

contribution, showing practically the sympathy of the people of New Zealand in this great movement of His Excellency the Governor-General for acquiring the battle-grounds of Quebec and thus honouring heroes whose names must ever remain green."

The next speaker was Sir Henry, (now Lord) de Villiers, Chief Justice of Cape Colony, whose representative quality was the most interesting of all, even in that great gathering, because he was the first man chosen by all the different parts of South Africa to represent them in their confederating capacity. In the course of a well-balanced speech he said:—

"We have not your rivers and lakes; but we have European races as virile as yours, and, after all, the greatness of a country depends as much upon the character of its people as upon its physical features. A large proportion of our people is descended from French Huguenots, and they have retained the faith of their forefathers, just as your French-Canadians have adhered to the old faith; but the same French blood flows through our veins. As to the Dutch of South Africa, their conduct during the recent war shows that they have not degenerated through being transplanted from the damp Netherlands to the sunny climes of

South Africa. With the blend of three such races as Anglo-Saxon, French and Dutch there is no need to despair of the future of South Africa. Difficulties such as the native question, which you have been free from, will have to be met; but we hope to surmount those difficulties just as you have surmounted yours.

“It should not be forgotten that the settlement of the Cape by European peoples began nearly fifty years after the settlement of the French in Canada under the auspices of your great Champlain. Just as he, with the keen eye of a great pioneer, fixed upon this grand site as the cradle of the nation still to be born, so did the Dutchman, Van Rubeik, fix upon the finest strategic spot in the world as the spot from which civilisation was to be spread northwards among the barbaric tribes of South Africa.

It is a pleasant dream to think that fifty years hence our children, having learned or read of the Quebec celebration of 1908, may be fired by the ambition again to follow in your footsteps by celebrating the Tercentenary of Van Rubeik's arrival and by inviting representatives from Canada and other parts of the Empire to take part in their rejoicings. It is pleasant to think that by that time there will be a great and growing dominion of South Africa in close communion

with other parts of the Empire, and having a Governor-General at its head
If ever any foreign power should attempt to wrest South Africa from the British Empire, you may be quite sure that history will repeat itself, and just as the French-Canadians were foremost in defending their country against attacks from without, so the Dutch inhabitants will fight shoulder to shoulder with their Anglo-Saxon fellow-subjects for their King and country."

Then came the turn of the Provinces of Canada, whose health was proposed by Sir Lomer Gouin, Prime Minister of Quebec. He said:—

" The heroes of the Canadian past are regarded as common property. All are united in paying respectful homage to their memory, to whatever race they belong, and in preserving those historic monuments and spots which should be so sacred to us all. In fact, there is nothing that more strikingly shows how far the national idea has developed and progressed in the Dominion than the present union of hearts and hands to forget the conflicts of the past and to remember only the things which do honour to both races and which are worthy of perpetual veneration. I specially couple with this toast the name of my esteemed friend, Sir

James Whitney, Premier of Ontario, because, at his patriotic suggestion, that province was the first to set the example of a generous contribution to the creation of an everlasting monument which will link closer together the different elements of the present generation, and transmit to posterity the memory of the valour of their common ancestors."

In his stirring reply Sir James Whitney said:—

"We are separate as the billows are separate, yet one as the sea.

"We, Sir, of the other Provinces respect and love our fellow subjects of Quebec for their intrinsic worth and for their attitude and aid in times of stress and peril. We cannot forget the answer sent when they were urged to join hands with a foreign power against the British Empire.

"We cannot forget Châteauguay, where the gallant de Salaberry performed the most scientific military feat of the war of 1812.

"Sir, within a mile of my birthplace, on the historic field of Chrysler's Farm, was done what Sir Nigel Loring would term a 'comfortable feat of arms.' And we cannot forget that there and then a company of French-Canadian voltigeurs reddened the soil of Upper Canada with their

blood in defence of British institutions and British connection.

“Nor can we forget the memorable words of Sir Etienne Taché, when he declared that ‘the last shot fired in Canada in defence of British connection will be fired by a French-Canadian.’

“Sir, we could not forget these things if we would, and, on behalf of the other Provinces, I make bold to say that we would not forget them if we could. We revere the memories of the great men of Quebec, and I am proud indeed to be in a position to say that the appropriation made by Ontario to the scheme of nationalization of the battlefields was the spontaneous act of both parties in our Legislature, and has received only favourable criticism.”

His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales then rose and, amid the acclamations of all, proposed the final toast, which was to Lord Grey. He said:—

“If it were possible to propose the toast with which I am now entrusted to the whole population of the Dominion, it would, I am sure, be certain of a welcome no less enthusiastic, no less affectionate, than will be accorded to it by this distinguished company, for it is ‘the health of my noble friend, the Governor-General.’ We thank him heartily for his splendid hospitality of this evening; but a

deeper feeling of gratitude goes out from our hearts to him as the presiding genius over the memorable and magnificent events of this week.

“These gifts, so happily combined in Lord Grey, of sympathy, tact, imagination, energy and power of organization, have enabled him to initiate and carry to a successful issue the celebrations in which we all rejoice to be associated. We heartily congratulate him upon this happy outcome of all his labours and anxieties. I know you will also join with me in offering our congratulations to His Excellency upon the honours conferred upon him by the King, in creating him a member of His Majesty's Privy Council, and in the bestowal upon him of the highest class of the Order which is in the personal gift of the Sovereign.

“May he long be preserved to enjoy those honours, to continue his useful life in the service of his country, and to infuse among his fellow men the sympathy and enthusiasm of his large-hearted nature.”

Lord Grey's reply, characteristically modest and manly, brought this memorable evening to a fitting close. He said:—

“*Your Royal Highness, My Lords and Gentlemen:—*

“To say that I am touched to the depth of my heart by the more than kind expressions which

Your Royal Highness has used in proposing this toast, would be only a feeble expression of my feelings at this moment. If I have, through the promotion of the Tercentenary, earned the approval of His Royal Highness and, through him, of my Sovereign, I have my reward. If, as His Royal Highness seems to suggest, I have earned the approval of the people of Canada, I again have my reward, and if I am correct in my belief, that the influences which will radiate from this Tercentenary week will tend to the unification of the Empire and to the strength and glory of the Crown, I shall have an abiding and abundant cause for thankfulness that I have had the privileged opportunity of helping this Tercentenary to be a success. I wish, however, to inform His Royal Highness, who has credited me with far too much merit, that the success of this celebration is due to the unstinted, ungrudging and splendid assistance from everyone, both governments and individuals, who have vied with each other in their endeavours to secure it."

The Seventh Day

Sunday was observed as a day of general thanksgiving, and special services were held in all the churches. The State service was in the Anglican

Cathedral, a singularly appropriate place for the purpose; as it was built, under the supervision of the Royal Engineers, partly by personal grants given by George III, who also gave the whole of the communion and altar plate. There has always been a special pew faced by the Royal arms. The Duke of Richmond lies buried beneath the chancel. The colours of the 69th Regiment were deposited there by the Duke of Connaught. The Archbishop of Canterbury preached the sermon when the centenary of the consecration was celebrated in 1904. Now, in 1908, the Heir to the Throne came to render thanks for the consummation of the tercentenary of the whole of Canada; and the Bishop referred in the most sympathetic terms to the great *Messe Solennelle* and the other services then being held by fellow-Christians throughout the grateful city of Quebec. His text was aptly taken from the Book of Joshua, that "mighty man of valour":—*And Joshua took a great stone and set it up here under an oak that was by the Sanctuary of the Lord. And Joshua said unto all the people, Behold, this stone shall be a witness unto you.*

The service in St. Andrew's Presbyterian church was also charged with historic memories, going back to the day when the first Highland Chaplain in Quebec preached a funeral sermon in the Jesuit

Barracks on the death of Wolfe, the second Sunday after the Battle of the Plains.

The *Messe Solennelle* on the Plains of Abraham was marked by unaffected sincerity and grandeur, from the first strains of the Priests' March, as a processional, to the final elevation of the Host, when all those tens of thousands

. knelt upon the simple sod
And sued *in formâ pauperis* to God.

The Duke of Norfolk and Lord Lovat, two distinguished Roman Catholics from Protestant Great Britain, were present as worshippers.

The Eighth Day

On Monday the 27th the Prince went down to spend an informal morning at the Château Bellevue, thirty miles below Quebec. Here he strolled about freely, meeting the *curé* and *habitant* in familiar intercourse, with such lively satisfaction on both sides, as to prompt the suggestion that another and longer Royal visit of an intimate kind could hardly fail to have the happiest results. There could be no mistake about it, the Prince was thoroughly enjoying himself. Not that the same

was not true on other occasions. He took far more than an official interest in the whole Celebration. No one could have had a keener appreciation of its profound significance. Moreover, the fact that his appreciation was based on real personal knowledge and insight both deepened and heightened his enjoyment. This day was the least formal of his visit, and it brought him into closer personal contact than had ever yet been established between the *habitant chez soi* and any British Sovereign.

The Château Bellevue was built in 1779 by Mgr. Briand, the French-Canadian Bishop of Quebec who, in 1799, ordained a solemn thanksgiving for the victory of the Nile, won by the greatest member of the great Service to which the Prince himself belonged. It stands in the estate bought by Laval more than a century before, and has always been used as the summer residence of the priests attached to the Quebec Seminary. An hour or two after lunch the Prince started for Quebec in a motor, which stopped at a central point in each of the parishes by the way, when the *curé* and chief parishioners had the honour of being presented and of having a few minutes' chat with their future King.

The rest of the day was occupied with a Naval regatta, a reception on board the French flagship, a reception given by the town of Levis to the des-

cendants of Lévis, and, at night—a densely dark night—with a display of fireworks from the fleet, which was simultaneously attacked by a flotilla of torpedo boats. This very spectacular scene was viewed by the Prince from the Citadel, where the Governor-General gave him a farewell dinner.

The Ninth Day

This, Tuesday, morning the Prince went about among the townsfolk in the French-Canadian quarters of St. Roch and St. Sauveur, and planted a tree in Victoria Park, on the banks of the St. Charles. While all eyes were fixed on this ceremony a little girl had climbed through the ropes and got into the Royal enclosure in her anxiety to see the Prince. When he looked up, after throwing the last shovelful of earth round the root of the new elm, he caught sight of her, and immediately stepped forward, took her by the hand and started off with her on the lookout for her mother, who stood, covered with confusion, among the crowds outside. Having brought mother and child together, he spent several minutes chatting with the people, and only left after shaking hands with all the labourers and their wives who were within reach.

The afternoon was mostly devoted to the children, for whose benefit there were immense displays of day fireworks in Victoria Park and upon the Plains, where the Prince spent half-an-hour enjoying the fun with these little future subjects of his. Later on there was a farewell garden party at Spencer Wood, the residence of the Lieutenant-Governor, and, in the evening, a farewell dinner on board the *Indomitable*.

The same night the Parliament Buildings were given over to the Historical Ball, where every period was illustrated, from Jacques Cartier's discovery to the war of 1812.

Two classes of people stood out distinctly from their fellows at the Ball, those whose costumes and those whose blood were "real." Authentic costumes represent no little outlay of trouble and expense and the wearers of such looked as interesting as trouble and expense could make them. The actual descendants of the great historic figures whom they impersonated might perhaps for once, even in our democratic community, be allowed to indulge in a little of the pride of race.

The Last Three Days

The Prince's departure in the early morning of the 29th of July was as quiet as his arrival a week

before had been full of ceremonial. The tides made an early start necessary. The British fleet weighed at dawn in silence, and went gliding down the River in line ahead. There was a filmy mist over the surface, almost up to the top level of the high, scarped banks. The sky was grey, the mist greyer, the ebbing waters greyer still, and, deepest grey of all, the two-mile-long procession of stern leviathans, rounding the Point of Levis, as if they were being drawn down stream on a single chain of Neptune's piloting.

The Prince had left a farewell letter for the Governor-General, who communicated it at once to the whole Dominion. Among many other cordial expressions were the following:—

“I shall return home with a lasting sense of satisfaction that it was possible to avail myself of the kind invitation of the Canadian Government to take part in the memorable events of the past week, and that I was thus able to help you and the people of Quebec in giving effect to the great conception you had formed for doing worthy honour to the Tercentenary of Quebec, and to the joint memories of Wolfe and Montcalm. It is my earnest hope that this movement may be still further supported, and that no efforts will be relaxed to ensure the consummation of the work which has been so happily inaugurated.

“Upon the interesting and impressive pageant I have already dwelt in a letter addressed to the Mayor; but I desire to express, through your Excellency, to the National Battlefields Commission, and to Mr. Lascelles, the Master of the Pageantry, my sincerest congratulations upon the marvellous results achieved by their historical research, artistic feeling, and untiring energy. Similarly do I congratulate all the authorities, official and honorary, upon the unqualified success which has characterized every incident and detail of the celebrations.

“The manner in which the other Provinces joined with Quebec, and gave both moral and material support to the idea of the Tercentenary celebrations, must do much to strengthen those ties of common feeling and mutual trust so essential to the unity and strength of the Dominion.”

That evening, after the Pageant, the Iroquois Indians honoured Mr. Lascelles by making him a chief. Their Indian name for him could not have been better. It was *Tehonikonraka*, and it means “a man full of resource.” The whole ceremony was conducted strictly according to the ancient traditions of the Iroquois. The teepees were all painted with the totems of their owners, the eagle on one, the beaver, tortoise, moose, bear and cariboo on others. The feast was spread on long

tables in the open air, and the elder braves sat down first, while the younger ones waited on them. On rising all gathered round an enormous bonfire. Presently, the great Head Chief, "American Horse" began to beat the war-drum, and, on being questioned by the next Chief, answered that a Pale-face was to be made a member of the tribe. Thereupon another Chief rose up and said that the new brave was not only worthy of becoming a member, but of being made a Chief as well. This met with deep grunts of satisfaction all round, and Chief Sozay at once gave the new Chief a necklet of wampum to signify that he was received with good will proportionate to the good will he had himself shown toward his fellows. The plume of honour was then added and a Chief's headdress of eagle's feathers was placed on his head. Mr Lascelles was now in full costume, as he had come to the feast in his Indian buckskins. The five Great Chiefs then placed their hands on him together and broke into the tribal song of initiation. A war dance followed, and he had become a Chief for life.

The French and American Squadrons left the next day; farewells were said all round; and the whole Celebration was brought to a fitting close by a free performance of the Pageant for fifteen thousand children who had not been able to see it before. It was a noteworthy and highly credit-

able fact that nearly all the hard-worked amateur performers were present at this performance, despite fatigue and the innumerable calls on their time and attention elsewhere. The historic armies, in particular, never had a better muster, even on the day when they had paraded before their future King.

Epilogue

The Quebec Tercentenary was the greatest work of art ever conceived, prepared and carried out in Canada. It was the flower of the national life brought to perfection by the skill of many minds, exactly at the propitious moment. It was racy of the soil, every finest element of which went to the growing of it. It had its business basis; but never were dollars spiritualized to better purpose. It commemorated the highest forms of public service in statesmanship, war, and religion. The commemoration itself demanded, and happily found, a high sense of service in all its participants. It touched the very springs of the intellectual life and, for once, the waters flowed, to the delight and wonder of a whole people.

A moral is a poor thing to draw, when it is revealed by the tale itself. A lay sermon is a still poorer thing when it can only be preached to the converted, who agree with it in advance, or to

the wilful heathen, who simply stop their ears, or again to the merely indifferent. But the Tercentenary was such a wonderfully inspiring revelation of Canada's higher life, and it so made even her Philistines transcend their wonted themes for one glorious moment, that perhaps the trite and obvious moral of it may be worth drawing, after all.

All human activities are divided into the three forms of business, religion and service. In terms of service they might be called the service of self, the service of God, and the service of man. In terms of the mind, they might also be called the body, soul and spirit of life. Not that these three divisions must be pressed too far. An individual, a people, and the world at large, must always be in touch with all of them, or suffer disastrous imperfection. But, on the whole, they are three essential divisions, calling for three different qualities within the body politic, the health of which depends upon the harmonious correlations between them, both in the individual and in the mass. To prove the necessity of these correlations we need only observe the fatal effects of the modern divorce between use and beauty.

"Business is business"—there is no truer, no better, saying than that. Business is business; it is the service of self, the body of life. It is

absolutely indispensable: we can no more live without business than we can live without bodies. It is entirely honourable. We owe ourselves the right to see that the material basis of life is well and truly laid. It has and should have a universal appeal in the sense that it enters, and ought to enter, into the daily routine of every man, woman and child in the world, and that it is, and ought to be, the main pursuit of the great mass of men everywhere and, more particularly, in a new country like Canada. Business, in the widest acceptation of the word, includes every possible form of the honest money-making vocation, no matter what it is, as well as the "business side" of all the Churches, of armies, navies, public services, pure science and the five great branches of art—literature, music, painting, sculpture and architecture. Nevertheless, as we never tire of saying to, and at, each other, "business isn't everything." Yet Canada, now so temptingly exploitable, is in danger of becoming absorbed in the pursuit of commerce, which, admirable in its own sphere, may burst all bounds, and usurp the time and attention that should be given to the higher life.

Machinery, which is so excellent when only doing work that cannot be better done by hand, and when never occupying so much time and at-

tention as to kill the soul and spirit and warp the bodies of those who manage it, has nowhere yet been limited to its proper sphere. And just as man has nowhere duly restricted the sphere of machinery so he has nowhere learned how to exploit Nature without destroying as much in one direction as he develops in another. These evils are universal. They are intensified by the stress of competition in the material things of life. For no people can afford to fall too far behind others. The only hope, then, is to reduce the totality of human effort now being wasted on materialised excess. This excess is becoming universal. The dollar is the universal unit of measurement. A thing of beauty is no joy for ever unless its market price is shouted from the house-tops. Some time ago a few discerning men employed an architect to design a beautiful bridge; but nearly every paper recommended it to the public simply as "a three-million dollar bridge." If anyone, particularly an outsider, ventures to protest against such a standard of valuation as this, he is immediately hooted down as an enemy to business and progress and what not. Yet he is no worse than a doctor anxious only to rid his patient of the obvious source of his disease. Indeed, it is the business people of all kinds who suffer first, restricted as they are to a single form of activity, when a pro-

portionate amount of all three forms—business, service and religion—is absolutely required to make the best of life. There is not, and never has been, anything so universally debasing as the abuse—not the use—of wealth, so subtly calculated to make men mistake comfort for civilization, and so certain to substitute a mere groundling existence for the fulness of life.

The Quebec Tercentenary, then, commemorated the triumph of real life over mere existence; a triumph vindicated, paradoxical as it may seem to the materialist, nowhere more tellingly than in the history of the heroic deaths of our national saints and heroes. Better a wild, drear world, which calls for service such as this, than a universal tameness which evokes nothing but the smug self-satisfaction of perfect safety. It was magnificent to see Protestants of every kind doing honour to the fearless zeal of the early Jesuit martyrs, and all creeds alike giving thanks for the harmony that made the Celebration possible. Quite apart from all questions of religious creed, it may be truly said that anyone for whom the spiritual life has any meaning could have entered into the spirit of the celebration.

The fact that there ever was any celebration at all proves that there is some statesmanship in Canada. Yet how little we have, or want to have,

except as a branch of business! One is almost tempted to regret that political freedom is so fully won that there is nothing to fight for now, in ordinary times, except the biggest share of the loaves and fishes. How shrill reformers are about rights, and how silent about duties! Who is not stirred by Milton's thrilling apostrophe to Parliament?—"Ye Lords and Commons of England! Consider what nation it is whereof ye are, and whereof ye are the governors: a nation not slow and dull, but of a quick, ingenious, and piercing spirit; acute to invent, subtile and sinewy to discourse, not beneath the reach of any point the highest human capacity can soar to." That Parliament had nine generations of political wisdom less than ours; and it knew nothing of what a blatant public calls up-to-date civilisation. Yet, in essentials, what comparison is there between its members and those of our Parliaments to-day? Free self-government before all else; but free self-government with the knowledge that it will never answer our higher purposes unless we can produce a high type of leaders. A country like ours, which has led a sheltered life for a century, protected by the earthly providence of the *Pax Britannica*, and devoting much of its best type of character and intellect to the exploitation of material resources, is indeed in some danger of

adopting too low a standard of public life and of public service. The result can only be to produce national unfitness, leading straight to collapse in the face of a national crisis. The Celebrations, with their "reminder" of the great past of Canada and of the Empire drove home the lesson that in the last resort national existence depends on national heroism.

Another point in statesmanship that should touch us all most intimately is the relations between our two races. We have dwelt insistently on this already; but may return to it, to ask why more of our educated English-speaking Canadians will not try to see how questions appear to French-speaking Canadians. Remember that though French-speaking Canadians often make English the language of the head, they always keep French as the language of the heart. Lastly, though some might think this beneath the dignity of statesmanship, why did we miss the golden opportunity of giving the children an object-lesson for life? The Germans send their brightest school children to Kiel, to see the High Seas Fleet; and their Reichstag votes their Navy Bill. The Japanese put their children in the front row whenever there is anything of national importance to see; and they have come into the circle of great World-Powers at a single spring. Why did we have no

Cadets at our Royal Review? There was nothing the Prince would have seen more gladly. Why were a few picked school children not sent from every Province to see Tercentennial Quebec?

For the Tercentenary deserves to be remembered in Canadian history just because it was a witness to the real sources of national efficiency and an inspiration for the future of Canada in intellectual and artistic achievement. Canada must continue to breed heroes and patriots if she is to become worthy of national existence. The Canadian public must continue to appreciate and encourage the artistic impulse which is assuredly latent in the people, if Canada is ever to set over against her material expansion a corresponding contribution to the higher life, emotional and intellectual, of the future. In so far as it pointed the way to such a rounding out of the national life, the Tercentenary will not have been in vain.

The material basis of national existence is an essential part of it, yet only as a mere means to greater ends. In itself it dies with the achievement of those ends; and so would all our own statistical glories, if Canada were to be blotted out to-morrow. But the discoverers would live—Jacques Cartier, Champlain and La Salle; and the early Jesuits, and Laval, and La Mère Marie de l'Incarnation; and Frontenac, Wolfe and Mont-

calm, Carleton, de Salaberry and Brock, with their armies, and the South African Contingents; and the Fathers of Confederation;—and so would this great Tercentenary, which, for the nonce, made the whole life of Canada

Rich in the simple worship of a day.



PART III.

The Pageant

EIGHT hundred miles from the open sea the mighty lift of an eighteen-foot spring tide will carry you through those Narrows of the St. Lawrence which the Indians called Kebeck. Here an ocean meets a continent, and here the Old World meets the New; and all the approaches are surrounded with befitting majesty. For a hundred miles you have been coming up a water avenue ten miles wide, bordered by the sheer Laurentians on the north and by gentler hill-horizons on the south. Then, thirty miles below the port, you enter the South Channel of Orleans, where the narrow view is closed in by lesser heights, and humanized by bright scenes of cultivation and white little villages. Suddenly the scene becomes vaster than before. As you pass the West Point of the Island of Orleans you can hardly believe that the leaping flash of Montmorency Falls, to the right, is a hundred feet higher than Niagara; yet in front is the Citadel, another hundred higher still. The Bason

is like a lake; its farther shore—the well named *Côte de Beaupré*—continues down the North Channel of Orleans into the blue distance; and behind and beyond all are the Laurentians again, sweeping round, from where you left them below the Island, in an enormous northern semicircle of eighty miles. Even this is only one-third of the panorama that greets you from the Plains of Abraham, whose tableland forms a long, narrow promontory, between the St. Lawrence and the Valley of the St. Charles. For there you find yourself on a natural stage, in an amphitheatre two-thirds of which is formed by the far-spreading uplands that stretch away to the corresponding curve of the mountains on the South.

Like an ancient Greek, choosing a site for a theatre that was to be part of the scenery surrounding it, Mr. Lascelles chose the best among the good. His open stage for five thousand performers and his auditorium for fifteen thousand spectators stood between the fields of the first and second Battles of the Plains, overlooking a magnificent and most historic reach of the St. Lawrence. Wooded ground, sloping down to the right, afforded cover to the multitude of actors, without hiding the view beyond. Through it runs the path up which Wolfe climbed to victory. A half-mile further up stream is Sillery Point, where the first

French challenge rang out; and half channel over is where Wolfe recited Gray's *Elegy* when making his last reconnaissance in a boat, the day before the battle. Close in under the cliff is Champlain Street, along which Montgomery led his Americans to death and defeat in 1775. And a few yards from where he fell is the wharf where the first Canadian Contingent embarked for South Africa in 1899.

The River, the great fleet-bearing River, which has been the highway of history since Canada began, calls up even more memories than the land, and remains the strongest of all links between the past and future of the country. Here Jacques Cartier sailed by in 1541 to build his fort at Cap Rouge. Here many another eager pioneer, haunted by splendid visions of the golden East, went seeking that westward New-World passage to Cathay which is still commemorated in the place-name of La Chine. Here ocean liners now go by with the hosts of immigration, equally eager, in a more sober way, but set upon finding homes where their forerunners only saw an obstructive waste. Such was the setting of the Pageant.

The Pageant itself was worthy of its setting. It consisted of nine scenes, covering the whole history of Canada, made at Quebec, from Jacques Cartier's discovery in 1535 to the war of 1812. It took

nearly three hours, and was performed on eight afternoons during the twelve days' celebration. The following were the scenes:—

- SCENE I.—JACQUES CARTIER discovers STADACONA (*Quebec*) in 1535.
- SCENE II.—JACQUES CARTIER at the Court of FRANCIS I in 1536.
- SCENE III.—CHAMPLAIN receives his commission from HENRI IV in 1608.
- SCENE IV.—CHAMPLAIN at QUEBEC in 1620.
- SCENE V.—The URSULINE and HOSPITALIÈRE Nuns arrive at QUEBEC in 1639.
- SCENE VI.—DOLLARD saves Canada from the Iroquois in 1660.
- SCENE VII.—LAVAL, the first Bishop, receives TRACY, the King's personal Vice-Roy for all America, in 1665.
- SCENE VIII.—FRONTENAC repulses the first American invasion of Canada by answering PHIPS "from the mouth of my cannon" in 1690.

SCENE IX.—MARCH PAST of the HISTORIC ARMIES:—The FRENCH ARMY of 1759 and 1760 under MONTCALM and LÉVIS, with the BRITISH ARMY of the same years under WOLFE and MURRAY. On the right of these are the FRENCH- and ENGLISH-SPEAKING BRITISH forces, under CARLETON, who repelled the second American invasion, in 1775; and, on the left, the FRENCH-, ENGLISH-, and INDIAN-SPEAKING BRITISH forces, under DE SALABERRY, BROCK and TECUMSEH, who repelled the third American invasion in 1812.

Mr. Lascelles had enormous difficulties. But his was a supreme opportunity, and he achieved a perfect success. Others helped him over the difficulties, and the opportunity was none of his making; yet this in no way detracts from the glory that is his own. The opportunity, if only because it was supreme, was not to be taken by any but a great artist. Nature and history had made the scene and setting so perfectly harmonious that one false note would have ruined all. There was no such false note in the Pageant, though

Mr. Lascelles knew practically nothing about the history which he was to reproduce, till he landed in Canada to do in four months what it had taken him more than twice as long on familiar ground in England the year before. It is also true that he had an unusually good personnel to work with, because so many descendants of the actual people whose story he was to tell were taking congenial parts; but this had its corresponding danger, for it would appear that performers who represent their own ancestors are apt to be very critical of outside control. Yet his control was never resented, partly because it was equally efficient and sympathetic, and partly because he had an infallible instinct for knowing exactly where control ended and interference began. Then, he was a strong man, where strength was urgently needed; and, like all strong and sympathetic leaders, he was soon at the head of an army, when a weaker character would have been the sport of a mob. Even this does not complete the tale of his triumph, for, in addition to all other difficulties, he was an Englishman who had to manage a French Pageant. Not a word of English, as we have said, was spoken in any one of the nine scenes, except by Phips's envoy, who was soon obliged to repeat his message in French. Surely this was the crowning glory!

The libretto requires a word of explanation. It was published in a pamphlet with the following title page:

PAGEANTS DU TRICENTENAIRE DE
QUEBEC

Mise en scène par M. Frank Lascelles.

DIALOGUES et DISCOURS par M. Ernest Myrand,
Secrétaire du Comité d'Histoire et
d'Archéologie.

Musique préparée par M. Joseph Vézina,
Président du Comité de Musique.

Typ. Laflamme & Proulx, Québec, 1908.

It was in French only, and was quite separate from the Pageant Book, which was supposed to give historical and other information in both languages. The well-written dialogues were considerably shortened in the acting; but, as they preserve the form and spirit of the scenes in which they were used, they will be freely quoted here in the original.

The incidental music consisted of four different kinds:—1. A little modern music was introduced here and there, when no special historical signi-

ficance could be attached to it. 2. A couple of minor pieces were specially written for the occasion. 3. Contemporary pieces were played whenever there was any proof of their having been played in the actual circumstances which the Pageant was reproducing. 4. Folksongs were sung whenever they were known to have been sung during the real event, and wherever they were felt to be appropriate to the representation.

These folksongs were among the most interesting features of the Pageant and, indeed, of the whole celebration. French-Canadian folklore, like French-Canadian speech, is almost entirely old French, carried oversea by the most conservative of emigrants, and kept alive in Canada ever since. In some ways a Frenchman among the *habitants* experiences the same thrill as an Englishman would if he were to find a people still talking as his forbears used to talk at Warwick Fair when Shakespeare haunted it. The *habitant* speech is not at all a debased form of any standard language; but mostly old French, with a preponderance of Norman peculiarities, with many nautical and a few military terms used with reference to everyday affairs, and with some excellent Franco-Canadianisms which have been developed by the new environment. The same is true of the folksong, words and music alike. Many of the best

songs of France—from the days when the songs were as plentiful as the apples in cider-drinking Normandy—are still sung in their uncorrupted forms in Canada, even in cases where they are now extinct in the *Mere-Patrie*. Nothing, indeed, brought the past and present into more intimate touch with each other than when Jacques Cartier's, Champlain's, or Frontenac's men in the Pageant would strike up the same folksongs that were as much alive to them to-day as to their ancestors who sang them in Canada two and three centuries ago. Great care was taken that these songs should not be tricked out with any latter-day incongruities to tickle the ordinary modern ear; and, where printed versions were referred to, only those of competent folklorists were used. The three principal authorities were these:—(1) *Histoire de la Chanson Populaire en France*. Julien Tiersot, Paris, 1889. (2) *Chansons Populaires du Canada*. Ernest Gagnon. Québec, 1908. (3) *Noëls Anciens de la Nouvelle-France*. Ernest Myrand. Québec, 1907.

[NOTE.—The Pageant was essentially a Quebec Pageant; but three features which commemorated events that happened elsewhere had to be included for the sake of unity. Jacques Cartier read the Gospel of St. John at Montreal, Dollard

left Montreal for the Long Sault of the Ottawa, and Brock and de Salaberry were a long way from Quebec when they won their victories at Châteauguay and Queenston Heights. But Quebec was the key of Canada on all these occasions, and her own history could not have been properly shown if these three features had been puristically omitted.]

SCENE I.

JACQUES CARTIER IN CANADA

1535-6

The scene opens with the whole immense stage quite empty, except that on the farthest point of it, overlooking the St. Lawrence, a single Indian scout from the wigwams of Stadacona is scanning the horizon. His eagle's plume, lithe figure, and bow and arrow are sharply silhouetted against the background of the River, the southern half of which can be seen a mile away and three hundred feet below. The weather is perfect; and from the top of the auditorium you can see the whole natural amphitheatre of Quebec, enclosed by two hundred miles of encircling hills. There, on that one small point of cliff, stands that one, silent, watchful Indian, looking to see if either friend or

foe will come out of the illimitable wilds around him.

Suddenly he calls out the war-alarm, for he sees what none of his tribe has even dreamt of—three canoes of gigantic size, with masts and sails and strangely armed men on board of them. While this miraculous apparition holds the Indians spell-bound, Jacques Cartier and his crews land and march up the hill, singing a song that reminds these adventurers of the famous seaport from which they came:—

A SAINT-MALO, BEAU PORT DE MER



A Saint Malo, beau port de mer, (bis)
Trois gros navir's sont arrivés,
Nous irons sur l'eau,
Nous y prom' promener,
Nous irons jouer dans l'île.

Having sung the glory of Jacques Cartier's native town, like the good Malouins that they are, they break out into another song of *La mer du Nord*, so dear to their Breton hearts:—

A - li, A - lo, pour Mache - ro, A - li, A - li, A - lo! Il mange la viande et

nous donni les os; A - li, A - li, A - li, A - lo! A - li, A - li, A - lo!

Ali, alo, pour Machero;
 Ali, ali, alo!
 Il mange la viande
 Et nous donne les os;
 Ali, ali, alo!
 Ali, ali, alo!

The first stupefaction over, the Indians think these wonderful strangers must be gods, they know not whence. Jacques Cartier has two interpreters with him, men from the neighbourhood of Quebec, whom he had taken home from the Gulf the previous year, when he found them fishing off the coast of Gaspé. He distributes gifts, and cordial relations are soon established. Presently, the Indians bring their palsied chief, Agouhanna, the Lord of the Country, for him to touch; on seeing which all the sick are brought forward to share the same blessing. The pious Breton Captain is abashed and turns to prayer and Holy Writ to guide him through:—

Jacques Cartier.—Eclairiez-les, Seigneur, car ils me prennent pour un dieu!

(*Priant*) : A vos apôtres seuls et à vos saints il appartient d'opérer des miracles. Je ne suis pas digne, Seigneur, d'être l'instrument de votre puissance et le ministre de vos miséricordes.

Dieu éternel et tout puissant, Esprit Saint, auteur et dispensateur des Sept Dons, renouvelez en faveur de ces âmes et de ces corps malades le prodige du Cénacle. Et de même que vos apôtres parlaient des langues qu'ils n'avaient pas apprises, de même ces infidèles comprendront la langue inconnue que je parlerai en lisant l'Évangile leur apprenant, avec votre Nom, l'origine de la Lumière que vous avez créée et de la Vérité dont vous êtes le Verbe.

Jacques Cartier —Initium Sancti Evangelii secundum Joannem.

Les Français.—Gloria tibi, Domine.

Jacques Cartier.—In principio erat Verbum, et Verbum erat apud Deum, et Deus erat Verbum. Hoc erat in principio apud Deum.....
ET VERBUM CARO FACTUM EST, (*Tous les Français tombent à genoux*) et habitavit in nobis, (et vidimus gloriam ejus, gloriam quasi Unigeniti a Patri), plenum gratiæ et veritatis.

Les Français.—Deo gratias.

Then the scene changes to the 3rd of May, 1536, when Jacques Cartier sets up a cross thirty-five

feet high, in token of his having taken possession of Canada for Christ and his King. The cross bears the 'scutcheon of France, with *fleurs de lys* and the inscription—FRANCISCUS PRIMUS DEI GRATIA FRANCORUM REX REGNAT. The Indians stand round in awe-struck silence, marvelling what this sign may mean.

Pendant que l'on élève la croix, l'un des aumôniers de Jacques Cartier récite à haute voix, recto tono, et très lentement, la prière suivante :

Dom Guillaume Le Breton.—Protege, Domine, plebem tuam, per signum sanctæ Crucis, ab omnibus insidiis inimicorum omnium: ut tibi gratam exhibeamus servitutem, et acceptabile fiat sacrificium nostrum.

Quand la croix est érigée, l'autre aumônier de Cartier récite à haute voix, recto tono, et très lentement aussi, les paroles suivantes :

Dom Anthoine.—Lumen ad revelationem gentium et gloriam plebis tuæ Israel.

Then Jacques Cartier takes Donnacona and several braves with him and sails away for France, to render an account of his discoveries to Francis I, the King in whose name he has made them.

The third scene begins with Jacques Cartier's apostrophe to the cross:—

Croix de Clovis, de Charlemagne, et de saint Louis,
garde jusqu'à mon retour cette peuplade et
ce royaume.

Eclaire de tes rayons les ombres de la mort où
Stadaconé est assise.

Fais sentinelle, au nom du Christianisme et de la
France, sur cette frontière de la Barbarie
jusqu'à l'arrivée des missionnaires de l'Eglise
et de la Civilisation!

Comme un phare sur l'infini de la mer, brille sur
l'immensité de cette terre enténébrée de paga-
nisme, en attendant l'aurore, puis le grand jour
de l'Évangile qui se lèvera demain sur le
Canada tout entier.

(Il salue la Croix). *O crux Ave!*

The strangers have gone: only the Indians and the wilderness remain; but not as before. There stands the cross; a sign, a token, a symbol, a mystery. The scene ends, as it began, in perfect silence; but, instead of the single scout on the watch for enemies, there are all the wild inhabitants of Stadacona, gazing in awe at what they feel to be a strange new power that has come among them.

SCENE II.
JACQUES CARTIER AT COURT

1536

After a pause, all eyes are suddenly drawn to the distant glittering advance of a royal cavalcade, as it issues from the dense Forest of Fontainebleau across the glad light-green of the sunlit grass. For nearly half a mile it winds its brilliant length along, all gaiety of movement, colour and gallant life, from glinting hoof to quivering plume. The royal trumpeters sound a flourish and the King's musicians play a *Marche et Cortège*. The King and Queen ride under a canopy, while the hundreds of cavaliers and ladies of the court rein up in a respectful semicircle. But Francis is a gallant as well as a King, and at the royal behest a page bows low three times and begins a love-song on the well-known theme of *Celle que mon cœur aime*:—



Dans mon che-min j'ai ren-con-tré, Dans mon che-min j'ai ren-con-tré,
Ren-con-tré Mi-ne, ren-con-tré Fi-ne, Ren-con-tré Jac-que Jac-que-li-ne, Tra la la
la la la la la, Ren-con-tré Ger-mi-net-te, Cell'qui vend des cho-pi-net-tes,
j'ai ren-con-tré ma rei-ne, Cel-le que mon cœur ai-mé.

Francis I. Receiving Jacques Cartier at Fontainebleau

From a painting by Frank Craig



There must, however, be some more diversion for the pleasure of such a court; and the applause for the song has hardly ceased before the bushes are all astir with fauns and satyrs, who dance onward round the triumphal car of their own Queen, whose face—aglow with youthful loveliness of classic features, Southern colour, a lustrous eye and flashing smile—gave this interlude a charm that raised it into perfect harmony with the other glory of the scene. The *Danse des Faunes* is played by the King's music, reeds and violins predominating, while eight Greek girls with clashing cymbals lead in the little green-kirtled fauns, bare-armed, bare-legged and sandal-footed, with a fleece over one shoulder and a wreath of ivy in their hair. The fountains, the flowers, the Royal canopy, the splendid court, the cymbals, the music, the white-robed Greeks, the dancing fauns—all make a delight for every ear and eye.

The interest of the courtiers grows even more eager as the first Indian they have ever seen steps forward, makes obeisance and, in the clear, ringing tones of a man who is himself a king, tells of his own people and their vast dominions, stretching out from Kebeck—the Narrows of a stream so incontestably first in all that land of waterways that *The Great River* is its only name.

Entre Jacques Cartier accompagné de Donnacona, des deux interprètes et de dix autres Sauvages canadiens. Mouvements de curiosité dans l'assistance.

Jacques Cartier.—Sire!

François Ier.—Loyal et fidèle serviteur, je suis heureux d'apprendre votre retour, et de vous remercier d'avoir bravé, une fois de plus, les dangers de l'Océan, pour la plus grande gloire et les meilleurs intérêts de Notre couronne. Que me rapportez-vous du Nouveau-Monde?

Jacques Cartier.—Je vous ai découvert et conquis trois royaumes!

(Toute l'assistance répète d'un seul cri:)—Trois royaumes!

Jacques Cartier.—Trois royaumes: celui de Saguenay, celui de Canada, dont voici le roi (*montrant Donnacona*) et celui d'Hochelaga. Leurs territoires réunis dépassent en superficie l'étendue de notre France. Je me suis même laissé dire que l'Europe y tiendrait!

François Ier.—Eh! capitaine-découvreur, dites-moi, ne me faites-vous point la part trop large dans la succession d'Adam? Vous saviez que j'enviais et jalousais mes frères, les rois d'Espagne et du Portugal; serait-il vrai que je fusse mieux nanti qu'eux?

Jacques Cartier.—Sur une montagne du royaume d'Hochelaga, il m'a été donné de voir un

spectacle si magnifique, qu'en présence de ce tableau enchanteur la pensée m'est venue d'appeler cette montagne Mont-Royal, car je souhaitai d'y voir placer votre trône. De là, vous auriez vu courir des chaînes de collines entre lesquelles s'étendait, à perte du regard, une plaine immense. Et au milieu de ces profondes solitudes comme à travers leurs épaisses forêts reposait, dans une majesté incomparable, un fleuve quatre fois large comme la Seine et qui se prolongeait, à l'ouest, vers des terres inconnues. Ces Sauvages, que voici, m'ont expliqué, par signes, que l'on pouvait naviguer sur ce fleuve merveilleux pendant plus de trois lunes, c'est-à-dire pendant plus de trois mois, sans rencontrer aucun obstacle.

François Ier.—Mais alors, c'est le chemin de la Chine que vous avez découvert!

Jacques Cartier.—J'en ai pour vous l'espérance! Voyez-vous d'ici s'ouvrir les portes de l'Occident? la France s'emparer, avant tout autre, du commerce de l'Inde, du Cathay, du Zipangu? car je crois tenir un passage plus court et plus avantageux que celui trouvé par Magellan aux îles fortunées du poivre et des épices.

(L'assistance éclate en applaudissements.)

François Ier.—Et maintenant, capitaine-découvreur, présentez-moi le roi de Canada.

Jacques Cartier fait un signe à Donnacona qui

s'avance avec majesté, regarde le roi, la reine, toute l'assistance, avec fierté.

Donnacona.—Quatgathoma!

François Ier.—Que dit-il?

Jacques Cartier.—Il dit : “ Regardez-moi.”

François Ier.—Il est superbe, ce Sauvage, il méritait d'être roi. (*Après un temps, à Donnacona*):
—Quel est votre nom, mon ami?

Donnacona.—Donnacona.

François Ier.—Et vous êtes?

Donnacona.—Agouhanna!

François Ier.—Agouhanna! (*à Jacques Cartier*):
Cela veut dire?

Jacques Cartier.—Roi, chef, prince, commandant.

François Ier.—Tenez-vous en au premier mot, capitaine, c'est le meilleur. Il traduit admirablement bien la majesté de cet Indien! J'ai lieu de croire que vous n'avez pas traité cet homme comme un prisonnier? Il méritait d'être mon hôte. Il le sera. Et je veux qu'on lui rende, au retour dans sa bourgade, ses pouvoirs et son titre de roi.

Agouhanna! Ce mot est joli à prononcer comme à entendre. On dirait de l'italien. (*Saluant la reine*): *Canada, Donnacona, Agouhanna! Hoche-laga!* C'est délicieux! J'ai découvert une nouvelle langue pour parler aux femmes. (*Aux courtisans*): Il est heureux que la trouvaille soit de notre côté, Messieurs. (*à Jacques Cartier, lui dé-*

signant Donnacona): Demandez-lui de m'adresser la parole.

Donnacona (*avec dignité*).—Aignaz!

François Ier (*à Jacques Cartier*):—C'est-à-dire? . . .

Jacques Cartier—Je vous salue!

François Ier (*à Donnacona*).—Aignaz!

Donnacona.—Segada, tigneny, asche, honnacon, ouiscon, indahir, ayaga, addegue, madellon, assem (*puis il répète, en présentant la jeune fille*): assem, agnyaquesta.

François Ier (*souriant*).—Très bien, mon ami, parfaitement. Je ne comprends absolument rien. Vous avez la voix très belle et ce sera délice que de vous entendre parler français . . . l'an prochain.

La Jeune Indienne (*s'approchant du roi*):—Votre Majesté . . .

François Ier (*stupéfait*).—Comment! elle parle français? où donc l'a-t-elle appris?

La Jeune Indienne.—A Stadaconé, dans ma bourgade, en soignant les malades du capitaine Cartier que le sel empoisonnait.

François Ier.—Que veux-tu pour ta récompense?

La Jeune Indienne (*amèrement*).—Ma récompense! je l'ai déjà reçue des Visages Pâles. Je les avais arrachés à la mort et ils m'ont arrachée à mon pays!

François Ier.—Et tu voudrais y retourner?

La Jeune Indienne.—Pour le revoir seulement, je traverserais la mer à la nage!

François Ier.—Le capitaine Cartier te ramènera au Canada à son prochain voyage. Je t'en donne ma parole de roi!

On the royal command the two interpreters, Taiguragny and Domagaya, give an account of their country; and are followed by Jacques Cartier, who, to the intense astonishment of everyone, makes them light their big stone pipes and show the King how to smoke tobacco. After this, Francis calls the Bishop of St. Malo before him, and then and there gives him ecclesiastical jurisdiction over the whole of Canada:—

François Ier (*à l'évêque de Saint-Malo, François Bohier*).—Monsieur de Saint-Malo, je désire vous honorer publiquement en vous adressant ici la parole.

L'an dernier, dans votre cathédrale, vous avez, par vos prières, attiré le regard de Dieu sur mon serviteur, le capitaine Jacques Cartier, et appelé sur ce dernier la bénédiction du Maître de la Mer et du Vent. Votre voix a été entendue, car jamais expédition, depuis Christophe Colomb, ne fut plus heureuse que celle-ci.

Nous sommes aujourd'hui confirmés dans la nouvelle qu'il existe et que nous possédons en Amérique Septentrionale trois royaumes dont les super-

ficies réunies forment un territoire si vaste que le manteau bleu de l'Atlantique ne les couvrirait pas de sa largeur.

La générosité de la Providence à mon égard a dépassé ce que l'ambition du monarque le plus insatiable aurait pu rêver. Il faut en remercier Dieu, notre Maître à tous, et lui offrir les prémices de la terre même qu'il me donne en héritage, des prémices qui soient à la fois dignes et de sa magnificence infinie, et de notre reconnaissance éternelle. A Lui les âmes de ces Sauvages ici présents : qu'elles soient les pierres vivantes, les pierres d'assise du temple que nous élèverons à sa gloire. Je les confie, Monsieur de Saint-Malo, à votre sollicitude pastorale.

The trumpets then sound, the music recommences, and the whole Court files off in the *suite* of the King and Queen, who lead them back, in the same long and brilliant procession, to the Forest of Fontainebleau.

SCENE III.

CHAMPLAIN AT COURT

1608

This scene shows Henry IV giving Champlain a commission to take possession of the country dis-

covered by Jacques Cartier for Francis I. The whole aspect of the stage has been changed in the twinkling of an eye. The Court is in the Presence Chamber, enclosed by walls of high, white tapestry, inwrought with the golden fleur-de-lys. A smooth blue carpet is spread for the Pavane, which is danced by a hundred courtiers to the original music, before the King and Queen, who have entered with their guards and suite and taken their seats on the throne of France.

The first ceremony is the reading of the letters patent in favour of de Monts, who, some years before, had made a voyage to Tadousac at his own expense and for his own pleasure: he was, in fact, the first tourist who ever set foot in Canada. His name is commemorated on the Lower St. Lawrence by Pointe de Monts, a place well known to many generations of sailing-ship captains.

“HENRY, par la grâce de Dieu, roi de France et de Navarre: à nos aimés et féaux conseillers les officiers de Notre Amirauté de Normandie, Bretagne, Picardie et Guyenne, et à chacun des dits endroits et en l'étendue de leur juridiction et destroits: Salut.

“Nous avons pour beaucoup d'importantes occasions accordé, commis et établi le Sieur de Monts, gentilhomme ordinaire de Notre Chambre, Notre

lieutenant-général pour peupler et habiter les terres, côtes et pays d'Acadie et autres circonvoisins en l'étendue du quarantième degré jusqu'au quarante-sixième;

. "Nous faisons ces expresses inhibitions et défenses à tous marchands et capitaines de navires, matelots et autres nos sujets, de quelque état, qualité et condition qu'ils soient, sauf ceux qui sont entrés en association avec le dit Sieur de Monts pour la dite entreprise selon les articles et conventions d'icelles par Nous arrêtés ainsi que dit ici, d'équiper aucuns vaisseaux et en iceux aller ou envoyer faire trafiquer ou troc de pelleteries ni autres choses avec les Sauvages, fréquenter, négocier et communiquer durant le temps de dix ans, depuis le Cap de Raze jusques au quarantième degré, comprenant toute la côte de l'Acadie, terres du Cap Breton, baie de Saint Clair et des Chaleurs, îles Percé, Gaspé, Mettan, Tadoussac et la Rivière de Canada"

The commission read, de Monts calls Champlain to his side, and the King opens the conversation:—

Henri IV (*à de Monts*):—Maintenant que vous êtes mon lieutenant-général en la Nouvelle-France, que ferez-vous? Avez-vous arrêté le plan de votre nouvelle expédition?

De Monts.—J'ai délibéré, Sire, de me fortifier dans un endroit de la rivière de Canada que les Sauvages nomment Kébec, à quarante lieues au-dessus de Saguenay, pour le désir de pénétrer plus avant dans les terres occidentales, et dans l'espérance de parvenir un jour à la Chine.

Henri IV.—Fort bien, Monsieur.

De Monts.—J'aurais cependant une dernière grâce à solliciter ?

Henri IV.—Dites sans crainte, mon cher de Monts. Mes faveurs n'égalent pas encore les services que vous m'avez autrefois rendus pendant les troubles de la Ligue.

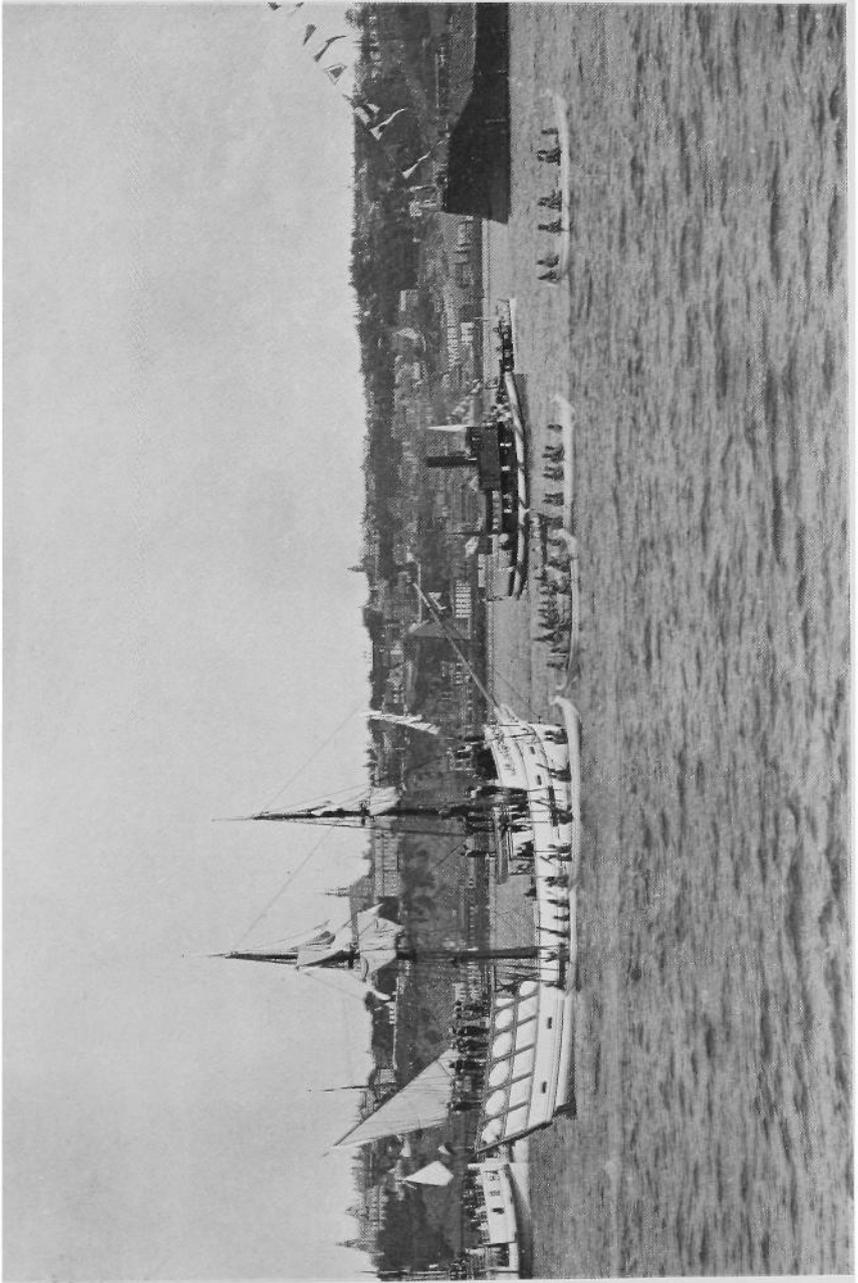
De Monts.—J'ai choisi pour mon lieutenant particulier dans la présente expédition Samuel de Champlain, capitaine ordinaire en la marine royale, et je désirerais faire confirmer ce choix, s'il agrée à Votre Majesté.

Henri IV.—Très volontiers ! (*souriant à de Monts*): Vous et moi savons bien choisir nos lieutenants !

(*à Champlain*): Approchez, M. de Champlain. Votre personne et vos mérites Nous sont connus. Déjà le Commandeur Aymar de Chastes m'avait fait cet éloge que M. de Monts répète aujourd'hui et que cinq années de nouveaux et inestimables services justifient davantage. La France vous doit sa bonne renommée en Amérique.

The "Don de Dieu" at Quebec.
From a Photograph

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Votre constance à suivre une entreprise, votre fermeté dans les plus grands périls, votre sagacité toujours en éveil et toujours prompte à saisir un parti dans les affaires les plus épineuses, la droiture de vos vues, l'honneur et la probité de votre conduite, tout cela, Monsieur, me confirme dans la résolution que j'ai présentement de vous faire reprendre et poursuivre l'héroïque expédition de Jacques Cartier. Je vous crois digne de lui succéder, d'exercer comme lui un sacerdoce politique, de lire comme lui l'Évangile en guise de proclamations royales, et d'arborer les armes de France sur la croix du Christ, aussi loin que vous pourrez marcher à l'Ouest du Nouveau Monde. Dites-moi, M. de Champlain, acceptez-vous ?

CHAMPLAIN.—Vous ne songez, Sire, à étendre votre domination dans les pays infidèles que pour y faire régner Jésus-Christ, et vous estimez, comme nos rois, vos prédécesseurs, que le salut d'une âme vaut mieux, lui seul, que la conquête d'un grand empire !

S'il y a en Europe des provinces à conquérir, en Amérique c'est plus qu'un royaume, c'est un Nouveau-Monde !

Que Dieu vous entende, Sire, et qu'il fasse prospérer cette entreprise à son honneur et à sa gloire.

Sire, j'accepte !

When de Monts and Champlain retire from the Royal presence a hundred courtiers step forward to dance the stately *Pavane*, or "peacock" dance, before the throne. This was a singularly fine spectacle in every way. The couples were grouped in sets according to a definite colour scheme, which itself became all the more effective from resting on a delicate blue floor, surrounded by white and gold walls close at hand, and by the beautiful natural stage and its setting further out, with a perfect midsummer sky overarching all. The ladies of the Court wore the full skirts and Medici collars of the period; and bright colours predominated both in their dresses and in those of their cavaliers, who wore plumed hats, gorgeous cloaks hanging loose from their shoulders, tight trunk hose, and long jewelled rapiers. The two most taking figures were, one, when all the cavaliers drew their rapiers and, holding them high above their partners' heads, made all those in each set meet in a point; and the other, when all the ladies went down on one knee, leaning away, yet looking back at their partners, as though lending a coy but willing ear to the secret which their amorous cavaliers were stooping down to tell them.

PAVANE

Molto moderato
p
mf
f poco rall.
p a tempo
pp f
f poco rall.
p a tempo
p

After the *Pavane* the King and Queen step down from the throne and walk out between double ranks of halberdiers and bowing lines of courtiers four, five and six deep. The guards then slope their halberds and march off, while the courtiers cluster together and sing their admiration for their gallant Sovereign, who was equally famous for his success in love and war:—

VIVE HENRI QUATRE!

Vive Hen-ri qua-tre! Vi-ve ce roi vall-ant Ce di-able à quatre A
 le tri-ple ta-lent De boire et de bat-tre, Et d'être un vert ga-lant!

SCENE IV.

CHAMPLAIN AT QUEBEC

1620

Again the scene is completely changed; and the inhabitants of the infant colony of Quebec stand waiting for Champlain's return in 1620. He is received with unbounded joy by French and Indians alike. Champlain has left us such minute descriptions that it was easy to reproduce this scene exactly as it happened in reality—the ox-cart in which he and his girl-wife were drawn home in triumph, the pow-wow and calumet dance, and the songs that carried the colonists back in fancy to *la belle France*.

Champlain had been a soldier on the Catholic side in the Wars of the League, afterwards Geographer to the King, when he made excellent charts of the American seaboard, and now he was a Captain in the Royal Navy and founder of Quebec. As usual, however, the silent service of the sea has never got due credit for Champlain. Canada was discovered by a sailor, Jacques Cartier, whose log shows him to have been a man of consummate skill in land affairs as well. She was founded by a Naval officer, as was Australia, she was conquered by a naval and military expedition in which the

naval force greatly predominated, and she has been held mainly by sea-power ever since. Yet the naval aspect of all this is seldom realised, any more than the debt she owes to the military element. Here, as elsewhere, naval and military commanders have frequently proved themselves the best civil administrators; though there is hardly an instance in the history of the world in which civil administrators have proved their fitness as naval and military commanders.

“Samuel de Champlain, capitaine pour la marine du Ponant, maître, après Dieu, de son navire le *Don de Dieu*, en partance d'Honfleur, le matin du 8 mai, 1620,” begins the daily entries in his log-book thus:—“Au nom de Notre-Dame, la Très Sainte Vierge Marie, soyt commencé nostre voïage! Nous faisons route vers les terres-neufves du Canada.”

The whole population of Quebec, less than a hundred French, with many friendly Indians, are anxiously waiting for the *Don de Dieu*. Presently they sight her, and a shout of joy goes up from the staunch little throng. Even the more stoical Indians do not try to hide their delight at seeing their great friend and defender come back again. The French give vent to their feelings in a lilting song: *Lev' ton pied léger, bergère, Lev' ton pied légèrement.*

Voix seule, puis la reprise en chœur

Lév' ton pied lé-gèr' ber - gè - re, Lév' ton pied lé - gè - re - ment. Der-rièr' chez nous, ya-t-un é -
tang, Lév' ton pied lé - gè - re - ment. Trois beaux canardss'en vont bai-gnant, lé - gè - re - ment.

Among the people on the shore in front of the *Abitacion de Kébeck*, whose little cannon are firing a salute, stand Louis Hébert, the first *habitant* in Canada, and Abraham Martin, a simple pilot, after whose Christian name the world-renowned Plains of Abraham are called, because he used to drive his cattle to pasture there. As in other scenes, many of the performers in this one were representing their own ancestors, both afloat and ashore. Loud and long-continued cheers greet Champlain as he lands with his young wife, a beautiful girl, thirty years younger than himself. The Indians look at her with undisguised admiration, and are sure that she is as much their friend as is Champlain, because on looking into the little mirror which, in the fashion of that day, she wears round her neck, they see that she has "already taken each one of them into her heart."

When order is restored, Champlain's commission is read:—

Madame Champlain's Entry into Quebec

From a painting by Frank Craig



HENRI II, duc de Montmorency, amiral de France, et vice-roi en la Nouvelle-France, à tous ceux qui ces présentes verront,

SALUT.

Savoir faisons à tous qu'il appartiendra que pour la bonne et entière confiance que nous avons de la personne du Sieur Samuel de Champlain, capitaine ordinaire pour le Roi en la marine, et de ses sens, suffisance, pratique et expérience en fait de la marine, et bonne diligence et connaissance qu'il a au dit pays pour les diverses navigations, voyages et fréquentations qu'il y a faits et en autres lieux circonvoisins d'icelui, icelui Sieur de Champlain, pour ces causes et en vertu du pouvoir à nous donné par Sa Majesté, avons commis, ordonné et député, commettons, ordonnons et députons par ces présentes notre lieutenant pour représenter notre personne au dit pays de la Nouvelle-France.

.....

A Paris, ce 30 avril 1620.

HENRI II, duc de MONTMORENCY.

This is received with respectful approval; but the enthusiasm only comes to a head again when Champlain makes his own speech.

ALLOCUTION DE CHAMPLAIN À LA FOULE

Mes amis, vous me reconnaissez encore après une aussi longue absence. (*Acclamations*). Je sais bien qu'elle fut brève, deux ans à peine, mais elle me semblait, à moi, une éternité. (*Accl.*) Enfin, je suis à vous, chez vous, chez moi, et pour toujours. (*Accl.*)

Cette commission du vice-roi me signifie l'ordre formel de retourner à Québec... M'y voici... (*Accl.*) de m'y établir définitivement, de m'y fortifier le mieux possible afin de mettre le pays à l'abri des invasions et des coups de main imprévus.

Je suis à ce point assuré du succès que j'ai dit pour toujours adieu à Brouage, au Saintonge, à la France ancienne. Je ne viens pas seulement commander ici pour un temps, mais y vivre comme vous et avec vous y mourir.

Me voici, à Québec, non seulement pour y continuer la fondation d'une ville, l'établissement définitif et permanent d'une colonie, mais pour y asseoir aussi, à demeure, mon foyer domestique. En garantie de ma parole—dont personne, Dieu merci, ne douta jamais et dont personne encore ne me demanda gages—en garantie de ma parole, j'amène avec moi la personne qui m'est la plus chère en ce monde, Madame de Champlain, (*acclamations*) qui consent à partager, que dis-je? qui me

demande à venir partager vos labeurs (*accl.*), à vivre dans la solitude les plus belles années de sa jeunesse. Quel réconfort elle apporte à mon courage, à mes espérances en l'avenir! Je n'avais jamais songé à une plus douce image du devoir et de la récompense mis en regard.

Ah! mes amis, si vous saviez comme je vous aime et combien les plus cruels sacrifices, consentis pour vous, m'ont paru faciles.

Cette France que je croyais avoir quittée pour toujours, je la retrouve ici, dans votre chère présence. J'ai rêvé d'une Nouvelle-France aussi belle, aussi grande que l'Ancienne. Aidez-moi à réaliser ce songe magnifique. Ce n'est pas un homme endormi qui vous parle, mais un esprit bien éveillé, une volonté bien résolue qui croit à l'avenir de Québec et du Canada français comme il croit en Dieu: de toute son âme et de toute sa conscience!

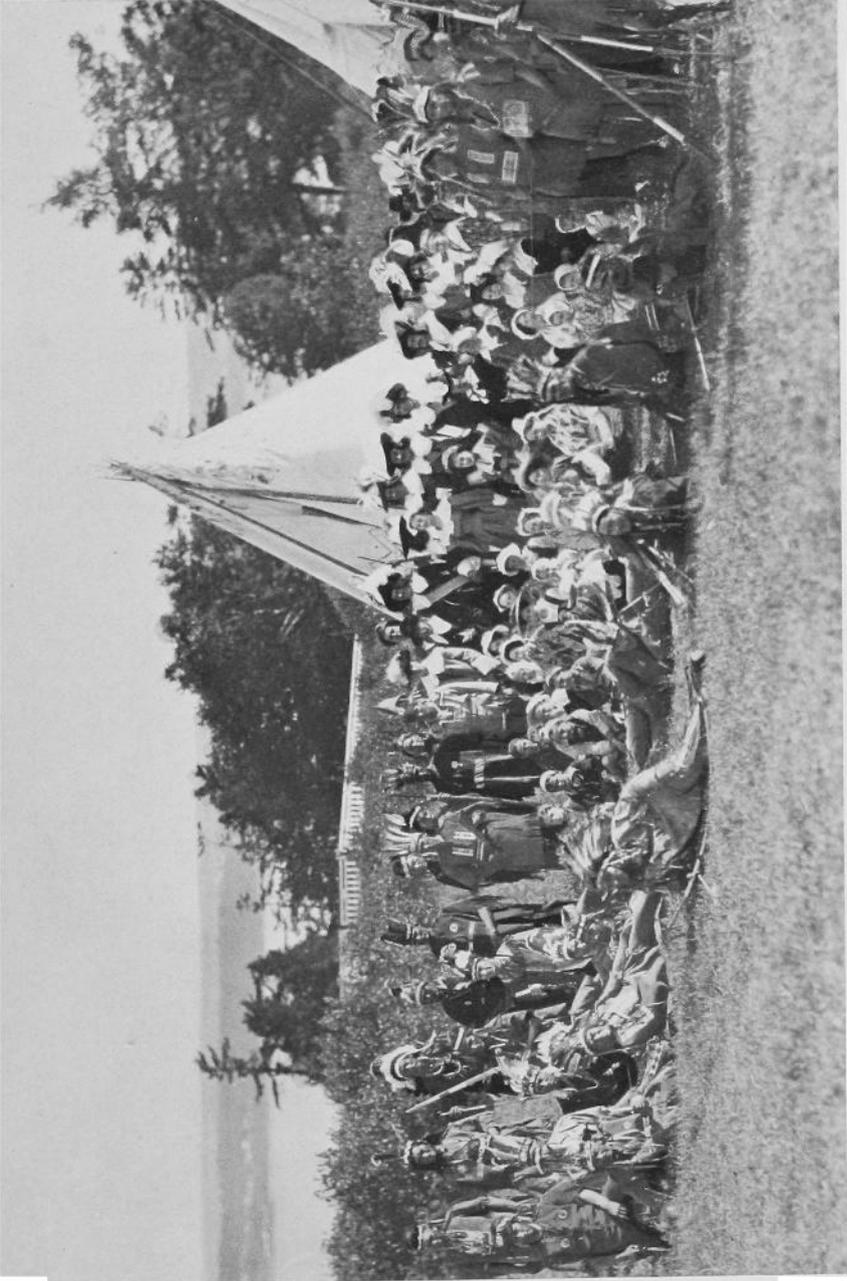
(*Acclamations*): Vive Champlain! Vive Québec!
Vive la France! Vive le Roi! Vive le Canada!

Then the Indian chief seats Champlain and his wife on robes of honour and, in a stentorian voice, proclaims that he receives them with the calumet of peace. This is a large pipe of which the Indians make frequent use. It is composed of stone, of either a red, black or whitish hue, polished like

marble. The body of the calumet is 8 inches and the head which contains the tobacco is 3 inches long. The handle, which is of wood, is 4 or 5 feet in length, and is perforated in the centre to afford a passage for the smoke. It is considered as an appendage of state, and regarded as the calumet of the sun, to whom it is presented to be smoked when calm weather, or rain, or sunshine is required. The calumet has the same influence among savages that a flag of truce has among civilized nations. The red plumage which decks it is a signal of the need of help. The white and grey mixed together, indicate peace and an offer of aid, not only to those to whom the calumet is presented but also to their allies. The ceremony of smoking is practised with much solemnity previous to the discussion or execution of any transaction of importance. Only the most considerable personages take a part in the calumet dance and it is regarded by them as a ceremony of religion practised only upon great occasions. Without the intervention of the dance no great public or private transaction of moment can take effect.

The Calumet Dance is begun by placing the *manitou*, or god, of the principal Chief on a mat of honour, with all the trophies of war piled up on the right of it. The Chief then begins to dance by posturing before the assembled tribe and inviting

The Indian Camp



another Chief to join him. This one comes furiously with club, bow and arrows; but is vanquished by the power of the calumet. Another and another Indian rushes forward; till all have joined in, when they become one whirling serpentine, shouting the praises of the calumet together:—

DANSE DU CALUMET

Con Spirito

The musical score consists of two staves of music in 2/4 time, marked 'Con Spirito'. The melody is simple and rhythmic, with lyrics written below the notes. The lyrics are: Hé - la, Hé - la, You - ken - non - oué. Hé - la, Hé - la, You - ken - non - oué. Hé - la, Hé - la, You - ken - non - oué. Hé - la, Hé - la, You - ken - non - oué.

The dance over, the Chiefs make a formal treaty of alliance with Champlain. A cask of good French wine is then broached and the people drink to the health of the King, the Admiral of France, and Captain Champlain. There are many grunts of satisfaction from the Indians, who are enjoying a splendid feast, and loud shouts from the French—Vive le Roi! Vive Champlain! Vive Québec! Finally, when the enthusiasm is at its climax, Champlain and his wife are lifted into an ox-cart, the only vehicle in Quebec, and carried off in triumph, to the strains of songs equally well known and loved, both then and now, in *La Nouvelle-France*.

A LA CLAIRE FONTAINE

A la clai-re fou-tai-ne M'en al-lant pro-me-ner, J'ai trou-vé l'eau si bel-le
 Que je m'y suis bai-gné. Il-ya long-temps que je t'ai-me, Jamais je ne t'ou-bli-erai.

J'ai trouvé l'eau si belle
 Que je m'y suis baigné ;
 Sous les feuilles d'un chêne
 Je me suis fait sécher.
 Il ya longtemps que je t'aime,
 Jamais je ne t'oublierai.

Sur la plus haute branche
 Le rossignol chantait ;
 Chante, rossignol, chante,
 Toi qui as le cœur gai !
 Il ya longtemps que je t'aime,
 Jamais je ne t'oublierai.

C'ETAIT UNE FREGATE

C'é-tait u-ne fré-ga-te, Mon jo-li cœur de ro-se, Dans la mer a tou-ché,
 Jo-li cœur d'un ro-sier Jo-li cœur d'un ro-sier Jo-li cœur d'un ro-sier.

C'était une frégate,
 Mon joli cœur de rose,
 Dans la mer a touché,
 Joli cœur d'un rosier. (ter.)

Dites-moi donc, la belle,
 Mon joli cœur de rose,
 Qu'a vous à tant pleurer ?
 Joli cœur d'un rosier. (ter.)

* * * *

Y'avait un' demoiselle,
 Mon joli cœur de rose,
 Su' l'bord d'la mer pleuré (rait),
 Joli cœur d'un rosier. (ter.)

Faut-il, pour une fille,
 Mon joli cœur de rose,
 Que mon fils soit noyé ! . . .
 Joli cœur d'un rosier. (ter.)

SCENE V.

ARRIVAL OF THE URSULINES AND
HOSPITALIERES

1639

La Mère Marie de l'Incarnation was the most famous nun who ever set foot in America. She was born in 1599, at Tours, in *ce doux pays de la Touraine* which Belleforest called *le jardin de France et le plaisir des Roys*. Saintliness ran in her family. It was her great-great-grandfather whom the dying Louis XI sent to Calabria to bring back St. François de Paule. Her parents were renowned for their piety. Her own favorite amusement as a child was "playing nun." Her visions attracted extraordinary interest in France; yet she was one of the most practical mystics that ever lived, a fact which stood her in good stead when establishing the Ursulines in Canada. In her fortieth year this *Ste. Thérèse de l'Amérique*, as Bossuet called her, started for Canada under the patronage of Anne of Austria and the Duchesse d'Aiguillon. There were ten persons devoted to the service of religion in the little company—three Ursulines, three Hospitalières, three Jesuits, and Madame de la Peltrie, a member of the *haute noblesse* of Normandy, who was giving herself and her fortune to further the Ursuline cause among the heathen.

The Ursulines played a great and noble part in the early history of Quebec. In the dark days between 1660 and 1663, when Indian invasion, a dire famine, and seven months of continual earthquake threatened the very existence of the Colony, and when all colonists were crying "Back to France!" Bishop Laval and Marie de l'Incarnation alone held out against the universal panic, and persuaded the people that Canada was at the beginning of a mighty future instead of at the end of a disastrous failure.

The Ursuline convent has a history worthy of such a foundress. It has been through four sieges, the American sieges of 1690 and 1775, the British siege of 1759, and the French siege of 1760; and it has always had its little garrison of nuns to safeguard its treasures at the risk of their lives, while their fellows went to help the Hospitalières to nurse the sick and wounded. The chapel is unique in having souvenirs of the Commanders-in-chief on both sides in one of the great decisive battles of the world. Montcalm lies buried there, just opposite to the pulpit from which the Anglican chaplain of the British flagship preached Wolfe's funeral sermon. The community itself is distinguished by the possession of the most direct human links with the Canadian past. Pierre Boucher, who was alive in the time of Champlain,

left a daughter, Geneviève, who became an Ursuline. The father was born in the lifetime of Shakespeare, and the daughter died in the lifetime of Wellington. Then, Mère St. Ignace, who saw Montcalm buried, was in the Convent, as a girl, with Geneviève, and, as an old woman, with a nun who died in 1911 at the age of ninety-four! The combined ages of these four interlocking human links amount to no less than three hundred and seventy-one years.

Every detail about the arrival of the Ursulines in 1639 was carefully recorded at the time, and exactly reproduced in the Pageant, with the able assistance and hearty goodwill of the present community. The Governor, the Sieur de Montmagny, receives them with all the honours at his disposal. The little Fort St. Louis fires a salute, and a company of infantry presents arms. All the inhabitants, some two hundred and fifty, are present to welcome them. The voyage has been long, nearly three months, and dangerous, for they were nearly captured by a hostile Spanish fleet in the Channel and wrecked by an iceberg in the Straits. But the good nuns forget everything else in their transports of joy at finding themselves on the new apostolic ground at last; and they prostrate themselves to kiss it and pray for its redemption. The little French children then come

forward and sing the old *noël*: *D'où viens-tu, bergère?*

Andante *p* *dolce*

D'où viens - tu ber-gè-re, D'où viens tu? Je viens de l'é - ta - ble,

rall.

De m'y pro-me - ner: J'ai vu un mi - ra - cle, Qui vient d'ar - ri - ver.

Then comes the turn of the little Hurons who have been brought up by the Jesuits. They sing the *noël* composed by Father Brébeuf, the heroic Norman martyr, whose herculean strength compelled him to suffer the extremity of anguish before dying under the tortures of the Iroquois.

Allegretto

Es - ten-nis-lon de tson-oué Je - sous a - ha-ton - nia, On - na-oua-té-oua d'o - ki n'on-

ouan-da-skoua-en - tak En - non-chienakouatri - ho - tat non-ouan-di-lon-re - cha tha.

f a tempo *ff* *crac.*

Je-sous a - ha-ton-nia, Je - sous a - ha-ton-nia, Je - sous a - ha-ton - nia!

SCENE VI.

DOLLARD'S CANADIAN THERMOPYLÆ

In 1660 Canada was apparently doomed. Only four years had passed since the Iroquois had swooped

down on their prey again, and nearly killed out the last palsied remnant of the Hurons at the Island of Orleans. The lines of war-canoes had glided snake-like down the St. Lawrence to their vindictive massacre, under the very guns of Quebec, while the crews screamed savage defiance at the bewildered Governor, who cowered behind the walls of Fort St. Louis. Now every threatening war-path is once more astir with painted Iroquois, wild for a final glut of blood. The rumour runs that their grand council has decreed the extermination of all the Christians in Canada, and that their whole assembled horde is coming hot-foot down the valley of the Ottawa. Night and day the shadow of death closes in from the vast encircling forest, darkening the terror of suspense. But as Canada turns despairingly at bay, her necessity brings forth a champion, the faithful Dollard. He and sixteen others in Montreal volunteer to go up the Ottawa and hold the Iroquois by a life-and-death defence, long enough to let the colony have some time for preparation. At the Long Sault, Dollard is joined by a hundred Christian Hurons under Anahotaha. The allies then take post in an old Algonquin fort, which, unfortunately, is too far from water.

All the Frenchmen are in the heyday of youth, when life is at its sweetest—Dollard himself is only

twenty-five; but they are raised to the heights of self-sacrifice by every exalting motive. They have sworn to take no quarter; have made their wills, confessed in full, and received the sacrament. And now, as they await the Iroquois, they and their Christian allies bivouac together. Prayers are offered up in French and Huron; and the evening hymn floats out on the summer breeze.

Scarcely have its last notes died away before there is a loud war-whoop, then a few shots, and the men on outpost come running back to say the Iroquois are massing for the assault. This first attack, however, is no real trial of strength, and the Iroquois then begin a parley to see if they can gain any advantage by stratagem. Seeing this is useless, they retire to hold a war dance, with blood curdling yells of "Ho—Hoh!" and crashing of clubs in anticipation of the coming massacre. Presently they make another rush, and are again repulsed. Then they come back for another parley; and by dint of the threats and persuasion of a few apostate Hurons they manage to seduce some of the allies, who leap over the stockade and join the Iroquois amid the execrations of the little garrison. The situation is now desperate; for while the garrison has been reduced, the enemy have been reinforced by five hundred new men in war paint whose resounding cries can be heard a mile

The Return of the Indians from the Long Sault

From a drawing by Geo. Reid



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away. Besides, the new comers are infuriated by the sight of the long procession of Iroquois dead, borne off the fatal field, shoulder high, to the chant of dirges moaning like the autumn wind. Those of the enemy who have survived the repulse are equally infuriated by the sight of the heads of their fellow braves, which the Hurons have stuck on the palisade.

In the thick of the final assault some Iroquois get in so close that they can chop at the foot of the stockade without being exposed to the fire from the loop-holes. Dollard then tries to dislodge them with a barrel of powder. But this scheme, unfortunately, miscarries. The barrel blows up inside the fort, kills and wounds several of the defenders, and leaves a breach wide open. The Iroquois at once swarm in from all sides, though even now, they cannot close with their steadfast opponents. Anahotaha, worthy comrade of Dollard, charges and kills five with his tomahawk. But, as he regains the ranks, he falls, mortally wounded, beside the burning palisade. "Lay my head on the fire," he implores with his dying breath, "the Iroquois must never get my scalp!" Dollard falls next. A last desperate scuffle, and all is over. The Iroquois are dumbfounded at the resistance they have met with and disheartened by their enormous losses. Their council breaks up after

deciding that a country defended by such heroes is too dangerous to attack. They slink back to their wigwams, while a contrite apostate Huron escapes to carry the tale of death and victory throughout the waiting settlements. Thus ends Canada's Thermopylæ.

SCENE VII.

LAVAL RECEIVES DE TRACY

1665

The advent of the age of Colbert was appropriately celebrated in the Pageant. Four companies of regulars, which had preceded de Tracy, have prepared the Indians and Colonists for the unheard-of magnificence of the new *régime*, under which Canada has become the Royal Province of New France. But the reality surpasses their expectation. The day the Lieutenant-General of the King is to land the whole of Quebec comes out to meet him. The garrison marches down, headed by the Royal colours, on which they had shed new lustre in the recent campaign against the Turks in Hungary. De Tracy's landing is the signal for a salute from the whole battery and the ringing of all the church bells. Then the new Sovereign Council presents an address of welcome to

this first direct representative of the King himself. Everyone feels that a ray of glory from the great *Roi Soleil* is shining on Quebec. De Tracy's reply leaves no doubt that he has come to make the arms of Louis XIV as greatly feared in Canada as they are in Europe:

“Je suis, en effet, comme vous le dites, le Justicier attendu et promis: un justicier qui ne vient pas seulement demander compte aux Iroquois de tout le sang français qu'ils ont versé depuis Brébeuf jusqu'à Dollard, mais un vengeur qui va les frapper d'un châtement tel que le souvenir en suffira pour terroriser tous les Peaux-Rouges de l'Amérique.”

Then the twelve Chiefs of the Huron allies come forward, lay their bows and arrows at his feet, and address him as the “Great Ononthio,” a name always applied by the Indians to the French Governors, and taken from a native paraphrase of the name of the first Governor, Montmagny, “the great mountain.” The address is full of Indian imagery, and is translated, clause by clause, to de Tracy:—

Grand Ononthio,

Tu vois à tes pieds les débris d'une grande terre et les restes pitoyables d'un monde entier, autrefois peuplé d'une infinité d'habitants. Ce ne sont main-

tenant que des cadavres qui te parlent, à qui l'Iroquois n'a laissé que les os, après en avoir dévoré la chair, grillée sur des charbons. Il ne nous restait plus qu'un petit filet de vie, et nos membres, dont la plupart ont passé par les chaudières bouillantes de l'ennemi, n'avaient plus de vigueur, quand, avec bien de la peine, ayant levé les yeux, nous avons aperçu sur la rivière les vaisseaux qui te portaient, et, avec toi, tant de soldats qui nous sont envoyés par ton grand Ononthio et le nôtre.

Ce fut alors que le Soleil nous parut éclater de ses plus beaux rayons et éclairer notre ancienne terre qui, depuis tant d'années, était devenue couverte de nuages et de ténèbres; alors que nos lacs et nos rivières parurent calmes, sans tempêtes ni brisants. Pour te dire le vrai, il me sembla entendre une voix sortie de ton navire et qui nous disait, d'aussi loin que nous pouvions te découvrir :

“Courage, peuple désolé, tes os vont être reliés de nerfs et de muscles, ta chair va renaître, tes forces vont t'être rendues, tu vas vivre comme autrefois.”

Tout d'abord, je me défiais de cette voix que je croyais être celle d'un doux songe flattant nos misères; mais le bruit de tant de tambours et l'arrivée de tant de soldats m'ont éveillé.

Après tout, bien que je te voie de mes yeux et que j'embrasse tes pieds, la joie que tu m'apportes

Mgr. Laval receiving the Marquis de Tracy

From the painting by Frank Craig



est si inattendue que j'aurais peur encore d'être trompé par un beau rêve, si je ne me sentais déjà tout réconforté par ta seule présence.

Je te vois, ô généreux Ononthio, je t'entends, je te parle! Sois le bienvenu, et reçois ce petit présent (*une peau d'orignal façonnée et peinte à la mode indienne, que le chef dépose aux pieds de M. de Tracy*) du crû de notre terre, pour marque de la joie que nous ressentons de ton heureuse arrivée, et de l'hommage que nous rendons au plus grand de tous les Ononthios de la terre, qui a eu compassion de nos misères et t'envoie pour nous en délivrer.

De Tracy then replied:

Mes enfants,

Les sentiments de votre cœur et les pensées de votre esprit ne parlent pas huron, car je vous comprends sans interprète. Vous n'avez de sauvagement que les traits du visage, ceux de votre âme sont bien français.

Ne vous étonnez pas d'être guéris et de croire que votre agonie n'était qu'un rêve. Celui qui a fait marcher le Paralytique ressuscitait encore les morts. Vous étiez bien malades, vous ne l'êtes plus, et la santé vous reviendra si vite que vous courrez demain avec moi sur les sentiers de la guerre.

Soyez reconnaissants au vrai Dieu de ce miracle. Ecoutez les Robes Noires qui vous parlent en son Nom, comme moi, je vous commande en celui du Grand Ononchio des Français. (*Congédiant les Sauvages du geste*): J'ai dit.

Then came a scene which effectively showed the continuity of the Catholic Church. Every other participant in this and all the other scenes was obliged to put on what we absurdly call a "fancy dress," when we mean an historical costume. But Bishop Laval and his suite, as well as the Ursulines and Jesuits, were under no such necessity. The present hierarchy took the keenest pleasure in ensuring a worthy representation of the religious scenes, in which many priests took the parts of their spiritual forefathers. Thanks to the dignity of the actors, everything was carried out amid an atmosphere of respect that speaks highly for the vast throngs who were looking on—it was almost as if the modern audience became the historic one that actually stood by to see the sword of France receive the welcome of her cross.

A point in de Tracy's reply should be specially mentioned. He addresses Laval as "Monsieur de Laval," which seems very flat and undignified to modern ears. But it must be remembered that *Monsieur* was a higher title of honour in those days than *Monseigneur*. *Monsieur* was then taken, in

its proper sense, as *mon Sieur*. *Sire* is greater than *Lord*. The King's brother was called *Monsieur*; and bishops were generally called *Monsieur de Meaux*, *Monsieur de Nîmes*, etc., after the name of their diocese. In 1674 Frontenac addressed Laval as *Monsieur de Québec*.

MGR. DE LAVAL À TRACY.

Monseigneur,

L'Eglise du Canada, par la bouche de son premier pasteur, vous souhaite aujourd'hui la bienvenue. Jamais présence du lieutenant de Sa Majesté Très Chrétienne, ne fut plus ardemment désirée, ni son arrivée plus impatiemment attendue. Jamais aussi nécessité ne fut plus grande du secours des armes françaises. En même temps qu'elle protégeront les sujets du Roi, elles ouvriront un chemin nouveau à l'Évangile au pays même des Iroquois.

Nous rendons grâces à Dieu qu'il ait inspiré à notre grand monarque de choisir pour cette guerre, dont il vous laisse la conduite, des troupes vieilles dans la gloire de cent batailles. Si elles retrouvent au Canada la neige des Alpes, elles y cueilleront aussi les lauriers d'Allemagne, car la victoire ne peut manquer, ici comme là-bas, de suivre leurs drapeaux.

Il y a tantôt quarante ans que nous soupçons après l'heure de la délivrance. Elle sonne enfin. Notre barbarie va se changer en royaume, nos forêts en villes, et nos déserts en provinces. Entrons remercier Dieu, dans son sanctuaire, pour tant de bienfaits, et bénissons qui nous les apporte.

RÉPONSE DE TRACY À MGR. DE LAVAL.

Monsieur de Laval,

Il serait bien étonnant que sous le règne d'un monarque aussi puissant que le nôtre, et sous la faveur et la conduite d'un évêque aussi zélé que vous, on ne vît point naître, prospérer et grandir la nouvelle Eglise du Canada, et, suivant la belle comparaison du Psalmiste, cette Jeune Vigne couvrir les montagnes de son ombre, étendre ses pampres jusqu'à la mer et pousser des ceps jusqu'aux rives de l'Euphrate.

Que les soldats du Christ se joignent à ceux du Roi pour combattre ensemble et la fureur et l'infidélité de l'Iroquois: les premiers par la prédication de la Foi, les seconds par la terreur des armes françaises. Ainsi nous aurons fait deux fois leur conquête et deux fois assuré le maintien de la paix.

Then the ceremonial procession is formed. Laval leads de Tracy to the Cathedral through lines of

men-at-arms. De Tracy is followed by a retinue of gorgeously dressed nobles—the Canadian campaigns had suddenly become the fashion at Court. These are followed by the whole regiment of Carignan-Salières, a splendid array of disciplined force, with bands playing and colours flying.

MARCHE TRIOMPHALE DE TURENNE



Sailors from the men-of-war mingle with the citizens, who find Tracy's household—his four pages and his five and twenty private guards who precede him, and his six lackeys and many staff officers who follow him—a continual subject of interest. This is especially the case with those citizens who have been born and brought up in the simple little colony. As for the Indians, they are lost in wonder at the resources of the Great Paleface Chief who can keep up his state at home after sending all this splendour across the seas! As the procession enters the Cathedral it is welcomed by the strains of the organ, played by Jolliet, the great explorer. Tracy is conducted to the

chancel, where a special *prie-Dieu* has been prepared for him. But he declines this honour, and kneels on the floor, like the humblest worshipper present. Then a solemn *Te Deum* is sung:—

TE DEUM



After this service of thanksgiving the procession is re-formed, and the people gaze their fill at it again. Its *personnel* had a greater interest for their country than they thought at the time; as some of the officers and many of the men settled down in Canada, married, and left descendants who flourish there to the present day. A good many performers in this scene were among these very descendants.

The splendid ceremonial and the happy inauguration of the new *régime* put the crowd in high good humour; and they disperse joyously, singing a soldier song known round the world:—

UN JOUR L'ENVI' M'A PRIS DE DESERTER DE
FRANCE

SCENE VIII.

FRONTENAC REPULSE PHIPS

1690

Frontenac was the greatest of all the Governors. Eagle-eyed and lion-hearted, he was loved, feared and famous over the whole of French and British America. He was now seventy; but active and capable as ever. Only a year before he had struck at New England one of the first blows given in that Great Imperial War which was to last for a hundred and twenty-seven years, to culminate in the conquest of Canada, and to end at Trafalgar and Waterloo. This blow aroused New England, where Peter Schuyler formulated the "Glorious Enterprize" of conquering New France, a scheme partially and abortively tried by the Americans under Phips, and only consummated by the lieutenants of Pitt—Saunders and Wolfe—seventy years later.

There were ominous signs and rumours that New England was preparing to strike back. But the summer passed peacefully at Quebec; and there was a good deal of gaiety in the brilliant little capital. It is now October; and the people are making the most of the last warm days. The market place is bustling with life; and, as business

closes, a gang of young men march through the streets singing:—

EN ROULANT MA BOULE

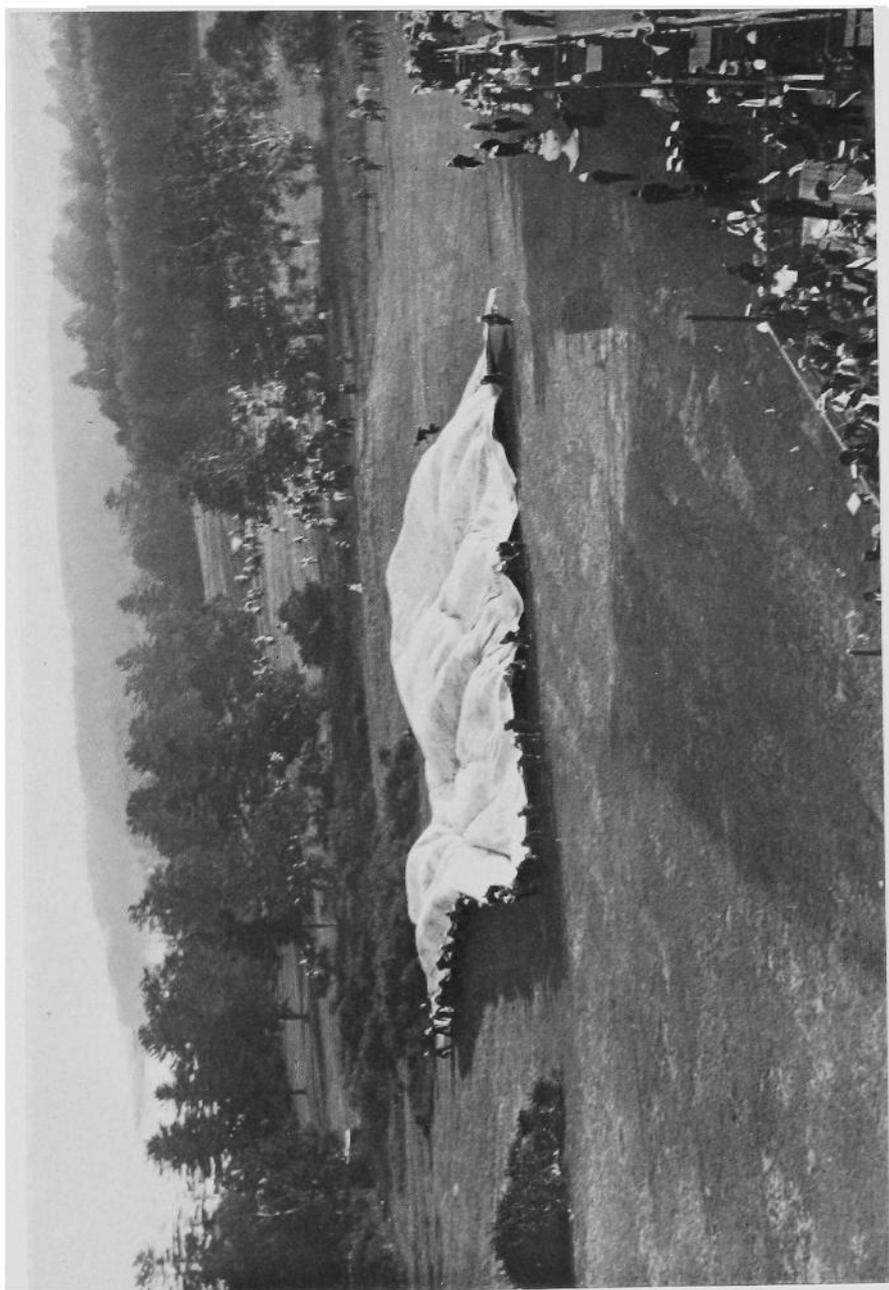
En roulant ma boule roulant, En roulant ma bou - le. Der-rièr'chez nous, ya-t-un é-tang.
En roulant ma bou - le. Trois beaux canards s'en vont baignant, rou-li-rou-lant, ma bou-le roulant.

Twilight begins to fall, and a lover's voice is heard singing his determination to follow his mistress through all her changes. If she should turn into an eel, he will become the pond; and, no matter what else she becomes, he will always change himself into something which will keep him by her side:—

SI TU TE METS ANGUILE

Par der-rièr' chez ma tante Il lui ya-t-un é-tang. Par der-rièr'
chez ma tante Il lui ya-t-un é-tang Je me met-trai an-guille, Anguil-le
dans l'é-tang. Je me met-trai an-guille, Anguil-le dans l'é-tang.

British Sailors Spreading the Carpet for the Pageants



As the darkness deepens, a mother puts her baby to sleep with a lullaby still universally sung in Canada:

C'EST LA POULETTE GRISE

C'est la pou - let - te gri - se Qui pond dans l'a - glè - se., Ell' va pondre
 un beau p'tit co - co. Pour son p'tit qui va fair' do - di - che, Ell' va pondre
 un beau p'tit co - co. Pour son p'tit qui va fair' do - do, Do - di - che, do - do.

Another, who hails from La Bresse, sings one of the soothing *som-soms* of that part of France:—

Som - som, be - ni, be - ni, be - ni, Som - som, be - ni, be - ni,
 donc. Lou som - som bou pas be - ni, L'en - fon - tou bou pas dur -
 ni. Som - som, be - ni, be - ni, be - ni, Som - som, be - ni o l'en - font.

But, in the twinkling of an eye, the whole aspect of the scene is utterly changed. Bad news has come from down the river, where Phips and his New-England armada have arrived within twenty leagues of Quebec. Worse still, if the contrary wind should veer round in their favour, the Amer-

icans may sail up in time to take the capital by a *coup de main* before Frontenac can return from Montreal. Phips is anticipating an easy victory, as he has learnt from a prisoner that the fortifications of Quebec are very weak and that the best of the garrison are away. But Frontenac is hurrying down with all possible speed, by a series of magnificent forced marches. Yet the race for the possession of Canada is desperately close; and there is almost a panic when M. de Vaudreuil—whose son surrendered Canada to Amherst just seventy years later—rushes into Quebec before daylight on the 16th to say that thirty-four sail of the enemy's fleet are within three leagues of the City. Meanwhile, however, the great Governor has arrived, ahead of his army. It is now eighteen years since he first came out to Canada, where his stern face and warlike figure are known and admired by every man, woman and child in the Colony. His presence at once restores confidence; every man in the place flies to arms; and when the drums and fifes of the Carignan-Sallières are heard, the enthusiasm knows no bounds.

There was equal confidence, if less enthusiasm, on board the New-England flagship, the *Six Friends*, where the Rev. John Wise, "minister of God's word at Chebacco" and principal chaplain of the expedition, was making this entry in his jour-

nal:—"The summons was read, duly considered, and ordered to be sent to Count Frontiniak, or the chief in authority at Quebeck, by the hand of Capt. Lieut. Thomas Savage."

Frontenac, excellently acted by M. Horace d'Artois, now steps to the front and addresses the citizens. Among them the most conspicuous personage is Laval's successor, Bishop Saint-Vallier, who, some time later, spent several years as a prisoner of war in the Tower of London:—

Les Anglais arrivent, dites-vous? La belle nouvelle! Ils sont à Tadoussac depuis trois semaines! et vous le savez tous comme moi. Ils nous sauvent l'ennui de courir à eux: ils viennent à nous, comme l'ours au piège! Et sera pris qui voulait prendre! Croyez-m'en!

Tous nos remparts ont des canons, tous nos jeunes gens ont des fusils! l'assaut est impossible! Toutes les troupes et les milices de la colonie seront à Québec demain, aussi vrai que je suis avec vous aujourd'hui, mes enfants. (*Acclamations*).

Vous le reconnaissez encore, n'est-ce pas, votre vieux Frontenac? (*Acclamations, bravos*). Je suis toujours, malgré mes soixante et dix ans, le Frontenac des anciens jours, l'homme que vous avez connu à Saint-Gothard, vétérans de Carignan-Sallières, (*acclamations*) le soldat de Candie et d'Orbitello. (*Tonnerre d'applaudissements*).

Aujourd'hui même, Monsieur de Callières arrivera de Montréal avec huit cents hommes. (*On entend à distance jouer des fifres et battre des tambours*). Que dis-je, aujourd'hui? les voici, à l'instant: je reconnais leurs fifres et leurs tambours! (*Cris de la foule en délire*).

(*On entend chanter dans le lointain: "Sir Phips s'en va-t-en guerre." Ce sont les miliciens qui amènent le parlementaire de Phips à Frontenac. Le parlementaire a les yeux bandés.*)

The air of *Malbrouck* is a great deal older than the words usually associated with it. It was old enough to have been sung with the *Convoi du duc de Guise* in 1563. The English-speaking peoples have taken the satirical sting out of it by using it on convivial occasions with the words of *For he's a jolly good fellow*.

"SIR PHIPS" S'EN VA-T-EN GUERRE

Sur l'air de *Malbrouck s'en va-t-en guerre*



Sir Phips s'en va-t-en guerre,
Miron-ton, miron-ton, miron-taine,
Sir Phips s'en va-t-en guerre
Contre le Canada.

Il ne se doute guère
De ce qui l'attend là.

Mais croit descendre à terre
Sitôt qu'il sommera!

Venez, beau militaire,
Québec vous recevra!

Et mettra pour vous plaire
Ses habits de gala!

Mais à quoi bon tant faire
Rien ne l'éblouira.

Car ce parlementaire
Regarde et ne voit pas!

Quelle étrange visièrè
Lui fait ce bandeau-là!

Gentil parlementaire
Appuyez sur mon bras.

Car vous pourriez bien faire
Deux ou trois mauvais pas.

En grim-pant jus-qu'à l'aire
De l'aigle qui est là.
(Mon-trant le Châ-teau Saint-Louis.

Quand tu verras, corsaire,
A qui tu parleras,

Ça te donnera l'erre
De redescendre en bas!

The *parlementaire*, Captain Savage, is astounded to find himself in the midst of a strong and well-appointed garrison, which the New Englanders had thought it impossible for Frontenac to collect in time to oppose them. But he is a brave man, with plenty of Yankee shrewdness, and he looks round him with an air of complete assurance:—

Le Parlementaire.—May I speak to Count Frontenac. . .

Frontenac (*l'interrompant*).—C'est moi, Monsieur!

Le Parlementaire (*poursuivant*).—lieutenant-general and governor for the French King at Canada. . .

Frontenac (*l'interrompant*).—C'est moi, Monsieur!

Le Parlementaire (*poursuivant*).—Or, in his absence, to his deputy or him or them in chief command at Quebec?

Frontenac.—C'est moi, Monsieur!

Valrennes (*au parlementaire*).—Nommez - vous d'abord.

Le Parlementaire.—What?

Bienville.—Your name, Sir?

Le Parlementaire.—Captain-Lieutenant Thomas Savage.

Bienville.—In what capacity?

Le Parlementaire.—As bearer of a summons from Sir William Phips, Knight, General and Commander in and over their Majesties' forces of New-England, by sea and land, to Count Frontenac.

Frontenac.—Très bien, Monsieur. Lisez, je vous écoute.

Le Parlementaire.—The war between the two crowns of England and France doth not only sufficiently warrant, but the destruction made by the French and Indians, under your command and encouragement, upon the persons and estates of their Majesties' subjects of New England, without provocation on their part, hath put them to the necessity of this expedition for their own security and satisfaction.

Frontenac (*interrompant*).—Je n'ai jamais été familier avec l'Anglais, aussi, M. de Bienville, vous seriez fort aimable de me traduire ce document.

Bienville (*au parlementaire*).—That paper, please.

Bienville then translates the summons, which contains so many accusations against the French for barbarity that it naturally excites the indignation of the crowd. The concluding words are:—

Votre réponse positive, dans une heure, par votre trompette, avec le retour du mien, est ce que je vous demande sur le péril qui pourra s'en suivre.

(Signé) GUILLAUME PHIPS.

(*Clameurs immenses! Toute l'assistance indignée fait mine de se ruer sur le parlementaire. Seuls, Frontenac et Savage demeurent impassibles.—Après un temps. . . .*)

Le Parlementaire (*tirant sa montre et la mettant insolemment sous les yeux de Frontenac*).—It is ten o'clock, Sir, and by eleven I must have an answer!

(*Tumulte indescriptible: cris, gestes de menace, les officiers tirent l'épée du fourreau*).

Valrennes (*furieux*). A la potence, bandit! A la potence! Traitons cet insolent comme l'envoyé d'un corsaire. Phips, son digne maître, n'a-t-il pas

violé la capitulation de Port-Royal? retenu Menneval prisonnier, et contre sa parole et contre le droit des gens? Retour de politesse, alors. (*Criant à quelqu'un perdu dans la foule*): *Rattier!* Rattier! Sus à la vermine! Apporte ton échelle et tes cordes!*

Le Parlementaire.—En vérité, monsieur, vous en causez à votre aise du droit des gens! et l'appliquez à merveille! Pendre un parlementaire! Le procédé serait bien français! Seulement, rappelez-vous ce qu'il vous en a coûté, l'an dernier, d'avoir envoyé aux galères les ambassadeurs iroquois! Auriez-vous oublié déjà le massacre de La Chine? Franchement, le bourreau n'a pas besoin de paraître ici: le premier venu d'entre vous me fera bien mon nœud de cravate! (*A Valrennes*): *Monsieur du Chanvre, je suis à vos ordres!*

Frontenac.—Monsieur parle français? et bon français! l'aimable surprise! J'en suis ravi! Vous savez encore mieux notre histoire que notre langue. Bravo! Votre geste est charmant: il me rappelle le Grand Condé, le seul, à ma connaissance, qui ait jamais pris une ville avec une montre! Seulement, mon cher, laissez-moi vous dire que vous n'êtes pas de force à renouveler ici ce tour d'adresse. Votre montre n'est pas à répétition, (*rires ironiques*), l'a-

* The executioner of Quebec in 1690 was called Jean Rattier.

necdote non plus, mais elle se raconte agréablement tout de même.

C'était en 1652, et nous étions en révolte ouverte contre la tyrannie de Mazarin. Mademoiselle de Montpensier avait envoyé l'ordre à la petite ville de Montargis d'ouvrir ses portes à l'armée du Prince de Condé. Le commandant de Montargis se nommait Mondreville. Il refusa d'obéir. Alors Monsieur le Prince tirant sa montre—comme vous, milord—envoya dire au sieur de Mondreville que si, dans une heure—toujours comme vous, milord—Montargis n'ouvrait pas ses portes, il les enfoncerait tout simplement et que, tout simplement aussi, ses habitants, du premier au dernier, seraient pendus.

Dix minutes plus tard Mondreville offrait au Prince de Condé un verre de vin pour le rafraîchir et Montargis le priait de lui faire l'honneur de coucher chez elle!

Frontenac continues in a tone of easy but sarcastic badinage, and winds up by asking Savage if he has ever read the private memoirs of Mademoiselle de Montpensier.

Le Parlementaire (*froidement*).—L'heure n'est pas aux confidences, ni aux anecdotes, Monsieur le Gouverneur, mais au péril de votre réponse que je veux positive, dans une heure!

Frontenac.—Ma réponse positive? la voici :

Dites à votre général que je ne connais point le roi Guillaume et que le prince d'Orange est un usurpateur qui a violé les droits les plus sacrés du sang en voulant détrôner son beau-père; que je ne sais, en Angleterre, d'autre souverain que le roi Jacques; que votre général n'a point dû être surpris des hostilités qu'il dit avoir été faites par les Français dans la colonie du Massachusetts, puisqu'il a dû s'attendre que le Roi, mon maître, ayant reçu sous sa protection le roi d'Angleterre, étant près de le replacer sur son trône par la force de ses armes, comme j'en ai nouvelles, m'ordonnerait de porter la guerre en ces contrées, chez les peuples qui se seraient révoltés contre leur prince légitime.

Vous avez entendu, Monsieur le parlementaire, les murmures d'indignation soulevés autour de moi par votre arrogante sommation. Eh bien! sachez que ce sentiment est commun à tous nos gentilshommes et à tous nos paysans, aux premiers comme aux derniers d'entre eux!

(Applaudissements, acclamations, bravos).

Le Parlementaire.—Monsieur le Gouverneur voudra bien me donner cette réponse par écrit.

Frontenac.—Et que faites-vous de ma parole? Par écrit? Non, jamais! (*éclatant*): “Je vais répondre à votre maître par la bouche de mes ca-

nons!" (*A Valrennes*): M. de Valrennes, ramenez le parlementaire à son canot. (*Aux officiers*): Courons, messieurs, à l'ennemi!—*Vive le Roi!*

(*Clameur immense de: Vive le Roi! Le Parlementaire est reconduit à sa chaloupe sur l'air de: Va, va, va, p'tit bonnet, grand bonnet*).

Voix seule, solo la reprise en chœur

Va, va, va, p'tit bon-net, grand bonnet, Va, va, va, p'tit bon-net tout rond.

Mon pere a fait bû-tir mai-son, Va, va, va, p'tit bon-net tout rond.

L'a fait bâ-tir à trois pignons, p'tit bon-net, grandbon-net, p'tit bon-net tout rond.

Messieurs les Anglais de Boston,
Va, va, va, p'tit bonnet tout rond,
Se sont fâchés pour tout de bon,
P'tit bonnet, grand bonnet, p'tit bonnet tout rond.

Et va, va, va, p'tit bonnet, grand bonnet,
Et va, va, va, p'tit bonnet tout rond.

L'amiral Phips, quel fanfaron!
Croit que nous capitulerons
Dans une heure! Oh! c'est un peu prompt!
Frontenac bondit sous l'affront.
Ce gouverneur n'est pas poltron,
En goguenardant il répond
Au Colin-Maillard d'entre-pont:

“—Si t’as du toupet ! j’ai du front !
Remets ta montre en ton giron,
Tu n’es pas Condé, mon mignon.
Il est dangereux, nom de nom !
De me commander sur ce ton,
Car je monte au diapason
De qui me parle en rodomont.
Mes compliments à ton patron,
Tu lui diras que je réponds,
Par la bouche de mes canons !”

Then, exactly as happened in reality, a battery, with red-and-blue-painted gun-carriages, is run across by hand to open fire in answer to Phips' cannonade. The regiment of Carignan-Salières, looking fit for anything, marches off to repel a landing party; while Frontenac, vigorous, alert, yet perfectly calm, directs the defence from his central position and visibly dominates this splendid scene. A terrific salvo from all the guns of the fleet leads the people to expect another assault; but it turns out to be the parting shots designed to cover the American retreat. Immediately the church bells ring out for joy; and the climax is reached when the troops march on to the scene, bearing aloft the Admiral's flag, which has been shot away from the mast-head by the French, and abandoned by their defeated enemy.

THE FINAL SCENE
REVIEW OF THE HISTORIC ARMIES
OF
1759, 1760, 1775, 1812

The parting shots of Phips and Frontenac have died away. The stage is once more empty; and all is silence. But it is the silence of eager expectation and suspense. The culminating moment has at last arrived for a sight such as no man has ever seen before, since history began, and such as no man, perhaps, may ever see again. Nothing is visible beyond the stage; but everyone in the vast auditorium knows and feels that the French and British armies of the two Battles of the Plains, and the united French- and English-speaking armies that saved Canada from two American invasions, are waiting on the slope between the edge of the stage and the edge of the cliff, for the bilingual words of command which will set them marching on to the actual scene of their immortal deeds, into the actual presence of their great leaders' living next-of-kin, and of a future King-Emperor George, the heir of the two Sovereigns in whose common name Canada was made and kept a British land.

Every detail of this crowning glory of the Quebec Tercentenary was so charged with significance

that we might well pause for a moment to look at the main elements which went to the making of the whole wonderful scene. These were of course:—the Armies, the Audience, and the Stage, with its Human and Natural surroundings.

THE FRENCH ARMY IN 1759 AND 1760.

THE FRENCH REGULARS FROM FRANCE: the regiments of *Royal Roussillon*, *La Sarre*, *Languedoc*, *Béarn*, *Guienne*, *Berry*, *La Reine*. Under the old régime each French regiment bore the name of the prince or nobleman who practically owned it, or of the Province from which it was recruited.

The *Royal Roussillon* fought with great valour in the first Battle of the Plains, losing a third of its men and two-thirds of its officers. In the second battle it had a duel with the Irish of the 35th, and was foremost in the charge which won the day. *La Sarre* had seen a great deal of arduous American service already and had greatly distinguished itself at Ticonderoga in 1758, when Montcalm beat Abercrombie, though outnumbered four to one. *Languedoc* suffered the loss of four companies, who were captured at sea on their way out in 1755. The drafts sent to complete the establishment were a very poor lot, and the regiment became the worst disciplined in Canada. There were twenty serious courts-martial in the year preceding the first Battle

of the Plains, besides innumerable minor offences. It must have been because he was doubtful of their discipline that Montcalm kept them in quarter column for his attack and personally led them into action. *Béarn* was one of the oldest and most distinguished corps in the whole French army and dated back to the 16th century. It had landed in Quebec in June, 1755, with *Guienne* and four companies of *Languedoc*, and, like them, had been on active service ever since. Its colonel was the steadfast Dalquier, who crowned his Canadian career by his splendid leadership in the second Battle of the Plains. The regiment of *Guienne*, sent by Montcalm to guard the Heights a week before the battle, and actually ordered to watch Wolfe's Cove the day before, was counter-ordered by the Governor, Vaudreuil, on each occasion. *Berry* was the only regiment with two battalions in Canada. *La Reine* was with Bougainville during the Battle of the Plains.

The Canadian Regulars were officially part of the *troupes de la marine*. They were not Marines in the British sense at all, and had no connection with the Navy; but were under the Home Government administration of the Department of Marine. They were mostly recruited in Canada, and took the colonial side against the French regulars whenever there was any friction.

The Canadian Militia was composed of every

able-bodied man in the country. Captains of militia were men of great local importance and represented the State on most local occasions. As raiders and skirmishers the *Milice* excelled. They had three essentials of all armies—the ability to march, to shoot and to “rough it.” They endured great hardships in the French cause, made a most gallant stand to cover the retreat after the first battle, and did some dashing work at the second.

The Indians were uncertain allies and tried the patience of Montcalm to the last degree. They can hardly be blamed for espousing the cause of whichever side seemed the less objectionable to them, for the time being, as all the whites persistently drove them from their haunts, and changed the whole face of their country in a way abhorrent to their every feeling.

The French Navy.—The French seamen did duty on shore as gun crews at Quebec. During the siege their vessels were anchored far up the River. The only real encounter between the French and British in the St. Lawrence was when Vauquelin tried to head off the British vanguard in 1760. This gallant officer fought his ship bravely, and *l'Atalante* at Pointe-aux-Trembles will always be a name to conjure with.

Montcalm had the same number of men on the

actual field of battle as Wolfe, 5,000. In 1760 Lévis had more than three times Murray's 3,000.

THE BRITISH FLEET AND ARMY IN 1759 AND 1760.

Wolfe himself was represented by one of his next-of-kin, Lieutenant Passy, of the Royal Canadian Engineers, who, curiously enough, is of French blood on his father's side.

Wolfe's army was composed of:—

1. The 15th, then known as "Amherst's Regiment," and now as the East Yorkshires. To the present day its uniform is distinguished by the line of black mourning braid originally adopted in memory of Wolfe.

2. The 28th, then "Bragg's," now 1st Gloucesters. Wolfe took post on the right of this regiment, which, years after, in Egypt, won the unique distinction of wearing two badges on its headdress ("brass before and brass behind") to commemorate the steadiness with which its ranks stood back-to-back, in repulsing simultaneous French charges from front and rear.

3. The 35th, "Otway's," now 1st Royal Sussex, had been many years in Ireland and was Irish almost to a man.

4. The 43rd, "Kennedy's," now 1st Oxfordshire Light Infantry, of high Peninsular fame, received its baptism of fire at Quebec.

5. The 47th, "Lascelles'," now 1st Loyal North Lancashire. Colonel Hale carried the dispatches to the King, who afterwards commissioned him to raise the 17th Lancers, which adopted and still bears its famous badge and motto—a death's head "or glory"—in memory of Wolfe.

6. The 48th, "Webb's," now 1st Northamptonshires, was present at Braddock's defeat on the Monongahela in 1755, when Washington fought as a British officer.

7. The 58th, "Anstruther's," now 2nd Northamptonshires, was raised only in 1755, and first saw service at Louisburg.

8. The 2nd, "Monckton's," and 3rd, "Lawrence's," battalions of the "Royal Americans," subsequently known as the 60th Rifles, and now officially as "The King's Royal Rifle Corps." The "Royal Americans" were raised in 1755 in what are now the United States. The backwoodsmen's green jackets in which the men enlisted are said to have been the origin of the famous "Rifle Green" which now forms the uniform of every Rifle Regiment in the British Service, Canada included. But from 1755 to 1765 the "Royal Americans" wore red.

9. The 78th, "Fraser's," now 2nd Seaforth Highlanders, was raised in 1757, within a week, 1,200 strong, by Simon Fraser, son of the Lord Lovat who was beheaded in 1747 for his share of the '45. Many officers and men of this regiment, as already stated, took grants of land in Canada, intermarried with the French-Canadians, and have thousands of French-speaking descendants there at the present day. It is interesting to note that Clan Fraser, like the French-Canadians, was originally of Norman blood.

10. The famous "Louisburg Grenadiers" was a special-service three-company battalion, formed from the Grenadier companies of five regiments which had not been ordered to Quebec.

NOTE.—Every regiment in those days, and till a time well within living memory, had its own Grenadier and Light Infantry companies. In Wolfe's Battle of the Plains the Grenadiers remained with their own battalions; but the Light Infantry companies were formed into a special Light Infantry battalion under Colonel Howe.

11. The Royal Artillery, under the most distinguished artilleryman of the day, Colonel Williamson, did excellent service. In both the French and British armies at Quebec the sailors helped to man the batteries, and the single six-pounder which Wolfe had on the field of battle was hauled

up the hill and into action by a party of blue-jackets.

12. The Fleet, it must be remembered, was a much greater force than Wolfe's little army. It was a quarter of the whole strength of the Navy. There were 49 men-of-war, with 13,750 men, and the transports and auxiliary vessels of all kinds numbered over 200. Including the crews of the transports, there were at least twice as many seamen as soldiers engaged in the Siege of Quebec in 1759.

Admiral Saunders was one of the stars of the service, even in those great days. He had been First Lieutenant of the *Centurion* on Anson's celebrated voyage round the world; he was second in command of the "cargo of courage" sent to the Mediterranean after Byng's failure off Minorca; and he closed his career as one of the best First Lords whom the Admiralty had ever known. Durell and Holmes were second and third in command under him. Holmes was the admiral who managed the naval part of Wolfe's final attack. Many subordinate officers subsequently rose to high distinction. Captain "Jacky" Jervis, the friend to whom Wolfe confided the miniature of his *fiancée*, Miss Lowther, the night before the battle, was, of course, the future Lord St. Vincent. The celebrated circumnavigator, Captain Cook, was here

as "Master," *i.e.*, navigating officer, of the *Pembroke*, and the following year began the first British chart of the St. Lawrence.

The Royal Marines, who had been regularly formed into permanent units, like those of the present day, only four years before, were now fighting their first war, and their second American campaign. They did excellent service at Quebec, and a whole battalion of them protected Wolfe's batteries on the heights of Point Lévis.

NOTE ON THE AMERICAN RANGERS.—Wolfe had about 900 of these irregulars with him. They were useful in bush fighting, but were not armed or trained for flat and open battlefields. None of them took part in the first Battle of the Plains; but those who spent the winter in Quebec with Murray behaved very gallantly at the second battle in the following spring, particularly the company under Hazen, who afterwards became a distinguished general of the American Revolution.

Murray's army in 1760 comprised the same units as Wolfe's in 1759; but all in greatly reduced numbers. He only had 3,000 in line of battle against Lévis.

The first Battle of the Plains is known to everyone as the turning point in history which marked the death of Greater France in the New World, the coming of age of Greater Britain, and the birth

of the United States. But there are some more points which alone would make any other action illustrious. It was here that Wolfe formed the *first two-deep line of battle in the world*; thus anticipating the *thin red line* of the Peninsula by half a century. Here the last great Frenchman in the New World met the first great Englishman in Canada. Here Cook, the famous English circumnavigator, was trying to help Wolfe into Quebec, while Bougainville, the great French circumnavigator, was trying to keep him out. And here every one of the four French generals laid down his life, while everyone of the four British generals held the command in turn during the space of a short half hour.

"1775"

When Carleton stood at bay against Montgomery and Arnold the American invaders had overrun the whole of Canada, except Quebec, which thus, for the fourth time, became the key to half a continent. His little army was the first in which French- and Anglo-Canadians fought side by side, and the first which also included all the other dominant racial elements in Canadian history—English, Irish, Scotch, Welsh, Channel Islanders, Orcadians, Newfoundlanders, the forerunners of the United Empire Loyalists and, of course,

British soldiers and sailors. The sailors were nearly all merchant seamen; but many of them had been in the Navy. The Army was represented by a small detachment of the 7th Royal Fusiliers, the only regulars Carleton had with him. Their regimental colour was one of the three most interesting flags in all the historic armies, the other two being that of the "Royal Americans"—St. George's cross on a black ground, and the Royal Standard of France carried behind Montcalm. The original colour of the 7th was taken by the Americans in the Revolutionary War and is now at West Point. When the Duke of Kent came out to Quebec in 1791, in command of the regiment, he brought a facsimile made by the Royal Princesses and presented by his father, the King. This is still preserved and was copied exactly for the Pageant. Thus King George V, who is the present Honorary Colonel of the 7th, saw here the facsimile of the colours made for his own great-grandfather, and made in imitation of those belonging to the same regiment which helped Carleton to save Canada for the British Crown.

" 1812 "

The men of 1812 finally cemented with their blood the union of the French- and English-

speaking British forces which had been begun by the men of 1775. More than this, they drew in the free-willing service of the Indians, who have always been much better treated on the Canadian side of the line. Brock, de Salaberry and Tecumseh made a noble triumvirate, and the French-Canadian Militia and the United Empire Loyalists worthy comrades of the Imperial Army and Navy.

The "Historic Armies" of 1908 were thus distinctive in that they contained the descendants of those men who had first fought each other with equal honour and alternate victory in 1759 and 1760, and who then, in 1775 and 1812, had made common cause against the common enemy of their king and country.

The audience was no less distinctive. It comprised not only thousands of ordinary members of all the historic races, but the living representatives of all the historic families, the Heir to the throne of the greatest empire in the world, the Vice-President of the greatest republic, the Special Envoy of France, and such an assemblage of other distinguished individuals as the New World had never seen before.

It is needless to say that the stage was of rare distinction; for it stood on the double battlefield

of the Plains of Abraham, and commanded the scenes of half the history of Canada.

Of rare distinction, too, were the human surroundings; for here, for the first and only time, the representatives, people and armed forces of three historic opponents were meeting in honour of their own and one another's prowess on the actual ground of their former struggles.

And, lastly, the natural surroundings were themselves distinctive. There are other great historic spots elsewhere, other famous scenes of beauty, other intimate comminglings of sea and land, other immense amphitheatres of Nature. But nowhere else are all four found together, in such perfection, as at Quebec. Here, from every great historic spot, you look out upon some famous scene where land and water meet in twofold beauty. Here, whichever way you turn on this giant stage, you find the changing amphitheatre ringed and ramparted by blue Laurentians,—the only mountains on the face of the whole Earth that enjoy a real right to the title of "the everlasting hills." For they are old, older than record or tradition. They were old when even the World was young. They are old, immeasurably old; azoic—older than the Animal Kingdom's first and lowliest of subjects. And here these same eternities of Earth, which once stood beside the cradle of Life itself,

are still looking down, as calmly, from their encircling summits, on all the days and yesterdays of historic Man.

But suddenly, over the farthest point of the stage, the sharp commands float up from the hidden armies. There is the stirring roll of drums and the ringing call of bugles, with the measured tread of advancing masses. Then, for just one moment, nothing else is visible above the point but the two national standards of France and Britain, waving proudly, side by side. The next, Montcalm and Wolfe, Lévis and Murray, with their staffs and standard-bearers, ride up into view. Following them, with French and British shoulder to shoulder, in corresponding columns, march the four armies of the three decisive wars, twenty-seven regiments strong. The stalwart Grenadiers come first, the French in white and the British in red. Then the Royal Roussillon in blue, beside the wild-looking Highlanders, whose sporrans, kilts and claymores swing with the stride of the mountaineer. Then, in the same order, two corps together, French on the right and British on the left, the rest of the infantry. The brilliantly red, white, and blue columns advance in an ever-lengthening procession as each pair of French and British regimental colours mount the stage, and more and more keen

lines of bayonets flash back the rays of the wester-
ing sun. Then comes the blue Artillery of both
sides, their field guns briskly hauled up by men-of-
warships. Then the two brigades of Bluejackets,
with drawn cutlasses, and with the ensigns of their
respective Navies borne aloft before them. The
French Indians and the American Rangers bring
up the rear of the armies of the Plains. Then,
another few paces, and Carleton and Voyer appear
at the head of the men of 1775. A few more still,
and de Salaberry, Brock and Tecumseh lead on
the men of 1812.

A hundred paces from the centre of the semi-
circular auditorium Wolfe and Montcalm rein up.
The head of the column inclines to its left and
wheels to its right, so as to pass between them and
the audience. Then the armies march past their
great commanders with drums beating, bugles
sounding and colours lowered in salute. Here,
indeed, is a pageant of glorious war; with all its
pride and pomp and circumstance! But more thrill-
ing, more significant than all else is the call of the
hero-blood across the centuries. None who then
felt it stir their inmost soul can ever deny that the
hour of some dread ordeal is the only one in which
a man or nation is really made; and that, by our
answer to this ancestral call, on the very ground
from which it comes, we have gone far towards

exalting our own day above the catalogue of common things.

When the head of the column is well clear of the saluting base, it wheels twice to the right again, so as to pass back in rear of the Generals. And when enough troops have marched back this way to fill one line across the centre of the stage, they halt and turn to face the audience, are followed by the next line forming in rear of them, and so on, until, when the last line has taken post, the audience finds all the four armies drawn up in one solid body, with their Generals in front.

Then, as this formation becomes complete, all the participants in all the eight other scenes come thronging in on both flanks, to the inspiring strains of all the music and the pealing of all the bells. Just when these are also in position, they and all the armies burst out together into the swelling chorus—

O CANADA!

And then—last touch of all in this most deeply moving scene—the whole great audience springs to its feet and, literally “with heart and voice,” joins the living exponents of Canadian history in the one Anthem of all who stand by Crown and Empire—

GOD SAVE THE KING!

Appendix

Letter from Earl Grey to Sir George Garneau,
Mayor of Quebec, dated August, 1908.

August, 1908.

MY DEAR SIR GEORGE,—

Now that the Tercentenary Celebrations are well and successfully over, I desire to convey to you and to your colleagues of the National Battlefields Commission, an expression of my heartfelt and most appreciative thanks for their individual and collective efforts to make the Quebec Tercentenary an occasion worthy not only of Quebec, but of Canada and the Crown.

I congratulate you upon the fact that the methods you and your colleagues have adopted for the celebration of the Tercentenary have not only focussed the attention of the civilized world on Canada and Quebec, but have been the happy means of acquainting many, to whom Canada had been hitherto little more than a name, with the greatness and culture of the Canadian people, and with the splendid services rendered to Christianity and civilization by the virtue and valour of their French ancestors.

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I also desire to congratulate you more particularly on the fact that the methods you have adopted for the celebration of the Champlain Tercentenary, have helped to lessen the narrowing and evil influences of provincialism, and to draw the two great races of Canada, and the various parts of the Dominion and of the Empire closer to each other and to the Crown.

I would desire to convey an expression of my personal thanks to all who have assisted to bring about this high result. First and foremost to you and to the members of the Commission; and I would specially mention Mr. Byron Walker and Colonel Denison, who did not allow the distance from Toronto and the pressing call of other engagements to prevent them from giving a regular attendance to the numerous meetings of the Commission at Quebec.

It is pleasant to reflect on the large amount of voluntary, continuous, and enthusiastic service so ungrudgingly given to the Tercentenary by high-minded and public-spirited persons. In this respect the Prince of Wales himself provided the great example. In leaving England at the pleasantest season of the year in order that he might do honour to Canada on her 300th birthday, His Royal Highness not only realised the greatness of the occasion, but recognized its claim upon the homage of the Heir to the Throne, and of every other patriotic Briton.

I have already referred to the sacrifices so cheerfully made by yourself and the other mem-

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bers of the Commission, in your desire to secure the success of the Tercentenary, and I desire also to refer with special gratitude to the help the Tercentenary received from Monsieur Chapais at a time when his assistance was of the greatest value.

I shall also be glad if you will convey, when a suitable occasion offers, an expression of my grateful thanks to His Grace the Archbishop of Quebec, Monseigneurs Mathieu and Laflamme of Laval University, and to the other Reverend and Right Reverend dignitaries of the Roman Catholic Church, for their active co-operation and support.

I will also ask you to extend an expression of my thanks to the Joint Secretaries of the Commission; to Mr. Chouinard, whose Honour, which he was privileged to receive from H. M. The King at the hands of the Prince of Wales, reflects the recognition by the Crown of the service rendered by him in his capacity as Secretary of the Commission; and to Dr. Doughty, C.M.G., to whose disinterested enthusiasm in all matters connected with the Tercentenary and the history of Canada, we owe so much, and for the historic Souvenir of the Pageant which he prepared under the most difficult conditions; to Mr. Courtney, C.M.G., whose unwearying and jealous efforts to safeguard the funds of the Commission are entitled to recognition by everyone who has the interests of the Tercentenary at heart; and last, but not least, to Mr. Lascelles, by whose genius the glories of

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French achievement in Canada have been revealed to an admiring and grateful people.

I further desire you to convey in such way as may seem good to you, a most grateful expression of my acknowledgments to the employers and merchants of Quebec for the assistance they gave to Mr. Lascelles by subordinating their private interests to their desire that their employees should have the necessary permission to take part in the Pageant; and I shall also be obliged if you will let the people of Quebec know how greatly I appreciate the way in which they all co-operated to make the Pageant and the other ceremonies of the Tercentenary week a national and historical success.

I remain,

Yours very truly,

GREY.

SIR GEORGE GARNEAU,

Quebec.

