

IN OLD QUEBEC.

(Continued.)

It happened that there was an execution in Quebec during my visit. Now, an execution is an exceedingly depressing thing not only for the party undergoing the process, but for the whole community. There was something peculiarly sad about this particular execution, because a vast majority of the people of Quebec, English and French, thought it was a case for reprieve. Two men were tried for murder at the preceding session of the court. Cazas was accused of murdering his wife, and was found guilty. He was a policeman, got drunk and while in this condition put six bullet wounds or so into the body of the sharer of his joys and woes. Dube was a farm hand, apparently not over bright, who became infatuated with the wife of another man. This other man was found dead in the woods one day, and after a long investigation the crime of murdering him was laid to the charge of Dube. There was apparently little doubt of his crime. In Cazas' case, however, a reprieve was granted, and a life sentence imposed instead of the death penalty. Attempts were made to get Dube off, but they were not successful. The Minister of Justice claimed that the one crime was premeditated, and the other committed while the murderer was not accountable. Now, the mob is peculiar, and the mob got it into their heads that if Dube hanged Cazas should hang, and if Cazas got free of the rope Dube should have the same treatment. They did not seem to mind very much which course was taken, but it was not fair, they alleged, to make fish of one and flesh of another. So, when it was found that the Crown was obdurate and that Dube must hang, Quebec was mad clear down to its boots. And there were so many signs of a demonstration that Cazas feared the mob as much as he had dreaded the rope, so he asked to be removed to his new home in St. Vincent de Paul the day preceding the execution, and was removed. I happened to be wandering in the direction of the gaol the morning of the execution and noticed a big crowd around the building. Presently the beautiful summer morning was darkened, as if by the blackest of clouds, when slowly there fluttered up the flag pole the black flag. By this time the crowd around the gaol was very large. My curiosity was not strong enough to lead me to ask for admission amongst the select few who witnessed the most solemn exercise of the law, but it was sufficiently strong to lead me past the outskirts of the gaol. Suddenly there came from one of the windows the most agonizing cry, or rather succession of moans, I ever heard or, please Heaven, ever expect to hear again. It implied utter despair, complete misery. "What is that?" I said. "It is the sister of Dube," said the Frenchman who, you will perceive, made the announcement in the longer fashion, just as one speaking moderate French would do if he were trying to convey the same meaning to a Frenchman. Well! I didn't want to hear anything more of the sister of Dube. That cry remained in my ears for the rest of the day, and was the one dark feature in an enjoyable outing. All day long the black flag floated over the gaol. And lest some should fail to be reminded of the scene enacted, one of H. M. frigates raised the same dreary emblem. They allowed the relatives to take the poor fellow's remains away, and they were buried in the graveyard of his native village. The partner of his crime, as most people think, the wife of the murdered man, has been acquitted. She was sentenced to six months for contempt of court. She was in the gaol when the execution took place.

There was a military camp at St. Joseph de Levis, just a half hour's steam from Quebec on the other side. Three or four thousand militiamen were under canvas, in one of the most picturesque spots in Canada. On Sunday afternoon crowds from Quebec visited the camp. Bands were playing and sports were being held. True, it was Sunday, but Sunday in Quebec is somewhat different from Sunday in New Brunswick. There was no drilling, however, and church parade had occurred in the morning.

Speaking of Sunday, everyone goes to church in the morning, and the street cars are not permitted to run till half past one in the afternoon. Nor in the afternoon is there any sign of a disregard of the Lord's Day. A few shops, cigars and news stands are open, just as they are, or were, in St. John on Sunday. People flock to the terrace and promenade the principal streets in St. Roch's, and in the evening the band plays in Victoria park, which is a beautiful spot across the St. Charles river, where a very good statue of Her Majesty the Queen occupies the place of honor.

All the church property is exempt from taxation in Quebec, and now and then you hear a grumble, but there are two sides to the question. The sick are taken care of at the Hotel Dieu, a religious institution, the foundlings are mothered at a home under the care of the sisters, all manner of afflicted are looked after, and if the province or the city derives no revenue from the church property, it has no poor or sick to care for,

no unfathered children to look after. One institution comes under the criticism of the newspaper and printing offices. Some years ago the Franciscan Nuns came to Quebec and started on a small scale. They were taken up by some of the wealthier families, and now have a splendid convent on Grand Allee. Here they carry on the printing business. They set the type and do all the press work, turning out any work that may be ordered at prices which the city printers highly disapprove of. A peculiar looking lot are these nuns with their white habit and white hood. I dropped into their chapel one morning, and the white habited Mother Superior was reciting the office, and a dozen or so equally white habited sisters said the responses.

To get from Upper Town to Lower Town, unless you take the street cars and go around by St. Roch's, you must either climb down steps or use the elevator right under the citadel. There are three or four descents by means of iron steps, and by the time you climb up these steps you are glad to take a seat on the chairs awaiting the convenience of just such tired travellers as you are.

On the post office you may notice the image of a gilded dog in the act of gnawing a bone. There is a history connected with this, pretty well brought out in Kirby's "Chien D'Or," or as the title now is at the book stalls, the Golden Dog. Anyway this emblem over the post office door is the original golden dog, which the injured Bigot, who injured many, and did much to lose Quebec to France, carved and placed over his door. He bit him by whom he was bitten.

Those who say that Quebec is now only a fortress in name may be mistaken. Its position is not unrecognized, and if an enemy should steam up the St. Lawrence with a view of occupying this old historic ground, he would, unless information is most misleading, find his day's work cut out for him.

Now in discussing this question of English how 'she is not spoke' in Quebec, one is apt to associate the lack of knowledge of our good mother tongue, with the more ignorant French Canadian, but you will go into stores on St. Joseph street and find clerks who cannot talk English sufficiently well to wait on a customer. Rather than lose the customer, some one with a knowledge of English will easily be obtained, but you are quite as apt as not at first to run up against an employee who can only shake his head, no matter how pure your accent and how elaborate your pronunciation. Perhaps your greatest surprise would come when you wished to go through Laval University. On Thursday the public is admitted free, any other day you must pay a quarter, but by investing this amount you have all the time you want, whereas on Thursday you are rushed through. You will, perhaps, be shown to a room and a polite gentlemanly chap will come out to act as cicerone. When I took in Laval it was a very good looking young man, but he only knew enough English to tell me that it cost a quarter to go through. He asked me if I talked French and I said "pas beaucoup," and when I asked him if he spoke French he said "pas beaucoup" so we *pas-beaucoup*ed together. It was a fine opportunity to study the paintings and the scientific apparatus, the library and the museum, for it was really next to impossible to be loquacious. However, we succeeded very well and what we could not make out through the medium of bad English and bad French we managed to accomplish by signs. A little French is a good thing as I found out. Laval's prime attractions are the two Egyptian mummies. The bodies seem quite intact and one can make out the features of these gentlemen who had been lying so peacefully for thousands of years in Egypt, only to be removed and brought to a land that they never dreamed had an existence.

To the religious and especially the Franco-religious mind, the coffin in which the remains of Bp. Laval were buried, the glass coffin shaped apparatus in which his relics were carried around the streets, a chasuble worn by Pope Pius IX., and many other relics and ornaments are attractive. To the scientific mind an egg in its various developments, until the chicken bursts the shell, is about as interesting as anything. The paintings are many and varied. Some are very old and some quite modern. The library contains many thousand volumes. Laval's chapel is new and handsome, and among the paintings are two at least a couple of hundred years old, one, a mother and child, being considered very good. As is aforesaid, Quebec is a city of rich paintings.

Quebec runs to a point where the St. Lawrence and the St. Charles rivers meet. From the citadel and terrace you look down the St. Lawrence for miles. Having enough of this view, one walks around to what is known as the Battery, and from this point the broad valley of the St. Charles, the beautiful farms, and the many pretty villages in the distance come to view. The eye never gets tired and no matter how long people have lived in Quebec, the view from the terrace is at all times enjoyable. Satiated with the lovely scenery in the distance, you can transfer your gaze to Lower Town which from this height you see, as from a balloon, and can tell just

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what is going on "below the cliff." How steep that cliff is at points! If you jumped over the railing you would go down several hundred feet, before you went up in another sphere to play your golden harp. Before quitting the ecclesiastical sphere altogether reference should be made to the English cathedral, erected years ago, not prepossessing in architecture, of brown stone, but quite in keeping with the general aspect of the surroundings. Two tattered flags with an honoured history are suspended from the chancel walls. So old are they, that only part of the Jack remains on each staff. A pretty chime of bells ring from this cathedral tower, and St. Matthew's, a newer church, on St. John street, (without the gate) at present undergoing still further improvements, is also supplied with a well-sounding set of chimes. The rector of this church is Rev. Fred Scott, as well known as a writer of patriotic poetry, as in the capacity of a hard working clergyman. Trinity is the other Anglican church. The Methodists have a good congregation, and particular attention is paid to the music. The pastor is Rev. Dr. Griffith, who is particularly well known in connection with his controversy with M. Menier over the Protestant settlers on Anticosti Island. The Presbyterians, too, have their place of worship in Chalmers church, and Morrin College ekes out a rather precarious existence, likely at any time, it would seem, to come to a sudden end. As is probably well known there is no free school system in Quebec, although the cost per head for children is small. The Christian Brothers do a great deal of teaching and all denominations send their children to the schools conducted by them. Then, there is an undenominational high school. Young ladies have a grand opportunity for education in the Ursuline Convent, the most venerable institution of the kind on the continent. It matters not how many years it may have been since a pupil graduated or how short the course she took at the Ursuline, the Mother Superior and other sisters are always glad to see an old student and to recall days in the convent, and discuss the careers of the various pupils who have, in their turn, heard the heavy gate clang behind them and the lock turn, as they entered the institution, with, perhaps, some forebodings at this outward and visible sign of inward and strict discipline, but who soon learn to love the old place, and are glad to visit it on their return in future years to the city of Champlain and Laval, of Wolfe and Montcalm.

Regarding the use of the tricolor, the French flag, you will certainly find it a good deal in evidence, but I don't believe there are a dozen French Canadians in a thousand, who dream of its taking the place of the Union Jack. They fly it as the emblem of old France, thought it would seem that the fleur de lis would be more appropriate. At the same time passing through the most French part of Quebec one will notice in the windows, the Empire's patriotic emblems, and vivacious French damsels trip along the streets with the Union Jack on their hats. Goodness knows, they have no reason for anything but love and respect for England's flag, for what alien people were ever better used by their conqueror than the French in Canada by the English. Notre language, notre religion, notre lois, they are all preserved to them by solemn contract. A less revolutionary country than French Canada it would be hard to find. Nowhere are old institutions, old customs more respected, and taking the French Canadians as a whole in city or country they may sit down as a happy and contented race.

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