

**WHEN VALMOND CAME  
TO PONTIAC: THE STORY  
OF A LOST NAPOLEON**

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When Valmond came to Pontiac: the story of a lost Napoleon by Gilbert Parker

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THE STORY OF A LOST NAPOLEON

BY  
GILBERT PARKER



CHICAGO  
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TO  
MRS. WILSON MARSHALL  
VALMOND'S  
BEST FRIEND  
AND MY  
COMRADE  
IN HIS  
FORTUNES

"Oh, withered is the garland of the war;  
The soldier's poll is broken !"





# When Valmond Came To Pontiac

## THE STORY OF A LOST NAPOLEON

### CHAPTER I

ON one corner stood the house of Monsieur Garon the avocat; on another, the shop of the Little Chemist; on another, the office of Medallion the auctioneer; and on the last, the Hotel Louis Quinze. The chief characteristics of Monsieur Garon's house were its brass door-knobs, and the verdant luxuriance of the vines that climbed its sides; of the Little Chemist's shop, the perfect whiteness of the building, the rolls of sober wall-paper, and the bottles of colored water in the shop windows; of Medallion's, the stoop that surrounded three sides of the building, and the notices of sales tacked up, pasted up, on the front; of the Hotel Louis Quinze, the deep dormer windows, its solid timbers, and the veranda that gave its front distinction—for this veranda had been the pride of several generations of landlords,

and its heavy carving and bulky grace were worth even more admiration than Pontiac gave to it.

The square which the two roads and the four corners made was, on week-days, the rendezvous of Pontiac, and the whole parish ; on Sunday mornings the rendezvous was shifted to the large church on the hillside, beside which was the house of the Curé, Monsieur Fabre. Travelling towards the south out of the silken haze of a midsummer day, you would come in time to the hills of Maine ; north, to the city of Quebec and the River St. Lawrence ; east, to the ocean ; and west, to the Great Lakes and the land of the English. Over this bright province Britain raised her flag, but only Medallion and a few others loved it for its own sake, or saluted it in the English tongue.

In the drab velvet dust of these four corners, were gathered, one night of July a generation ago, the children of the village and many of their elders. All the events of that epoch were dated from the evening of this day. Another day of note the parish cherished, but it was merely a grave fulfilment of the first.

Upon the veranda-stoop of the Louis Quinze stood a man of apparently about twenty-eight years of age. When you came to study him closely, some sense of time and experience in his look told you that he might be thirty-eight, though his few gray hairs seemed but to emphasize a certain youthfulness in him. His eye was full, singularly clear, almost benign ; at one moment it gave the