the shipyards or along high water mark. It runs from Dambourges Street to St. James Street, and provides ample material to the student of the lower aspects of life, as well as to the artist in search of the picturesque that is unique in its presentations. The great angular ledge that shoots into the alley-way, formed a suitable place for the erection of the first of the barricades that impeded Arnold's march on his way to join Montgomery at the foot of Mountain Hill. Between this rock and the second barricade near Adam Lymburner's house, Arnold was wounded in the leg and had to be carried to the rear.

The Ramparts, extend from the head of Mountain Hill to the site of Palace Gate. They played an important part in the siege of 1775. Carleton had detachments placed

along the whole line of this roadway, and as the five companies of the enemy passed along the Canoterie and Dog Lane, they received successive volleys from the troops above. The *Battery* has a commanding position at the south-eastern end of the Ramparts, adjoining the Frontenac Park, which has a history of its own, as the site of the former Parliament Buildings, and previous to that as the site of the Bishop's Palace which once overlooked Prescott Gate.

The *Intendant's Palace* was situated at the foot of Palace Hill, there being still some remnants of its original walls to be seen within the precincts of what is called Boswell's Brewery. It was a spacious building extending over what would now constitute two or three blocks, having an enclosed frontage laid out in *parterres* that ran towards the St. Charles. Strange that the site should originally have been occupied by a brewery as it is now. This first brewery was built by Intendant Talon in 1655, and was removed by his successor in office, Intendant de Meules, who at his own expense erected the first group of buildings that went by the name of the "Palais." These were destroyed during their occupancy by Intendant Bégon. The structures were, however, rebuilt a few years after on even a larger scale than before, with the main entrance a little within the line of St. Valier Street; and when it was finished no less than twenty buildings were grouped round the main structure, including the govern-

ment offices and the notorious *La Friponne*, which stood near what is now the entrance to the present brewery. When Quebec fell into British hands in 1759, the place was used as a barracks, as was also the old Jesuits' College; and when Arnold drove out Carleton's men from it in 1775, seeking to make a near place of refuge for his own men, the artillery around Palace Gate directed a destructive fire against it, and reduced it to ruins. From this time, until its surroundings were taken possession of for building purposes, the wide space familiarly called "the Palais" extended from what is now St. Nicholas Street, to the eastern end of St. Valier Street, and when the greater part of it was divided into building lots, a portion was retained to be used as the Commissariat's fuel yard. The ruins of the Palace itself were standing as late as 1845, the year of the great conflagration which swept St. Roch. It had been previously used by the military authorities as a storehouse and stable, while the vaults were rented as wine cellars, and ice-houses; but the great heat generated by the fire reduced the walls to a crumbling mass, and sad to relate, many unfortunates who had taken refuge in the cellars, lost their lives in the ruins. A visit to the site is of the greatest interest not only to those who would study carefully the topography of the surroundings, but to the readers of the *Chien d'Or*, by William Kirby, who graphically depicts the scenes enacted within its walls during the regime of that

libertine-oppressor, Intendant Bigot. In this connection, it may be said that the Intendant as an official was little inferior in point of rank to the governor himself. He was president of the Sovereign Council and had the superintendency of four departments namely Justice, Police, Finance and Marine.

The **Hotel Dieu**, as it at present stands, is a development from a very humble-looking structure erected, in 1639, through the liberality of the Duchess d'Aiguillon, who had received a deed of the land, on which it stood, from the "Company of One Hundred Associates." The Duchess and her uncle, Cardinal Richelieu, endowed the institution, and with the revenues derived from this endowment and the properties which have come, by grants and legacies, into the hands of the community of nuns controlling its affairs, the institution has now for its habitation one of the most imposing structures in the city. Its proximity to the site of the Palace Gate connects it with the story of the siege of 1775. The primary function of the institution is to provide for the indigent sick. The Chapel is of some interest, possessing, as it does, several valuable pictures and interesting relics such as the *Crucifix Outragé*, and a bone of Breboeuf, the martyr-missionary. The first great advance made by the institution was in 1654, when Governor Lauzon laid the foundation-stone of the new hospital chapel. Further additions were made in 1672, under the patronage of Intendant Talon, when a brass plate

bearing record of the liberality of those who had assisted the institution at its inception and afterwards, was inserted in the foundation-stone of the main building. The latest improvements were made in 1890, when its present magnificent facade was added, and its enclosures completed.

The Seminary of Quebec provided a retreat for the officers of Arnold who were taken prisoners in 1775. It was first opened as a training school for priests in 1663; and, as early as 1688, it had an attachment in its school for boys, first opened in the house of Madame Couillard, the daughter of Louis Hebert, who may be looked upon as the first French settler in Canada. The farm of the latter covered the ground to the north-east of the present site of the Basilica, near which stood the Chapelle de la Recouvrance built by Champlain on his return to Canada, after Sir David Kirke's siege. Hebert's farm-house seems to have stood on the ground now occupied by the Bishop's Palace, while the gardens of the Seminary and University buildings occupy what was the frontage-lands of his farm. From the theological school for priests and the day-school for boys were finally developed the *Grand Séminaire* and the *Petit Séminaire*, both of which still continue as schools within the quaint high-storied buildings of the spacious court-yard of Laval. The main entrance to the Seminary is at the head of Fabrique Street, between the Basilica and the Seminary Chapel, and this

is also one of the entrances to the Laval University, the latest development of Bishop Laval's early educational enterprise. The Superior of the Seminary is also Rector of the University, and while the professors of the latter may be Roman Catholic or Protestant, the teachers of the former are in orders and consist of *agrégés* and *auxillaires*. The *agrégés* are members of the corporation, being represented on the council and having with it the indirect supervision of the affairs of the whole institution. The revenues of the Seminary are derived from landed property that has marvellously increased in its proportions as well as in its value, from the days of its founder. There are over five hundred students in attendance, while the equipment includes a well arranged museum and a library of 140,000 volumes.

What used to be an object of great interest to the visitor, namely, the old Seminary Chapel built in 1670, has been replaced by the present modern structure. The old chapel contained a number of very valuable paintings, master-pieces of the early French schools,—but the most of these were destroyed when the building was burned in 1888. It was for a time used as the parish church while the Basilica was being repaired from the ruinous effects of the siege of 1759. One of the most magnificent of the numerous engrossing views of the city is to be seen from the roof of the university building proper.

## LITERARY AND HISTORICAL NOTES.

“The Angelus in the gloaming.”—Since the appearance of the celebrated painting by Millet, “the Angelus,” has become a popular term, designating a devotion in the Roman Catholic Church in memory of the Annunciation. At the ringing of the church bell at sunrise, noon, and sunset, the faithful are expected to repeat an *Ave* after three scriptural texts, as in Millet’s representation of a man and woman hearing the signal while at work on the field. The word “gloaming” carries the same meaning as the word from which it is derived, namely the Anglo-Saxon, *glom*, twilight.

“From Citadel to Suburb.”—The term “suburbs” still remains, being applied to the parts of the city outside the walls, the suburbs of St. John, St. Roch, and St. Sauveur being still used as a distinction from upper and lower town. (1.) The suburb of St. John extends along the northern section of the plateau from the city walls without, as far as the Banlieu, being intersected by the thoroughfares of St. John Street,



D'Aiguillon Street, and Richelieu Street. (2.) The suburb of St. Roch extends from the "Palais" to the Boulevard Langelier, being intersected by the two main thoroughfares of St. Valier Street, and St. Joseph Street. (3.) The suburb of St. Sauveur extends westward from the Boulevard Langelier to the city limits, being traversed by St. Valier Street, the longest thoroughfare in the city. In early times the suburb of St. John was the most populous of the city's outskirts, and bore anything but an enviable reputation. St. Roch has always been the section specially resided in by the French-speaking citizens; or as it has been put, "the English held the summit of the plateau with the French on their one hand, and the Irish on the other."

"When the rivals France and England." — The contest between Wolfe and Montcalm for the possession of the city was an outcome of the general European quarrel between France and England during the Seven Years' War. See "The Battle of the Plains."

"Under Britain's broader shield." — Perhaps the strongest element in the loyalty of the French race in Canada is the conviction that there is a wider measure of liberty to be had for them under British rule, than there would have been had Canada continued a French colony. The national celebration of Dominion Day, and Empire Day are even yet, however, but little shared in by

the French-speaking Canadian in some parts of Canada.

“**For alas ! St. Johns is taken.**”—The old fort of St. Johns, of the Eastern Townships, is still an object of interest to the visitor, as is also the Ile aux Noix, where Montgomery had his encampment with Schuyler. The facts of the siege are briefly these. On September 6th, 1775, Schuyler, with forces less than a thousand, and supported by Montgomery, marched to within a couple of miles of the fortress; but, without even reconnoitring, far less investigating, the forces were ordered back to Ile aux Noix. Schuyler who seems to have been in ill-health at the time, indicated so little of the soldier, that congress finally placed the command entirely in the hands of Montgomery. That commander's first movement was to march a band of five hundred of his men to the north of St. Johns, which, driving back a sally from the fort, took up its position at the junction of the roads to Chambly and Montreal. Subsequently the invaders erected a battery to the north-west, within two hundred and fifty yards of the fort; and kept up a constant fire on the place. Carleton was in the meantime engaged in mustering a force in Montreal, to send to the relief of the besieged, but this having been scattered by the Green Mountain Boys, there was nothing left for the garrison of St. Johns to do, but to march out with the honours of

war. The siege had lasted fifty days, ending on the 3rd of November, 1775.

“**Mount Royal sore beset.**”—The citizens of Montreal had valiantly withstood the vapourings of Ethan Allan, and were looking forward to final relief, when Carleton’s force was dispersed. Nine days after the capture of St. Johns, Montgomery unopposed took possession of Montreal, and at once began to make his preparations for advancing on Quebec, where Arnold was awaiting his arrival.

“**Near by the confluence-coigne.**”—After a course of eighty miles from Lake Champlain the Richelieu empties its waters into Lake St. Peter, the expansion of the St. Lawrence. It is interrupted by the rapids of St. Johns and Chambly. The modern town of Sorel is built on a commanding site on its right bank, at the junction of the two streams, and forms a resort of great interest to the literary man. Here M. de Tracy built a fort as early as 1665, while the governors of Canada made it the place of their summer residence for many years. Under the name of Fort William Henry, it holds a prominent place in the annals of the country. In the centre of the town is an antiquated reserve, commemorating the importance of the place in olden times.

“**Around the Barracks Square.**”—The Jesuits’ Barracks was once a well-known structure in Quebec, its site being now occupied by the City Hall. The front of the building was in line with the street, and

included a quadrangle of ample dimensions behind. Its history forms a central thread in the history of the city itself, and very appropriately has its site been converted into the surroundings of the new Hotel de Ville. In 1637 the Jesuits, who had their headquarters at first on the little Lairet, obtained from the Company of New France a grant of twelve acres of land in the city on which to erect a seminary, a church and residence. The foundations of the main building, which ran from Fabrique Street, were laid in 1647, and of the chapel in 1650. For over a hundred years the order had their Canadian headquarters in this building. In 1765, General James Murray had the premises fitted up as a barracks, and the court and garden laid out as a parade ground, and as such it continued until the withdrawal of the British troops in 1871. In 1873 the buildings were demolished in the passion which first seized the citizens for modernizing the town. During the demolition of the building several interesting relics were discovered, but so regardless of the past were the leaders of the movement in favour of city improvements, that even the memorial stone which stood over the old gateway has not been preserved; while the box, containing the relics and coins collected, was so carelessly looked after that it was broken open one night and its contents stolen. Indeed the hasty spirit of the iconoclasts was to be seen in the fact that, for nearly twenty years after the demolition

of the building, its squalid ruins lay as an eyesore to everybody who had to look upon the old "Barracks Square," which has now, through the enterprise of Mayor Parent, become one of the central beauty spots of the city.

"The Place runs o'er in turn."—The Place d'Armes, known sometimes as "the Ring," is represented in many old engravings as an important meeting-place of the "sociabilities" of early times, the rendezvous of the tandem-club, snowshoe revellers, etc. An excellent object lesson on the early history of the colony can be given from one of the restful nooks near its fountain; for, looking towards St. Anne Street, have we not the site of the Chateau St. Louis to the right, and the site of the Recollet Church to the left, with the old Union Hotel in Morgan's warehouse, the old Chien D'Or supplanted by the Post-Office Building, the old Court House out-marvelled by the present Palais de Justice, and the Chateau Haldimand obliterated by that splendid caravanserai, the Chateau Frontenac. It is easy to know how it came to be known as the Place d'Armes being near the old *Grande Place* of Champlain's time and the Fort St. Louis, with the palisades of the protected Hurons alongside of it.

"Will dance again round Port St. Louis."—On the 3rd of September, 1775, as Overseer Thompson tells us in his diary, "Colonel Arnold, with a party of upward of seven hundred Americans, came out of the

woods at the settlements on the River Chaudière; and on the 9th they marched to Point Levis where they showed themselves on the bank, immediately opposite the town of Quebec. On the 14th, in the night, they passed across the St. Lawrence, and paraded in front of Port St. Louis, at about three-hundred yards distance, where they saluted the town with three cheers, in full expectation, no doubt, that the gates would be opened for their reception. At this juncture, I was on Cape Diamond bastion, and levelled and fired a 24-pounder at them, which had the effect of making them disperse hastily and retire to Point-aux-Trembles."

"Thus spake brave Maitre Thompson."—James Thompson, the overseer of public works during the siege of 1775, has left in his journal a description of the events of that exacting time which has been of great service to the compiler of the history of the siege. Of the man himself, it may be recorded that he was a native of Tain, Scotland. At the early age of twenty-six, he accompanied the Frazer Highlanders to Louisbourg, and a year later arrived in Quebec as a volunteer with Captain Baillie. He was hospital sergeant at the time of the battle on the Plains of Abraham, and was thereafter appointed overseer of public works. For over seventy years his stalwart frame was a well-known object on the streets of Quebec, his experiences as narrated by himself being always a welcome story to the citizens and their visitors. He

was a soldier of undoubted valour and a man of unbending integrity, loyal to the core, and impatient of anything that seemed to detract from the prowess of Great Britain. He was very proud of being the possessor of Montgomery's sword, and liked to tell in his own words the story of how it came to be his: "On its having been ascertained that Montgomery's division had withdrawn, a party went out to view the effects of the shot, when as the snow had fallen on the previous night about knee deep, the only part of a body that appeared above the level of the snow was that of the general himself, whose hand and part of the left arm was in an erect position but the body was much distorted, the knees being drawn up towards the head; the other bodies that were found at the moment were those of his aides-de-camp Cheeseman and MacPherson and one sergeant. The whole were frozen stiff. Montgomery's sword—and he was the only officer of that army that I ever perceived to have one,—was close by his side, and as soon as it was discovered, which was first by a drummer-boy, who made a snatch at it on the spur of the moment, and no doubt considered it his lawful prize, but I made him deliver it up to me, and some time after I made him a present of seven shillings and sixpence by way of prize money. . . . . As it is lighter and shorter than my own sword, I have adopted it and wore it in lieu. Having some business at the 'Seminaire' where there was a number of

American officers, prisoners of war, of General Arnold's division, I had occasion to be much vexed with myself for having it with me, for the instant they observed it to have been their general's they were much affected by the recollections that it seemed to bring back to their minds; indeed several of them wept audibly. I took care, however, in mercy to the feelings of these ill-fated gentlemen, that whenever I had to go to the Seminary afterwards to leave the sword behind me." One of the last public acts of the old overseer was when, as senior mason, he gave, in 1827, the three mystic taps to the foundation stone of the monument in the Governor's Garden, in the presence of the vast multitude present. He died at his residence in Ursule Street in 1830, at the advanced age of ninety-eight.

"Where the Chateau stands a sentinel."—The Chateau St. Louis, the old Government House of Canada, stood on what is now the corner of the Dufferin Terrace nearest the Post Office. This famous site was originally occupied by the Fort St. Louis, which was erected by Champlain and which was the place wherein he died. Later on, the Chateau St. Louis took the place of the Fort, having been improved by Frontenac, rebuilt and enlarged by Haldimand and others, and finally burned in 1834, when Lord Aylmer was governor-general. What Quebec is to Canada, this spot is to Quebec, and the visitor cannot make too much of it, if he would understand the remote historic



periods of the ancient capital. The Chateau Haldimand, for years in use as a Normal school, was the last of the government buildings to disappear from the prospect point now occupied by the Champlain monument, and the Chateau Frontenac. The history of the old chateau has been carefully written by M. Ernest Gagnon, while the descriptive poem *Dominus Domi*, published at the time of the uncovering of the Champlain monument, portrays the within and the without of what was once the home of Champlain, Frontenac, Carleton, Dalhousie and Durham. (See the brochure *The Old Chateau*.)

“He traced the toilsome Chaudiere.”—The following is the account given by Bancroft, the historian, of Arnold’s memorable march: “After they took leave of the settlements and houses at Norridgewock, their fatiguing and hazardous course lay up the swift Kennebec, and they conveyed arms and stores through the thick woods of a rough, uninhabited, and almost trackless wild; now rowing, now dragging their boats, now bearing them on their backs round rapids and cataracts, across morasses, and over craggy highlands. On the tenth the party reached the dividing ridge between the Kennebec and Dead Rivers. Their road now lay through forests of pine, balsam fir, cedar, cypress, hemlock and yellow birch, and over three ponds that lay hid among the trees and were full of trout. After passing them, they had no choice but to

bear their boats, baggage, stores, and ammunition across a swamp, which was overgrown with bushes and white moss, often sinking knee deep in the wet turf and bogs.

“On the 15th the main body were on the banks of the Dead River; following its direction a distance of eighty-three miles. Encountering upon it seventeen falls, large enough to make portages necessary, and near its source a series of small ponds choked with fallen trees, in ten or twelve days more they arrived at the carrying-place of the Chaudière.

“The mountains had been clad in snow since September; winter was howling around them, and their course was still to the north. On the night preceding the 28th of October some of the party encamped on the height of land that divides the waters of the St. Lawrence and the Atlantic. As they advanced their sufferings increased. Some went bare-foot for days together. Their clothes had become so torn, they were almost naked, and in their march were lacerated with thorns; at night they had no couch or covering but branches of evergreens. Often for successive days and nights they were exposed to cold, drenching storms, and had to cross streams that were swelling with the torrents of rain. Their provisions failed, so that they even ate the faithful dogs that followed them into the wilderness.

“Many a man, vainly struggling to march on, sank down exhausted, stiffening with

cold and death. Here and there a helpless invalid was left behind, with perhaps a soldier to hunt for a red squirrel, a jay, or a hawk, or various roots and plants for his food, and to watch his expiring breath.

“The men had hauled up their barges nearly all the way for one hundred and eighty miles, had carried them on their shoulders near forty miles, through hideous woods and mountains, often to their knees in mire, over swamps and bogs almost impenetrable, which they were obliged to cross three or four times to fetch their baggage; and yet starving, deserted, with an enemy’s country and uncertainty ahead, officers and men, inspired with the love of liberty and their country, pushed on with invincible fortitude.”

We have another view of the same march from the pen of our Canadian Historian, Dr. Kingsford, who tells us that the difficulties to be encountered could only have been of an ordinary character, and one has only to analyse the picture of Mr. Bancroft with the eye of a true woodsman to see that it is not a little overdrawn. Still there was courage enough indicated in the undertaking as a whole to have made a hero of Arnold for all time with his fellow-countrymen had not after events cicatrized their hero-worship.

“**Bold be ye Adam Lymburner.**”—The Lymburners filled some space in the commercial activities of Quebec at the time of the American invasion, and there is every

evidence, that the representations of the poem are not without foundation. Their storehouses stood on the site occupied at a subsequent period by the Hudson's Bay Company and at present occupied by the Quebec Bank. There were three merchants of the name of Lymburner in Quebec at the time of the siege. Adam, as Sir James LeMoine says, being the cleverest of the three, though he was perhaps more distinguished for his forensic abilities and knowledge of constitutional law than for his allegiance to British interests in Canada. In 1791, Adam Lymburner was sent to England to suggest amendments to the new constitution the Imperial authorities were preparing for Canada. He died at the ripe age of ninety years in London, England.

"Some say 'twas Humphreys."—Captain Humphreys was associated with Morgan in his command of the Virginia Riflemen, and met his death during the siege of 1775. It seems, however, that Arnold had others whom he could commission to confer with his personal friends in the beleagured town, friends whom he had made when he visited Quebec in his earlier years; and possibly the services of the "amiable Humphreys," who was killed in Sault-au-Matelot Street, should have been represented as having been rendered by another.

"How his fleet had neared Lavaltrie."—The station on the Canadian Pacific Railway between Three Rivers and Montreal is eight miles from the village of the same name,

situated on the north bank of the St. Lawrence. On the island opposite the village there are now two lighthouses, which illuminate at night the former mooring-place of Easton's boats, that once lay in wait for Governor Carleton on his way to save Quebec from the invaders.

“For brave Bouchette, the keen La Tourtre.”—Captain Bouchette had won for himself from his associates the title of “The Wild Pigeon” (La Tourtre) on account of his swift and active movements. He was a resident of Quebec, living in St. Peter Street, when that thoroughfare was the principal residential street. The name of the boat in which he set sail with the governor from Lavaltrie accompanied by Lanaudiere the aide-de-camp, has survived, it having been called *Le Gaspé*, Captain Bouchette is not to be confounded with Joseph Bouchette the topographer and historian.

“Round Ile du Pas to St. Maurice.”—Between the Berthier side of the river and the Sorel side, at the head of Lake St. Peter, there is an archipelago of which one of the largest islands is Ile du Pas, immediately opposite Berthier-en-haut. The scene of “the weed-grown reaches” is one well-known to every sportsman who has explored this archipelago in search of the wild fowl that make the district one of their favourite breeding grounds. St. Maurice originally designated the district which is drained by the river of that name and which extended

far beyond the present limits of the county, of which Three Rivers is the *chef lieu*.

“Near Laviolette’s favoured strand.”—On the public square of Three Rivers, near the site of the old Habitation, stands the statue of Laviolette, the founder of the city in 1634. The story of early days in Three Rivers has been attractively told by the Canadian historian, Mr. Benjamin Sulte.

“And soon came yeoman Frazer.”—The Frazer Highlanders, who took part against the French in Canada in 1759, remained, many of them, in the country, and made excellent settlers: and the reprisal of time, the quarrel-healer, is seen in the fact that there are still Frazer families settled along the St. Lawrence whose English and Gaelic have alike disappeared in the *patois* of the *habitant*. The Frazer mentioned here is historic; he was a well-to-do lumber merchant and a loyalist to boot.

“On the way to Point Platon.”—Below Portneuf there is to be seen one of the most picturesque of the narrowings of the St. Lawrence, where a forest-crowned promontory runs down to the river line, and declines so far as to give a mooring-place for the river steamboats. This has long been the residence of the de Lotbinières, the seigneurs of the county of that name.

There is a Pointe-aux-Trembles (en bas) and a Pointe-aux-Trembles (en haut). The former, which was the scene of Arnold’s encampment, is situated on the river line about eight miles from Pont Rouge station.

To reach it by land from Quebec, one takes as the shortest route the highway that runs through St. Augustine; and no more beautiful drive can be imagined.

“Ho, here’s to Napier’s frigate.”—At the foot of what were known in those days as the Richelieu Rapids, but which have since been removed by blasting, Carleton met Captain Napier in his sloop of war. Being received on board, the governor at once proceeded from Point Platon, past Pointe-aux-Trembles, to Quebec, where he arrived on Sunday afternoon, the 19th of November.

“And if the Neptune’s time-worn walls.”—The Neptune Inn was an old café or restaurant in the building so long occupied by the *Chronicle Printing Offices*. It has again been opened as a hostelry and club-house. In 1759 the building was in the possession of Jean Taché, though there is no historic warrant for the poetic license which represents the “*bonhomme* Taché” as the landlord of a hotel in lower town at the time of the Montgomery siege. The effigy of the sea-god with his tangled locks and trident used to adorn the facade of the inn, and in its restored form, as the home of the Quebec Yacht Club, it is doubly appropriate to have the emblem restored. In 1822 the merchants of lower town met one day in the front room of the hostelry and organized the Merchants’ Exchange, the forerunner of the present Quebec Board of Trade.

“Of his daring on Dead River.”—The

Dead River is a tributary of the Kennebec, having its source on the eastern side of the boundary line near Lake Megantic. The Kennebec itself rises in Moosehead Lake, and, in its rapid descent towards Augusta, affords excellent water power. The tide ascends to the large dam which has been built across the river at Augusta. There is navigation below Augusta, and small craft can ascend as far as Waterville. The headwaters drain a region which may well be called the earthly "happy hunting grounds" of the sportsman. The lakes abound in fish and the forest in large game such as the moose, bear, and red deer.

"His camp at Spider Lake."—The spot where Arnold made muster of his men as they came out of the forest is still indicated at the head of Lake Megantic. A clubhouse has been erected near Spider Lake for the use of the sportsmen who frequent the neighbourhood, and whose operations have been celebrated in verse by Mr. George Flint, the pioneer of the district.

"Nor least of all was Williams near."—Kingsford, the historian, says that while Arnold was crossing the river to reach Quebec, "one Williams ascended the pulpit in the Bishop's chapel and made a long address in favour of giving up the place. Colonel McLean, who had arrived on the 12th, on proceeding to the upper town, heard of the meeting and entered the church. He caused Williams to discontinue his address and descend from the pulpit, and his appeal



was effectual in preventing this cowardly advice being adopted."

Of the names mentioned in the stanzas referring to Williams, three others at least are historic, namely Duggan, the traitorous barber, Caldwell and Mercier. John Mercier, who seems to have been a friend of Arnold's of several years' standing, was the person to whom the latter addressed a letter, while he was on the march from Lake Megantic. In this letter his advance at the head of two thousand troops is announced, and a request made that the Canadian friends, for whom the expedition had been undertaken, should rally round his standard as soon as Quebec was invested. The letter was intercepted, the Indian to whom it was entrusted having either been taken prisoner or having betrayed his trust.

"Is Bigot dead to live again?" — The sufferings, to which the colonists were subjected by the extravagances of this profligate ruler, have been frequently narrated; and no story in Canadian History is better known than that of the tyrannical exactions of "La Friponne," the general store and warehouse he had established within the precincts of the Palace, in order that his own coffers might be replenished from the profits.

"Sir Guy has spurned the foe within." — The rapid success of Montgomery, as Bancroft says, had emboldened a party in Quebec, to confess a willingness to receive him on terms of capitulation. But Carleton

ordered all persons who would not join in the defence of the town, to leave it within four days. And Kingsford adds: "One of the first items of intelligence Montgomery must have received was that the active sympathisers on whom he most counted, had been ordered outside the walls."

**"The woods of Begon's Hermitage."**—The story of the Chateau Bigot has given William Kirby and others material for the building up of a romantic age of their own creation in Canadian literature. There has lately, however, arisen a doubt in regard to the identification of the ruined Hermitage beyond Charlesbourg, as the country residence of the profligate Bigot. A theory has been advanced that the material so finely spun into literary ware, has no other beginning than the confusing of the two names Begon and Bigot.

**"With a message scorned from Holiand House."**—Carleton had adopted a policy of silence towards Montgomery all through the campaign, even from the time he arrived before St. Johns; and though repeated attempts were made to get the governor to make reply, the letters from Montgomery and Arnold were treated with silence, which could only be construed into contempt. Here it may be said, that in nothing does Montgomery appear to less advantage than in his letters to Carleton and the citizens of the beleaguered city, as any one may judge by reading them *in extenso* from the pages of Kingsford.

“Or deserter slinking near.”—Carleton was made acquainted of nearly every movement in Montgomery’s camp by deserters. As Kingsford says, “The severity of the weather gave some encouragement to the defenders, that during its continuance no attack would be attempted, but news of such a design was brought in by every deserter. What particularly established this belief was the reappearance of one Joshua Wolf, clerk to Colonel Caldwell. He had been taken prisoner when attempting to save some property of the latter, who was owner of a farm known as Sans Bruit, some few miles to the west of the city. Wolf had made his appearance with a deserter with whom he had made his escape. He reported that Montgomery intended to storm the city and had promised them the plunder of the place as an incentive to their somewhat unwilling obedience.”

“As if their dargue was done.”—It is but natural to find Maître Thompson, a native-born Scotsman, using such an expressive Scottish term as “dargue,” which simply means a day’s work or a task to be accomplished.

“The marching out of Chambly, seemed a holiday begun.”—The difficulties of Montgomery’s position, as Kingsford says, must have powerfully forced themselves upon his mind. “However boastfully he may have described the force under his own command, he knew that it was so composed as to be entirely unfit for the trying duty of storming

the walls of the city. The garrison of St. Johns and Chambly had been a simple cannonade, and towards the close of the siege the men had suffered from exposure to the severity of the climate. The garrison of St. Johns had capitulated from the prospect of starvation, and from the certainty that no help could be given them in their emergency. The progress of Montgomery's force, from the banks of the Richelieu to its position before Quebec, had been little more than a military promenade."

"But once give Jones the signal."—The names mentioned in this stanza are *all* of historic origin; illustrating the loyalty of the French-Canadians to the British cause in the person of Colonel Lecompte Dupré, an officer of zeal and ability, who had charge of the Canadian militia, and who rendered great service during the whole siege. Chabot and Picard were the officers in charge of Près-de-Ville, having under them a force of thirty Canadians, eight British militiamen with nine British seamen to work the guns as artillerymen under Captain Barnsfare and Sergeant Hugh McQuarters, of the Royal Artillery. Major Henry Caldwell, who had the provincial rank of Lieutenant-Colonel at the time of the siege of 1775, had served under General Wolfe as deputy quartermaster-general, Captains Mackenzie and Hamilton were in charge of four hundred seamen; Captain Jones commanded the artillery of the defence.

“One band approaching from the Anse.” — The name originally given to Wolfe’s Cove, was the Anse au Foulon, the wider cove to the eastward, nearer Près-de-Ville, being called Anse des Mères. The origin of the latter name is easily traced to the grant of land given to the Nuns, which extends to the water’s edge; the former meaning the “shore-line to the fulling mill.”

“For Barnsfare and McQuarters.” — There is little to be said about these two brave Britishers who withstood the approach of the enemy, save what is known of their bravery on the morning of Montgomery’s death. It is but right that there should be some direct memorial of their daring preserved in the city they saved. Captain Barnsfare was master of a transport laid up in the harbour during the winter. Of McQuarters the following is selected from Overseer Thompson’s diary; “The sergeant who had charge of the barrier-guard, Hugh McQuarters — where there was a gun kept loaded with grape and musket-balls, levelled every evening in the direction of the said footpath—had orders to be vigilant, and when assured of an approach by any body of men, to fire the guns. It was General Montgomery’s fate to be amongst the leading files of the storming party; and the precision with which McQuarters acquitted himself of the orders he had received, resulted in the death of the general, two aides-de-camp, and a sergeant; at least these were all that could

be found after the search made at dawn of day next morning."

"**And Malcolm Frazer has betimes.**"—On the night of Sunday the 31st of December, Captain Malcolm Frazer, of the Emigrants, was in command of the main guard. Shortly after four on the morning of the 1st of January, 1776, he perceived two rockets thrown up from beyond Cape Diamond; he at once understood that it was a signal for some purpose, and to his mind was so threatening that it could not be allowed to pass without notice. He immediately ordered the guards to turn out, calling the alarm as he passed through St. Louis Street. [This note has to be credited to Kingsford though it has been alleged that his dates are wrong. Montgomery was killed on the morning of the 31st of December, 1775, as the monument raised to his memory in St. Paul's, New York, rightly declares.]

"**And in the Recollets' Convent.**"—The buildings of the Recollet Convent occupied the site now enclosed as the grounds of the Anglican Cathedral, Garden Street receiving its name from its proximity to the gardens of the monks. The Recollet church was built on the site of the present Palais de Justice, having its front entrance facing Place d'Armes, with its spire in the rear. The Convent was a large quadrangular building two stories in height, with rooms in it set apart as prison chambers. Within its walls as well as within the walls

of the Seminary, the prisoners of war taken in Sault-au-Matelot Street were immured for several months.

"What, ho, they're past the Palais!"— Judge Henry has left a graphic record of the march to Sault au Matelot Street. He was an eye witness to that part of the siege, being a stripling of only seventeen years. "When we came to Craig's House, near Palace Gate, a horrible roar of canon took place and a ringing of all the bells of the city, which are very numerous, and of all sizes. Arnold, leading the forlorn hope, advanced, perhaps, one hundred yards, before the main body. After these followed Lamb's artilleryists. Morgan's company led in the secondary part of the column of infantry. Smith's followed, headed by Steele; the Captain, from particular causes, being absent. Hendrick's company succeeded, and the eastern men, so far as known to me, followed in due order. The snow was deeper in the fields, because of the nature of the ground. The path made by Arnold, Lamb and Morgan was almost imperceptible, because of the falling snow. Covering the locks of our guns with the lappets of our coats, holding down our heads (for it was impossible to bear up our faces against the imperious storm of wind and snow), we ran along the foot of the hill in single file. Along the first of our run, from Palace Gate, for several hundred paces, there stood a range of isolated buildings, which seemed to be storehouses; we passed these quickly

in single file, pretty wide apart. The interstices were from thirty to fifty yards. In these intervals, we received a tremendous fire of musketry from the ramparts above us. Here we lost some brave men, when powerless to return the salutes we received, as the enemy was covered by his impregnable defences. They were even sightless to us; we could see nothing but the blaze from the muzzles of their muskets."

"They thread the Canoterie."—The Cote de la Canoterie lies at the eastern end of St. Valier Street, near St. Andrew's Square, where stands the depot of the Lake St. John Railway. The term Canoterie was given to the locality on account of its being a mooring-place for boats in early times, before St. Paul Street and St. John Street were connected by a properly laid out thoroughfare. As a street "the Canoterie" extends from Dambourges Street to St. Valier Street.

"For flee they must the din declares."—In his description, Judge Henry says that from the first barrier to the second, there was a circular course along the sides of houses and partly through a street, probably of three hundred yards or more. "This second barrier," he says, "was erected across and near the mouth of a narrow street adjacent to the foot of the hill, which opened into a larger, leading soon into the the main body of the lower town." With such a description in his hand the visitor



can readily identify the locality near the site of the Quebec Bank. "Here it was," says Henry, "that the most serious contention took place; this became the bone of strife. The admiral Montgomery, by this time, (though it was unknown to us) was no more; yet, we expected momentarily to join him. The firing on that side of the fortress ceased, his division fell under the command of Colonel Campbell, of New York line, a worthless chief, who retreated without making an effort in pursuance of the general's original plans. The inevitable consequence was that the whole of the forces on that side of the city, and those who were opposed to the dastardly persons employed to make the false attacks, embodied and came down to oppose our division. Here was sharp-shooting. We were on the disadvantageous side of the barrier, for such a purpose. Confined in a narrow street, hardly more than twenty feet wide, and on the lower ground, scarcely a ball well aimed or otherwise, but must take effect on us. Morgan, Hendricks, Steele, Humphreys and a crowd of every class of the army, had gathered into the narrow pass, attempting to surmount the barrier, upon a rising ground, the cannon of which much over-topped the height of the barrier, hence we were assailed by grape-shot in abundance. This erection was called the platform. Again, within the barrier, and close into it, were two ranges of musketeers, armed with musket and bayonet, ready to

receive those who might venture the dangerous leap. Add to all this that the enemy occupied the upper chambers of the houses in the interior of the barrier, on both sides of the street, from the windows of which we became fair marks. The enemy having the advantage of the ground in front, a vast superiority of numbers, dry and better arms, gave them an irresistible power, in so narrow a space. Humphreys upon a mound which was speedily erected, attended by many brave men, attempted to scale the barrier, but was compelled to retreat, by the formidable phalanx of bayonets within, and the weight of fire from the platform and buildings. Morgan, brave to temerity, stormed and raged; Hendricks, Steele, Nichols, Humphreys, equally brave, were sedate, though under a tremendous fire. The platform, which was within our view, was evacuated by the accuracy of our fire, and few persons dared venture there again. Now it was that the necessity of occupancy of the houses, on our side of the barrier, became apparent. Orders were given by Morgan to that effect. We entered. This was near daylight. The houses were a shelter, from which we might fire with much accuracy. Yet, even here, some valuable lives were lost. Hendricks, when aiming his rifle at some prominent person, died by a stragglng ball through his heart. He staggered a few feet backwards, and fell upon a bed, where he instantly expired. He was an ornament of our little society.

The amiable Humphreys died by a like kind of wound, but it was in the street, before we entered the buildings. Many other brave men fell at this place; among these were Lieutenant Cooper, of Connecticut, and perhaps fifty or sixty non-commissioned officers and privates. Captain Lamb, of the New York artillerists, had nearly one-half of his face carried away, by a grape or canister shot. My friend Steele lost three of his fingers, as he was presenting his gun to fire; Captain Hubbard and Lieutenant Fisdle, were all among the wounded. When we reflect upon the whole of the dangers of this barricade, and the formidable force that came to annoy us, it is a matter of surprise that so many should escape death and wounding as did."

"**But Pres-de-Ville, I pray thee.**"—The exact spot where the barrier was erected is immediately described in the Thompson diary, and gives no room for doubt as to its locality. "The barrier crossed the narrow road under the mountain, immediately opposite to the west end of a building which stands on the south, and was formerly occupied by Mr. Racey as a brewery." With such a description any visitor can readily identify the place of Montgomery's death as between the deeper crevice and the present Allans' storehouse, which was the brewery in question.

"**And when Montgomery's orderly.**"—The enemy having retired, as James Thompson says, thirteen bodies were found in the

snow, and Montgomery's orderly sergeant, desperately wounded but yet alive, was brought into the guard room. On being asked if the General himself had been killed, the sergeant evaded the question by replying that he had not seen him for some time, although he could not but have known the fact. This faithful sergeant died in about an hour after.

“A restive band, God knows how far!”—Mr. Thompson says that he never could ascertain whether the defection of Montgomery's followers was in consequence of the fall of their leader or whether owing to their being panic-struck, a consequence so peculiar to an unlooked-for shock in the dead of the night and when almost on the point of coming into action; added to which the meeting of an obstruction in the barrier where one was not expected to exist. As was afterwards learned, the men's engagements were to terminate on the 31st of December, and it was well known that Montgomery had had difficulty in obtaining a willing consent to his plan of attack. Montgomery himself has left this record of his men when he first took charge of them at Ile aux Noix. “They are the worst stuff imaginable for soldiers. They are homesick, their regiments are melted away, and yet not any man dead of any distemper. There is such an equality among them that the officers have no authority, and there are very few among them in whose spirit I have confidence; the privates are all generals,

but not soldiers, and so jealous that it is impossible, though a man risk his person, to escape the imputation of treachery." And as Bancroft says, "Of the first regiment of the Yorkers he gave a far worse account; adding: 'The master of Hindostan could not recompense me for this summer's work; I have envied every wounded man who has had so good an apology for retiring from a scene where no credit can be obtained. O fortunate husbandmen; would I were at my plough again!'"

And Bancroft further narrates how, "as the time for assault drew near, three captains in Arnold's battalion, whose term of office was soon to expire, created dissension and showed a mutinous disaffection to the service. Montgomery repaired to their quarters and in a few words gave them leave to stand aside, saying that he would compel no one, nor wanted with him anyone who went with reluctance. His words recalled the officers to their duty, but the incident hurried Montgomery into a resolution to attempt gaining Quebec before the first of January, when his legal authority would cease."