

**THE EXPLORATIONS OF
JONATHAN OLDBUCK, F.G.S.Q.,
IN EASTERN LATITUDES:
CANADIAN HISTORY-LEGENDS-
SCENERY-SPORT**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649579921

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Legends-Scenery-Sport by J. M. LeMoine

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Cover @ 2017

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J. M. LEMOINE

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THE
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OF

JONATHAN OLDBUCK, F. G. S. Q.

IN

EASTERN LATITUDES

CANADIAN HISTORY—LEGENDS—SCENERY—SPORT

BY

J. M. LEMOINE

Past President, of Royal Society of Canada, 1st section.
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(Copy right.)

QUEBEC :
PRINTED BY L. J. DEMERS & FRÈRE
Editors of " *Le Canadien* " and " *L'Événement* ."

1889

Entered according to Act of Parliament, in 1889, by J. M.
LEMOINE, in the office of the Minister of Agriculture
Ottawa

Exch.
Library
University of Toronto
7-13-1961

To

G. M. FAIRCHILD, Jr.,
of NEW-YORK,

For several years the Vice-President of
the CANADIAN CLUB OF NEW-YORK and its
enthusiastic supporter ; whose able pen and
influence have ever been used to make better
known his native Province, Quebec among the
citizens of the Great Republic.

SPENCER GRANGE,

15th July, 1889.

J. M. LOMOINE.

INTRODUCTION.

Thirty years ago, in accordance with a plan conceived at a gathering of friends, I undertook what then was to me, and what has been so, ever since—a labor of love: placing in a light form, before a candid public the brightest as well as the darkest, pages in Canadian annals with their various accompaniments.

Thus originated, the four series of the volumes, known under the emblematic title of *MAPLE LEAVES*.

The favor with which my first effusions were received, led me to delve deeper in the mine of Canadian history—musty old letters—illegible M. S. accumulated on my library shelves. There indeed, I found ample occupation for many long, but pleasant winter evenings, forgetting the hours whilst the northern blast was howling, amidst my leafless oaks and old pines.

Indulgent readers have followed me, through the unfrequented paths of Canadian history, archeology, legends, varied by short sketches of Canadian scenery, flowers, birds, fishes, &c.

I now lay before them, with all its short comings, a familiar itinerary of travel, by sea and by land, covering a score of years, over the most picturesque portion of the province, to complete the chain of works originally projected.

May it meet with the same cordial support extended to its predecessors.

J. M. LEMOINE.

SPENCER GRANGE,
Dominion Day, 1880.

QUEBEC TO MONTMORENCI.

I

*Beauport—Its history—Scenery—Warlike Chronicles;
Its Cataract.*

I can recall a very pleasant hour, on a mellow September afternoon, in 1886—spent under the hospitable roof of Herbert Molesworth Price, at *Montmorenci Cottage*. Our antiquarian friend had gathered there some well known Quebecers. I can remember the following: Owen Murphy, Esq., ex-mayor of Quebec, the Hon. John Hearn, L. C. and one or two others, to meet a distinguished son of the Emerald Isle, on a visit to Quebec: Justin McCarthy, Member of the Imperial Parliament, the brilliant historian of "OUR OWN TIMES."

It was a pleasure to recapitulate to this eminent *littérateur*, the historical incidents of the past which had marked the *locale* of the seven miles' drive from the ancient capital, to the renowned waterfall.

An excellent turnpike road leads past the Dorchester bridge, (erected by Asa Porter, in 1789, and called after Lord Dorchester, then Governor-General of Canada)—through a double row of neat cottages and white farm houses, to the foaming cataract of Montmorenci.

Previous to 1789, the St. Charles was crossed by a scow; and, at low water, by a ford, and, by a ferry, at high tide. An incident of the blockade of Quebec, in 1775, connects this

ferry with the "first oblation of blood made upon the altar of Liberty at Quebec" says Judge Henry, one of the annalists of the war: (1)

"On the afternoon of Nov. 16th, "the guard was relieved. Lieut. Simpson commanded it. His guard was composed of two and twenty fine fellows of our company. When the relief guard came, a Frenchman of most villainous appearance both as to person and visage, came to our Lieutenant, with a written order from Colonel Arnold, commanding him to accompany the bearer, who would be our guide across the river St. Charles to obtain some cattle feeding beyond it, on the account of Government. The order in the first instance, on account of its preposterousness, was doubted, but upon a little reflection, obeyed. The call "come on lads" was uttered. We ran with speed from the guard-house some hundreds of yards over the plain to the mouth of the St. Charles where the ferry is. Near the ferry was a large wind-mill and near it stood a small house resembling a cooper's shop. Two carts of a large size were passing the ferry heavily laden with the household stuff, and women and children of the townsmen flying from the suburbs of St. Roque, contiguous to Palace Gate, to avoid the terrible and fatal effects of war. The carts were already in a large scow or flat-bottomed boat, and the ferrymen, seeing us coming, were tugging hard at the ferry-rope to get off the boat, which was aground, before we should arrive. It was no small matter, in exertion, to outdo people of our agility. Simpson, with his usual good humour, urged the pace, from a hope that the garrison would not fire upon us, when in the boat with their flying townsmen. The weight of our bodies and arms put the boat aground in good earnest, Simpson vociferously urging the men to lift the boat, directing them to place their goods in my arms, standing on the bow. He ordered me to watch the flashes of the cannon of the city near Palace Gate. Jumping into the

(1) "An accurate and interesting account of the hardships and sufferings of that band of heroes who traversed the wilderness in the campaign against Quebec, 1775," by John Joseph Henry, Esq., late President of the Second Judicial District of Pennsylvania—Lancaster, printed by William Greer, 1812."

Henry, according to the preface written to his daughter, was born

water mid-deep, all but Sergeant Dixon and myself, they were pushing, pulling and with handspikes attempting to float the scow. One of the carts stood between Dixon and myself; he was tugging at the ferry-rope. Presently "a shot" was called; it went wide of the boat, its mark. The exertions of the party were redoubled, keeping an eye upon the town, the sun about setting in a clear sky, the view was beautiful indeed, but somewhat terrific. Battlements like these had been unknown to me. Our boat lay like a rock in the water, and was a target at point blank shot about three-quarters of a mile from Palace Gate, which issues into St. Roque. I would have adored all the saints in the kalendar if honor and their worships would have permitted the transportation of my person a few perches from the spot where it then stood, by the austere command of duty." The result of the firing was that Dixon had a leg shot off, and died of tetanus the next day, while the vile Frenchman, aghast and horror-stricken, fled from us to the city. He turned out to be a spy purposely sent by Government to decoy and entrap us, and he succeeded but too easily with the vigilant Arnold. The blood of Dixon was the first oblation made upon the altar of Liberty at Quebec.

One of the most conspicuous landmarks in this neighborhood towards the shore, at *La Canardière* (1), in a line with Hedleyville, is MAIZERETS; a long two story farm house, belonging to the Quebec Seminary, where their blue-coated boys, each Thursday, spend their weekly holiday, since time immemorial, walking back to the city with the descending shades of evening and awakening the echoes of the Beauport shore with their jolly old French songs: *La Claire Fontaine*,—*Par derrière chez mon Père*,—*En roulant, ma Boule roulant*, &c.; the usher in charge, with his long black cassock flowing to the night wind, merrily joining in the chorus.

Nov. 4th, 1758, at Lancaster, Pennsylvania. In the fall of 1775—being then 17 years of age, he joined a regiment of men raised in Lancaster Co., for the purpose of joining Arnold, who at that time was stationed in Boston.

(1) Would *La Canardière* have taken its name from being, in former days, the resort of innumerable *canards*?