

MAPLE LEAVES:

A BUDGET OF

LEGENDARY, HISTORICAL, CRITICAL,

AND SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

(*Second Series.*)

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SUR LES EXPLORATIONS ARCTIQUES DE MCCLURE, DE MCCLINTOCK, ET DE KANE,"
ETC.; MEMBER OF THE LITERARY AND HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF CANADA.

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TO THE READER.

THIS series contains, properly speaking, the historical portion of the "Maple Leaves," viz. :—Sketches of the origin, ancestry and military prowess of our forefathers in Eastern and Western Canada, from the earliest days down to the close of the last American invasion of Canada. That we have had plenty of fighting in this country, few who choose to investigate the subject will be inclined to deny; and as there are yet amongst us some who profess to consider as skirmishes, engagements in which several thousands of corpses strewed the ground, I thought it would not be out of place to undeceive them by bringing into Court the record of history. Not wishing to be charged with putting my own construction on past events, I have produced the very text of Bancroft, Christie, Garneau, and others, allowing the reader to form his opinion; in such cases, scarcely ever obtruding any comments of my own. Two documents I shall specially commend to the attention of the student of Canadian history—one, the narrative of the Fort George Massacre, by an eye witness; the other, a sketch furnished by George Coventry, Esq., of Cobourg, of the United Empire Loyalists.

I have also devoted considerable space to the Fish and Game of the country, and to setting forth amendments in the laws advocated by the Quebec and Montreal Fish and Game Protection Clubs, and by others. In a third series, I hope yet to redeem a promise I made in the first, and to furnish to the patrons of "Maple Leaves" a deal of new and interesting intelligence on literary and other subjects connected with Canada.

SPENCER GRANGE, NEAR QUEBEC,
20th May, 1864.

MAPLE LEAVES.

HISTORY AND SPORT.

Augustus Sala on Canada.

“ I AM bold enough to think that about nine-tenths even of my educated countrymen have about as definite an idea of Montreal, Toronto, and of Quebec, as they have of Owyhee or of Antannarivo. Is it impertinent in me to assume that my friends at home are as ignorant as I was the day before yesterday? It seems to me that, abating a few merchants, a few engineers, and a few military men, it has hitherto been nobody’s business in England to know what the Canadians are like. It is not the thing to go to Canada. One can “do” Niagara without penetrating into the British Province. English artists don’t make sketching excursions thither. The Alpine Club ignore it. Why does not some one start a Cataract Club? We let these magnificent provinces, with their inexhaustible productiveness—for asperity of climate is no sterility—their noble cities, their hardy and loyal population, go by. We pass them in silence and neglect. We listen approvingly while some college pedant, as bigotted as a Dominican, but without his shrewdness, as conceited as a Benedictine, but without his learning, prates of the expediency of abandoning our colonies. If we meanly and tamely surrender these, into whose hands would they fall? What hatred and ill-will would spring up among those now steady and affectionate people in their attachment to our rule, but from whom we had withdrawn our countenance and protection! But Canada has been voted a ‘bore,’ and to be ‘only a colonial’ would ap-

ply, it would seem, to a province as well as to a bishop. I have not the slightest desire to talk guidebook, or even to institute odious comparisons, by dwelling on the strength and solidity, the cleanliness and comeliness, the regard for authority, the cheery but self-respecting and self-exacting tone which prevails in society ; the hearty, pleasant, obliging manners of the people one sees at every moment in this far-off city (Montreal) of a hundred thousand souls, with its cathedrals, its palaces, its schools, its convents, its hospitals, its wharves, its warehouses, its marvelous tubular bridge, its constantly growing commerce, its hourly-increasing prosperity, its population of vivacious and chivalrous Frenchmen, who, somehow, do not hate their English and Scottish fellow-subjects, but live in peace and amity with them, and who are assuredly not in love with the Yankees. But it really does make a travelling Englishman ' kinder mad,' as they would say south of the forty-fifth parallel, when he has just quitted a city which, in industry, in energy, and in public spirit, is certainly second to none on the European continent, and which, in the cleanliness of its streets, the beauty of its public buildings, and the tone of its society, surpasses many of them—to know that a majority of his countrymen are under the impression that the Canadian towns are mere assemblages of log-huts, inhabited by half-savage backwoodsmen in blanket coats and moccasins, and that a few mischievous or demented persons are advocating the policy of giving up the Canadas altogether. Happily there is a gentleman in Pall-Mall who has been to Canada—who has seen Quebec, and Toronto, and Montreal. The name of that gentleman—the first in our realm—is Albert-Edward, Prince of Wales ; and he knows what Canada is like, and of what great things it is capable."—So says the late editor of the *Cornhill Magazine*.

Champlain

NO name in Canadian history is surrounded with more lustre and deeper veneration than that of the founder of Quebec. As a statesman,—a discoverer,—a brave and successful commander, Samuel de Champlain's fame will be handed down from generation to generation. The late Dr. J. C. Fisher thus describes* his career :—

“ On the 13th April, 1608, Pontgravé having been already despatched in a vessel to Tadoussac, Champlain, who had obtained the commission of Lieutenant, under De Monts, in New France, set sail from Honfleur, with the express intention of establishing a settlement on the St. Lawrence, above Tadoussac, at which post he arrived on the 3rd June. After a short stay, he ascended the river, carefully examining the shores; and on the 3rd July, reached the spot called Stadacona, now Quebec, rendered so remarkable by the first visit of Jacques Cartier in 1535. Champlain, whose ambition was not limited to mere commercial speculations—actuated by the patriotism and pride of a French gentleman, a faithful servant to his king, and warmly attached to the glory of his country,—thought more of founding a future empire than of a trading post for peltry. After examining the position, he selected the elevated promontory which commands the narrowest part of the great river of Canada, the extensive basin between it and the Isle of Orleans, together with the mouth of the little River St. Charles, as a fit and proper seat for the future metropolis of New France, and there laid the foundation of Quebec, on the 3rd July, 1608. His judgment has never been called in question, or his taste disputed in this selection. Its commanding position, natural strength, and aptitude both for purposes of offence and defence, are evident on the first view—while the unequalled beauty, grandeur, and sublimity of the scene mark it as worthy of extended empire :—

* In *Hawkins's Picture of Quebec.*

—— hoc regnum gentibus esse,
Si quà fata sinant, jam tum tenditque fovetque.

This noble site, prove fate hereafter kind,
The seat of lasting empire he designed.

“Here, on the point immediately overlooking the basin and on the site reaching from the grand battery to the Castle of St. Lewis, he commenced his labors by felling the walnut trees, and rooting up the wild vines with which the virgin soil was covered, in order to make room for the projected settlement. Huts were erected, some lands were cleared, and a few gardens made, for the purpose of proving the soil, which was found to be excellent. The first permanent building which the French erected was a store-house, or magazine for the security of their provisions. Champlain thus describes his first proceedings, which will be read with interest by the inhabitant at the present day :—‘ I reached Quebec on the 3rd July, where I sought out a proper place for our dwelling; but I could not find one better adapted for it than the promontory, or Point of Quebec, which was covered with walnuts and vines. As soon as possible, I set to work some of our laborers to level them, in order to build our habitation. The first thing which we did was to build a store-house to secure our provisions under shelter, which was quickly done. Near this spot is an agreeable river, where formerly wintered Jacques Cartier.’ A temporary barrack for the men and officers was subsequently erected on the higher part of the position, near where the Castle of St. Lewis now stands. It must be remembered that at the time of the landing of Champlain, the tide usually rose nearly to the base of the rock, or *côte* ;* and that the first buildings were of necessity on the high grounds. Afterwards, and during the time of Champlain, a space was redeemed from the water, and elevated above the inundation of the tide, on which store-houses, and also a battery level with the water were erected, having a passage of steps between it and the fort, on the site of the present Mountain street, which was first used in 1623.

* Old residents still remember a red bridge which formerly existed at the end of St. Peter Street, opposite the Montreal Bank; and vessels were moored, some sixty years ago, to the buildings which stood on the site on which the Quebec Bank was erected last year.—(J. M. L.)

“Champlain had now, humble as they were, successfully laid the foundations of the first French Colony in North America. One hundred and sixteen years had elapsed since the discovery of the New World; and it was only in the year previous that, on the whole continent, north of Mexico, a European nation had at length succeeded in establishing any settlement. This was effected by the English under Captain Christopher Newport, who laid the foundation of a settlement at Jamestown, Virginia, on the 13th May, 1607, two hundred and fifty-seven years ago. The chivalrous character and adventures of Captain John Smith, and the interesting story of Pocahontas, have conferred a peculiar interest on the early history of this colony. It may be noted, as a singular contrast with the growth of the English colonies afterwards, that at the death of Queen Elizabeth, in 1603, there was not a European family in all the northern continent: at present the great State of Virginia alone,—of which the germ was a colony of one hundred souls, of whom fifty died during the first year; and which, as described by Chalmers in his political annals, ‘feeble in numbers and enterprise, was planted in discord, and grew up in misery,’—numbers upon its soil no less than twelve hundred thousand inhabitants! The disappearance and eradication of the Indians has been still more extraordinary. Of the countless tribes who filled up the back country of Virginia at the time of the first settlement by the English, it appears by the census of 1830 that there existed only *forty-seven* Indians in the whole state!

“The summer was passed in finishing the necessary buildings; when clearances were made around them, and the ground prepared for sowing wheat and rye, which was accomplished by the 15th October. Hoar frosts commenced about the 3rd October, and on the 15th the trees shed their leafy honors. The first snow fell on the 18th November, but disappeared after two days. Champlain describes the snow as lying on the ground from December until near the end of April, so that the favorite theory of those who maintain the progressive improvement of the climate, as lands are cleared in new countries, is not borne out by the evidence of Canada. From several facts it might be shown that the wintry climate was not more inhospitable in the early days of Jacques Cartier and Champlain than in the present. The winter of 1611 and 1612 was extremely mild, and the river was not frozen before Quebec.

“From the silence of Champlain respecting the hamlet or town of Stadacona, which had been visited by Cartier so often in 1535, it would seem probable that it had dwindled, owing to the migratory predilections of the Indians, to a place of no moment. He certainly mentions a number of Indians who were “*cabannés*,” or hutted near his settlement; but the ancient name of Stadacona never once occurs. It will be recollected that Cartier spoke of the houses of the natives as being amply provided with food against the winter. From the evidence of Champlain, the Indians of the vicinity appear to have degenerated in this particular. They are represented as having experienced the greatest extremities for want of food during the winter of 1608; and some who came over from the Pointe Lévi side of the river were in such a state of wretchedness as hardly to be able to drag their limbs to the upper part of the settlement. They were relieved and treated with the greatest kindness by the French.

“The ice having disappeared in the spring of 1609, so early as the 8th April, Champlain was enabled to leave the infant settlement of Quebec and to ascend the river on the 18th, for the purpose of further exploring the country. He resolved to penetrate into the interior; and his mingled emotions of delight and astonishment may easily be conceived, as he proceeded to examine the magnificent country of which he had taken possession. During this summer, he discovered the beautiful lake which now bears his name; and having returned to Quebec in the autumn, he sailed for France in September, 1609, leaving the settlement under the command of Captain Pierre Chauvin, an officer of great experience.

“Champlain was well received on his arrival by Henry IV., who invited him to an interview at Fontainebleau, and received from him an exact account of all that had been done in New France, with a statement of the advantages to be expected from the new establishment on the St. Lawrence,—at which recital the king expressed great satisfaction. De Monts, however, by whose means the settlement of Quebec had been formed, could not obtain a renewal of his privilege, which had now expired: notwithstanding which, he was once more enabled by the assistance of the company of merchants, to fit out two vessels in the spring of 1610, under the command of Champlain and Pontgravé. The latter was instructed to continue the fur trade with the Indians at Tadoussac,

while Champlain, having with him a reinforcement of artisans and laborers, was to proceed to Quebec. He sailed from Honfleur on the 8th April, and arrived at Tadoussac in the singularly short passage of eighteen days. Thence ascending the river to Quebec, he had the gratification of finding the colonists in good health, and content with their situation. The crops of the previous year had been abundant, and everything was in as good order and condition as could be expected.

“ To pursue further the proceedings of Champlain, and his discoveries in the interior, does not properly fall within the scope of this work, but belongs to the History of Canada. It may be well, however, to observe in this place, that owing to the political error committed by this otherwise sagacious chief, when he taught the natives the use of fire-arms, and joined them in an offensive league against the Iroquois, who were at first supported by the Dutch, and afterwards by the English colonists of New York, Champlain not only laid the foundation of that predatory and cruel warfare which subsisted with little intermission between his countrymen and the five nations, notwithstanding the conciliatory efforts of the Jesuits; but he may with reason be considered as the remote, although innocent, cause of the animosity afterwards engendered between the Provincialists and the French, owing to the excesses of the Indians in the interest of the latter, and of a war which terminated only with the subjugation of Canada by the British arms in 1760.

“ Champlain, who made frequent voyages to France in order to promote the interests of the rising colony, and who identified himself with its prospects by bringing out his family to reside with him, was wisely continued, with occasional intermission, in the chief command until his death. In 1620, he erected a temporary fort on the site of the Castle of St. Lewis, which he rebuilt of stone, and fortified in 1624. At that time, however, the colony numbered only fifty souls. It appears from the Parish Register then commenced to be regularly kept, that the first child born* in Quebec of French parents was christened Eustache on the 24th October, 1621, being the son of Abraham Martin† and Margaret

* The first marriage in the colony took place between Guillaume Couillard and Guillemette Hebert. Two months previously the first marriage in the New England States was celebrated on the 12th May, 1621, at Plymouth, between Ed. Winslow and Susannah White. Couillard's house, the first built in the city, appears to have stood on the Battery, close to the old small-pox cemetery.—(J. M. L.)

† Abraham Martin dit L'Ecosseis, *alias*, *Maitre Abraham*, King's pilot, after whom the Plains were called.

L'Anglois. In 1629, Champlain had to undergo the mortification of surrendering Quebec to an armament from England under Louis Kertk, who, on the 22nd July, planted the English standard on the walls, just one hundred and thirty years before the battle of the Plains of Abraham. Champlain was taken as a prisoner of war to England, whence he returned to France, and subsequently to Canada in 1633. The inhabitants were well treated by Kertk, who was himself a French Huguenot refugee, and none of the settlers left the country; which was restored to France by the treaty of St. Germain-en-Laye, on the 29th March, 1632.

“ Champlain, who combined with superior talents and singular prudence a temperament of high courage and resolution, after a residence in New France of nearly thirty years, died full of honors, and rich in public respect and esteem, in the bosom of the settlement of which he was the founder, about the end of December, 1635. His memoirs are written in a pleasing and unaffected style, and show that he was deficient in none of the qualities which are so essential in the leader of difficult enterprises, and the discoverer of new countries. His obsequies were performed with all the pomp which the colony could command; and his remains were followed to the grave with real sorrow by the clergy, officers, and the civil and military inhabitants, Father Le Jeune pronouncing an appropriate funeral oration.

“ At the death of Champlain, the French possessions in Canada consisted of the fort of Quebec, surrounded by some inconsiderable houses, and barracks for the soldiers, a few huts on the Island of Montreal, as many at Tadoussac, and at other places on the St. Lawrence, used as trading and fishing posts. A settlement had just been commenced at Three Rivers; and in these trifling acquisitions were comprised all that resulted from the discoveries of Verazzano, Jacques Cartier, Roberval, Champlain, and the vast outlay of De la Roche, De Monts, and other French adventurers. At the time we are writing, (1834,) the Colony or Province of Lower Canada contains nearly six hundred thousand inhabitants—Quebec possesses over three thousand houses, and a population of near thirty thousand souls (now some sixty-five thousand souls). That of Montreal is as numerous; and Three Rivers is progressively improving in wealth and resources. The social and commercial intercourse between these flourishing towns is maintained by means of

magnificent steamboats of unrivalled safety and expedition—those floating palaces in which a thousand human beings are often transported from city to city. The trade of the province, instead of being limited to a few small craft engaged in the fisheries or the fur trade, employs more than a thousand vessels of burthen, enriching the province with an annual immigration of from twenty-five to fifty thousand souls, the aggregate of whose capital is immense; and conveying in return the native produce of the Canadas to almost every part of the empire. Pitt must have been prophetically inspired when he gave to the great seal of Canada its beautiful legend, for nothing could be more applicable to the double advantages of one extensive branch of its commerce—the Timber trade—

— AB IPSO

DUCIT OPES ANIMUMQUE FERRO—

Gains power and riches by the self-same steel.

Instead of a few huts on the river's side, the country on each bank of the St. Lawrence has been long divided into rich seigniories, and the fertile soil cultivated by an industrious, a virtuous and contented population—by a people to whom foreign dominion, instead of deteriorating their former condition, has been the herald of all that can render life precious. It has given to them the unrestricted enjoyment of their rights, language and religion—protection against external foes, together with the full security of their domestic usages, customs, laws and property—perfect exemption from the burthens of taxation, and a state of rational happiness and political freedom unequalled on the face of the globe. The following beautiful lines from Virgil will strike every one, as singularly applicable to the condition of the Canadian farmer, or *habitant*:

“ O fortunatos nimium, sua si bona norint,
Agricolas! quibus ipsa, procul discordibus armis,
Fundit humo facilem victum justissima tellus.”

Let us now see the same subject treated by one of our most

eloquent statesmen. The speech* is in reply to the following sentiment:—

“*The memory of Sieur de Champlain, the fearless navigator and accomplished statesman; the first to explore and designate these shores; whose plans of empire, more vast and sagacious than any of his time, failed of success, only through the short-sightedness of his sovereign, in allowing the Atlantic shores of New England to fall into the hands of his rivals, thereby changing the history of the New World.*”

The Hon. Thos. D'Arcy McGee, President of the Executive Council of Canada, addressed the assemblage in response to this sentiment. He said: I beg to assure you, Mr. President, and the gentlemen of the Maine Historical Society, who have done me the honor to invite me here, that I feel it a very great privilege to be a spectator and a participant in the instructive, retributive ceremonial of this day. This peninsula of Sabino must become, if it is not already, classic ground, and this 29th of August, the true era of the establishment of our language and race on this continent, one of the chief *fasti* of the English speaking people of North America. It is, on general grounds, an occasion hardly less interesting to the colonies still English, than to the citizens of Maine, and, therefore I beg to repeat in your presence, the gratification I feel in being allowed to join in the first of what I trust will prove but the first, of an interminable series of such celebrations. I would be very insensible, sir, to the character in which I have been so cordially presented to this assembly, if I did not personally acknowledge it; and I should be, I conceive, unworthy of the position I happen to occupy as a member of the Canadian Government, if I did not feel more the honor you have paid to Canada, in the remembrance you have made of her first Governor and Captain General, the Sieur de Champlain. That celebrated person was in truth, not only in point of time, but in the comprehension of his views, the audacity of his projects, and the celebrity of his individual career, the first statesman of Canada; and no one pretending to the character of a Canadian statesman could feel otherwise than honored and gratified when Champlain's name is invoked, publicly or

* This report of the Hon. Mr. McGee's speech at the Fort Popham (State of Maine) celebration, in 1862, we copy from the *Portland Advertiser*.

privately in his presence. We have no fear that the reputation of our great founder will not stand the severest test of historical research; we have no fear that his true greatness will dwindle by comparison with the rest of the Atlantic leaders—the chiefs of the renowned sea—chivalry, of whom we have already heard such eloquent mention. We Canadians ardently desire that he should be better known—be well known—and, perhaps, you, Mr. President, will permit me to indicate some of the events in the career, to point out some of the traits in the character, which hallow for us, forever, the name and memory of the *Sieur de Champlain*.

“What we esteem most of all other features in the life of our founder, is that chief virtue of all eminent men—his indomitable fortitude; and next to that we revere the amazing versatility and resources of the man. Originally a naval officer, he had voyaged to the West Indies and to Mexico, and had written a memoir, lately discovered at Dieppe, and edited both in France and England, advocating among other things the artificial connexion of the Atlantic and Pacific oceans. From the quarter-deck we trace him to the counting rooms of the merchants of Rouen and Saint Malo, who first entrusted him, in 1603, with the command of a commercial enterprise of which Canada was the field. From the service of the merchants of Rouen, Dieppe and Saint Malo, we trace him to the service of his sovereign—Henry IV. For several successive years we find his flag glancing at all points along this rock-bound coast on which we are now assembled, from Port Royal to Massachusetts Bay. Whenever we do not find it here, we may be certain it has advanced into the interior, that it is unfurled at Quebec, at Montreal, or towards the sources of the Hudson and the Mohawk. We will find that this versatile sailor has become in time a founder of cities, a negotiator of treaties with barbarous tribes, an author, a discoverer. As a discoverer, he was the first European to ascend the Richelieu, which he named after the patron of his latter years—the all-powerful Cardinal. He was the first to traverse that beautiful lake, now altogether your own, which makes his name so familiar to Americans; he was the first to ascend our great central river, the Ottawa, as far north as Nippissing, and he was the first to discover what he very justly calls “the fresh water sea” of lake Ontario. His place as an American discoverer is, therefore, amongst the first;

while his claims as a colonizer rest on the firm foundation of Montreal and Quebec, and his project—extraordinary for the age—of uniting the Atlantic with the Pacific by artificial channels of communication. As a legislator, we have not yet recovered, if we ever shall, the ordinances he is known to have promulgated; but as an author we have his narrative of transactions in New France, his voyage to Mexico, his treatise on navigation, and some other papers. As a diplomatist, we have the Franco-Indian alliances, which he founded, and which lasted a hundred and fifty years on this continent, and which exercised so powerful an influence, not only on American but on European affairs. To him also it was mainly owing that Canada, Acadia, and Cape Breton were reclaimed by, and restored to France, under the treaty of Saint German-en-Laye, in 1632. As to the moral qualities, our founder was brave almost to rashness. He would cast himself with a single European follower in the midst of savage enemies, and more than once his life was endangered by the excesses of his confidence and his courage. He was eminently social in his habits—as witness his order of *le bon temps*—in which every man of his associates was for one day host to his comrades, and commanded in turn in those agreeable encounters of which we have just had a slight skirmish here. He was sanguine as became an adventurer, and self-denying as became a hero. He served under De Monts, who for a time succeeded to his honors and office, as cheerfully as he had ever acted for himself, and in the end he made a friend of his rival. He encountered, as Columbus and many others had done, mutiny and assassination in his own disaffected followers, but he triumphed over the bad passions of men as completely as he triumphed over the ocean and the wilderness.

“He touched the extremes of human experience among diverse characters and nations. At one time he sketched plans of civilized aggrandisement for Henry IV, and Richelieu; at another he planned schemes of wild warfare with Huron chiefs and Algonquin braves. He united, in a most rare degree, the faculties of action and reflection, and like all highly reflective minds, his thoughts, long cherished in secret, ran often into the mould of maxims, and some of them would now form the fittest possible inscription to engrave upon his monument.

“ When the merchants of Quebec grumbled at the cost of fortifying that place, he said :—‘ It is best not to obey the passions of men ; they are but for a season ; it is our duty to regard the future.’ With all his love of good fellowship and society, he was, what seems to some inconsistent with it, sincerely and enthusiastically religious ; among his maxims are these two—that ‘ the salvation of one soul is of more value than the conquest of an empire,’ and, that ‘ kings ought not to think of extending their authority over idolatrous nations, except for the purpose of subjecting them to Jesus Christ.’

“ Such, Mr. President, are, in brief, the attributes of the man you have chosen to honor, and I leave it for this company to say, whether in all that constitutes true greatness the first Governor and Captain General of Canada need fear comparison with any of the illustrious brotherhood who projected and founded our North American States. Count over all their honored names ; enumerate their chief actions ; let each community assign to its own his meed of eloquent and reverent remembrance ; but among them from the south to the north, there will be no secondary place assigned to the *Sieur de Champlain*.

“ Mr. President, your Excellency has added to the sentiment in honor of Champlain, an allusion and an inference as to the different results of the French and English Colonial policy, on which you will probably expect me to offer an observation or two before resuming my seat. Champlain’s project originally was, no doubt, to make this Atlantic coast the basis of French power in the New World. His government claimed the continent down to the 40th parallel, which as you know intersects Pennsylvania, Ohio and Illinois, while the English claimed up to the 45th, which intersects Nova Scotia and Canada.

“ Within these five degrees of latitude the pretensions of France were long zealously maintained in diplomacy, but were never practically asserted, except in the 44th and 45th, by colonization. I am not prepared to dispute the inference that the practical abandonment, by France, of the coast discoveries of her early navigators, south of 45, may have changed, as you say, ‘ the destiny of the New World.’ It may be so ; it may be, also, that we have not reached the point of time in which to speak positively as to the permanent result ; for Divine Providence moves in His orbit by long and insensible curves, of which even the clearest-

sighted men can discern, in their time, but a very limited section. But we know, as of the past, that the French power, in the reign of Louis XIII. and XIV., was practically based on the St. Lawrence, with a southern aspect, rather than on the Atlantic with a western aspect. All the consequences of that great change of plan and policy, I am not prepared here so much as to allude to, for that would carry me where I have no wish to go—into international issues, not yet exhausted.

“I may be permitted, however, to question that French influence, as developed in its Roman Catholic religion, its Roman law and its historical fascinations, was ever really circumscribed to Canada, or was really extinguished, as has been usually assumed, by the fall of Quebec. It is amazing to find in the colonial records of the period between the death of Champlain and the death of Montcalm, a century and a quarter, how important a part that handful of secluded French colonists played in North American affairs. In 1629, Champlain could have carried off all his colonists in ‘a single ship;’ more than a hundred years later, they were estimated at some 65,000 souls; in the Seven Years’ War they were, according to Mr. Bancroft, but as ‘one to fourteen’ of the English colonists. The part played by the Canadians in war, under the French kings, was out of all proportion to their numbers; it was a glorious but prodigal part; it left their country exposed to periodical scarcity, without wealth, without commerce, without political liberty. They were ruled by a policy strictly martial to the very last, and though Richelieu, Colbert, de la Gallissionere, and other supreme minds, saw in their ‘New France’ great commercial capabilities, the prevailing policy, especially under Louis XIV. and XV., was to make and keep Canada a mere military colony. It is instructive to find a man of such high intelligence as Montcalm justifying that policy in his despatches to the President de Mole on the very eve of the surrender of Quebec. The Canadians, in his opinion, ought not to be allowed to manufacture, lest they should become unmanageable, like the English colonists, but, on the contrary, they should be kept to martial exercises, that they might subserve the interests of France in her transatlantic wars with England. Such was the policy which fell at Quebec with its last French Governor and Captain General, and it is a policy, I need hardly say, which no intelligent Canadian now looks back to with any other

feelings than those of regret and disapprobation. A hundred years have elapsed since the international contest to which you refer was consummated at Quebec, and Canada to-day, under the mild and equitable sway of her fourth English sovereign, has to point to trophies of peaceful progress, not less glorious, and far more serviceable, than any achieved by our predecessors who were subject to the French kings. The French speaking population, which, from 1608 till 1760, had not reached 100,000, from 1760 to 1860 has multiplied to 880,000. Upper Canada, a wilderness as Champlain found it and Montcalm left it, has a population exceeding Massachusetts, of as fine a yeomanry as ever stirred the soil of the earth. If French Canada points with justifiable pride to its ancient battle-fields, English Canada points with no less pleasure to its newly reclaimed harvest-fields; if the old *regime* is typified by the strong walls of Quebec, the monument of the new era may be seen in the great bridge which spans the St. Lawrence within view of the city I represent, and whose four and twenty piers may each stand for one hour sacred to every traveller who steams through its sounding tube on his way from the Atlantic to the Far West.

“ In conclusion, Mr. President, allow me again to assure you that I have listened with great pleasure to the speeches of this day—especially to the address of my old and long-esteemed friend (Hon. Mr. Poor). I trust the sentiments uttered here, at the mouth of the Kennebec, in Maine, will go home to England, and show our English relatives that the American people, unmoved by any selfish motive, are capable of doing full and entire justice to the best qualities of the English character. I am sure nothing was further from your minds than to turn this historical commemoration to any political account—and certainly I could not have done myself the pleasure of being here, if I had imagined any such intention—but after all the angry taunts which have been lately exchanged between England and America, I cannot but think this solemn acknowledgment of national affiliation, made on so memorable a spot as Fort Popham, and made in so cordial a spirit, must have a healing and a happy effect. We have been sitting under your authority, Mr. President, in the High Court of Posterity—we have summoned our ancestors from their ancient graves—we have dealt out praise and blame among them—I trust without violence to truth or injustice to the dead: for the dead have their rights

as the living have : injustice to them is one of the worst forms of all injustice—and undue praise to the underserving is the worst injustice to the virtuous and meritorious actors in the great events of former ages.

“ When we leave this place, we shall descend from the meditative world of the Past to mingle in the active world of the Present, where each man must bear his part and defend his post. Let me say for myself, Mr. President, and I think I may add I speak in this respect the general settled sentiment of my countrymen of Canada, when I say that in the extraordinary circumstances which have arisen for you, and for us also, in North America, there is no other feeling in Canada than a feeling of deep and sincere sympathy and friendliness towards the United States. As men loyal to our own institutions, we honor loyalty, everywhere ; as freemen we are interested in all free States ; as neighbors we are especially interested in your peace, prosperity and welfare. We are all anxious to exchange everything with you except injustice and misrepresentation ; that is a species of commerce which—even when followed by the fourth estate (pointing to the reporters at his right)—I trust we will alike discourage, even to the verge of prohibition. Not only as a Canadian, but as one who was originally an emigrant to these shores as an Irishman, with so many of my original countrymen resident among you, I shall never cease to pray that this kindered people may always find in the future, as they always have found in the past, brave men to lead them in battle, wise men to guide them in council, and eloquent men like my honorable friend yonder (Hon. John A. Poor) to celebrate their exploits and their wisdom from generation to generation.”



A "Green-back" of the last Century.

"A LITERARY gentleman of this city, well known for his antiquarian researches in connection with the early history of Canada, showed us,* yesterday, a slip of once negotiable, 'paper,' which may not inaptly be termed a 'shinplaster' of the last century. It was one of the Intendant Bigot's famous bills on Paris, which he drew so liberally when the fate of the colony of New France was imminent, and the approaching fall of French power in America gave to the avaricious a capital chance of making money while a state of war and confusion lasted—an opportunity which, if history speaks true, they did not neglect. The bill is in an excellent state of preservation, and is printed on a quarter-sheet of rough foolscap." On next page appears a *fac simile* of it.

This was a Treasury note when a Bourbon reigned in France, and the North American colonies were still faithful to King George. It was worth fully as much in 1764 as Mr. Chase's "kites" are worth in 1864.

The following words appear on the back of the note:—

Payé à l'ordre de Mons. Perrault valeur reçue comptant à
Québec, le 7e septembre 1763.

LOFFICIALE.

Payé à l'ordre de Monsieur D. Vialars valeur accompte à
Québec, le 20e septembre 1763.

PERRAULT.

* *Quebec Morning Chronicle.*

A COMPTE DES DÉPENSES GÉNÉRALES.

Troisième.

A Québec, le 7e Octobre 1758.

POUR 774 lvs.

EXERCICE 1758. MONSIEUR, au quatre juillet mil sept
 cent foixante-un, il vous plaira payer
 par cette troisième de Change, ma
 première ou seconde ne l'étant, à
 l'ordre de M. Lofficiale, le somme
 de sept cent foixante-quatorze livres
 valeur reçue en acquits. De laquelle
 somme je vous rendrai compte sur
 les dépenses de la Marine de cette
 Colonie. Je suis,

Monsieur,

*Vu par nous Intendant
 de la nouvelle France.*

BIGOT.

Votre très-humble & très-
 obeissant serviteur,

A MONSIEUR

IMBERT.

MONSIEUR PERICHON,
 Trésorier général des Colonies,
 Rue Neuve St. Eustache,
 A PARIS.

“ KITE-FLYING ” ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

Under the above caption “L” adds the following interesting note (says the same paper), *apropos* of the Intendant Bigot’s “shinplater” :—

“ In order to complete, for the benefit of the curious, the particulars respecting Bigot’s bill of exchange, mentioned in your last issue, it may

be as well to state that this bill and several others were negotiated at fifty per cent. discount by London brokers, about the year 1764. 'Daniel Vialars,' to whom the present bill was endorsed, appears to have been an extensive London merchant. With the bill there was a long and ably-written letter, in which he proposes a kind of business partnership to Mons. Perrault, of Quebec. Mr. Perrault was in those days a very extensive Lower Town merchant; his business store seems to have occupied the spot on which now stands, in St. Peter-street, Mr. Daniel McGie's and the Express office. Amongst other strange pieces of information contained in the letter referred to, is a request to Mr. Perrault to call on Mr. Zachary Thompson, 'Capitaine du Port à Québec,' to procure a certificate of the tonnage of the ship *La Marie*, Capt. Cornillard—'qui fut fretté par le Général Amherst pour transporter en France le Chevalier de Lévis et sa suite, après la capitulation de Montréal.' This is the hero of the battle of St. Foy. Daniel Vialars' letter covers eight pages. It is written in elegant French. He begins by expressing the hope that the fact of his being a Protestant won't interfere in the mercantile connection likely to ensue between him and Mr. Perrault, as 'la probité se trouve dans toutes sortes de religions.' On the 12th February, 1763, Mr. Vialars writes to say that he trusts peace will soon be proclaimed between England and France, and that the final treaty respecting Canada was deferred merely to afford the English time to withdraw their funds from Martinique, Guadeloupe, and Havana. 'According to private advices,' says he, 'from Holland, the preliminaries between the Queen of Hungary, the King of Prussia and the Elector of Saxe, are signed; if so, we shall soon have a general peace.'

"This odd document was found many years ago, with several others, in the garret of the Lower Town house which Mr. Perrault had occupied. A number were used by a merciless old cook to singe chickens. This fact reminds one of some manuscripts of priceless value for the history of Canada, discovered at Quebec in the wood-box of Mr. Ryland's office, some years back. Unfortunately a portion had already been consigned to the flames."

Ex-Councillor Estebe on Colonial Matters,

24TH FEBRUARY, 1760.

THE reader has just seen a *fac simile* of a Canadian "greenback" of the last century. The kindness of a friend—David A. Ross, Esquire—enables me to submit another document of this period. It is a letter from Estebe, a leading man in the last days of French rule in the colony.

Monsieur Estebe was a member of the Superior Council, at Quebec, one of the advisers of the notorious Bigot, as such condemned, justly or unjustly, three years after the date of this letter, to restore to the King of France some 300,000 livres. This communication, recently discovered, and which has never yet been published, is also addressed to Monsieur Perreault, l'aîné, an eminent Lower Town merchant of that day. It is important as throwing additional light on an eventful period of the history of Canada; having been written four months after the battle of the Plains of Abraham, two months before that of Ste. Foy, and at a time when war was still raging in the colony. The English held the territory enclosed in the walls of Quebec and some forts, but Montreal and the rest of Canada, defended by a celebrated commander and by a numerous army, still belonged to France; and after the brilliant victory of Ste. Foy in April following, as Captain John Knox says, "the fate of Quebec depended on whether it were English or French frigates which entered the harbor first"—defeat, famine and disease (scurvy) had so thinned the ranks of General Murray's brave legions. This old document, indited by an educated gentleman, will also be read with interest, as furnishing a vivid picture of the extreme misery at that time existing in France; still this state of things was doomed to endure some twenty-nine years longer before culminating in the horrors of the French Revolution of '89. Canada had ceased to be prized by France as far back as 1735; disappointment at not finding gold mines being one of the chief causes: the

auriferous Chaudière region and its fabulous wealth were not talked of in those days. The eyes of the French were then turned towards Louisiana, whose fate was decided a few years after the surrender of Quebec. Louisiana was, in 1768, handed over to the tender mercies of the Spaniards, who, under General O'Reilly, inaugurated their rule with exploits which throw in the shade those of General Butler in the Crescent City, at the head of Federal soldiers. Twelve of the principal men in the colony, including the Attorney-General, Lafrenière, a French Canadian, were, without trial, seized and loaded with chains: six of them were shot. Compared with the rule of Spain in Louisiana, even the arbitrary measures of a Haldimand and a Craig, and the civil and religious persecutions of the old Family Compact in Canada, ought to have appeared to the old French colonists mildness itself.

[TRANSLATION.]

BORDEAUX, 24th February, 1760.

To Monsieur PERRAULT, Quebec :

SIR,—It was with heartfelt pleasure I received your favor of 7th Nov. last, since, in spite of your misfortunes, it apprized me of the fact that both you and your lady were well.

I feel grateful for the sympathy you express in our troubles, during our passage from Quebec to Bordeaux. I wish I could as easily forget the misfortunes of Canada as I do the annoyances we suffered on the voyage.

We learned, *viâ* England, by the end of Oct. last, the unfortunate fate of Quebec. You can imagine how we felt on hearing such dreadful news. I could contain neither my tears nor my regrets, on learning the loss of a city and a country, to which I owe everything, and to which I am as sincerely attached as any of the natives. We flattered ourselves that the silence the English had kept during all last summer on their operations, was of good omen for us, and that they would be ignominiously compelled to raise the siege; we had even an indistinct knowledge of the repulse they had met with at Montmorency; we knew

that our troops followed them closely wherever they attempted to land. We have erred like you in the hopes we cherished. What fatality, what calamities, and how many events unknown to us, have led to your downfall?

You do not yet know, my dear sir, of the extent of your misfortunes; you imagine that the loss of the remainder of the colony is close at hand; you are right. This cannot be otherwise, since the relief which is sent to you from France cannot prevent that. The small help which Canadians expected from the payment of some Treasury notes is taken away from them; none are paid since the 15th of October last. This, this is the overwhelming blow to all our hopes! The Treasury notes of the other colonies are generally in the same predicament: the King pays none, and the nation groans under taxation. No credit, no confidence anywhere. No commerce, nor shipments—a general bankruptcy in all the cities of France. The kingdom is in the greatest desolation possible—our armies have been beaten everywhere—our navy, no more exists—our ships have been either captured or burnt on the coasts, where the enemy has driven them ashore, Admiral de Conflans having been defeated on getting out of the harbor of Brest. In one word, we are in a state of misery and humiliation without precedent. The finances of the King are in fearful disorder. He has had to send his plate to the mint. The *seigneurs* have followed his example, and private individuals are compelled to sell their valuables, in order to live and to pay the onerous taxes which weigh on them. At the present moment, by royal order, an inventory is being taken of the silver in all the churches of the kingdom. No doubt, it will have to be sent to the mint, and payment will be made when that of the Treasury notes takes place, that is, *when it pleases God*. Such is a summary of what now occurs here. How I regret, my dear sir, the merry days I spent in Canada! I would like to be there still, if matters were as formerly. I could own a turn-out there, whereas I go on foot, like a dog, through the mud of Bordeaux, where I certainly do not live in the style I did in Quebec. Please God this iron age may soon end! We flattered ourselves this winter that peace would soon be proclaimed. It is much talked of, but I see no signs of it. It will, it is said, require another campaign to complete the ruin, and to postpone more and more the payment, of the Treasury notes.

What will be the ultimate fate of these bills, is very hard to say. It is unlikely any settlement of them will be made before peace is concluded. My opinion is, that nothing will be lost on the bills which are registered, but I cannot say the same of the exchange which is not registered, since payment has been stopped. The Government has refused to register any bills, even some which had been sent to me, and which were payable in 1758. I negotiated some registered ones, here and in Paris at 50 per cent. discount—non-registered ones are valueless—and you get few purchasers even for registered bills. Four richly laden vessels belonging to the West India Company (*Compagnie des Indes*) have arrived lately. This was very opportune, as the company was rather shaky. However, it never failed to pay the “Beaver” bills, and has even accepted those which had not yet fallen due. Our affairs on the coast of Coromandel are like the rest—in a bad way. Fears are entertained for Pondicherry. The English are arming a large expedition for Martinique. That island will have the same fate as Guadeloupe.

The succor sent out to you, if ever it reaches, of which I doubt, consists in six merchant ships, laden with 1,600 tons of provisions, some munitions of war, and 400 soldiers from Isle Royal. I believe this relief is sent to you, more through a sense of honor than from any desire (as none exists) to help you. Many flatter themselves you will retake Quebec this winter. I wish you may, but I do not believe you will. This would require to be undertaken by experienced and determined men, and even then such attempts fail. Remember me to your dear wife. Kiss my little friend (your boy) for me; I reserve him, when he comes to France, a gilt horse and a silver carriage. My wife and family beg to be remembered.

Yours, &c.,

(Signed)

ESTEBE.

P.S.—Your brother is always at La Rochelle. Since I am at Bordeaux, out of 80 vessels which left South America, one only has arrived here. You can fancy how trade stagnates. A singular distrust exists everywhere. The Exchange of —— and other good houses is refused. Those who want to remit to Paris have to get their specie carried.

6th March.

The hospital of Toulouse is just short of nine millions. Bankrupts everywhere, merchants and others.

Why Louis the Fourteenth

BOASTED THAT CANADA CONTAINED MORE OF HIS OLD NOBILITY
THAN THE REST OF THE FRENCH COLONIES PUT TOGETHER.

OF the numerous colonial possessions of France and England, few have had the privilege in the same degree as Canada, of associating with the fortunes of the colony, the names of several of the leading spirits in both kingdoms. Amongst those who, under French dominion, were connected with New France, by titles, honors, civil or military, were several noble dukes, a Montmorency, a Cardinal Duke of Richelieu, a Vendome, a Prince of Condé, a Ventadour, a Lévis, a Daimville; proud Marquises such as DeFeuquières, De Menneville, De Tracy, DeVaudreuil, De Beauharnois, DuQuesne, DeMontcalm, DeVillerai, DeRepenigny; great sea captains such as the Count D'Estrée, DeBougainville, Vice-Admiral Bedout, De Voquelin, Count de la Galissonnière, the victor of Admiral Byng in the Mediterranean, Count de Tilly; engineer officers of great merit, such as the Delérys, one of whom fortified Quebec, whilst another was created Baron de l'Empire, under the first Napoleon, for his services in the Imperial armies, and Viscount by Louis XVIII. Several of these and others were born in the colony and *annoblis* in the mother country. When we find these historical names heading the galaxy of young noblemen, who alone, in the days of *privilege*, could claim as a right, commissions in the French regiments serving in Canada, we can understand why, as Charlevoix relates, the great monarch Louis XIV. boasted that Canada contained more of his old nobility than the rest of the French colonies put together.

This is not at all to be wondered at, considering the kind of colonists sent to Canada from France as soon as it became a Crown colony, that is, in 1663. "Measures were adopted," we are told, "to infuse a more liberal spirit into the colony, to raise the quality and character of the settlers, and to give a higher tone to society. The King took a most judicious

method to accomplish this. He resolved to confer upon the Government a degree of comparative splendor, worthy of the great nation of which it was a dependency. In 1664, he sent out to Quebec the most brilliant emigration that had ever sailed from France for the New World. It consisted of a Viceroy, a Governor General, an Intendant, and other necessary officers of the civil government—the regiment of Carignan, commanded by Colonel de Salières, and officered by sixty or seventy French gentlemen, most of whom were connected with the *noblesse*. Many of these gentlemen settled in the province, and having obtained concessions of the waste lands, became the *noblesse* of the colony, and were the ancestors of the best French families of the present day. The beneficial manner in which this infusion of superior blood, education and accomplishments must have operated; as regards the social and domestic manners of the colonists, previously devoted to the humblest occupations of trade, may be easily imagined. Liberal tastes were encouraged—sentiments of honor and generosity pervaded the highest rank in society, the influence of which was speedily felt through every class of the inhabitants. The Marquis de Tracy, who had the commission of Viceroy, staid little more than a year in the province. He made a successful expedition against the Iroquois, and returning to France, carried with him the affections of all the inhabitants. He maintained a state which had never before been seen in Canada, rightly judging that in a colony at so great a distance from the mother country, the royal authority should be maintained before the public eye in all its external dignity and observances. Besides the regiment of Carignan, he was allowed to maintain a body guard, wearing the same uniform as the *Garde Royale* of France. He always appeared on state occasions with these guards, twenty-four in number, who preceded him. Four pages immediately accompanied him, followed by six valets,—the whole surrounded by the officers of the Carignan regiment, and of the civil departments. M. De Courcelles, the Governor General, and M. De Talon, the Intendant, had each a splendid equipage. It is mentioned in an interesting French manuscript, from which we have taken much valuable information never before published, that as both these gentlemen were men of birth, education, handsome figure and accomplished manners, they gave a most favorable impression of the royal authority, then first

personally represented in New France.”* Nor do titled men seem to have been scarce in the colony since it has become a British dependency—the brightest jewel in Victoria’s Crown. Without dwelling on the several instances in which British noblemen have been identified with the colony, either by marriage, residence, real estate, or otherwise; without describing the visits paid to Canada by members of the Royal family, peers of the realm and others—as early as the 14th August, 1787, the royal banner of England streamed from the quarter-deck of the *Pegasus* frigate, snugly moored in the port of Quebec, when the future sovereign of England (William IV.) was on a friendly visit to his august father’s new subjects. The 10,000 U. E. Loyalists, who had crowded into Canada, insisted on this occasion on his leaving his name to Sorel, one of their strongholds.

The subject of the following notice—which we find in the *Montreal Gazette*—was known in the upper circles of society in this city. One would fancy that the Norman and the Saxon have become one on the banks of the St. Lawrence, as well as on those of the Thames. The Duke of Richmond was one of our best governors; the Chevalier de LaCorne, one of our greatest warriors:

“The parish church bells tolled yesterday in commemoration of the death of Miss Mary Ann Margaret Lennox, daughter of Major the Earl of Lennox, who died last Mouday morning. Miss Lennox, by her father, was a granddaughter of the Duke of Lennox and Richmond, in the peerage of Great Britain, Duke of Aubigny in that of France, and Earl of March in that of the United Kingdom. By her mother she was a descendant of the LaCorne family, a race which is eminent in the early history of Canada for its services to the State, and as such was related to the DeBouchervilles, DeLanaudières, Duchesnays, and other ancient Canadian families. Her sister, Miss Charlotte Lennox, died about two months ago. The funeral services were held yesterday, when her remains were placed in the vaults of the church of Notre-Dame-de-Toutes-Grâces, at Coteau-St.-Luc.”

CAPTAIN BEDOUT.

A correspondent, over the signature of “Query,” writes us (*Quebec Morning Chronicle*) as follows:

“We read in McGee’s *History of Ireland*, volume 2, page 691, that on
New Historical Picture of Quebec.”

the 16th December, 1796, a French fleet, carrying a formidable army, under Hoche and Grouchy, sailed from Brest to invade Ireland. It was composed of 17 sail of the line, 13 frigates and 13 smaller ships, one of the largest, the *Indomptable*, carrying 80 guns, was commanded by a *Canadian* named Bedout. Who was this Capt. Bedout, whose merit and nautical science could procure him from the French Government (never too prone to recognize talent in colonists) such an exalted post as commander of a line-of-battle ship? Can no one tell?"

A correspondent, over the signature of "E. G.," sends the following reply to the query published in yesterday's issue :

"The Rear-Admiral Bedout mentioned in McGee's History of Ireland was born in Quebec, in 1751. His father was a seignior and a member of the *Conseil Supérieur*. The whole family removed to France at the time of the cession, in 1763, and Jacques, the subject of this notice, entered the French navy, where he distinguished himself on several occasions, and was promoted by Napoleon to the rank of Rear-Admiral, and afterwards decorated with the *Croix de la Légion d'Honneur*. He died in 1816. Our historians, Bibaud and Garneau, have recorded Bedout's name as well as those of other French celebrities whose early years had been passed on the borders of the St. Lawrence." He was one of the ancestors of the Paré family.

OBITUARY.

The parish of St. François de la Beauce, says the *Journal de Quebec*, was, on the 11th inst., the scene of a solemn and touching ceremony. Almost 3,500 persons, congregated from the different parishes of the county, and even from this city, thronged the choir, nave and galleries of the spacious and magnificent local church. This multitude had gathered together to pay the last tribute of respect to a man regretted by all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance, by all who had an opportunity of appreciating the generosity and benevolence of his heart.

Charles Joseph Chaussegros de Léry, Esq., one of the seigneurs of Rigaud-Vaudreuil and other places, eldest son of the Honorable Charles Etienne Chaussegros de Léry, member of the Executive Council, and of the late Marie Josephte Fraser, and nephew of the late Viscount de Léry, Lieutenant-General in the service of France, was born at Quebec

on the 2nd September, 1800. Descended from one of the oldest families of the province, whose members, both under French rule and the present government, filled, with approbation, the most important offices of trust in the colony; allied to the best Canadian families, and by the mother's side, to one of the most illustrious houses of Scotland, Mr. de Léry nobly bore his honorable name. After having, with honor and success, devoted the first and greatest portion of his life to the service of his country, in the career followed by his father before him, he abandoned—now some fifteen years since—public life to devote himself exclusively to the advancement and colonization of his seignior, Under his management, and that of an able and worthy friend, the respected curé of the parish, St. François, now noted for its gold mines, progressed rapidly and soon became the most important parish in the county. Mr. de Léry was frequently solicited to re-enter the arena of politics, but always persistently refused; he preferred to devote his leisure hours to the interests of his *cevitaires*, who all respected him as a father, and often submitted their mutual petty disagreements to his arbitration. His wealth, social rank, knowledge, and above all, his urbanity, rendered the task to him an easy and an agreeable one, and all who came to consult him and lay before him their little differences, invariably returned home satisfied with his decisions.

COMTE DE DOUGLAS,

Born at Montreal in 1747; died at Paris in 1842. Louis Archambault, Comte de Douglas, it appears, had obtained rank in the peerage of France with that title. He had succeeded, in 1770, his uncle, Charles Joseph de Douglas, Comte et Seigneur de Montréal, in France, who, with one of his brothers, had accompanied Charles Edward in his chivalrous attempt to recover the throne of his ancestors, and was taken prisoner at the battle of Culloden. Thus the French Canadian Comte de Douglas, is said to have sprung from one of the most illustrious families in Europe; and it is stated that his maternal grandfather was governor of Montreal, when Canada was a French colony.†

† An Earl of Douglas was made *Duc de Touraine*, and a Duke of Hamilton became *Duc de Chatelherault* in France, about 1425. (*Les Écossais en France*, par Francesque Michel.

U. E. Loyalists.

“OUTLINE OF A FEW CONSPICUOUS U. E. LOYALISTS, WHO FLED TO NOVA SCOTIA AND UPPER CANADA AFTER THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION (1783), WITH PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF EARLY SETTLERS.”—*Parliamentary Manuscripts collected by G. Coventry, Esq.*—
(REVIEWED BY J. M. L.)

THE foregoing is a subject about which, in our opinion, the bulk of Lower Canadians, notwithstanding their knowledge of Canadian history, know very little; in fact, those who have the courage to be candid, will promptly admit that in their minds a haze of uncertainty has hovered for a long time as to the exact meaning of the word “U. E. Loyalists,” and that they do not clearly understand what is meant by “Nova Scotia Knights.” They can readily tell you how many trips Jacques Cartier or Champlain made to New France; of the thrashing General Levis gave General Murray on the Ste. Foy heights in 1760; of the harrowing tale of the shipwrecked French refugees on Cape Breton in 1761; of the arbitrary banishment of the Acadians: but be cautious how you parade before their eyes the mystic combination “U. E. Loyalists,” else many will fancy you are attempting to enlist their sympathy in favor of some new Masonic order, mayhap an Orange lodge, or perchance some secret political organization possibly like the Knights of the Golden Circle, or the D. M. D.† With all due deference to their historical lore, I see no cogent reason why the 10,000 English refugees who, Mr. Coventry tells us, “were the founders of the present prosperity of Upper Canada,” should be more ignored in the annals of this, our common country, than were the French refugees who returned to the parent state a century back. At their removal, honors were lavished on both classes by their respective sovereigns, and several of them have left their mark in history.

† Defenders of the Monroe Doctrine.

Before proceeding further in this inquiry, let us award our meed of praise to the enlightened statesmen who have been instrumental in rescuing from oblivion the memories of the brave and honorable men who, at the close of the American revolutionary struggle, made the western portion of Canada their home. To the late Hon. William Hamilton Merritt and to the Hon. James Morris, the descendants of these worthies owe a debt of gratitude for having procured the support and sanction of the legislature to the measures they devised in order to compile the important parliamentary papers and manuscripts now styled "The Simcoe Papers and Manuscripts relating to the U. E. Loyalists;" and if I should venture to say that what has been collected can only be considered as a first instalment, it is not with the view of disparaging the labours of Mr. Coventry, the gentleman employed by Parliament to transcribe these documents. I merely wish to record my opinion, that compared to the rich mines of historical facts and data procured at government expense in France, in the United States and elsewhere, relating chiefly to Lower Canada, the Coventry Manuscripts appear but the forerunners of a comprehensive compilation necessary for a full history of that progressive western portion of the Canadas. Any one viewing what material the *Archives de la Guerre*, the *Archives de la Marine*, the *Albany State Documents*, and the old census tables of France have furnished to Mr. Faribault, Mr. Garneau, Mr. Bibaud and others, for the history of Lower Canada, will confess that our portion of the country has been dealt with most liberally. It is not every day, be it remembered, that a Lower Canadian is warranted in stating that Lower Canada has in one respect had a larger portion of the loaves and fishes than its sister province!

To prevent disappointment, let us, at the onset state, for the benefit of the 20,000 descendants of the famous 10,000 "founders of western prosperity," that it is not in this short sketch, penned by a French Canadian in a leisure hour, that they are to look for the whole pedigree and domestic history of their worthy grandfathers.

Should the nephews of U. E. Loyalists be as kindly treated by the government of the day, *when Canada will be received as a Sovereign State, in the great Republic, some time about the year 1964*, as their fathers were by the house of Hanover in the last century, they will, indeed, be accounted a fortunate race.

Let us now hear Mr. Coventry, without adopting all his conclusions :

“ Upper Canada may be said to have been founded by American Loyalists, who were driven from their country at the Revolutionary War. The whole country was a wilderness, as the French, who were the previous occupiers, had taken no pains to clear or colonize it.* 'Tis true that at Detroit, where they had a fort, they induced a few individuals to settle around, and also on the Canadian shore, the descendants of whom remain there to the present day. After the British flag triumphed, they remained unmolested, as well as those who chose to remain in the Lower Province.

“ The great work, therefore, of subduing the forests and of bringing the rich tracts of land under cultivation, was left to the indomitable courage, energy, and perseverance of the settlers, protected and encouraged by the mother country.

“ The principal object of the line of division of Canada, as established by Mr. Pitt's Act, was to place them, as a body, by themselves, and to allow them to be governed by laws more congenial than those which were deemed requisite for the French, on the St. Lawrence.

“ This decision arose from the tenor of the Treaty of Capitulation at Montreal, which was on so liberal a scale that when finally ratified at Fontainebleau, the French [the Canadians, Mr. Coventry means] were to enjoy, unmolested, their own religion, their own laws, their civil rights, to retire when they pleased, and to dispose of their estates to British subjects.

“ Of course they came under the general rules laid down by the British Government and Governor ; nor were they entitled to grants of land, which were so freely given to Loyalists and soldiers who had so bravely fought under the British flag. They continued to pursue their old-fashioned way of living, and for many years gave no political trouble.

“ Previous to Mr. Pitt's Act coming into operation in 1791, many large grants of land were made, but the names of the parties were not registered in the Crown Land Department, nor were the locations known, as it frequently happened that such grants were sold and not taken up until many

It is only necessary to refer to the chronicles of the past to ascertain whether or not the French took pains to colonize New France.—*J. M. L.*

years afterwards. Consequently our information is very meagre relative to the progress of the colony whilst under military rule.

“ There were no official surveys of lands until 1792, when about 20,000 acres were surveyed in York, Scarboro’ and Cramahe. Old settlers, from the taking of Fort Niagara in 1759 to the above period, located where they pleased, with the grant of “ Land Warrants,” which held good in after years by proof of possession and clearance.

“ Some of the old settlers in the Niagara district have told me that the property they now hold has not been registered to this day;—they hold possession by prescriptive right, having been on their farms for upwards of eighty years.

“ As our enquiry is confined to Upper Canada, we need not enter upon the surveys of the Lower Province; suffice it to say, that after the Treaty of Fontainebleau, in 1763, the Crown was desirous to establish the boundary of the Roman Catholic grants. Consequently 5,000 acres were awarded to the Seminary Domain, and the outskirts of the City of Quebec parcelled out to the British settlers who remained with the government. Up to the year 1780, about 80,000 acres were surveyed by order of the British governors, part of which the government retained, and the remainder was given to the military. The rise and progress of a newly-settled country is at all times an interesting topic. Nothing affords so much entertaining information to young people as the adventures of Robinson Crusoe, the result of De Foe’s fruitful imagination; and the pleasing picture of Paul and Virginia, by Bernardin de St. Pierre, in the Mauritius, will be handed down to succeeding generations; the result, however, of such utopian lives is of no practical use to families in the present organized state of society.

“ Settlers in a Canadian wilderness had to bear the burthen and heat of the day; had to exist by the sweat of their brow; to undergo wonderful privations and to pass through realities which would scarcely be credited in a work of fiction. Still a century has passed and proved the truth of the assertions of Macaulay, that the British Colonies have become far mightier and wealthier than the realms which Cortez and Pizarro had added to the dominions of Charles the Fifth.

“ The history of the country, therefore, during the last century, is eminently the history of physical, of moral and intellectual improvement.

“The history of the settlers; the progress of agriculture, of horticulture, of the useful and ornamental; the change in the habits and manners of the people; the exchange of the spinning wheel for imported finery; the daily luxury and comforts of the inhabitants, contrasted with the privations of their ancestors, will all form subjects of interesting moment in the results of our inquiries.

“The people having their daily duties to perform, with a constant succession of work from sunrise to sunset, were cut off from all intercourse with the world, and for months together never saw a white man’s footstep around their dwellings. A solitary Indian occasionally crossed their grounds with whom they traded for skins and deer. They might almost literally be said to have existed in a state of nature—old associations were their thoughts and the reflection that they were laying the foundation of prosperity for their children. The Bible they carried with them formed their principal solace and consolation—and their endeavors were blessed. The superstition so characteristic of the aboriginals seemed to form no part of their existence. Their minds were constantly occupied with some useful work, and as the shades of evening drew around them they retired, and in such sound sleep that a monarch would have envied. At that period there was but one road through the country, a sort of military highway leading from Toronto to Montreal, and an Indian path leading to Penetanguishine, where a fort was erected and garrisoned by a few soldiers. Between these two points messages were sent backwards and forwards with unerring certainty by Indian guides, similar to David and Solomon’s running footmen.

“There was no money except that which Government distributed for the pay of the troops

“Those who were fortunate enough to have located in the vicinity of an encampment, or a fort, were liberally paid for their produce, and the cash was speedily put away in an old stocking, or locked up for posterity to gloat the eye upon.

“Thieves were unknown, and crime of any description was a rare occurrence.

“The Government was as liberal as the most fastidious could desire. It gave them land, tools, materials for building, and the means of subsisting for two or three years, and to each of their children, as they be-

came of age, two hundred acres of land. Families at the present day speak with pride, pleasure and thankfulness of the liberality of the British Government in affording them assistance in the wilderness—they continued staunch and loyal to their sovereign, ever ready in any emergency to preserve untarnished the honor of the country. ‘*THANK GOD I AM A TRUE BRITON*’ was instilled into the mind from infancy. Intimately connected with the rise and progress of Upper Canada, there is an important class of settlers who demands our especial attention. I allude to the U. E. Loyalists.

“Those extraordinary men underwent the severest trials and privations for their determined loyalty to the House of Hanover.

“No one can have the slightest conception of the misery that civil war entails until after the perusal of Mr. Sabine’s History; every refined cruelty of which the human mind is susceptible was practised on those upholders of the cause of a limited monarchy.

“Doubtless, retaliation was, in a measure, the order of the day; so that scenes were daily witnessed as harrowing to a philanthropist as during the reign of terror in France under Robespierre and Danton.

“The lives that were sacrificed during the seven years’ struggle for independence can never be ascertained; so that, rather than prolong the war, and to spare the further effusion of blood, the Minister adopted the humane principle of completing a treaty that was by no means satisfactory to the greater portion of enlightened politicians.

“Those who are interested in the history of nations should, by all means, obtain Mr. Sabine’s useful and interesting work; but as it is now scarce, I shall subjoin a few notices of extraordinary characters who figured in the revolutionary struggle, who afterwards took refuge in Canada and Nova Scotia, and who acted as pioneers in clearing the wilderness, and by perseverance and industry reared families whose descendants have since shone conspicuous in the annals of the country. As Upper Canada had few actual settlers previous to the termination of American hostilities, nor any accommodation for the reception of refugees, we have to trace the stream of loyalists who made their escape to the shores of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, where they arrived in British ships by thousands, and afterwards branched out in various directions as they obtained grants of land in various sections of the colony.

“Some few came over by way of Niagara, under the auspices of Sir William Johnson, and afterwards under the administration of General Simcoe. Their history is extremely interesting, shewing the wonderful vicissitudes of human life, and may be held up as beacons to those grumblers of the present day, who have not the same manliness, fortitude and presence of mind to meet the casualties incidental to the changes that at times take place under every form of government.

“The loyalist officers at the close of the war retired on half-pay.

“This stipend they received during life, and they also received grants of land according to their rank.

“Many were appointed to responsible and lucrative civil offices, and some even administered the Government of the colony in which they resided: General Simcoe, for instance, who commanded the Queen’s Rangers in the Revolutionary war. Nothing in the history of those extraordinary men is so remarkable as their longevity. Several lived to enjoy their pay for upwards of half a century, and so common among them were the ages of eighty and eighty-five, ninety and even ninety-five, that the saying became proverbial—‘Loyalist half-pay officers never die.’ So courteous and liberal was the British Government, that even after the death of those old officers, many widows and orphans were recipients of various sums, amounting to between £20,000 and £30,000 per annum, (aye and as much as £50,000.)

“We have previously remarked that those who are curious to know the fate of from 7,000 to 10,000 loyalists should consult Mr. Sabine’s valuable work.

“In our selection we shall notice a few conspicuous families who fled from the States at a very early period of Upper Canadian history.”

It is with those prefatory remarks that Mr. Coventry ushers in the bright galaxy of loyal men whose allegiance to the House of Hanover was so substantially rewarded, whose orphans and widows received as much as £50,000 per annum from the British Exchequer. (Good olden time, Mr. Coventry! Happy age this was! Let us not, however, dwell on the sunny picture too long, lest it should call forth an invidious comparison between the treatment experienced by Governor Simcoe’s and Sir William Johnston’s friends, and that meted out to the successful reformers of abuses in 1838-9, in Eastern and Western Canada. They, too,

were the sons of men who had stood up for Britain's flag in 1775 and 1812; but "let the past bury its dead." The U. E. Loyalists were brave, let us honor them; they sacrificed their comforts, their worldly means, to the shrine of consistency, and consistency is a jewel; let us cherish their memory!

But how shall we becomingly recount the odyssey of their sufferings in the wilds of Western Canada? How shall we depict their valor in war? Let Chrysler's Farm, let Lundy's Lane, let Queenston Heights, let the battle fields of 1812-13-14 unfold their honored records.

The Coventry manuscripts contain sketches of the following U. E. Loyalists and early settlers of Upper Canada :

The Smiths, Gambles, Andersons, Jones, Lymans, Robinsons, Baldwins, Sir James McCaulay, Hon. John Wilson, John Strachan, Capt. James Dittrick, Roger Bates, Mrs. White, Joseph Brant, Thomas Horner, Hon. M. DeBoucherville,* Hon. John Stewart, Hon. W. Morris, Mohawk Chief Martin, Hon. Samuel Crane, Nicholas Browse, Jacob De Witt, Hon. George Crookshank, Sir Joseph Brook, Hon. James Crooks, George Brouse, M.P.P.; Dr. Schoefield, Hon. John Molson, Hon. John McDonald, Thomas Merritt, Jacob Bowman, Hon. Henry Ruttan, Hon. John Elmsley, Chief Justice; Hon. Peter Russell, Administrator; Hon. Henry Alcock, Chief Justice; W. Weeks, M.P.P.; John White, Attorney-General; Mrs. Secord, of Chippewa; Col Clark, Port Dalhousie; Hon. W. Hamilton Merritt, Philemon Wright, the first settler on the Ottawa; Rev. John Stuart, Frontenac; Tecumseh; Mrs. Clench, of Niagara; Mrs. John Gibson, of Grantham; John Kilburn; James Richardson, of Glover Hill; also a statement of the sufferings of the clergy at the American revolution. This paper is particularly interesting.

Out of such a rich casket of historical gems, who will dare to select? Here is a lively sketch of an Indian warrior, Tecumseh—a genuine product of an American forest: as such I shall add it to the *Maple Leaves* and insert it possibly in a subsequent paper. And here are traits of devotion and disinterestedness, scraps of family history, feats of personal prowess, inci-

*Hon. Mr. DeBoucherville is a lineal descendant of the old Governor of Three Rivers, and founder of the village of DeBoucherville.

dents of the battlefield ; how shall I crowd them all in the narrow limits of this record of Canadian worth and Canadian gallantry? Yes, how? I acknowledge the idea distresses me much ; enough at any rate for to-day. But before closing listen to the quaint gossip of a very worthy and ancient dame of some 79 summers, Mrs. White.† “The Bay of Quinté was covered with ducks, of which we could obtain any quantity from the Indians. As to fish, they could be had by fishing with a scoup. I have often speared large salmon with a pitch fork.” Only fancy, spearing salmon with a pitch fork! “Now and then provisions ran very scanty, but there being plenty of bull frogs, we fared sumptuously.” Good gracious! to think that the U. E. Loyalists were veritable frog-eaters. “Eating bull frogs a sumptuous fare!” Oh, Mrs. White! Mrs. White! However, there was just as excellent a reason for eating bull frogs in Upper Canada in 1788, as there was for eating horse flesh‡ in Lower Canada some thirty years previously: *there was nothing else to eat*. Let us continue. “This,” says Mrs. White, “was the time of the famine, I think, in 1788; we were obliged to dig up our potatoes, after planting them, to eat. We never thought of these privations, but were always happy and cheerful. No unsettled minds; no political strife about church government, or squabbling municipal councils. We left everything to our faithful Governor.§ I have often heard my father and my mother say

† Reminiscences of Mrs. White, of White's Mills, near Cobourg.

‡ Montcalm had had 1500 horses slaughtered for the inhabitants of Canada in 1758.

§ “Let us do justice to the memory of a really great man; that first Governor (Simcoe) was no mere soldier. While his military designs entitled him to rank with Wolfe and Brock, as the preserver of Canada to the Crown of Great Britain, his large views of civil policy went far beyond all the men—civilians by profession—who have been entrusted with the supreme direction of affairs in this country. I was glad to see that at the great pioneer festival held at London a few weeks ago, the name of General Simcoe was not forgotten, for it is a name that must always remain inscribed on the corner stone of the history of Western Canada. I do not know a more interesting or instructive picture of any Canadian Governor, not even that which Peter Kalm gave, in 1745, of the renowned Marquis de la Gallissonière, than is given by the Duke de la Rochefoucault Liencourt, of Lieut.-Governor Simcoe, in his travels in North America in the year 1795. The French Duke found Upper Canada ‘a new country, or rather,’ he says, ‘a country about to be formed;’ and its Governor, ‘a man of independent fortune,’ whose only incitement to accept the office was the hope of thereby rendering a great service to his native land. ‘Governor Simcoe,’ he says, ‘was of opinion that not only would Upper Canada be found quite able to sustain all her own inhabitants, but that she might become a granary to England’—a statesman's hope which has been fully realized! De la Rochefoucault describes an incident of his rule, which came under his own notice. ‘We met,’ he says (speaking of an excursion he made with the

that they had no cause of complaint in any shape, and were always thankful to the Government for its kind assistance in the hour of need. Of an evening, my father would make shoes of deerskin for the children, and my mother, make home-spun dresses. We had no doctors, no lawyers, no stated clergy. We had prayers at home, and put our trust in Providence. An old woman in the next clearance was chief physician to the surrounding country as it gradually settled. A tree fell one day and hurt mother's back very much; we sent for the old woman, who came, steeped some wheat, made lye and applied it very hot in a flannel; in a very short time she was as well as ever. Flax was cultivated in those halcyon days. One year we grew 700 cwt.; we spun and wove it into wearing apparel and table linen. It lasted a long time. A hardy fellow came along and made us our chamber looms, so that we might work away. We had no occasion for imported finery, nor, if we had, we could not have procured any. As the girls grew up and settlers came round, a wedding occasionally took place. There was but one minister, a Presbyterian, named Robert McDonald, a kind, warm-hearted man, who came on horseback through the woods from Kingston, and when he saw smoke from a house he straight made up to the residence, where he was always welcome. He had a most powerful voice, when he became excited; he could be heard a mile off. All who were inclined to marry he spliced, with many a kind word to the young folks—'that they were sure to prosper by industry and perseverance.' He married Mr. White and myself.

"When the other girls would smirk and look pleasant at him, and think him a great benefactor, he would chuck them under the chin and say—'t will soon be your turn.'"

Governor beyond Niagara), 'an American family, who, with some oxen, cows and sheep, were coming to Canada. 'We come, said they to the Governor—whom they did not know—to see whether he will give us land.' 'Aye, aye,' the Governor replied, 'you have tired of the Federal government; you like no longer to have so many kings, you wish again for your old father;' (it is thus the Governor calls the British monarch when he speaks with Americans); 'you are perfectly right; come along, we love such good royalists as you are; we will give you land.' Such, sir, was the spirit of the founder of Upper Canada—such was the beneficent policy which breathed into that soulless wilderness the breath of life: and lo! your country became a living spirit. 'Come along! we like such good royalists as you are; we will give you land!' This was the policy of Governor Simcoe, three-quarters of a century ago—a policy which rebukes and puts to shame the narrow, illusory and vexatious quackery which obstructs the settlement of our remaining lands at this moment, and stands sentry for barbarism in the North-West."—*McGee's Letter to Dr. Parker in 1863.*

Further on Mrs. White speaks of steamboats and railroads, with much greater respect, however, than the late Mr. Marchildon, M.P.P., and winds up this picture of a Canadian arcadia, by saying—"Give me the spinning wheel days, when girls were proud to wear a home-spun dress of their own spinning and weaving, not dreaming of high-heeled boots, thin shoes, hoops and crinoline, and salt-cellar bonnets."

So mote it be.

THE "U. E." LOYALISTS.

"A Volunteer" writes us† as follows, viz :—

"Among the many communications which have graced your journal, and for which we are indebted to the facile pen of our respected townsman, J. M. LeMoine, there are few who possess so great an interest for us Anglo-Saxons, born on the soil, as the subject matter of Mr. LeMoine's letter of yesterday. Our fathers, through good and through evil report, stood firm in their allegiance to the British flag, and shed their blood in many a well-fought field. Is there no history of the Provincial corps, raised in the different revolted states, which fought by the side of the British regulars? Are there no returns on file in the War Office, showing when and where these different corps were raised; how they were commanded and officered, and what battles they fought? What officers survived the war, and chose Lower Canada as their home? Have we no Napier to write in full the history of the U. E. Loyalists?"

† *Quebec Morning Chronicle.*

The Battle Fields of Canada.

AN attempt is here made to supply a gap which no guide-book as yet has filled. That a brief narrative of the chief encounters which have taken place on Canadian soil and on its borders, between rival armies, will prove acceptable, many firmly believe. These accounts will be collated from reliable sources : Charlevoix, Bancroft, Garneau, Christie, Bibaud, John Gilmary Shea, the *New York Historical Magazine*, the *New Historical Picture of Quebec*, compiled by the late Dr. John C. Fisher and the late Andrew Stuart, men distinguished alike for their vast erudition and high authority as writers. In these fighting days, when our American neighbours have on foot larger armies than the old world can boast of, a glance at battle fields is not out of place. Although the narratives of our battles, in many cases, have been made up from letters and reports written by the leaders of regulars, and are calculated to exhibit in bright colors their superiority over volunteers or militia, enough occasionally transpires to show that the regulars met with hearty co-operation from the militia, and that in some hard fights, east and west, the militia can justly lay claim to the greater portion of the success. It may be neither an unpleasant nor an unprofitable task to enquire how the bone and sinew of the country repelled aggression : the enquiry will give us no occasion to be ashamed of our fathers. If, when the time comes, we can meet the invader as stoutly as they did during the seven years' war, and during the two American invasions ; if we are then fortunate enough to entwine our banner with wreaths as redolent of heroism as that of Carillon, Ste. Foy, Chateauguay, Queenston, Lundy's Lane, we need not fear the verdict—either of posterity or of new masters, should "manifest destiny" ever hand us over to republican rule. We may then have a right to expect to be treated as men, having acted as such, in fulfilling one of the most sacred laws of nature fighting for our hearths—our homes—our country.

The Sieges of Quebec, 1629.*

ONE who is conversant only with the petty and broken lines of European geography, cannot form any adequate conception of the political importance of our impregnable fortress. Placed, as if by the most consummate art, at the very lowest point that effectually commands the navigation of the largest body of fresh water in the world, Cape Diamond holds, and must forever hold, the keys not only of all the vast and fertile regions drained by our magnificent river, but of the almost untrodden world between Lake Superior and the Rocky Mountains. On one side the icy barriers of the north, on the other, the dangers, delays and distempers of the Mississippi will for ever secure an almost exclusive preference to the great highway of the St. Lawrence. In Quebec and Montreal, respectively, must centre the dominion and the wealth of half a continent.

Quebec has been styled the Gibraltar of America—a comparison that conveys a more correct idea of its military strength than of its commercial and political importance. Let the European reader complete the comparison by closing the Baltic, the Elbe, and the Rhine—turning the Danube westward into the English channel, and placing Gibraltar so as to command that noble stream's navigation of two thousand miles.

Quebec, moreover, derives a vast degree of relative importance from its being almost the only fortified spot in North America. Over the whole continent nature has not planted a single rival; while art, in the more level districts of the south, was in a great measure suspended by swamps and forests.

The spirit of the French system of American colonization appreciated fully the unrivalled advantages of Quebec, and made Cape Diamond the fulcrum of a lever that was to shake the English colonies from their foundations. Every page of the earlier history of these regions forces on the reflecting mind a fundamental distinction between the English and the French colonies in North America. The former were planted by an intelligent people; the latter were founded by an ambitious government.

* From *Hawkins's Picture of Quebec.*

The English settlements, forming, as it were, so many neutrally independent States, directed their unfettered energies into the natural channels of agriculture and commerce. The French ones, entangled in the meshes of a net of unparalleled extent, were but the inert parts of a political machine, powerful indeed, but unwieldy, expensive and unproductive. The French sought dominion in military power—the English cherished the spirit and enjoyed the blessings of freedom. Their fundamental destruction, while it gave France a temporary preponderance, could not fail to secure the ultimate triumph of her more enlightened, though less crafty, rival.

From the struggles between the hereditary rivals sprung most of the eventful scenes which form the subject of this chapter ; and one cannot but wonder that Quebec, the source of all the evils that afflicted the English settlement, was not more frequently the main object of attack.

Sieges are from various causes, such as the vicissitudes of fortune, the concentration of interest, the pre-eminent display of valor and generosity, and other popular virtues, the most spirit-stirring occurrences in warfare ; but one of the sieges of Quebec is peculiarly interesting and important, from its cutting off the contending commanders in the decisive hour of victory, changing the civil and political condition of vast and fertile regions, and bringing to a close the European warfare which had rendered the basins of the St. Lawrence and the Mississippi one vast field of blood and battle.

Many years, however, before the political jealousies of France and England rendered Quebec the object of unremitting and vigorous contention, several Indian tribes, influenced partly by a natural dislike of foreign intruders, and partly by hereditary hostility towards the native allies of the strangers, had attempted to sweep away the scarcely-formed germs of our ripe and rich metropolis. In the year 1621, when the whole population of Quebec fell short of three score souls, the Five Nations, or, as they are often termed, the Iroquois, surrounded a fortified post on the shore of the River St. Charles, but fearing the consequences of an actual assault, turned their murderous wrath on the chief objects of their vengeance, the Indian allies of the colony. It is but just here to offer the tribute of applause to the superiority of the French over the English in conciliating the aboriginal savages of the North American continent.

While the English fought their way by inches in almost every settlement, the French generally lived on fraternal terms with their immediate neighbors, and engaged in hostilities with distant tribes rather as allies than principals. The Indian wars of the English were generally civil ones; those of the French were almost universally foreign. In the incursions, of which we have instanced one, the aim of the Iroquois was not so much the French as the Hurons and the Algonquins. After a lapse of eight years of dubious security, Quebec, as if in anticipation of its final and permanent destiny, fell into the hands of the hereditary enemies of France.

In the preceding year, that is in 1628, Sir David Kertk, accompanied by William de Caen, a traitor to his country, penetrated as far as Tadousac with a powerful squadron, and thence summoned the Governor of Quebec to an immediate surrender. Champlain, who had founded the colony, and whose name will live forever in a lake rich in historic recollections, had at that time the command of Quebec. The gallant commander, relying perhaps as much on a bold front as on the strength of the defences or the prowess of the garrison, saved the settlement from Kertk's irresistible force by the spirited reply of himself and his companions.

In July following, an English fleet under two brothers of Sir David Kertk, who remained himself at Tadousac, anchored unexpectedly before the town. Those who know the difficulty, even in the present day, of conveying intelligence between Quebec and the lower parts of the river, will not be surprised that the fleet should have almost literally brought the first intelligence of its own approach.

The brothers immediately sent, under the protection of a white flag, the following summons, which breathes at once a consciousness of strength and a feeling of generosity:—

“ July 19th, 1629.

“SIR,—Our brother having last year informed you that sooner or later he would take Quebec, he desires us to offer you his friendship and respects, as we also do on our part; and, knowing the wretched state of your garrison, we order you to surrender the fort and settlement of Quebec into our hands, offering you terms that you will consider reasonable, and which shall be granted on your surrender.

CHAMPLAIN'S ANSWER.

“GENTLEMEN,—It is true that, owing to the want of succour and assistance from France, our distress is very great, and that we are incapable of resistance: I therefore desire that you will not fire on the town, nor land your troops until the articles of capitulation can be drawn up.”

Articles of Capitulation proposed by Champlain.

“That Messieurs Kertk shall produce the King of England’s commission, by virtue of which they summon the place to surrender, as an evidence that war had been declared between France and England. That they should also produce authority by which they were empowered by their brother, David Kertk, admiral of the fleet. That a vessel should be furnished for transporting to France all the French, without excepting two Indian women. That the soldiers should march out with their arms and baggage.

“That the vessel to be provided to carry the garrison to France shall be well victualled, to be paid for in peltries. That no violence or insult shall be offered to any person. That the vessel to be procured shall be ready for departure three days after their arrival at Tadoussac, and that they shall be transported.”

ANSWER OF THE KERTKS.

“That they had not the commission from the King of England, but that their brother had it at Tadoussac; that they were empowered by their brother to treat with Mr. Champlain.

“That a vessel would be provided, and if not sufficiently large, they would be put on board the ships of the fleet of England, and from thence sent to France.

“That the Indian women could not be given up, for reasons to be explained when they met.

“That the officers and soldiers should march out with their arms, baggage and other effects.”

Champlain’s own proposals of capitulation satisfactorily demonstrate that, down to 1629, France had hardly any permanent footing in the country. By stipulating for the removal of “all the French” in Quebec, Champlain seems to have considered that the province was virtually lost to France; and the single vessel which was to furnish the means of a

removal, reduces "all the French" in Quebec to a very paltry number. The humanity of the victors, however, had the effect of inducing most of the colonists to remain under the English government.

With Quebec fell, of course, the whole of Canada into the power of England.

Champlain, with the partiality of a father for his child, strove by the most pressing entreaties, and by the most natural exaggerations, to make his country wrest Quebec from England by negotiation or by arms. His countrymen, however, did not unanimously second the unsuccessful commander's blended aspirations of patriotism and ambition. With the exception of a few placemen, and of a few zealots for commercial intercourse and maritime enterprise, most of the leading men of France considered Canada merely as an expensive toy. The Government, therefore, permitted three years to elapse without employing any active means of recovering the lost colony, and at last adopted the alternative of negotiation, its cheapest and most powerful weapon against the generous prowess of England.

In 1632, France recovered, by treaty of St. Germain-en-Laye, Canada, along with the Acadian Peninsula and the Island of Cape Breton.

Connected with this point of our interesting subject, a few observations on the colonial supremacy of Britain may not be deemed impertinent by the intelligent reader.

Before the decay of the feudal system, and the establishment of standing armies had consolidated the gigantic kingdoms of Spain and France, England was more than a match, in a fair field, for either of her more populous and more extensive rivals. Subsequently, however, to the introduction of those political and military innovations, England was induced, as well by necessity as by inclination, to cherish her navy as the safest and most efficient means of maintaining her high position among the powers of Europe. Not only has her navy secured to her uninterrupted blessings of national independence, and the proud rank of arbitress of Europe, but it has enabled her to reap the rich fruits of the colonial enterprise of France, Portugal and Holland. *Sic vos non vobis!* would have been the appropriate, though a haughty inscription of her omnipresent and omnipotent banner. As if by the unerring hand of destiny, colony after colony, from Gange's banks to Erin's side, has

been made to submit, notwithstanding repeated restitutions, to the permanent dominion of the British name; and a nation separated from all other nations, owes chiefly to that very separation the mastery of a world far more extensive than the "whole world"* of the Roman bard. But, however humiliating to rivals may have been the colonial conquests of England, the conquered colonies have found, in the blessings of political liberty and comparatively unrestricted commerce, an ample recompense for their share of national humiliation, and have generally acquiesced, with a feeling of peaceful gratitude, in the milder and happier order of things.

Champlain was reinstated in the government of the recovered colony, and during the remaining years of his honorable life was exempted from the troubles, at least, of foreign invasion. Quebec seems to have enjoyed a kind of dubious tranquility until, about twenty years after Champlain's death, the Five Nations, to the unusually large number of seven hundred warriors, after having massacred the natives and the colonists in the open country, and committed the most cruel devastations, blockaded Quebec for several successive months. Such a siege may occupy a very small share of our consideration, but the recollections of the tomahawk and the knife† of the yelling children of the forest are still vivid enough in Canada to rouse our definite sympathies for the dangers and the distresses of the unhappy citizens. The scene must have teemed with picturesque horrors, and many bold and thrilling achievements, doubtless, deepened its terrible interest. This siege, although ultimately baffled, was very prejudicial to the welfare of Quebec: its dangers and terrors drove many of the settlers to France in despair, and almost led to the ruin of the colony.

* How singularly these words, penned in 1835 by one of the most gifted Canadians, now sound in 1864, when the debates in the Imperial Parliament ament the rejection of the Lyson's militia bill are still fresh in the memory of all: "Ships, colonies and commerce," was a grand idea then, not now.—*J. M. L.*

† That the Indians were dangerous allies, the following incident, related in Moore's *Indian Wars of the United States*, clearly shows:—"Mr Jones, an officer of the British army, had gained the affections of Miss Macrea, a lovely young lady of amiable character and spotless reputation, daughter of a gentleman attached to the Royal cause, residing near Fort Edward, and they had agreed to be married. In the course of service, the officer was removed to some distance from his bride, and became anxious for her safety and desirous of her company. He engaged some Indians, of two different tribes, to bring her to camp, and promised a keg of rum to the person who should deliver her safe to him. She dressed to meet her bridegroom, and accompanied her Indian conductors; but, by the way, the two chiefs, each being desirous of receiving the promised reward, disputed which of them should deliver her to her lover. The dispute arose to a quarrel, and according to their usual method of disposing of a disputed prisoner, one of them instantly cleft the head of the lady with a tomahawk."

Phipps before Quebec in 1690.†

AFTER a lapse of about thirty years, Quebec, under the command of the gallant Count de Frontenac, made a vigorous and honorable defence in 1690, against the forces of Sir William Phipps, Governor of Massachusetts.

As this siege, in addition to its intrinsic interest, was the fruit of the colonial system of France previously noticed, it demands a fuller and more circumstantial detail in any historical sketch of Quebec.

For some years before the date of this siege, the French had vigorously availed themselves of their geographical position not merely to harass, but to circumscribe the colonies in New England and New York. The possession of Acadia, which had been restored by England, in defiance of the remonstrance of the neighboring provinces, enabled France to command and cripple the commerce and the fisheries of the eastern colonies; while the discovery of the Mississippi, in the year 1673, and the subsequent attempts of France to colonize its banks, excited serious alarms for the security of the more westerly settlements.

The English colonies, roused to a sense of the impending dangers, made unparalleled exertions, both by land and sea, to deliver themselves from their crafty and restless neighbors.

In 1690, they took Port Royal, in Acadia, with a small force of seven hundred men; and, in the same year, made a judiciously planned attempt on Quebec, the true centre of the French power in America. The immediate cause of this attempt was the cruel invasion of the State of New York by the French in the beginning of the year. The French had concerted an attack on the City of New York, to be made simultaneously by sea and land; but, though their main design was disappointed by unforeseen circumstances, they sent forth marauding parties to the south, that laid waste the country with fire and sword, and murdered in cold blood the unresisting inhabitants of Schenectady with more than barbarian ferocity.

The English colonists, provoked by an attack so cowardly, so atrocious and so uncommon even in the annals of American warfare, and haunted

† From *Hawkins's Picture of Quebec*.

by undefined terrors of future encroachments and cruelty, determined, by means of their commissioners assembled at New York, to carry the war into Canada with all possible diligence. Having in vain requested from the mother country a supply of ships and ammunition, the colonists gallantly resolved to bear the whole burden of the invasion, and to extricate themselves, at all hazards, from the rapidly closing net of the French. It is more than probable that had their invasion of Canada been successful, they would have resisted, by something more than remonstrances, the restitution of the province to their inveterate and implacable enemies, and have anticipated by a permanent conquest the triumphs of the immortal Wolfe.

The invading forces consisted of an army, that was to cross the country under General Winthrop, and a naval squadron under the command of Governor Phipps. Of the army nothing more needs be said, than that like every other army on a similar errand, it was completely unsuccessful; to the squadron, which conducted the siege of Quebec, our last attention must be given.

As soon as the Count de Frontenac, who had turned his earlist attention to the operations of the land army, was apprised of its retreat, he led back his troops with all possible diligence to reinforce the garrison of Quebec, having ordered the governors of Montreal and Three Rivers to follow him with all their disposable forces of militia and regulars.

By extraordinary exertions, the gallant count put the city in a state at least of temporary defence before the arrival of the hostile squadron, and seems to have infused into his soldiers his own heroic confidence of success.

Sir William Phipps appeared before the town on the 5th October, old style. Charlevoix, who uses the new style adopted by the French as early as 1582, calls it the 16th. Although he was certainly neither a traitor nor a coward, the delay and irresolution of the general were afterwards complained of, probably owing to the great disappointment of the English colonists, at the failure of the expedition and the fruitless expense which had been incurred. On the 6th October "it was concluded," says Major Walley in his narrative, "that a summons should be sent ashore, of which the following is a copy :

“To Count Frontenac, Lieutenant General, and Governor for the French King, at Canada, or in his absence, to his deputy, or him or them in chief command.

“The war between the two crowns of England and France does 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 under the necessity of this expedition, for their security and satisfaction, and although the cruelties and barbarities used against them by the French and the Indians, might upon the present occasions prompt to a severe revenge; yet being desirous to avoid all inhumanity and unchristian-like actions, and to prevent the shedding of blood as much as may be, I, William Phipps, Knight, do hereby and in the name and on behalf of their most excellent Majesties, William and Mary, King and Queen of England, Scotland, France and Ireland, defenders of the faith, and by order of their Majesties said government of the Massachusetts colony in New England, demand a surrender of your forts and castles and the things and other stores, unembzzled, with a seasonable delivery of all captives, together with a surrender of all your persons and estates to my disposal.

“Upon the doing whereof you may expect mercy from me, as a christian, according to what shall be found for their Majesties’ service and the subjects’ security, which if you refuse forthwith to do, I come provided, and am resolved, by the help of God, on whom I trust, by force of arms, to revenge all wrongs and injuries offered, and bring you under subjection to the Crown of England; and, when too late, make you wish you had accepted the favor tendered.

“Your answer positive in an hour—returned with your own trumpet, with the return of mine, is required, upon the peril that will ensue.”

* * * * *

Finding the place prepared for defence, Sir William, after a fruitless attempt to capture it on the land side, by an attack on the River St. Charles, contented himself with a bombardment of the city, and retired after staying a week in the harbor. All the English naratives of the siege plausibly enough ascribed the defeat to Sir William’s procrastinating disposition, but he seems on this occasion, at least, to have had sufficient

justification in the obvious impropriety of attacking a city almost impregnable by nature, and swarming with zealous defenders.

Charlevoix mentions that he was delayed by head winds and by bad pilots. But Sir William's delay, from whatever circumstances it sprung, was indubitably the sole cause of the subsequent disgrace and disaster. Had the English forces arrived but three days sooner, they could not have failed to achieve an easy and almost bloodless conquest; but during that period, time for defence was afforded, and M. de Callieres, Governor of Montreal, had reinforced the garrison with the troops of the upper country, and rendered the besieged numerically superior to the besiegers. But even in this apparently untoward circumstance Phipps might have discerned the gleams of certain victory, for the increased consumption of supplies, originally scanty, would soon have enlisted on his side the powerful aid of famine.

Our French manuscript clearly shows that even before Sir William's hasty departure, the garrison had deeply tasted the horrors of famine. The nuns restricted themselves to a daily morsel of bread; and the loaves which they furnished to the soldiers were impatiently devoured in the shape of dough—terror and distress reigned in the city, "for," in the simple but affecting language of the writer, "every thing diminished excepting hunger." To add to the general confusion, the English squadron kept up a tremendous cannonade more to the alarm than to the injury of the inhabitants. Major Walley's *Journal*, besides being too prolix for our limits, is less likely to interest the sympathies of the reader than the narrative of one of the besieged. We therefore take the following extracts from our French manuscript:

"It is easy to imagine how our alarms redoubled, when we heard the noise of the cannon we were more dead than alive, every time that the combat was renewed. The bullets fell on our premises in such numbers, that in one day we sent twenty-six of them to our artillerymen to be sent back to the English. Several of us thought that we were killed by them; the danger was so evident that the bravest officers regarded the capture of Quebec as inevitable. In spite of all our fears we prepared different places for the reception of the wounded, because the combat had commenced with an air to make us believe our hospital would not be capable of containing those who might have need of our assistance: but

God spared the blood of the French; there were few wounded and fewer killed. Quebec was very badly fortified for a siege; it contained very few arms and no provisions; and the troops that had come from Montreal had consumed the little food that there was in the city." "The fruits and vegetables of our garden were pillaged by the soldiers; they warmed themselves at our expense and burned our wood." "Every thing appeared sweet to us, provided we could be preserved from falling into the hands of those whom we considered as the enemies of God, as well as of ourselves. We had not any professed artillerymen. Two captains M. De Maricourt* and De Lorimier, took charge of the batteries and pointed the cannon so accurately as hardly ever to miss. M. De Maricourt shot down the flag of the admiral, and, as soon as it fell, our Canadians boldly ventured out in a canoe to pick it up, and brought it ashore under the very beard of the English."

Abortive Expedition in 1711.†

THE defeat of Sir William Phipps was sensibly felt by the people of New England, who indeed were called upon to defray the expense, amounting to one hundred and fifty thousand pounds. They frequently represented to the British Ministry the commercial advantages, which would result from the total expulsion of the French from North America. At last, in 1707, during the military glories of the reign of Queen Anne, distinguished by a Marlborough, as this age has been by a Wellington—the Earl of Sunderland, Secretary of State, determined to make another attempt to dislodge the French from their almost impregnable position at Quebec. The armament intended for this object, under the command of General Macartney, was, however, diverted from its destination, and ordered to Portugal, in consequence of the disastrous condition to which

* One of the Baron de Longueuil's heroic brothers.—See chapter on "Canadien Noblesse," in first series of *Maple Leaves*.

† From *Hawkins's Picture of Quebec*.

the affairs of the Queen's ally, Charles III., King of Spain, had been reduced by the defeat of the allied forces at Almanza.

In 1711, the project was resumed, only to result in a signal and mortifying failure. The plan of this expedition was suggested by a provincial officer, General Nicholson, who had just taken possession of Nova Scotia, on which occasion he had given the name of Annapolis to Port Royal. This officer had brought to London four Indian Chiefs, and had the address to persuade the ministry to enter into the views of the New England States. The expedition consisted of five thousand troops from England, and two thousand provincials, under Brigadier General Hill, brother to the Queen's favorite, Mrs. Masham. The naval force was very strong, and was placed under the command of Sir Hovenden Walker. The fleet met with constant fogs in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and was nearly destroyed on the Egg Islands, on the 22nd August. Despairing of success, the admiral called a council of war, and it was determined to return to England without making any further attempt. Eight transports* were lost on this disastrous day, with eight hundred and eighty-four officers, soldiers and seamen. The provincial land forces under General Nicholson, which had advanced as far as Albany, and had been joined by six hundred Iroquois, returned to their respective quarters on hearing of the failure of the naval expedition. It is remarkable that during the heat of the factions of that day, the Whigs affected to consider this attempt on Quebec so perfectly desperate an undertaking, that it was made one of the articles of impeachment against Harley, Earl of Oxford, that he had suffered it to go on.

The Marquis De Vaudreuil, then Governor General of Canada, omitted no duty of a brave and prudent officer on this occasion. The rejoicings at Quebec were naturally great at so signal a deliverance; and the Church of *Notre Dame de la Victoire*† spoke the pious gratitude of the religious inhabitants, by assuming the title of *Notre Dame des Victoires*.

* It is supposed that the old hull of a wreck, still extant, on Cape Despair, Gaspé, belonged to this ill-fated expedition.—(J. M. L.)

† It is the same church standing, to this day, opposite Blanchard's Hotel in the Lower Town Market.—(J. M. L.)

Defeat of Washington at Fort Necessity,*

JULY, 1754.

AMIDST these preparations, M. de Contrecoeur received intelligence that a large corps of British was advancing against him, led by Colonel Washington. He forthwith charged M. de Jumonville to meet the latter, and admonish him to retire from what was French territory. Jumonville set out with an escort of thirty men; his orders were to be on his guard against a surprise, the country being in a state of commotion, and the aborigines looking forward for war; accordingly his night campaigns were attended by great precaution. May 17, at evening-tide, he had retired into a deep and obscure valley, when some savages, prowling about, discovered his little troop, and informed Washington of its being near to his line of route. The latter marched all night, in order to come unawares upon the French. At day-break, he attacked them suddenly; Jumonville was killed along with nine of his men. French reporters of what passed on the occasion declared that a trumpeter made a sign to the British that he bore a letter addressed to them by his commandant; that the firing ceased, and it was only after he began to read the missive which he bore that the firing recommenced. Washington affirmed, on the contrary, that he was at the head of his column; that at sight of him the French ran to take up arms, and that it was false to say Jumonville announced himself to be a messenger. It is probable there may be truth in both versions of the story; for the collision being precipitate, great confusion ensued. Washington resumed his march, but tremblingly, from a besetting fear of falling into an ambuscade. The death of Jumonville did not cause the war which ensued, for that was already resolved on, but only hastened it. Washington proceeded on his march; but staid by the way to erect a palisaded fastness, which he called *Fort Necessity*, on a bank of the Monongahela, a river tributary to the Ohio, and there waited for the arrival of more troops to enable him to attack Fort Duquesne (Pittsburg), when he was himself assailed.

* Garneau's *History of Canada*, Bell's translation.

Contrecoeur, upon learning the tragic end of Jumonville, resolved to avenge his death at once. He put six hundred Canadians and one hundred Savages under the orders of the victim's brother, M. de Villiers, who set out directly. Villiers found, on his arrival at the scene of the late skirmish, the corpses of several Frenchmen; and near by, in a plain, the British drawn up in battle order, and ready to receive the shock. At Villiers' first movement to attack them they fell back upon some intrenchments which they had formed, and, armed with nine pieces of artillery, Villiers had to combat forces under shelter, while his own were uncovered. The issue of the battle was doubtful for some time; but the Canadians fought with so much ardor that they silenced the British cannon with their musketry alone; and, after a struggle of ten hours' duration, they obliged the enemy to capitulate, to be spared an assault. The discomfited British engaged to return the way they came; but they did not return in like order, for their retrograde march was so precipitate that they abandoned all, even their flag. Such were the unglorious exploits of the early military career of the conqueror of American Independence. The victors having razed the fort and broken up its guns, withdrew. War now appeared to be more imminent than ever, although words of peace were still spoken. Villiers' victory was the first act in a great drama of twenty-nine years' duration, in which Great Britain and France were destined to suffer terrible checks in America.

JUMONVILLE AND WASHINGTON.*

It is somewhat curious to have, at this day, an examination of Washington's culpabilities in the Jumonville affair from a member of the French officer's family. In the recently published work, *Les Anciens Canadiens*, of Philippe Aubert de Gaspé, p. 396, is the following:

Colonel Malcolm Fraser, during Wolfe's invasion of Canada, was in a detachment which burnt the houses of the Canadians from Rivière Ouelle to the Rivière des trois Saumons. Having become, after the conquest, the intimate friend of my family, he replied to my grandfather's complaints about this act of vandalism: "How could we help it, my dear friend: *à la guerre comme à la guerre*. Your Frenchmen, in ambush in the woods, killed two of our men when we landed at Rivière

* From the *New York Historical Magazine*.

Ouelle." "You should, at least," said my grandfather, "have spared my flour-mill; my poor tenants would not then have been reduced so low as to eat their corn in sagamity like Indians." "In war as in war," added my grandmother; "I admit your maxim, but was it fair war to kill my brother, Villiers de Jumonville, as Washington, your countryman, did at Fort Necessity?" "Ah, ma'am!" replied Col. Fraser, "for mercy's sake do not, for the honor of the English, ever again mention that atrocious murder."

I once slightly reproached our celebrated historian, Mr. Garneau, with passing lightly over that horrible assassination. He replied that it was a delicate subject, that the great shade of Washington hovered over the writer, or something of the kind.

This may be, but it is incumbent on me to clear the memory of my great uncle, whom Washington in his works sought to blacken in order to justify his assassination.

The tradition in my family is that Jumonville presented himself as bearer of a summons requiring Major Washington, Commandant of Fort Necessity, to evacuate that post erected on French territory, that he raised a flag of truce, showed his despatches, and that, nevertheless, the English commander ordered his men to fire on him and his small escort, and that Jumonville fell dead with a part of those who accompanied him.

There is a discrepancy, easily explained, between the tradition of my family and the truth of history. Moreover, this discrepancy has no bearing on the murder of the bearer of the flag of truce, whose mission was to summon the English to evacuate the French possession and not Fort Necessity, which was not thrown up till after the event. (After citing Contrecoeur's instructions to Coulon de Villiers, and the capitulation signed by Washington, he proceeds): Now no one is more disposed than myself to render justice to the great qualities of the American hero; when in my family the conversation turned on the cruel and premature death of our noble kinsman, assassinated in the onset of what promised to be a brilliant career, I used to seek to excuse Washington on account of youth, as he was then but twenty. I expatiated on his virtues, his humanity, when twenty-two years afterwards he directed the cause of his countrymen and created a great and independent nation.

I never, indeed, should have thought of drawing from oblivion this deplorable event, had not Washington himself made it necessary by seeking, in order to clear himself, to blacken the reputation of my great uncle Jumonville in the memoir which he published several years after the catastrophe.

“We were informed,” said he, “that Jumonville, disguised as an Indian, was prowling for several days around our posts, and I had to consider him as a spy.”

This excuse has no probability, because Washington could not but know that not only the soldiers, but also the officers of the French army, when fighting in the woods, adopted the Indian dress, a short coat, leggings, breech-cloth, and moccasins. This light and easy dress gave them a great advantage over enemies always dressed in European style. Nor could Jumonville, without culpable temerity, proceed directly to the English posts without taking great precautions, the wood being infested with hostile Indians, who, acting on a first impulse, would show no great respect to a flag of truce.

After disposing of this accusation of his being a spy, of which Washington did not think till years after the murder when writing his memoir, let us see what he says in justification in his despatches to his government immediately after the affair. It is necessary to observe here that the crowns of France and England were then at peace; that war was declared by Louis XV. only after that event; that the only hostilities committed were the invasion of French territory by the English, and that it was against this very act that Jumonville was sent to protest.

But let us return to Washington's justification in his despatches. He says that “he regarded the frontier of New England as invaded by the French; that war seemed to him to exist, &c.; that the French in his sight ran to arms, and then he ordered his men to fire; that the action lasted a quarter of an hour, in which the French had ten men killed, and one wounded, and twenty-one prisoners; and the English one killed and three wounded; that it was false that Jumonville read a summons, &c.; that there had been no ambush, but surprise and skirmish, which is lawful war.”

Lawful war indeed for a strong detachment to attack suddenly a handful of men in full peace. It was not getting badly out of it for a Major

of twenty; some generals of the Northern American army, who pique themselves on address, would not do better to-day. The phrases "that war seemed to him to exist," "that the French in his sight ran to arms," are of admirable simplicity. These French dogs forgot, apparently, that it was more christian to allow themselves to be killed like sheep.

If we accept Washington's assertion, how can we explain the cry of horror and indignation that resounded through all Canada and even Europe? Yet the French have never been reproached with bewailing like women the loss of even their best generals or a signal defeat; why then their indignation, their fury at the tidings of the death of that young man, who was, so to speak, making his first apprenticeship in arms, if he perished in an action fought according to the rules of civilized nations? All the French prisoners, and even Manseau, who alone escaped the massacre, the very Indian allies of the English declare that Jumonville waved his handkerchief over his head, invited the English, by an interpreter, to stop, having something to read them, that the firing ceased, and that while an interpreter was reading it, he was shot through the head, and that but for the interposition of the Indians the whole party would have been massacred. * * * Washington should never have signed a capitulation where the words assassin and assassination are thrown in his face.

The reader must judge whether I have rescued my grand uncle's memory from the accusation of being a spy. Had Jumonville acted the vile part his enemy attributes to him, to justify a shameful assassination, the French would never have shed so many tears on the victim's grave. So writes the author of "*Les Anciens Canadiens*," M. De Gaspé.

Beaujeu, the Victor of Washington and Braddock.*

9TH JULY, 1755.

THE battle of the Monongahela, as the French more properly style the action fought between the English and French near Fort Duquesne on the 9th July, 1755, has always been, and probably always will stand in our annals as Braddock's defeat. The victory to which that general

* From the *New York Historical Magazine*.

went so confidently, the extent and equipment of his army, the finest ever sent by England to America; the haughty superiority of the regulars over the provincials, all made the terrible and sudden disaster a thing to link forever with the name of the hapless general rather than a battle; and national pride was flattered by an epithet that perpetually punished the guilty commander, paraded on the scaffold of public opinion as Byng had been on a real one.

The battle-field still goes by the name of Braddock's field, and with Germantown and Gettysburg, makes the three great battle-fields of the Keystone State.

It is somewhat remarkable that, though Braddock's expedition has within a few years been made the subject of a monograph constituting a stately octavo, so little has been done to investigate the French accounts, or the life and career of the petty officer who, with a handful of Canadian militia and Indians, routed the finest English army ever seen beyond the Atlantic to astonish the provincials and annihilate the French.

A little volume in Mr. Shea's *cramoisy* series contains all the French accounts of the battle, with a brief memoir of the French commander, whose family still exist in Canada, holding prominent positions in the government of a province divided from Pennsylvania by an imaginary line.

The general events are well known. As part of the scheme for the conquest of Canada, Braddock was to advance with a considerable army from Virginia on Fort Duquesne, which, dilapidated, almost ungarrisoned, seemed a certain prize, and every preparation was made to celebrate with due exuberance of joy the triumph of Britannic power.

M. de Contrecoeur, a Canadian officer, had for some time commanded the fort, but had been relieved by Daniel Hyacinthe Marie Licnard de Beaujeu, a captain in the marines, all the land troops in Canada being of this arm, as Canada and other transatlantic possessions of France depended on the naval department, causing incongruities not without their parallel in our day and country.

As Captain Beaujeu fell in the action, no official report was apparently made, and the accounts which reached Quebec, and which, forwarded to France, formed the basis of the account printed at the Louvre, speak in-

correctly of Contrecoeur as commander of Fort Duquesne ; but the register kept by the chaplain of the fort, Friar Denis Baron, a Franciscan, who was one of the first to chant the service of Rome in the "Chapel of Our Lady's Assumption on the Beautiful River," and a journal of Mr. Godfrey, an officer in the fort, and an account of the War Department, concur in calling Mr. de Beaujeu commandant of the fort and of the forces there.

Beaujeu belongs to the family of the naval officer whose disagreement with La Salle contributed to the unhappy result of that explorer's attempt to reach the mouth of the Mississippi, and was born at Montreal, August 9, 1711 : his father, also a captain, having been for a time King's Lieutenant at Three Rivers.

His son Daniel had won the cross of a Knight of St. Louis, and for a time commanded at Niagara. When placed temporarily in Fort Duquesne, he saw that it could not stand the siege. Extravagance and corruption, such as we know too well, had made the fort a costly affair to the French king, without rendering it a formidable work to an English force.

To await Braddock's approach was therefore madness ; but Beaujeu, full of the pride of a French officer, resolved to attack the English general on the way, and if possible ambuscade the line of his march. From the influence which, during a long service on the frontiers, he had acquired over the Indian tribes, he had little doubt of his ability to gather a considerable number around him for the attempt. On the fifth of June they had learned of Braddock's departure from Will's Creek, and as the month advanced, small parties brought tidings of his approach. On the eighth of July the two brothers de Normanville came in with tidings that the enemy were only eighteen miles off.

While Braddock thus, almost at the end of his march, meeting no opposition, was doubtless congratulating himself on a bloodless victory and a successful campaign, Beaujeu was forming his last plan for an attack on the invader, resolved to die on the field rather than surrender the fort. He now called the war chiefs to a council. Despite the influence which he had acquired by long years spent in service with them, he found them reluctant. The notes of English preparation, the reports of scouts and runners, the experience of a party sent out under La

Pérade, all had impressed the savage mind. "What, Father," they cried, "would you kill and sacrifice us? The English are over four thousand strong and we only eight hundred, and you talk of attacking them. You see well that you are mad. We must have till to-morrow to decide."

Thus deserted by his dusky allies, Beaujeu doubtless passed a gloomy night, prepared to die as became a Chevalier of St. Louis and a French officer commanding an advanced post. At an early hour in the morning he, with probably all his command, assembled in the little chapel of the fort, where the grey-robed friar said mass for the warriors, and in the funeral entry in his register he noted the fact that Beaujeu then approached the tribunal of penance and received the Holy Eucharist, preparing for the death which seemed so certain to be his portion before the close of the day. After lingering a short time before the altar, Beaujeu formed his command, and the small squad of one hundred and forty-six Canadians and seventy-two regulars filed from the fort, Beaujeu at their head, arrayed in his hunting shirt, the silver gorget suspended from his neck alone showing his rank. As he passed the Indian camp he asked the result of their council. "We cannot march," was the reply. "I am determined to meet the enemy," retorted Beaujeu; "will you let your father go alone?" His cool, almost contemptuous manner, seems to have decided the matter. The Indians encamped under the Bourbon lilies by the waters of the Alleghany, were Hurons, Iroquois, Shawnees. Pontiac, Anastase, Cornplanter, were among them; men insensible to fear, warriors who had achieved renown in many a foray. To sit by and see two hundred Frenchmen go to meet the English host of twice as many thousands would be a perpetual disgrace. They silently took up their arms and followed the French line.

Beaujeu had selected as the point at which to assail the English line a ravine beyond the Monogahela where the army would certainly cross. The delay had however been so great that the van had crossed the stream before he could reach the spot. As he came to the crest of a hill over which the trail passed, he came full in view of the English line coming proudly on, the summer sun glittering from the bayonets and muskets^s of the men, and the brilliant scarlet uniforms contrasting with the green foliage of the woods. They, too, marked with astonish-

ment the sudden apparition of the French. Beaujeu was in the front bounding on, brandishing his carbine and cheering his men to a mad attack on the very front of the well appointed army before him, with artillery enough to sweep his whole command from the earth.

As the rattling fire of the French and Indians told on the ranks of Braddock's men, they formed and opened with their cannon, pouring grape into the French party, which soon, in backwoods fashion, took to the trees, and stealing towards the English flank, kept up a steady and deadly fire. At the third discharge of cannon Beaujeu fell dead, and Captain Dumas, his second in command, succeeded, and inspired equal energy.

As we all know, the great error of Braddock was that he kept his men in solid column, and supposing that the French, who were attacking him along his whole van, were as numerous as his own men, kept pushing columns forward to drive back an imaginary corps in front, at every step exposing his flank to a small but concealed body of sharpshooters, who cut them down without mercy. The Indians, who were at first startled by the cannon, at last, tired of musketry, seized their tomahawks and rushed out on the English, who, already deprived of many of their officers, and demoralized by the unwonted system of war, gave way in utter route.

Washington had in vain endeavored to induce Braddock to adopt the backwoods style of fighting, and to him was due the safety of the remnant of the army, his Virginia troops alone remaining cool and meeting the enemy as they had done in former struggles.

The route was a massacre. The Indians cut down all, many perishing in the river; over a thousand dead were strewn over the bloody field amid cannon, caissons, mortars, small-arms, tents, wagons, cattle. The plunder tempted the Indians from the pursuit, or the English could scarcely have borne from the field their dying general.

The French lost three officers killed in the action, Captain Beaujeu, Lieutenant de Carqueville, and Ensign de la Perade, and had several wounded. Their whole killed amounted to thirty, three-quarters of whom were Indians, the savages avenging their death by burning the few prisoners that fell into their hands.

The victors took up the body of their fallen commander and bore it

back to the fort which he commanded, and by his daring had so effectually preserved. It apparently lay in state, for it was not interred till the twelfth. The following is the entry of Father Baron in his register :

“ Burial of Mr. de Beaujeux, Commandant of Fort Duquesne.

“ In the year one thousand seven hundred and fifty-five, the ninth of July, was killed in the battle fought with the English, the same day as above, Mr. Lienard Daniel, Esquire, Sicur de Beaujeu, Captain in the Infantry, Commandant of Fort Duquesne and of the army, who had been to confession and made his devotions the same day, his body was interred on the 12th of the same month in the cemetery of Fort Duquesne, under the title of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin by the Beautiful River, and that with the ordinary ceremonies by us the undersigned Recollet priest, King’s Chaplain in said fort, in testimony whereof we have signed,

“ FRIAR DENYS BARON, P. R ,
Chaplain.”

Some have attempted to make Beaujeu merely wounded in battle, but the word is *tué*, killed, in this entry, and in every account of the fight, and the word would never be used to mean wounded. The burial notices of those who died of wounds are given with precision, and all note the administration of the sacrament of extreme unction which would not have been omitted in the case of Beaujeu, had he survived the battle.

The entries bearing on the battle are, 1st, Pierre Simar, scalped near the fort on the fifth of July, of whom F. Baron notes that he had satisfied his Easter duty (*i.e.* been to confession and received communion). 2, Limoges, killed in the battle and buried on the field. 3. Jean B. Tallion, wounded in the battle on the 9th, and buried at the fort on the 10th, after confessing and receiving extreme unction. 4. Mr. Dericherville, Esquire, Sicur de Carqueville, killed on the 9th, after having been to confession the same day, buried on the 10th in the fort. 5. Jean B. de la Parade, Esquire, Sicur de Parieux, wounded on the 9th, died on the 10th after receiving the sacraments of penance and extreme unction, buried in the fort. 6. Beaujeu. 7. J. B. Dupuis, wounded the 9th, died the 29th, after receiving sacraments of penance, the holy eucharist, and extreme unction. 8. Joseph, Sicur de Ste. Therèse (wounded on the 9th), died, July 30, after receiving the sacraments of penance, the eucharist, and extreme unction.

There can, therefore, be no doubt on the point. Before starting from the fort, Carqueville went to confession ; Beaujeu not only did this, but received communion, and both were killed on the 9th, Carqueville being interred on the 10th and Beaujeu on the 12th.

Captain Beaujeu, who thus died achieving one of the greatest victories in French annals, left, it is said, by his wife, Michelle Elizabeth de Foucault, a son who went to France at the conquest of Canada, and a daughter who married Charles de Noyan, Governor of Guiana ; but further nothing has yet reached me concerning them.

Collateral branches remained in Canada and have since been distinguished.

Defeat of Washington at Monongahela,

9TH JULY, 1755.

DEATH OF BRADDOCK.

“ We have been beaten, shamefully beaten, by a handful of French.” — *Washington's letter after the battle.*

The historian, Garneau, thus describes the same engagement :—

“ M. DE CONTRECEUR commanded at Duquesne (Pittsburg). One of his scouts informed him (July 8) that the British were but six leagues off. He resolved to attack them on the way, and proceeded himself to mark a place of ambuscade. Next day, two hundred and fifty-three Canadians and six hundred savages, led by M. de Beaujeu, left the fort, about 8 A.M., to take post in the ravines and thickets bordering the road along which the British were about to pass. This troop was in the act of descending the slope bordering the plain above noted, just as Colonel Gage began to ascend it. The two masses soon met in mid-career, and before the French were able to reach the ground they had been directed to take up. There was now nothing for it but for each party to try its strength in driving its adversary off the line of road. The British, taken by surprise, had to sustain a hot fire, galled by which their ranks gave way somewhat, and Gage was fain to fall back upon the main body of Braddock's force. The path being thus cleared, the French were enabled to complete the operation planned beforehand, and mostly ensconced themselves in every covert of brushwood and behind each rock which could be turned to sheltering

account, while the mounted Canadians took post on the river, as if it were only they who meant to dispute the passage, whereas the foot soldiers and savages, posted at intervals, right and left, formed a half circle, the horns of which curved outwards so as to enclose the approaching enemy.

“The British van, its ranks reformed and closely supported by the main body, were advancing confidently, when a semi-concentric fire, from unseen gun-muzzles, was opened upon them, seemingly from every side, under which they first staggered, were then brought to a halt, and finally threw their ranks into confusion. Braddock, however, by great exertion restoring order, they opened fire on as many of their foes as they could see, and the artillery coming up, began to play upon the French central corps. One of the first cannon balls shot killed M. de Beaujeu. M. Dumas, second in command, placed himself at the head of the French not under cover, and, well sustained by M. de Ligneris and other officers, dashed forward on the British: a desperate struggle ensued. The savages, who had been scared by the cannonade, observing that the Canadians did not flinch under it, with yells resumed the sheltering-places they had left. The British long put a good face on the matter, and even made a forward movement, the men being impelled onward by their officers, sword in hand; but fairly confounded by the murderous fire kept up, and which ever thinned their ranks the more they further advanced, the whole body of regulars fell into hopeless disorder; so perplexed were some fusiliers, that, firing at random, they killed several of their officers and some of their own comrades. The colonial militia alone seemed to preserve their presence of mind on this occasion, but even they were in the end borne backward by the panic-stricken regulars. Meanwhile Braddock did his best to reform his men, and lead them back to the charge, but all in vain. The balls flew round him like hail, two horses he rode were killed; he mounted a third, but only to receive a mortal wound, for the most of the French and savages from under shelter were able to single out at their leisure all those whom they chose to hit. After three hours’ struggle the British column gave way entirely, abandoning their cannon. The Canadians now advanced, hatchet in hand, and the savages quitting their lurking places simultaneously, both fell upon the rear of the retreating British and Americans, and made fright-

ful havoc; those whose swiftness of foot did not exceed that of their pursuers were cut down or drowned in the Monongahela, in a fruitless attempt to gain the opposite bank.* M. Dumas, knowing that Colonel Dunbar's corps was still intact and would serve as a rallying body for such fugitives as had gained the advance, pursued them no longer; and called a halt the rather, as the savages had betaken themselves to pillaging, and it would have been a hard matter to get them off their prey.

"The carnage thus concluded had scarcely an example in the annals of modern war.† Nearly 800 out of the 1200 men led to battle by Braddock were killed or wounded; out of 86 officers, 26 were slain and 32 hurt; for they made heroic attempts to rally and inspire their baffled men; several officers killed themselves in despair. Washington excepted, all the mounted officers received wounds, mortal or other. The luckless general was carried to Fort Necessity, where he died July 13, and was buried at the roadside near that paltry post. He was a brave and experienced officer, but an arrogant man; contemning his enemy, despising alike militia and savages; yet had he the mortification to see his regulars madly flee, while the Virginians stood firmly and fought bravely to the last.

"The beaten soldiers, when they reached those of Durham, infested them also with their own panic, and in an instant the corps broke up. The cannon were spiked, the ammunition destroyed, and most of the baggage burnt; by whose direction no one knew. There was no semblance of order had till the fugitive rout attained Fort Cumberland, in the Alleghanies.‡ Washington wrote thence: "We have been beaten, shamefully beaten by a handful of French, who only expected to obstruct our advance. Shortly before the action we thought our forces were equal to all the enemies in Canada; we have been most unexpectedly defeated, and now all is lost."

"The French gained a great booty. The baggage of the vanquished, their provisions, fifteen cannon, many small arms, and much munitions of war, the chest, Braddock's papers—in fine, all became fair^{ly} spoil for the

* Mr. Pouchot, "Memoirs on the late War in America."

† Mr. Jared Spark's "Life of Washington"

‡ Life, Correspondence, &c., of Washington.

victors. These documents revealed the projects of the British Ministry, and served to justify the indignant sentiments expressed against its policy in a memorial addressed by the Duke de Choiseul to the different European courts. There were taken, after the battle, from amidst the dismantled and broken vehicles left on the field, from 400 to 500 horses, including those which had been killed or hurt. The victory cost the French about forty men. M. de Beaujeu was much regretted by the Canadians, his compatriots, and by the Indian tribes, who held him in great respect. This ended the combat of Monongahela, one of the most memorable battles known to American history. The news of this discomfiture spread universal consternation throughout the whole of British America."

The Fort George Massacre,

AUGUST 9TH, 1757.

"Kill me," cried Montcalm, using prayers and menaces and promises, "but spare the English who are under my protection."—*Bancroft's United States, Vol. IV.*

OF the many stirring incidents which marked the "seven years war" culminating in the conquest of Canada, few have been more loudly denounced than the deed of blood perpetrated by the aborigines on the garrison and inmates of Fort George, called by the British Fort William Henry, subsequent to its capitulation; few occurrences of that day have left, between the militias of New France and New England, more bitter memories. Neither "2,000" nor 1,000, nor 500, not even 200 individuals were slaughtered on this occasion; there were enough, however, to exhibit in its true features Indian warfare in former times. The barbarities to which British soldiers and New England colonists were subjected, in direct violation of the articles signed by General Montcalm and accepted by the thirty-six Indian tribes present, have furnished those inclined to make capital out of national wrongs a wel-

come pretext to charge the French commander with being, in some degree, accessory to the commission of these horrors. Cooper's attractive novel "*The Last of the Mohicans*," and other works,* have also helped to render current a belief to which the whole of Montcalm's career, as well as history, gives the lie. True, the American novelist does not go so far as to accuse the Marquis with counselling the deed, but he asserts that, during its execution, the French showed "an apathy which has never been explained." Here is a grave accusation levelled at the fair name of the chivalrous rival of Wolfe; fortunately for his posthumous fame, there is such a thing as historical truth; there are also honorable men, whose nature spurns the cheap popularity acquired by circulating a lie calculated to ruin or vilify a national enemy. To this class belongs George Bancroft, the gifted historiographer of the United States. Let us now quote from his beautiful writings:

"How peacefully rest the waters of Lake George between their ramparts of highlands! In their pellucid depths, the cliffs and the hills, and the trees trace their image, and the beautiful region speaks to the heart, teaching affection for Nature. As yet (1757), not a hamlet rose on its margin; not a straggler had thatched a log-hut in its neighborhood; only at its head, near the centre of a wider opening between its mountains, Fort William Henry stood on its banks, almost on a level with the lake. Lofty hills overhung and commanded the wild scene; but heavy artillery had not, as yet, accompanied war-parties into the wilderness.

"Some of the Six Nations preserved their neutrality, but the Oneidas danced the war-dance with Vaudreuil. 'We will try the hatchet of our father on the English, to see if it cuts well,' said the Senecas of Niagara; and, when Johnson complained of depredations on his cattle, 'You begin crying quite early,' they answered, 'you will soon see other things.'†

"'The English have built a fort on the lands of Onontio,' spoke Vaudreuil, governor of New France, to a congress, at Montreal, of the warriors of three-and-thirty nations, who had come together, some from the

* "This treaty of capitulation was violated by Montcalm in a manner which fixes eternal disgrace on his memory."—*Moore's Indian Wars in the United States*, p. 194.

† Vaudreuil to the Minister, 13th July, 1757.

rivers of Maine and Acadia, some from the wilderness of Lake Huron and Lake Superior. 'I am ordered,' he continued, 'to destroy it. Go, witness what I shall do, that, when you return to your mats, you may recount what you have seen.' They took his belt of wampum, and answered—'Father, we are come to do your will.' Day after day, at Montreal, Montcalm nursed their enthusiasm by singing the war-song with the several tribes. They clung to him with affection, and would march to battle only with him. They rallied at Fort St. John, on the Sorel, their missionaries with them, and hymns were sung in almost as many dialects as there were nations. On the sixth day, as they discerned the battlements of Ticonderoga, the fleet arrayed itself in order, and two hundred canoes, filled with braves, each nation with its own pennon, in imposing regularity, swept over the smooth waters of Champlain, to the landing place of the fortress. Ticonderoga rung with the voices of thousands; and the martial airs of France, and shouts in the many tongues of the red men, resounded among the rocks and forests and mountains. The Christian mass, too, was chaunted solemnly; and to the Abenaki converts, seated reverently, in decorous silence, on the ground, the priest urged the duty of honoring Christianity by their example, in the presence of so many infidel braves.

"It was a season of scarcity in Canada. None had been left unmolested to plough and plant. The miserable inhabitants had no bread. But small stores were collected for the army. They must conquer speedily, or disband. 'On such an expedition,' said Montcalm to his officers, 'a blanket and a bearskin are the warrior's couch. Do like me, with cheerful good-will. The soldier's allowance is enough for us.'(†)

"During the short period of preparation, the partisans were active. Marin brought back his two hundred men from the skirts of Fort Edward, with the pomp of a triumphant warrior. 'He did not amuse himself with making prisoners,' said Montcalm, on seeing but one captive (§); and the red men yelled with joy as they counted in the canoes two-and-forty scalps of Englishmen.

"The Ottawas resolved to humble the arrogance of the American boatmen; and they lay hid in ambuscades all the twenty-third of July,

† Montcalm's Circular to his officers, 25th July, 1757.

§ Montcalm to Vaudreuil, 27th July, 1757.

and all the following night. At day-break of the twenty-fourth, Palmer was seen on the lake, in command of two-and-twenty barges. The Indians rushed on his party suddenly, terrified them by their yells, and after killing many, took one hundred and sixty prisoners. 'To-morrow, or next day,' said the captives, 'General Webb will be at the fort with fresh troops.' 'No matter,' said Montcalm; 'in less than twelve days, I will have a good story to tell about them.'(*) From the timid Webb there was nothing to fear.' He went, it is true, to Fort William Henry, but took care to leave again with a large escort, just in season to avoid its siege.

It is the custom of the red men, after success, to avoid the further chances of war, and hurry home.

"'To remain now,' said the Ottowas, 'would be to tempt the Master of life.' But Montcalm, after the boats and canoes had, without oxen and horses, by main strength, been borne up to Lake George, held on the plain above the portage one general council of union. All the tribes, from the banks of Michigan and Superior to the borders of Acadia, were present, seated on the ground according to their rank; and, in the name of Louis the Fifteenth, Montcalm produced the mighty belt of six thousand shells, which, being solemnly accepted, bound all, by the holiest ties, to remain together till the end of the expedition. The belt was given to the Iroquois, as the most numerous; but they courteously transferred it to the upper nations, who came, though strangers, to their aid. In the scarcity of boats, the Iroquois agreed to guide De Levi, with twenty-five hundred men, by land, through the rugged country which they called their own.

"The Christian savages employed their short leisure at the confessional; the tribes from above, restlessly weary, dreamed dreams, consulted the great medicine men, and, hanging up the complete equipment of a war-chief as an offering to their Manitou, embarked on the last day of July.

"The next day, two hours after noon, Montcalm followed with the main body of the army, in two hundred and fifty boats. The Indians whom he overtook, preceded him in their decorated canoes. Rain fell in torrents; yet they rowed nearly all night, till they came in sight of

* DeBougainville to the Minister, 19th August, 1757.

the three triangular fires that, from a mountain ridge, pointed to the encampment of De Levi. There, in Ganousky, or, as some call it, Northwest Bay, they held a council of war, and then, with the artillery, they moved slowly to a bay, of which the point could not be turned without exposure to the enemy. An hour before midnight, two English boats were descried on the lake, when some of the upper Indians paddled two canoes to attack them, and with such celerity that one of the boats was seized and overpowered, two prisoners being reserved; the rest were massacred. The Indians lost but one warrior, a great chieftain of the nation of the Nepissings.

“ On the morning of the second day of August, the savages dashed openly upon the water, and forming across the lake a chain of their bark canoes, they made the bay resound with their war-cry. The English were taken almost by surprise. Their tents covered the plains. Montcalm disembarked without interruption, about a mile and a half below the fort, and advanced in three columns. The Indians hurried to burn the barracks of the English, to chase their cattle and horses, and to scalp their stragglers. During the day, they occupied, with the Canadians under La Corne, the road leading to the Hudson, and cut off the communication. At the north was the encampment of De Levi, with regulars and Canadians, while Montcalm, with the main body of the army, occupied the skirt of the wood on the west side of the lake. His whole force consisted of six thousand French and Canadians, and about seventeen hundred Indians. Fort William Henry was defended by Lieutenant-Colonel William Munro,* of the 35th regiment, a brave officer and a man of strict honor, with less than 500 men, while 1700 men lay entrenched near his side, on an eminence to the south-east, now marked by the ruins of Fort George.

“ Meantime, the braves of the Nepissings, faithful to the rites of their fathers, celebrated the funereal honors of their departed brother. The lifeless frame, dressed as became a war-chief, glittered with belts and ear-rings, and the brilliant vermilion; a riband, fiery red, supported a gorget on his breast; the tomahawk was in his girdle, the pipe at his lips, the lance in his hand, at his side the well-filled bowl. And thus the departed warrior sat upright on the green turf, which was his death-

* Captain Christie to Governor Pownall, 10th August, 1757.

couch. The speech for the dead was pronounced; the death-dances and chants began; the murmurs of human voices mingled with the sound of drums and the tinkling of little bells. And thus arrayed, in a sitting posture, he was consigned to the earth, well provided with food, and surrounded by the splendors which delighted him when alive.

“On the fourth of August, the French summoned Munro to surrender, but the gallant old soldier sent an answer of defiance. Montcalm hastened his works; the troops dragged the artillery over rocks and through forests, and with alacrity brought fascines and gabions. The red men, unused to a siege, were eager to hear the big guns. Soon the first battery of nine cannon and two mortars was finished; and amidst the loud scream of the savages, it began to play, while a thousand echoes were returned by the mountains. In two days more a second was established, and by means of the zig-zags, the Indians could stand within gun-shot of the fortress. Just then arrived letters from France, conferring on Montcalm the red riband, with rank as Knight Commander of the Order of St. Louis.”

“‘We are glad,’ said the red men, ‘of the favor done you by the great Ononchio, but we neither love you, nor esteem you the more for it; we love the man, and not what hangs on his outside.’ Webb, at Fort Edward, had an army of four thousand, and might have summoned the militia from all the near villages to the rescue. He sent nothing but a letter, with an exaggerated account of the French force, and his advice to capitulate. Montcalm intercepted the letter, which he immediately forwarded to Munro. Yet, not till the eve of the festival of St. Lawrence, when half his guns were burst, and his ammunition was almost exhausted, did the dauntless veteran hang out a flag of truce.

“With a view to make the capitulation unviolably binding on the Indians, Montcalm summoned their war chiefs to council. The English were to depart with the honors of war, on a pledge not to serve against the French for eighteen months; they were to abandon all but their private effects; an escort was to attend them on their departure; every Canadian or French Indian made captive during the war was to be liberated. The Indians applauded; the capitulation was signed. Late on the ninth of August the French entered the fort, and the English retired to their entrenched camp.

“Montcalm had kept from the savages all intoxicating drinks, but they solicited and obtained them of the English, and all night long they were wild with dances and songs and revelry. The Abenakis of Acadia excited the angry passions of other tribes, by recalling the sorrows they had suffered from English perfidy and English power. At day-break they gathered round the entrenchment, and, as the English soldiers fled off, began to plunder them, and incited one another to swing the tomahawk recklessly. Twenty, perhaps even thirty, persons were massacred, while very many were made prisoners. Officers and soldiers, stripped of everything, fled to the woods, to the fort, and to the tents of the French. To arrest the disorder, De Levi plunged into the tumult, daring death a thousand times. French officers received wounds in rescuing the captives, and stood at their tents as sentries over those they recovered. ‘Kill me,’ cried Montcalm, using prayers, and menaces and promises; ‘but spare the English, who are under my protection;’* and he urged the troops to defend themselves. The march to Fort Edward was a flight; not more than six hundred reached there in a body. From the French camp Montcalm collected together more than four hundred, who were dismissed with a great escort, and he sent De Vaudreuil to ransom those whom the Indians had carried away.

“After the surrender of Fort William Henry, the savages retired. Twelve hundred men were employed to demolish the fort, and nearly a thousand to lade the vast stores that had been given up. As Montcalm withdrew, he praised his happy fortune that his victory was, on his own side, almost bloodless, his loss in killed and wounded being but fifty-three. The Canadian peasants returned to gather their harvests, and the lake resumed its solitude. Nothing told that civilised man had reposed upon its margin but the charred rafters of ruins, and, here and there, on the side-hill, a crucifix among the pines to mark a grave.”

In perusing Bancroft’s narrative, we find nothing to support the allegation of British and of some American writers, “that the French at Fort William Henry acted as fiends.” We cannot, either, detect any circumstance calculated to warrant Cooper’s charge against Montcalm, of “extraordinary apathy” during the massacre. The reverse in fact is

* Montcalm to the Minister, 8th September, 1757.

apparent in every line. I am indebted to the kindness of our old historian, the Abbé Ferland, for a most interesting letter, from an eye-witness of the whole proceedings. It not only corroborates entirely Bancroft's and Garneau's version of the Fort William surrender, but discloses circumstances which I have not yet read in any English work. This letter was written in French by the Abenakis missionary of the St. François village, near Montreal, and bears date 21st October, 1757; it is to be found in the *Recueil de Lettres Edifiantes et Curieuses*, reprinted at Toulouse in 1810, vol. 6. It is referred to by Bancroft and other historians, but its text in English is not given.

(Translation.)

“ ST. FRANÇOIS, near Montreal,
21st October, 1757.

On the 12th July, I left St. François, chief village of the Abenakis mission, for Montreal, to present to M. De Vaudreuil a deputation of twenty Abenakis who accompany Father Virot in his undertaking to found a new mission amongst the Wolfe Indians of the River Oyo, or *Belle Rivière*.

We soon received orders to join the French army, which was camped one league higher up, towards the *portage*, close to a spot where a waterfall compelled us to convey overland to Lake St. Sacrement (George) the implements necessary for the siege. Preparations were being made for a start, when an occurrence took place which rivetted the general attention. A small fleet of canoes was seen in the distance, coming up an arm of the river, decked out with trophies, heralding a victory. It was M. Marin, a Canadian officer of much merit, returning triumphantly from the expedition confided to his charge. About 200 savages had been placed under his orders to go towards Fort Lydis; he had, with a small flying camp, the courage to attack and the good fortune to take possession of—a large portion of the outer works of the fort. His savages had just sufficient time to remove the scalps from the two hundred dead warriors left on the spot, without losing a single one of their own party. The enemy, three thousand strong, in vain sought to wreak vengeance in the pursuit they made of the savages. It was whilst we were engaged in counting the number of English scalps displayed about the canoes,

that we observed a French boat bearing towards us five Englishmen, tied and escorted by Outaouacks, whose prisoners they were.

The sight of these unfortunate captives caused great rejoicings amongst the savages present : these barbarous feelings they gave vent to, by horrible yells and by conduct distressing to humanity. More than one thousand savages, taken from thirty-six different tribes, under the banner of France, were at that moment lining the shores of the lake. At one instant, and seemingly without any preconcerted plan, they all ran in hot haste towards the adjoining woods. I knew not at first how to explain this unexpected movement. I was not long in suspense. The barbarians in a minute returned with clubs ready to inflict on the unfortunate English the most dreadful treatment. At sight of these cruel preparations, my heart sank in me ; I felt my eyes bathed with tears ; my sorrow did not however render me inactive. Without a moment for thought, I flew towards those wild beasts, in hopes of restraining them ; alas ! of what avail was my feeble voice, but to articulate a few sounds, which the tumult, the diversity of languages, the surrounding ferocity rendered inaudible. At least I made bitter reproaches to some Abenakis who were near me ; my determination awoke humane sentiments in their breasts. Ashamed, they slunk off from the murderous crowd, throwing away their clubs. But what was a few less in a mass of 2,000, bent on giving no quarter ? Seeing the futility of my interference, I was in the act of withdrawing in order not to witness the bloody tragedy which would soon commence. I had scarcely gone a few steps when a feeling of compassion brought me back to the bank, from which I cast my eyes on the victims doomed to certain death. Their present state caused me a new pang. Terror had so overpowered them that their strength failed them completely—they could barely stand up ; death was written on their downcast and convulsed features. They were doomed ; they seemed certain of being battered to death, when, lo and behold ! their salvation sprung from the very acts of their murderers. The French officer who had charge of the boat had noticed what had taken place on the shore. Moved by that feeling of commiseration which misfortune rings from a brave man, he undertook to create a similar sentiment in the heart of the Outaouacks, masters of the prisoners. He played his part so well that he succeeded to inspire in them compassion for the

captives. They immediately adopted a plan which succeeded to its fullest extent. As soon as the boat was within hailing distance from the shore, one of its inmates, an Outaouack, proudly uttered the following threat: "*These prisoners are mine; my property shall be respected; touch them, any of you, and you touch me!*" One hundred French officers might have spoken thus; they would only have been laughed at, and have brought on the captives an increase of cruelty; but a savage fears his fellow, and him only; the most trifling insult may have to be atoned for by death only: this makes them cautious. The will of the Outaouack was respected, as soon as made known; the prisoners were disembarked without any tumult, and lodged in the fort, free from insult. They were then separated and closely questioned, and soon revealed all we wanted to know. Terror made them communicative to a degree. I visited one who was placed in a room in which one of my friends was. I tried to inspire him with hope, and procured him refreshments, for which he seemed grateful.

Having given vent to my feelings of compassion, and having solaced an unfortunate, I hastened to get my own little party on board of the boats, which was done instantly. The distance was short: two hours were sufficient to get to the end of our journey. The tent of the Chevalier de Lévi stood at the entrance to the camp. I took the liberty to pay my respects to this personage, whose name is synonymous with merit, and who is still better than his name. The conversation turned on the circumstance which had saved the life of the five English prisoners, whose perillous adventure I have just related. I was far from knowing the details, which are indeed startling, viz.: M. De Corbesse, a French colonial officer, had been ordered the night previous to cruise on Lake St. Sacrement. His detachment consisted of about fifty French and a little over three hundred savages. At dawn of day, he discovered in boats a detachment of three hundred English. These boats being more lofty and stronger in build than birch canoes, more than compensated the superiority we had over them in numbers. Our men did not hesitate to attack them, and the enemy at first seemed ready to fight, but this resolve did not last. The French and savages, whose only chance of victory rested in their boarding the boats, and who fought at a disadvantage, being at a distance, closed in, in spite of the heavy fire poured on

them. The British no sooner saw them drawing near, than terror disarmed them. It was not a fight: 'twas a rout. Of all alternatives, the most dangerous, though the less honorable, was for the English to seek to land: they choose it. They made their way towards the shore accordingly. Some jumped in the water to swim ashore, in hopes of hiding in the woods: a bad plan, the folly of which brought sorrow on them. However swift their boats might be, could they expect to beat the birch canoes which fly through the liquid element with the swiftness of an arrow? Soon did the French and savages catch up to them. In the first heat of the fight all were massacred without quarter—torn to pieces. Those who took to the woods did not fare better. An Indian in the woods is in his own element; he can run through them as nimbly as a deer. The enemy was hacked to pieces. At last the Outaouacks, seeing that they had to deal, not with fighting men, but with beings who allowed themselves to be slaughtered without resisting, set to making prisoners. There were 157 prisoners taken and 131 killed; twelve only escaped captivity and death. The boats, equipments, provisions, all was taken and plundered. No doubt you fancy that such a victory cost us dear. The fight took place on water, that is in an open place, where no ambush could be laid. The enemy had time to prepare; he had the advantage of attacking from boats with lofty sides, frail bark canoes which a little skill or coolness would have sunk with their crews. Well, this is all true, and still this success only cost us one Indian, disabled by a shot in the wrist.

Such was the fate of the British under the unfortunate Mr. Copperel, who, it was thought, was drowned. The English speak of this engagement in terms denoting as much sorrow as surprise at its results. They frankly admit the extent of their losses; it would, indeed, be difficult to deny the slightest detail: the corpses of their men floating on the waters of the lake or strewing its beaches, tell the fearful tale. As to those made prisoners, the greater portion are still in the dungeons of M. Le Chevalier de Lévi. I saw them fying off in detachments escorted by the victors, who, barbarously occupied with their triumph, thought little of softening the pangs of a defeat. In the space of a league which I had to walk before joining my Abenakis Indians, I met several small squads of these prisoners. More than one Indian stopped to exhibit to me, with pride, his capture, expecting I would applaud his success.

The love of country certainly did not make me insensible to a triumph favorable to our nation. But misfortune commands respect, not only on behalf of religion, but even from nature. Moreover, these prisoners seemed in such a plight; their eyes swimming in tears, their faces covered with perspiration and blood, and a halter round their necks: in presence of such a spectacle, compassion and humanity asserted their rights. The rum, which the savages had freely imbibed, had gone to their heads and increased their natural ferocity. I feared to witness every minute, some of the prisoners slaughtered and falling at my feet, victims of cruelty and drunkenness; I scarcely dared to look up for fear of meeting the sorrowful glance of some captive. A spectacle more horrible than what I had yet seen was soon to take place.

My tent had been pitched in the centre of the Outaouack camp. The first thing I noticed on arriving there was a large fire: wooden stakes, stuck in the earth, announced a feast. It was one, but, good heavens! what a feast: the remains of an Englishman's corpse cut up and half eaten. I saw these fiends a short time after greedily devouring a human creature: they were helping themselves from the pot with large ladles to the reeking flesh as if they could never swallow enough. I heard that they had prepared themselves to this feed, by drinking brimful, out of the skulls, human blood; their smeared faces and gory lips confirmed the statement. What was still more awful, they had placed, close by, ten English prisoners to witness the abominable repast! The Outaouack's nation resembles that of the Abenakis; I thought that by gently rebuking them for this act, I might make some impression on their mind. I erred: a young warrior said, "You speak and act like a Frenchman, but I am an Indian, human flesh is good for me." He then handed me a baked fragment cut from the English corpse. To his words I made no reply, but his offer I rejected with visible horror. Convinced, by what I had just witnessed, that I could do nothing to alter the state of things in respect to the dead, I thought I would see what I could do for those still living, whose fate was much more to be pitied. I walked up to the English, one of whom attracted my notice; by his uniform I saw he was an officer; I resolved to purchase him, and thereby save his life and liberty. I made up, with this object in view, to an old Outaouack, thinking that the ice of age would have tempered his ferocity,

and that he would be more manageable; I extended my hand to him, bowing civilly at the same moment. It was not a man I had to deal with; it was a being even more ferocious than a wild beast, as wild animals often yield to kindness. "No," he thundered out, in accents which might have awed me, had my heart, in that moment, been susceptible to harbour any other feeling but that of compassion and horror, "No! I do not want your friendship; *avaunt!*" I did not wait for a repetition of the threat. I withdrew to my tent, to brood over the thoughts which religion and humanity can inspire on such an occasion. It did not occur to me as necessary to dissuade my Abenakis Indians from committing such horrible excesses. However powerful example may be with all men in matters of customs and habits, they were incapable of perpetrating such acts; even before they were christianized, they never were cannibals. Their humane and tractable disposition, at that period, distinguished them from the greatest portion of the Indians of this continent. These thoughts kept me awake a considerable portion of the night.

Next morning, on rising, I had hoped no vestige would remain round my tent of the repast of the preceding day. I flattered myself that the fumes of rum and the fierce feelings they engender, having been dissipated, calmness and humanity would again return. I knew not the Outaouack's character and disposition. It was as a luxury, a *bonne bouche*, that they had banquetted on human flesh. At the dawn of day, their execrable repast had been resumed; they were only waiting for the moment to set to and devour the last remains of the English corpse. I have already said that we were three missionaries attached to this mission. During the entire campaign, we lodged, thought, and acted together on all points; this community of feelings rendered our duties more bearable during the fatigues of warfare. We came to the conclusion that it would not be proper to celebrate our holy mysteries in the headquarters of barbarism, inasmuch as these superstitious tribes might use the holy vases to assist them in, and to decorate their juggleries. For this reason we left a spot polluted by so many abominations, and dived into the depths of the forest. This could not be effected, however, without separating myself a little from my Abenakis. It had, however, to be done. This step was in the end productive of regret, as you will see by the sequel. I had not been long in my new abode before I witnessed

with what new fervor my neophytes drew towards the tribunal of repentance. * * * * * Whilst many of my Abnaquis sought the succour of religion, others strived to irritate Heaven, and by their acts to call down punishment from above. Ardent spirits are the favorite drink, the universal passion of the savage tribes, and unfortunately, despite of laws human and divine, too many furnish them with this curse. Unquestionably however the missionary, by his character, by the influence he exerts, prevents much disorderly conduct. I lived close to my flock, a small wood alone intervening. I could not, however, after night-fall visit the encampment, without running the risk of hostile attacks not only on the part of the allies of the English, the Iroquois, who had, a few days previously, scalped one of our grenadiers, but also at the hands of the idolatrous portion of our own savages, to whom experience had taught me not to trust. Some young Abnaquis, together with Indians of several tribes, took advantage of my absence and of darkness, to go and steal some ardent spirits from the French tents, whilst the inmates were asleep. Once in possession of the liquor, they used it freely and soon felt its influence. Drunkenness amongst Indians makes itself known seldom by silence, generally by noise. They commenced to sing, to dance, to cry out, and then set to fighting. At the dawn of day, disorder was at its height; I then learned of it and hastened to where trouble existed; alarm and confusion everywhere—caused by intoxication. My Indians soon were calmed. I took each of them by the hand in succession and conducted them to their tents, bidding them to lie down. This scandalous scene seemed ended, when a Moraigan Indian, naturalized amongst the Abnaquis and adopted by the tribe, re-enacted it in a still more serious manner. After having had words with a drunken comrade, an Iroquois, they came to blows. The first, a more powerful man, having thrown his opponent, was belaboring him unmercifully, and what was worse, lacerating his shoulder with his teeth. The combat was at its height when I drew near them. I could only use my own strength to separate them. Indians fear one another too much to interfere, no matter for what reason, into one another's quarrels. I was unable to cope with them, and the victor was too infuriated to quit his victim so readily. I was tempted to leave these demons chastise one another for their own excesses, but I feared the death of one of them

would be the *finale*. I increased my efforts; by dint of pulling at the Abnauquis, he felt some one shaking him; turning his head round: he had trouble in recognizing me; he was still excited, but gradually became calm, when he allowed the Iroquois liberty to escape, of which the latter was not slow to avail himself. * * * *

[Further on the good missionary relates the trouble he experienced in preventing his Indians from blowing up the boats containing the powder, a feat they had undertaken for mere amusement sake.]

The forced inactivity of our Christian Indians, together with the presence of so many idolatrous nations, made me tremble, not for the sake of religion itself, but on account of their future conduct. I longed for the day when the preparations for the expedition would allow us to start. When the mind is engaged the heart is less liable to err. That day at last came, and on the 29th of July the Chevalier de Lévis, with 3,000 men, marched overland to protect the arrival of the army which was to proceed by water conveyance. His march was not accompanied with any of those facilities which high roads in Europe, built with princely magnificence, offer. Impenetrable forests, rugged mountains, slimy bogs, such was the route composed of. Three leagues a day was a good performance; we took five days to travel twelve leagues. These obstacles had been foreseen, and hence why this detachment had, in marching, started a few days before the other. On the Sunday we embarked with the Indians, only about 1,200 at that time, the rest having gone by land.

We had scarcely made four or five leagues on the lake before we noticed evident traces of our last victory in the shape of abandoned English boats which, after being buffeted a long while with the winds and tide, had floated ashore on the beach. The most striking spectacle was a tolerable large quantity of English corpses strewing the shore or scattered here and there in the woods. Some were hacked to pieces, and mostly all were mutilated in a most horrible way. What an awful visitation war then seemed to me! It would have been highly agreeable to me to have the remains of our enemies buried, but we had only landed by accident in this cove. Duty and necessity compelled us to journey on, in conformity with orders; we had to lose no time. It was night when we reached the spot marked out as a camping ground—a locality overrun with wild thorns and alive with rattlesnakes; our Indians brought us several they had

caught. This venomous reptile, if ever there was one, has a head much too small in proportion to its body; the skin is sometimes regularly spotted with a dark black and a pale yellow colour. He has no sting, but very sharp teeth, a bright sparkling eye; he carries under his tail several small scales which he can inflate prodigiously, and which he rattles violently one against the other when irritated: hence his name. His virus after being exposed to smoke is a specific against toothache; his flesh when smoked and pulverised is also a good cure for fever. Salt is applied as a cure on the part affected by his bite, which otherwise proves fatal in less than an hour.

The next day about 4 P.M., M. de Montcalm arrived with the remainder of the forces; we had to start in spite of the rain which fell in torrents; we marched on the greater portion of the night until we discovered M. de Lévis' camp, by three fires lighted in a triangle on the crest of the mountain. We halted there; a general council was held; and then started for Lake George, distant twelve miles. At twelve o'clock, noon, we took to the canoes to ascend, paddling slowly in order to allow the boats bearing our artillery to come up, but they could not do it, and at night they were more than three miles astern. Having arrived at an indenture, the point of which we could not pass without revealing ourselves to the enemy, we resolved, until we received fresh orders, to pass the night there. It was marked by a small incident which was the prelude to the siege.

About eleven, two boats from the fort appeared on the lake; they soon had reason to alter their calm and measured movements. A neighbor of mine, who kept watch for the benefit of all, noticed them at a fair distance. All the Indians were apprised of the fact, and preparations made to receive them, in haste but in silence. I was ordered to seek safety by going ashore and concealing myself in the woods. It was not through mistaken bravery, unsuited to a minister of religion, that I disregarded the mandate. I thought the order was not serious, having reason to doubt the statement about the boats. It was not likely that our lynx-eyed enemies had failed to notice the presence, since two days, on the waters of the lake, of our four hundred boats; on this hypothesis I could scarcely persuade myself that two boats would have the foolhardiness to appear in our presence, much less to engage in combat forces so much superior. A friend of mine who had seen all, reprimanded me

in strong terms for not being where I ought to be: he was right; a boat tolerably large held all the missionaries; a tent was spread over it to protect them against the inclemency of the weather during the cool nights. This white pavillion, under which we took shelter, was visible at a distance by moonlight, and the English were curious to find out what it was. To come towards us or to run straight to destruction was one and the same thing. Few could have escaped, if, fortunately for them, a small incident had not warned them a few minutes too soon for the success of our plans. One of the sheep forming part of the army supplies began to blee; this sound, which presaged an ambuscade, caused the enemy to stop short, face about, and urge on their boats double quick, in order to escape, favored by darkness and the woods.

What then remained to be done? Twelve hundred savages pursued the fugitives, with yells as loud as they were incessant. Both parties seemed to hesitate; not a shot was fired. The assailants not having had time to form regularly, were afraid to fire lest they should hit one another; moreover they wished to make prisoners. The fugitives struggled hard to get away, and were in the act of doing so, when the Indians fired. The British, being too close to the first canoes, returned the fire, and soon an ominous silence succeeded to all this noise. We were hoping for victory, when a pseudo-brave, who was not in the *mêlée*, shouted that the Abnaquis Indians had met with severe loss. Immediately, seizing hold of the religious vases wherewith to administer the last rites, I hurriedly jumped into a canoe to get to where the fight had taken place. I was however not wanted, as I learned from another Indian who had been in the thick of it; none of our forces had been struck except a Nipissingue who was killed, and another Indian warrior wounded, whilst boarding the enemy. I did not wait for the end of his narrative, but hastened back to our people, leaving the matter in the hands of the Nipissingue missionary, Mr. Mathaveh. I arrived by water and met M. de Montcalm, who, on hearing the firing, had landed lower down and made his way through the woods; an Abnaquis Indian, at my request, related to him what had taken place in a very few words. The darkness of the night prevented the number of dead being known; the enemies' boats had been captured and also three prisoners; the remainder strayed through the forest. M. de Montcalm, pleased with the success, then

withdrew to ponder over, with his usual sagacity, the operations of the morrow.

Day had scarcely dawned, when the warriors of the Nipissingue nation present, proceeded with the funeral of their dead warrior (a pagan,) killed in the engagement of the previous night.

The funeral was accompanied with all the pomp and show customary with savages. The body was decked out, or rather completely covered, with all the grotesque ornaments which vanity could devise for such a melancholy occasion; porcelain necklace, silver bracelets, rings in the ears and nose, sumptuous dresses, all was brought into requisition; paint and vermilion was resorted to in order to replace, by freshness and an appearance of life, the palor of death. The wearing apparel of an Indian warrior was also used;—a fiery red ribbon tied upon his breast; a gorget; his gun rested on his arm; a tomahawk in his girdle; his pipe in his mouth; his lance in his hand; a well-filled can at his side. Thus gaudily attired as a warrior, he was seated on a grassy mound as on a couch. Ranged in a circle round this corpse, the Indians observed a solemn silence, as if oppressed with grief. The orator interrupted it by pronouncing the funeral oration on the dead; to this succeeded war songs and dances, with the noise of tambourines and bells for music: a death-like solemnity, in keeping with the occasion, reigned throughout. The pageant ended by the burial of the Indian warrior with a large quantity of eatables deposited in the grave, no doubt to prevent the possibility of his dying a second time for want of food. I cannot, as to this ceremony, speak as an eye witness; the presence of a missionary would indeed be out of place at a pageant dictated by superstition and adopted by stupid credulity. I had these facts from spectators. * * * *

Fort George was a square, flanked by four bastions, with outer works and ditches eighteen to twenty feet deep; the scarp and counter scarp were sloped with moving sand; the walls consisted of large pine trunks supported by massive stakes, about fifteen to eighteen feet high, the interstices filled up solidly with sand. Four or five hundred men, with nineteen cannon, defended it. Two or three of these were thirty-six pounders, the others were of smaller caliber; there were also four or five mortars. The place was protected by no other external works than a fortified rock, surrounded by a palisade and piles of stone, the garrison of

which consisted of 1700 men which constantly sent reinforcements to the fort itself. The chief strength of this entrenchment consisted in its peculiar position, which commanded all surrounding objects, and which, on account of the mountains and swamps in its neighborhood, could only be attacked with artillery from the fort. Such was Fort George from what I saw and heard of it after its capitulation. It was impossible to invest and attack it on all sides. 6,000 French or Canadians and 1700 savages, our whole strength, were not enough to compass its surrender with any degree of success. 20,000 men would scarcely have sufficed. The enemy had always a kind of back door, whereby they could retreat to the forest—a good plan—had they to evade enemies which were not Indians; but from such escape under cover of the woods is more than hazardous. The Indian warriors were encamped on the Lydis road, so close to the woods and in such numbers that this plan of evasion could scarcely avail them. On the heights of the land close by and within hail, were located the Canadians. Lastly, the French regulars—to whom, properly speaking, were confided the siege operations—were disposed on the edge of the wood, close to where the trench would open; then came the reserve camp, sufficiently strong to ward off assault.

These preliminaries settled, M. de Montcalm sent proposals to the enemy, which, had they been accepted, would have saved a great deal of blood and sorrow. The following are very nearly the terms of the letter sent to M. Moreau (Col. Munro), the British officer in charge:

“SIR,—I come at the head of forces large enough to take possession of the place under your command, and to intercept any succour which might come to you from elsewhere. Among my followers is a crowd of savage tribes, whom any blood spilt might render deaf to any sentiments of mercy and moderation. My love of humanity induces me to ask from you a surrender, now that I may yet obtain from them terms of capitulation honorable to yourselves, and useful to all.—I remain, &c.

(Signed) “MONTCALM.”

M. de Lévis' aide-de-camp, M. Fontbrane, was the bearer of this letter. The English officers, several of whom he knew, received M. Fontbrane with that courtesy customary between honorable men in times of war. But no surrender was granted. The reply ran thus:

“Monsieur le Général, I feel obliged to you in particular for the gracious offers you make. I fear not barbarous treatment. My men, like myself, are determined to conquer or die.—I am, &c .

(Signed) “MOREAU (Munro.)”

This proud reply was accompanied with a salvo of guns. We were far from being able to answer. Before establishing a battery, we had to carry our guns through woods and over rocks, fully a mile and a half. Thanks to the voracity of our Indian allies, we were deprived of the use of our horses for this duty. Tired of salt meat, they had not hesitated to seize hold of them some days previously, killing and eating them, without taking counsel of any one except their stomachs. In the absence of beasts of burthen, so many strong arms and loyal men set to work that the task was soon completed. During all this, I was lodged close to the hospital, a spot from whence I could easily afford to lend the help of my ministry to the dying and wounded. I remained there some time without having any news about my Indians. This silence caused me uneasiness. I was very desirous of assembling them once more, to inspire them with sentiments becoming religion, in the perilous position in which they were. I determined on going to seek them. The trip, over and above its length, was beset with perils. I had to pass by the trench where a soldier, close by me, had met his death, whilst examining the curious indenture a bullet had made on a tree. On my road, I must confess I was struck with the way the French and the Canadians performed the dangerous duties devolving on them. On seeing the joy with which they carried to the scene of danger felled trees and other siege implements, one would have imagined they considered themselves invulnerable against the incessant fire of the enemy. Such acts denote pluck and love of country, and this is the true character of the nation. I went all round without finding any one except a few stray squads of Abnaquis, so that my journey resulted in nothing except in shewing my good will. At that distance from my people I could be of but very little use to them; still I rendered some service to a prisoner, a Moraigan, whose tribe is favorable to, and mostly entirely under, the dominion of Britain. This man's face was quite repulsive; an enormous head with small eyes, a heavy body and diminutive stature, thick and short legs: these traits and many others classified him amongst deformed men; nevertheless he was a human being,

and as such entitled to the offices of christian charity, being still more the victim of his looks than of misfortune. He was bound to the trunk of a tree, where his grotesque face attracted the curiosity of passers-by; jeers and taunts were his lot at first, then came blows: he was struck so violently as nearly to cause him the loss of an eye. Such conduct revolted me; I ran to the relief of this unfortunate, and pained by his misfortune, I authoritatively expelled from the spot idle spectators. I mounted guard near him a portion of the day, and played my part so well that I enlisted in his behalf his masters' (the savages) sympathies, so that the persecutions ceased without my remaining there. I do not know whether he felt grateful; he gave me only a wild glance; but independently of religion, I was more than compensated by the pleasure I had experienced in saving an unhappy being. There were plenty of other unfortunates. Every day Indian skill and bravery added to their numbers, in the shape of prisoners. The enemy could not stir out of the fort without meeting captivity or death. The following will show: an English woman took into her head to go in quest of vegetables, in a cultivated patch close to the ditch of the fortress; her daring cost her dear. A savage, secreted in a cabbage bed, saw her and shot her dead. The enemy tried in vain to remove her body; the victor stood sentry all day long, and finally scalped her.

In the meantime, the savages got very desponding at not hearing any shots fired from the *big guns*, as they called our cannon. They grew impatient at not being allowed to carry on the war alone. To satisfy them, we had to hasten to begin the siege and to mount our first battery. When it opened for the first time, the whole mountains resounded with their yells and joyous cries. We were dispensed during the operations from taking much trouble to ascertain the effect of our firing; the wild yells of the Indians soon carried this information in every direction. I seriously thought of changing my quarters; the distance which intervened between them and where my neophytes were, left me no duties to perform, but before this change took place an alarming incident occurred. The frequent trips which the enemy made during the day towards their boats made us suspect some grand move was in contemplation. A rumor got abroad that they intended to burn our war and commissariat supplies. M. de Launay, captain of a French regiment of grenadiers

was instructed to watch over the boats which contained them. The skilful measures he had devised rendered it almost a subject of regret to us that the enemy did not show himself. I, subsequently to this, joined my Abnaquis and remained with them during the remainder of the campaign. Nothing of note took place for some days, except the promptitude with which the siege operations progressed. Our second battery was erected in two days. This was for the Indians the occasion for a new holiday, which they celebrated in a style befitting warriors. They were constantly hovering around our gunners, whose skill they admired. Nor was their admiration barren in results. They were resolved to make themselves useful in every way; undertaking to act as gunners, and one in particular got very expert. A savage having himself pointed a gun, struck exactly a retreating angle, on which he had been told to take aim. He however declined trying a second shot, alleging that as he had at the onset attained to perfection, he ought not to risk his reputation on a second attempt. But what seemed to astonish the savages most in our siege operations was the several zigzags of a trench which, like subterranean passages, are so useful in protecting the besiegers from the fire of the besieged. They witnessed with unbounded curiosity the finish and perfection which the French grenadiers bestowed on their works. The force of example soon induced them to set to, with pick and hoe, to open a trench towards the fortified rock, a task confided to them. They soon had extended the trench so far that they got within gun shot. M. de Villiers, brother to M. de Jumonville, an officer whose name alone indicated merit, took advantage of this trench to march up with a detachment of Canadians in order to open fire on the outer defences of the enemy. The action was sharp, long and bloody for the enemy, who abandoned these outer works;—the chief entrenchments would also have been carried that day if their capture could have ensured the fall of the place. Each day was signalled by some brilliant feat of arms, either by the French, the Canadians or the savages. In the meantime the enemy held out resolutely, buoyed up with the hopes of a prompt relief. A trivial occurrence which happened then ought to have greatly decreased these hopes. Our scouts met in the woods three messengers, who had left Fort Lydis (Edward): they killed the first, captured the second, and the third escaped by swiftness of foot. A letter was discovered in a hollow bullet concealed on the

body of the dead messenger with so much art, that none save a soldier experienced in these matters could have detected it. This letter was signed by the commander of Fort Lydis, and addressed to the commander of Fort George. It contained the summary of the confession extorted from a Canadian, made prisoner on the first night of our arrival. He had stated that our army consisted of 11,000 men, and our Indian allies of 2,000, with most formidable artillery. This was erroneous, and our forces were considerably over-estimated. But the error did not proceed from fraud, which, however useful it can be to any country, cannot be pardoned by an honorable man, be he ever so patriotic. Until this campaign, the largest armies from Canada had rarely exceeded 800 men; surprise and wonder magnified ours to those unaccustomed to see considerable ones. I have often, during the campaign, witnessed greater illusions in this way. The commander of Fort Lydis concluded his letter by informing his colleague that the interest of the king, his master, did not permit him to send any soldiers from the fort: that it was his duty to capitulate and make the best of terms.

The best use Montcalm fancied this letter could be applied, was to have it delivered to its address by the surviving despatch-bearer, who had been captured. The English officer (Munro) thanked him, and hoped he would continue to act with the same courtesy. This act either indicated that he was joking, or else a prolonged resistance. The actual state of the place did not presage the latter: one-half of its batteries dismantled and rendered useless by our guns; terror amongst the besieged, whose courage was only kept up by rum; finally, frequent desertions—all combined to show that surrender was close at hand. Such was the opinion of deserters, who would have come in crowds had not our Indian allies increased the perils attending such a feat.

Amongst those who sought refuge in our ranks, there was an individual belonging to a neighboring republic, our faithful ally, who enabled me to claim him soon, as a returned son of the church. I visited him soon at the hospital, where he lay wounded. On my return, I noticed a general movement in all quarters of the camp—French, Canadians and Indians, all ran to arms. The rumor of the arrival of succor to the enemy had caused this commotion. Amidst alarm, M. de Montcalm, with that coolness which marks a master mind, made arrange-

ments for the safety of our trenches, of our batteries and boats, and then left to head the army. I was quietly seated at the door of my tent, from which I could see our troops go by, when an Abnauquis put an end to my contemplative mood, by unceremoniously saying to me: "*Father, you pledged yourself that no danger would deter you from coming to administer to us the rites of your religion; do you think our wounded men could come to you from the battle-field, across these mountains? We now start to fight, and look to you to fulfil your promise.*" This strong appeal made me forget my fatigues. I took my position with alacrity in front of our regulars. After a forced march, I arrived at a spot where my people, in front of all the troops, were waiting for the battle to begin. I deputed, on the spot, messengers to bring them all together, and gave them a general absolution before meeting the enemy; but no enemy came. M. de Montcalm, in order not to lose the advantage of his preparations, sought to bring them out by the following stratagem. He proposed that the French and Canadians should simulate a fight, whilst the Indians, secreted in the woods, should lie in wait for the enemy, who would assuredly make a sortie. Our Iroquois approved of the plan, but alleged that the day was too far gone. The other savages were in favor of the *ruse de guerre*, but the excuse of the Iroquois prevailed; so that all had to withdraw without seeing anything more than the preparations for a fight. At last, the next day being the eve of the *fête* of Saint Lawrence and the seventh after our arrival, the trenches having been pushed as far as the gardens, we were just going to mount our third and last battery. The closeness of the fort led us to hope that in three or four days it might be assaulted by all our forces, and breached; but the enemy saved us the trouble and danger: they hung out the white flag, and asked to surrender.

We are now drawing near to the capitulation of the fort, and to the bloody catastrophe which ensued. No doubt that every corner of Europe has echoed with the news of this melancholy event, whose odious character (unexplained) is calculated to cast a stigma on France. Your equity will soon be in a position to decide whether this horrible charge rests, or not, on malignity or on ignorance of the facts. I shall merely adduce circumstances so public and so incontrovertible, that I can even, without fear of contradiction, appeal to the testimony of the English officers who

saw them and suffered from them. The Marquis of Montcalm, before granting any capitulation, had thought proper, in order to have the capitulation respected, to consult all the Indian tribes present. He assembled all their chiefs, and laid before them the terms of the surrender; it granted to the garrison the right to march out of the fort with all the honors of war, imposing on them the obligation not to serve for eighteen months against the King of France, and to release all the Canadians made prisoners during this war. These terms received general assent and approbation, and were signed by the generals of both armies. Consequently, the French army, drawn up in line of battle, advanced towards the fort, to take possession of it in the name of His Most Christian Majesty, whilst the English troops, in good order, left it to go and post themselves, until the next day, in the retrenchments. Their march was not interrupted by a violation of the rights of nations. But soon the savages gave good cause of complaint. Whilst the French were entering the fort, the savages had crowded in numbers, in its interior, by the port-holes, in order to plunder, as plunder had been promised to them, but plunder did not suffice. Several sick, being too ill to follow their friends in their honorable capitulation, had remained in the casemates; these fell victims to the unmerciful cruelty of the savages: they were butchered in my presence. I saw one of those fiends issue from one of those pestiferous casemates, which thirst of blood alone could have induced him to enter, bearing triumphantly in his hand a human head all bloody; he would not have been more proud of the richest trophy imaginable.

This was but the prelude to the tragedy to be enacted on the morrow. At daybreak, the Indians crowded round the defences. They began by asking the English for all the effects, provisions and valuables which their covetous eyes could detect; but their demand was made in terms indicating that a refusal would be attended with a thrust from a lance. Everything was given up instantly, even to the wearing apparel in actual use. This condescension was calculated to soften the mind, but an Indian's heart is not like the heart of ordinary men; you would fancy that Nature itself has intended it as the seat of inhumanity. The savages were disposed to commit the greatest excesses. A detachment of 400 French regulars arrived to protect the retreat of the British. The English filed off. Alas for those who could not follow, or lagged behind

from the main body! Their corpses strewed the soil and the interior of the works. This butchery, which at first had been attempted by a few Indians only, was the signal on which all the rest became like so many infuriated wild beasts. They struck right and left with their war-axes at those within their reach. The massacre, however, was not so great, nor did it last as long, as their fury would make one fancy; it attained to some forty or fifty cases. The patience of the British, who contented themselves with bowing their heads under the hatchets of their executioners, appeased it all at once, without bringing back reason and justice amongst them. Amidst incessant yells, the savages continued to make prisoners.

I arrived at that moment. It is more than man can do to possess insensibility in such heartrending scenes. The son wrested from a father's arms, the daughter violently separated from a mother's embrace, the husband dragged from his wife's bosom, officers despoiled of every garment except their shirt, without regard to their rank or to common decency: crowds of unfortunate beings rushing wildly, some towards the French tents, some towards the fort,—in fact filling up any place likely to afford shelter; such was the doleful spectacle which broke on my sight. In the meantime the French were neither idle nor indifferent spectators of the catastrophe. The Chevalier de Lévis hurried wherever the tumult was the greatest, with a courage dictated by clemency and natural to so illustrious a name. A thousand times he braved certain death, from which he would not have escaped, notwithstanding his rank and merit, without the interposition of a special Providence, which withheld the arm ready to strike. The French officers and the Canadians followed his example, with a zeal worthy of the humane treatment which has always characterized this nation, but the bulk of our forces, employed in guarding our batteries and the fort, was prevented by the distance from helping in this work. Of what avail could 400 men be against 1,500 infuriated savages who confounded us with the enemy? One of our sergeants who had actively resisted their cruelty, received a lance thrust which prostrated him. One of our French officers, in recompense of similar devotion, received a large wound which brought him to death's door: moreover, in those moments of alarm, no one knew which way to run. The measures seemingly the

most judicious ended in a miserable failure. M. de Montcalm, who heard of these doings late, on account of the distance between his tent and the spot, as soon as informed of them, used such speed in coming there as proved the goodness and generosity of his heart. He seemed to be everywhere at once : prayers, threats, promises,—he tried everything ; at last he resorted to force. The position and merit of Colonel Youn (Young) induced him to exert his authority and use violence to tear from the hands of a savage, (Colonel) Young's nephew. But, alas ! the deliverance of this young man cost the life to some prisoners, who were butchered on the spot, lest they too should be rescued alive. The tumult still continued, when some one thought of telling the British to march off "to the double quick." This plan succeeded. The savages, finding pursuit useless and having made some prisoners, desisted. The British continued unmolested their retreat on Fort Lydis, where they arrived, at first only three or four hundred strong. I cannot state the number of those who, having taken to the woods, succeeded in getting to the fort, guided by the report of the guns, which were, during several days, fired for their guidance.

The rest of the garrison had not, however, met with death, nor was it detained in captivity ; several had saved themselves by retreating to the fort or to the French tents. It was at the latter place I went as soon as the tumult was over. A crowd of forlorn women bemoaning their fate, surrounded me ; they threw themselves at my feet, kissed the skirt of my garment, uttering lamentations which were heartrending. Nor had I the power to remove the cause of their grief. They called aloud for their sons, their daughters and husbands, torn from them forever, as if I could restore them. An opportunity presented of lessening at least the number of these unfortunates. I eagerly availed myself of it. A French officer informed me that in his camp there was a Huron who had in his possession a child, six months' old, whom the savage would certainly put to death, unless I hastened to rescue it. I hurried to the savage's tent, and found him holding in his arms the innocent victim, who was covering with kisses the hands of its executioner, and playing with some porcelain ornaments which hung about his person. This spectacle inflamed me with a new ardor. I commenced by awarding to the savage all the praise which was due to the bravery of his tribe. He saw through me at once.

"*Here,*" said he, civilly, to me; "*do you see this child? I have not stolen him; I found him stowed away in a hedge. You want him, but you shall not get him.*"

In vain I tried to convince him how useless it would be for him to attempt to retain the infant as his prisoner, as, from the want of proper nourishment, it was sure to die.

He produced some tallow to feed it with, adding: "That even if the child did die, he could always find a corner to bury it in; and that then, I might, if I choose, give it my blessing."

I replied by offering him for his little captive a tolerably large sum of money. He declined; but consented in the end, if I would give him in exchange another British prisoner. I had made up my mind to seeing the negotiation end by the death of the child, when I noticed the Huron converse in the Indian dialect with another savage. Our dialogue had heretofore been carried on in French. This gave me fresh hope: nor was I disappointed. The result was that the child would be mine, if I gave in exchange the scalp of an enemy.

"*You shall have it very shortly,*" said I, "*if you will keep to your bargain.*" I ran to the Abnaquis camp and asked the first savage I met, if he owned any scalps, and if so, that I would consider it a favor to be presented with one. He immediately, with much kindness, untied his wallet and allowed me the pick of scalps. Possessed with one of these barbarous trophies, I carried it triumphantly, followed by a crowd of French and Canadians, who were curious to see the end of this singular adventure.

Joy lent me wings: I ran in an instant to my Huron friend: "*Here,*" said I; "*here is your pay.*"

"*You are right,*" said he; "*it is really a British scalp; the hair is red!*"* (Red hair often distinguished the British colonists.) "*Take the boy; he is yours.*"

I did not allow him time for a second thought, and seized hold of the child, who was mostly naked, wrapping him up in the folds of my robe. The little fellow was not accustomed to be so roughly handled, and uttered cries, which indicated as much awkwardness in me as pain with him.

* Probably it belonged to a Scotchman, as a large number of Scotch served in the British armies in America before and at the time of the conquest of Canada.

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I consoled myself with the hope that he would soon be confided to more experienced hands. I arrived at the fort. The infant's wailings caused all the women to rush towards me; all hoped to find a lost child. They examined him eagerly, but neither their hearts nor their eyes could discover a son. They withdrew to vent again their grief in loud lamentations. My embarrassment was great to find myself with my charge, some forty or fifty leagues from any French settlement. How could I provide for so young an infant?

I was overwhelmed with my thoughts, when I happened to see passing by a British officer who spoke French fluently. "Sir," said I, "I have just rescued this child from captivity, but he is certainly doomed to die, unless you order some of these women to nurse it, until I find means to provide for it. The French officers present backed my prayer.

The British officer then spoke to the women. One offered to nurse the child if I would guarantee her life and that of her husband, and have them conducted safe to Boston *viâ* Montreal. I accepted these terms, and asked Mr. de Bourlamarque to allow me three grenadiers to escort the English to the camp of the Canadians, where I hoped to find means to fulfil my engagements. This worthy officer acceded to my proposal.

I was just in the act of leaving the fort, when the child's father turned up: he had been struck by a shell, and lay quite helpless; he entirely concurred in what had been planned to save the life of his child. I started with my English friends,* escorted by the three grenadiers. After a fatiguing but successful march of two hours, we arrived at the quarters of the Canadians. I shall not pretend to pourtray the crowning feat of my undertaking: there are some things which are beyond the power of words. We had scarcely arrived in the neighborhood of the camp, when a loud exclamation caught my ears. Was it from grief? was it from joy? It proceeded from all this, and from more. It was the voice of a mother. From afar, the piercing eye of the parent had recognized her darling boy; who can deceive a mother? She rushed wildly towards the English lady who held the child, tearing it from her arms frantically, as if she feared to lose it a second time. One can imagine her transports

* The English woman who had consented to take charge of the infant, and her husband.

on finding again her child, and on being told that her husband—to whom she thought she had said adieu for the last time—was still alive. One thing was still wanting to my entire happiness, that is, re-uniting the father and the mother of the child.

I again retraced my steps towards the fort. I felt very weak; it was later than one o'clock P.M., and I had had yet nothing to eat. On my arrival I mostly fainted. The kind offices of the French officers soon allowed me to finish my good work. I had the fort searched for the Englishman I was looking for, but the search for a long time was unavailing. The pain caused by his wound had made him seek for rest in the most solitary part of the fort. He was found at last; and I was just going to conduct him back to his wife, when the mother and her son made their appearance. Orders had been issued to assemble together all the English dispersed in different directions, numbering about 500, and to conduct them to the fort, where their subsistence might be provided for more easily, until they could be sent to Orange; this was happily done a few days after. I was cordially thanked,—not only by those I had saved, but also by the English officers,—and that repeatedly. As to the offers to serve me, they merely flattered me, as springing from a sense of gratitude. A missionary like me has no recompense to look for except from the Almighty.

I cannot help noticing the recompense which the English woman met with, who had consented to nurse the child in the absence of its real mother. Providence, through the instrumentality of my colleague, M. Picquet, restored to her her missing child. I remained a few days longer in the neighborhood of the fort, and my ministry was crowned with more success, in rescuing more prisoners, and in saving the lives of some French officers, jeopardized by the acts of some drunken savages.

Such are the circumstances of the unfortunate expedition which has thrown dishonor on the bravery evinced by the Indians during all the siege operations, and which has rendered burthensome to ourselves even their good offices. They pretend to justify their conduct. The Abnaquis in particular allege their right to wreak vengeance for the treatment experienced by their warriors no later than last winter, when, during peace or pending a truce, they were betrayed and slaughtered by the British of the Acadian forts. For my part, I do not pretend to place on

its trial a nation, who, although it may be our enemy, has not the less many titles to our respect. I have not sufficient knowledge of facts to do so. I am not aware that I have mixed up with this narrative a single circumstance which could be gainsaid, nor do I see that malignity can discover any fact calculated to affix on the French the odiousness of this event. We had got the Indians to agree to the conditions of surrender; what could be more calculated to prevent any infraction of its terms?

A guard of four hundred men had been assigned to the enemy, as an escort, to protect their retreat: some of the escort fell, in their zeal to prevent the tumult: could any stronger means have been devised to ensure the observance of the treaty? Finally, large sums were expended to repurchase the English prisoners from the savages, so that nearly four hundred are at Quebec, ready to embark for Boston. Could the violation of the treaty be more efficaciously repaired? These queries seem to me unanswerable. The savages are then alone responsible for this violation of the rights of nations; with their unquenchable ferocity, with their utter disregard of all control, lies the cause. The news of this carnage, spread in the English colonies, has struck such universal terror, that a single Indian dared to go and make prisoners at the very doors of Orange (Albany), without being opposed or molested in his retreat.

The enemy did nothing to oppose us in the interval which followed the capture of the fort, and still the situation of the French army was most critical. The savages, except the Abnaquis and Nipistungues, had disappeared on the day of the massacre. Twelve hundred men were occupied in destroying the fort; about one thousand were busy conveying away the immense military stores and provisions which had fallen into our hands. There was a mere handful of soldiers remaining to meet the enemy, had he shown himself. This inactivity gave us the means of completing our work. Fort George has been completely destroyed, and the remains consumed by fire. It was only when it was burnt, that we understood the extent of the enemy's losses. There were casemates and subterranean recesses filled with corpses, which, during some days, furnished material to the flames. Our loss was merely 21 killed (of which three were Indians) and 25 wounded. I then returned to Montreal on Assumption Day.

Battle of Carillon,*

8TH JULY, 1758.

JULY 1.—Montcalm made a movement in advance, *echeloning*† his troops from Fort Carillon to the foot of Lake George, to curb the enemy, and obstruct their landing.

July 5.—The British embarked, at the lake head, in 900 barges and 130 bateaux, while on numerous rafts cannon were mounted, constituting so many floating batteries. “The sky was serene,” says Mr. Dwight, “and the weather superb: our flotilla sped its way in measured time, in accord with inspiriting martial music. The standards’ folds floated gaily in the sunshine; and joyous anticipations of a coming triumph beamed in every eye. The firmament above, the earth below, and all things around us, formed together a glorious spectacle. The sun, since his course in the heavens began, rarely ever lighted up a scene of greater beauty or grandeur.”

The British van, 6000 strong, led by Lord Howe, reached the lake foot early on the 6th, and landed at Camp Brûlé. As it approached Bourlamaque fell back on La Chute, where Montcalm was posted, after waiting, but in vain, the return of M. de Trépézée, whom he had sent on a reconnaissance to Mont Pelée, with 300 men. The latter, at sight of the enemy, meant to rejoin Bourlamaque, but lost his way in the woods; thereby, through the delay ensuing, just as he reached the spot whence he had set out, his corps was surrounded by the enemy, and two-thirds of the men were killed, or drowned in attempted flight. The rest, who formed his rear-guard and had taken another route, arrived safely at La Chute, whither Trépézée and another officer were borne mortally wounded. It was also in this fortuitous skirmish that Lord Howe lost his life. He was a young man, but an officer of much promise, whose death was greatly mourned over by his compatriots.

The amount of the enemy’s force, and his intents, were now alike dis-

* Garneau’s *History of Canada*, Bell’s translation.

† *Echelon*, Fr., is a stepping-bar or round in a ladder; hence the military term *échelonner*, dispose parties of soldiers *en échelon* (ladder-fashion); *i. e.* range them in detachments on a line, with interspaces at determinate intervals.—*B.*

cernible. Montcalm broke up his camp at La Chute; while, supported by the colonial regulars and 400 to 500 Canadians, just come up, he defiled towards the heights of Carillon, where he proposed to do battle; for it had been determined that, whatever might be the disparity in the numbers of the two armies, the entry to Canada should not be given up without a struggle. Montcalm at first elected to make his stand at Fort St. Frederic (Crown-Point); but M. de Lotbinière, who knew the country well, counselled him to prefer the heights of Carillon: the enemy, he said, could not pass that way, if it were (judiciously) occupied; and it would be easy to strengthen the pass by entrenching, under the cannon of the fort; whereas, he observed, the works needful to cover St. Frederic would take two months to execute: not to mention that Carillon, once cleared, the enemy could safely descend Lake Champlain, leaving the former stronghold unassailed, in his rear. Montcalm, feeling the cogency of this reasoning, halted the troops as soon as they reached Carillon in their retrograde march; then he gave them orders to take up a position in advance of the fort, and there entrench themselves, as proposed.

The heights of Carillon are situated within a triangle formed by the discharge of the superfluous waters of Lake George, named La Chute River, and Lake Champlain, into which they here flow. Some bluffs (*buttes*), which are not lofty, and rise highest at the summit of the triangle, terminate, by an easy slope, towards the lake, but present a steep frontage (*escarpement*) to the river, the latter having a strand alongside it about 50 yards broad. At the extremity of the triangle, on the edge of the frontage aforesaid, was a small redoubt, the fire from which radiated on the river and lake; enfilading, too, the sloping ground along the course of the stream. This redoubt was connected by a parapet with Fort Carillon (the ruins of which may still be seen). The fort, which could contain 300 to 400 men, lay in the lap of the triangle, and commanded the centre and right side of the plateau, as well as the plain below, in the direction of Lake Champlain and the River St. Frederic. The enemy in our front bivouacked during the night of July 6-7. The glare of their numerous fires indicated that they were in great numbers near the portage. The French entrenchments, of zigzag outline, were begun in the evening of the 6th, and carried on most actively on the

7th. They began at the fort, followed for some length the crest of the heights, in the direction of La Chute River, and then turned to the right, in order to traverse the triangle at its base, following the sinuosities of a gorge of little depth, running across the plateau, and finally descended to the hollow (*bas-fond*) which extends to the lake. The lines of entrenchment might have about 600 yards of development, and a height of five feet: they were formed of felled trees, placed each on others, and all disposed in such sort, that the larger branches, stripped of their leaves and pointed, turned outwards and formed a rude kind of chevaux-de-frise. Each battalion as it arrived, first taking the place it was to occupy in action, constructed its part of the defences intended to cover all. Every man worked with ardour at his separate task. The Canadians, who did not obtain hatchets till noon on the 6th, began their assigned portion of the abattis, in the hollow towards Lake Champlain, and finished it just as the advancing British came into view. As the intermediate country between the troops and the enemy was thickly wooded, Montcalm had caused the nearest parts of it to be cleared, so that the latter should be the sooner seen, and have no covert when within gun-range.

Meanwhile, Abercromby was completing the disembarkation of his army. Some prisoners he took misinformed him that the French had entrenched themselves merely to gain time, expecting the arrival of 3000 additional men, under De Lévis, said to be on the way. The *wily* Abercromby determined to fall on at once, before the (imaginary) succour could come up. An engineer, sent by Abercromby to reconnoitre, returned and reported that the French works were incomplete; upon which he (boldly) put his army in motion. The vanguard, led by Colonel Bradstreet, did not halt till it came within a short mile of the French entrenchments, late on 7th July. Here the enemy's advanced corps passed the night; the line of adversaries on each side of the narrow interspace making ready for next day's action.

The British army, deducting a few hundred men left at La Chute (probably for guarding the boats at the foot of the lake), consisted of 15,000 prime soldiers, under experienced officers—all full of confidence in their superior numbers proving irresistible; while the French forces were only 3600 strong, including 450 Canadians and marines; there

being no armed savages present. Montcalm put Fort Carillon in charge of 300 men ; the rest lined the entrenchments, three men deep. Order was given to each battalion to keep in reserve a grenadier company and a piquet of soldiers, to take post behind, and repair, on occasion, to any overpressed part of the line. De Lévis, who arrived just that morning (the 8th), commanded the right wing ; under him were the Canadians and their chief, M. De Raymond ; Bourslamaque commanded the left wing, Montcalm the centre. Such was the French order of battle.

About half-past 12, noon, the outposts re-entered the abattis, after skirmishing with those of the British. A cannon-shot, fired from the fort, gave the signal to the men within to stand to their arms, and be ready to open fire.

Abercromby divided his army into four columns, the heads of which were ordered to attack simultaneously. The grenadier companies, posted in front of all, had directions to force the entrenchments at the bayonet's point, but not to fire till they had fairly cleared the barricade. At the same time, an allotted number of gun-barges were to fall down La Chute River, and menace the French right flank. By one o'clock p.m. the British columns were moving onward ; they were intermingled with light troops and savages. The latter, as they advanced under tree-covert, kept up a galling fire on the French. The enemy's four columns, leaving the uncleared woods behind, descended into the gorge in front of our entrenchments, advancing upon them with great boldness and in admirable order ; two of the four columns being directed against the French left wing, one against the centre, and the fourth against the right, following the sinuosities in the slope of the hollow where the Canadians were posted. The firing was commenced by the marksmen (*tirailleurs*) of the column opposed to the French right wing, and extended gradually from that point to the French left, the column facing which, composed of Highlanders and grenadiers, tried to penetrate the barrier on M. De Lévis' side. That officer, discerning the danger, ordered the Canadians to make a sortie and assail the flank of this column. The manœuvre succeeded ; for the Canadians' fire, and that of the two battalions on the sloping ground or hillock (*coteau*), forced this column to incline towards the next, in order to avoid a cross flanking-fire.

The four columns, obliged to converge a little in advancing, either to protect their flanks or the better to attain select points of attack, became massed in debouching near the heights. At that instant, 30 barges appeared on La Chute, sent to inquiet the French flank. A few shots from the fort, which sank two of them, and an assault upon the others, from the banks, by a few men, caused their crews to retreat.

Montcalm had given an order that the enemy should be allowed to come unresisted within twenty paces of the entrenchments, and it was punctually obeyed. Arrived at the marked line, the musketry which assailed their compact masses told so promptly and terribly, that they were first staggered, and then fell into disorder. Forced to fall back an instant, the broken forward ranks were re-formed, and returned to the attack; but forgetting their consign (not to fire, themselves, till they had surmounted the barricade with fixed bayonets), they began to exchange shots, at a great disadvantage, with the ensconced French. The firing on both sides, along the whole line, became very hot, and was long continued; but, after the greatest efforts, the surviving assailants were obliged to give way a second time, leaving the ground behind them strewed with dead. Once again, however, they rallied at a little distance, re-formed their columns, and, after a few moments' halt, threw themselves anew upon the entrenchments, despite the hottest opposing fire imaginable.

Our generalissimo (Montcalm) exposed himself as much as the meanest of his soldiers. From his station in the centre, he hastened towards every point where there was most danger, giving orders and bringing up succour. Finally, the British, after unexampled efforts, were again repulsed.

Astonished more than ever at so obstinate a resistance, Abercromby, who thought nothing would withstand his forces, could not yet believe that they would ultimately fail before enemies so much inferior in numbers; he thought, that let his adversaries' courage be ever so great, they would at last renounce a contest which, the more violent and prolonged it were, would end all the more fatally for them. He resolved, therefore, to continue his assaults with added energy till he should achieve a triumph. Accordingly, between 1 and 5 o'clock P.M. (four hours), he ordered up his troops six times, to be as often driven back,

each succeeding time with increasing loss. The fire kept up against them by the French was so hot and close, that part of the fragile ramparts which protected the assailed ignited more than once.

The enemies' columns, not succeeding in their first attacks made simultaneously but independently against the whole French line, now conjoined their strengths, and in a solid body tried to force, sometimes the centre of the French, at other times their right, and again their left wing—all in vain. But it was the right of the French works that was longest and most obstinately assailed; in that quarter, the combat was most sanguinary. The British grenadiers and Highlanders there persevered in the attack for three hours, without flinching or breaking rank. The Highlanders above all, under Lord John Murray, covered themselves with glory. They formed the head of the troops confronting the Canadians, their light and picturesque costume distinguishing them from all other soldiers amid the flames and smoke. This corps lost the half of its men, and 25 of its officers were killed or severely wounded.* At length this mode of attack failed, as the preceding had done, owing to the cool intrepidity of our troops; who, as they fought, shouted *Vive le roi!* and cried "Our general for ever!" During the different charges of the enemy, the Canadians made several sorties, turned their flanks, and took a number of them prisoners.†

At half-past five, Abercromby, losing hopes of success for a moment, withdrew his columns into the woods beyond, to allow the men to recover their breath; yet he resolved to make one last attempt before quite giving up his enterprise. An hour having elapsed, his army returned to the charge, and with its massed strength, once again assaulted the whole French line. This final attack failed even as the others. Thus fairly baffled, the British had perforce to retreat, leaving the French masters of the field; the rear of the former being protected by a swarm of

* Scarcely any of the wounded Highlanders ever recovered, even those sent home as invalids; their sores cankered, owing to the broken glass, ragged bits of metal, &c., used by the Canadians, instead of *honest* shot.—*Bell*.

† Some Highlanders taken prisoners by the French and Canadians, huddled together on the battle-field, and expecting to be cruelly treated, looked on in mournful silence. Presently a gigantic French officer walked up to them, and whilst exchanging in a severe tone some remarks in French with some of his men, suddenly addressed them in Gaelic. Surprise in the Highlanders soon turned to positive horror. Firmly believing no Frenchman could ever speak Gaelic, they concluded that his Satanic majesty in person was before them—it was a Jacobite serving in the French army.

riflemen, who skirmished with the Canadians sent in pursuit till night-fall.

By this time, the French were exhausted with fatigue, but intoxicated with joy. General Montcalm, accompanied by Chevalier de Lévis, and the staff-officers, passed along the ranks and thanked the victors, in the king's name, for their good conduct during this glorious day, one of the most memorable in the annals of French valour. Scarcely believing, however, that the present retreat of the British army would be definitive, and fully expecting that they would renew the combat next day, he issued orders to prepare for their reception as before. The troops therefore had to pass the night in their position; they cleaned their arms, and when daylight dawned next morning, set to work to complete and add to the entrenchments; constructing two batteries, one to the right with four cannon mounted, and another on the left, with six. After a pause of some hours and no enemy appearing, Montcalm sent out some detachments to reconnoitre, one of which, pushing on beyond La Chute, destroyed an intrenchment which the British had formed there, but abandoned. Next day (July 10), De Lévis advanced to the foot of Lake George with his grenadiers, volunteers, and Canadians, and there found many evidences of the precipitation of Abercromby's retreat. During the night following the battle, he continued his retreat, without stopping, to the lake; and this retrograde movement must have become a veritable flight. His soldiers left by the way their field implements (*outils*), portions of the baggage, and many wounded men (who were all picked up by De Lévis); their general having re-embarked his remaining troops by the first morning light, after throwing all his provisions, etc., into the lake.

Such was the battle of Carillon, wherein 3,600 men struggled successfully, for six hours, against 15,000 picked soldiers. The victory gained on this memorable day (July 8, 1757) greatly raised the reputation of Montcalm, whom good fortune attended ever since he came to America, making him the idol of the soldiers. In his army but 377 men were killed or wounded, including 38 officers. Amongst those hurt was M. de Bourlamaque, who was severely wounded in the shoulder; M. de Bougainville, who had just been promoted to the grade of assistant-quarter-master (*aide maréchal de logis*), was wounded likewise. De

Lévis' clothes and hat were ball-pierced in several places. The British owned to a loss of 2,000 killed or wounded, including 126 officers; but the contemporary French accounts estimated the British loss at from four to five thousand.

"Montcalm," said M. Dussieux, "stopped invasion by his brilliant victory of Carillon; *certes*, that was a deed to be proud of. But Montcalm spoke modestly of what he had done: 'The only credit I can lay claim to,' wrote he next day to M. de Vaudreuil, 'is the glory accruing to me of commanding troops so valorous.....The success of the affair is due to the incredible bravery manifested both by officers and soldiers.'

"During the evening of the battle-day, the fortunate and illustrious general wrote, upon the battle-field itself, this simple and touching letter to his friend M. de Doreil: 'The army, the too small army of the king, has just beaten his enemies. What a day for (the honour of) France! Had I had two hundred savages to serve for the van of a detachment of a thousand chosen troops, led by De Lévis, not many of the fleeing enemies would have escaped. Ah! such troops as ours, my dear Doreil —I never saw their match.'"

Engagement at Beauport Flats,*

31st JULY, 1759.

As the left bank of the Montmorency, just beyond its embouchure is higher than the right, Wolfe strengthened the batteries he already had there, the gun-range of which enfiladed, above that river, the French entrenchments. The number of his cannon and pieces for shelling was raised to sixty. He caused to sink, on the rocks level with the flood below, two transports, placing on each when in position fourteen guns. One vessel lay to the right, the other to the left, of a small redoubt which the French had erected on the strand, at the foot of the Courville road, in order to defend, not only the entry of that road, which led to heights occupied by the French reserve, but also the ford

* Garneau's *History of Canada*, Bell's translation.

of the Montmorency below the falls. Cannon-shots from the transports crossed each other in the direction of the redoubt. It became needful, therefore, to silence the fire of the latter, and cover the march of the assailants, on this accessible point of our line; therefore the *Centurion*, a 60-gun ship, was sent afterwards to anchor opposite the falls, and as near as might be to the shore, to protect the ford which the British forlorn-hope was to cross, as soon as the attacking force should descend from their camp of l'Ange-Gardien. Thus 118 pieces of ordnance were about to play upon Montcalm's left wing.

Towards noon, July 31, all this artillery began to play; and, at the same time, Wolfe formed his columns of attack. More than 1,500 barges were in motion in the basin of Quebec. A part of Monkton's brigade, and 1,200 grenadiers, embarked at Pointe-Lévi, with intent to re-land between the site of the *Centurion* and the sunken transports. The second column, composed of Townshend's and Murray's brigades, descended the heights of l'Ange-Gardien, in order to take the ford and join their forces to the first column at the foot of the Ccurville road, which was ordered to be ready posted, and only waiting for the signal to advance against the adjoining French entrenchments. These two columns numbered 6,000 men. A third corps of 2,000 soldiers, charged to ascend the left bank of the Montmorency, was to pass that river at a ford about a league above the falls, but which was guarded (as already intimated) by a detachment, under M. de Repentigny. At 1 P.M. the three British columns were on foot to execute the concerted plan of attack, which would have been far too complicated for troops less disciplined than Wolfe's.

Montcalm, for some time doubtful about the point the enemy would assail, had sent orders along his whole line for the men to be ready everywhere to oppose the British wherever they came forward. As soon as the latter neared their destination, De Lévis sent 500 men to succour Repentigny (at the upper ford), also a small detachment to espy the manœuvres of the British when about to cross the lower ford; while he sent to Montcalm for some battalions of regulars, to sustain himself in case of need. The general came up, at 2 P.M., to examine the posture of matters at the left. He proceeded along the lines, approved of the dispositions of De Lévis, gave fresh orders, and returned to the centre,

in order to be in a position to observe all that should pass. Three battalions and some Canadians, from Trois-Rivières, came in opportunely to reinforce the French left. The greatest part of these troops took post, as a reserve, on the highway, and the rest were directed on the ford defended by M. de Repentigny. The latter had been already hotly attacked by a British column, but he forced it to give way, after some loss of men. The retreat of this corps permitted that sent to succour Repentigny to hasten back to the arena of the chief attack.

Meanwhile, the barges bearing the Pointe-Lévi column, led by Wolfe in person, after making several evolutions, meant to deceive the French as to the real place for landing, were directed towards the sunken transports. The tide was now ebbing; thus part of the barges were grounded on a ridge of rock and gravelly matter, which stopped their progress and caused some disorder; but at last all obstacles were surmounted, and 1,200 grenadiers, supported by other soldiers, landed on the St. Lawrence strand. They were to advance in four divisions; and Monkton's brigade, which was to embark later, had orders to follow, and, as soon as landed, to sustain them. From some misunderstanding these orders were not punctually executed. The enemy formed in columns, indeed; but Monkton's men did not arrive to time. Still the van moved, music playing, up to the Courville road redoubt, which the French at once evacuated. The enemy's grenadiers took possession of it, and prepared to assail the entrenchments beyond, which were within musket-shot distance. Wolfe's batteries had been pouring, ever since mid-day, on the Canadians who defended this part of the line, a shower of bombs and bullets, which they sustained without flinching. Having re-formed, the British advanced, with fixed bayonets, to attack the entrenchments; their showy costume contrasting strangely with that of their adversaries, wrapped as these were in light capotes and girt round the loins. The Canadians, who compensated their deficient discipline only by their native courage and the great accuracy of their aim, waited patiently till the enemies were a few yards distant from their line, meaning to fire at them point-blank. The proper time come, they discharged their pieces so rapidly and with such destructive effect,* that the two British columns,

* "Their (men of) small-arms, in the trenches, lay cool till they were sure of their mark; they then poured their shot like showers of hail, which caused our brave grenadiers to fall very fast."—*Journal of a British officer.*

despite all their officers' endeavours, were broken and took flight. They sought shelter at first against their foes' fire behind the redoubt; but not being allowed to re-form ranks, they continued to retreat to the main body of the army, which had deployed a little further back. At this critical time, a violent thunderstorm supervened, which hid the view of the combatants on both sides from each other, while the reverberations of successive peals rose far above the din of battle. When the rain-mist cleared off, the Canadians beheld the British re-embarking with their wounded,* after setting fire to the sunken transports. Their army finally drew off, as it had advanced, some corps in the barges; others marched landward, after re-crossing the Montmorency ford. The fire of their numerous cannon, however, continued till night set in; and it was estimated that the British discharged 3,000 cannon-balls during

* "As our company of grenadiers approached, I distinctly saw Montcalm on horse-back riding backwards and forwards. He seemed very busy giving directions to his men, and I heard him give the word to fire. Immediately they opened upon us, and killed a good many of our men, I don't recollect how many. We did not fire, for it would have been of no use, as they were completely entrenched, and we could only see the crown of their heads."....."We were now ordered to retreat to our boats, that had been left afloat to receive us; and by this time it was low water, so that we had a long way to wade through the mud. A Serjeant Allan Cameron, of our company, seeing a small battery on our left with two guns mounted, and apparently no person near it, thought he would prevent it doing us any mischief on our retreat, so he picked up a couple of bayonets that lay on the beach, and went alone to the battery, when he drove the points of them into the vents as hard as he could, and then snapped them off short.

"When the French saw us far enough on our retreat, they sent their savages to scalp and tomahawk our poor fellows that lay wounded on the beach. Among the number was Lieutenant Peyton, of the Royal American Battalion, who was severely wounded, and had crawled away as far as the pains he endured would allow. After the savages had done their business with the poor fellows that lay nearest to the French batteries, they went back, except two, who spied Lieutenant Peyton, and thought to make a good prize of him. He happened to have a double-barrelled fusil, ready loaded, and as he had seen how the savages had treated all the others that came into their clutches, he was sure that if they got the better of him they would butcher him also. Fortunately, his presence of mind did not forsake him, and he waited until the first savage came near enough, when he levelled his fusil, and brought him to the ground; the other savage, thinking that the Lieutenant would not have time to reload, rushed in upon him boldly, with his tomahawk ready to strike, when Lieutenant Peyton discharged his fusil right into his chest, and he fell dead at his feet. We saw no more of the savages after that, at least on that occasion; but we saw enough of them afterwards.

"While poor Lieutenant Peyton lay upon the ground, almost exhausted from his exertions and loss of blood, he was accosted by Serjeant Cameron, who had no other means of helping him than carrying him away; and he was well able to do it, for he was a stout, strong, tall fellow. He slung the Lieutenant's fusil over his shoulder along with his own, and took him on his back, telling him to hold fast round his neck. As he had a long way to carry him, he was obliged every now and then to lay him down in order to take breath, and give the lieutenant some ease, as his wound was exceedingly painful. In this way he got him at last to one of the boats, and laying him down, said, 'Now, sir, I have done as much for you as lay in my power, and I wish you may recover.'"—*Hawkins's Picture of Quebec.*

the day and evening; while the French had only a dozen pieces of cannon in action, but these were very serviceable in harassing the disembarking British. The loss of the French, which was due almost entirely to artillery fire, was inconsiderable, if we remember that they were for more than six hours exposed to it. The enemy lost about 500 men, killed and wounded, including many officers.

The victory gained at Montmorency was due chiefly to the judicious dispositions made by De Lévis, who, with fewer troops in hand than Wolfe, contrived to unite a greater number than he did at every point of attack. Supposing the British grenadiers had surmounted the entrenchments, it is very doubtful whether they would have prevailed, even had they been sustained by the rest of their army. The ground from the strand to the Beauport road rises into slopes, broken by ravines, amongst which meanders the Courville road; the locality, therefore, was favorable to our marksmen. Besides, the regulars in reserve were close behind, ever ready to succour the militiamen.

General Wolfe returned to his camp, in great chagrin at the check he had just received. Imagination depicted to his apprehensive mind's eye the unfavorable impression this defeat would make in Britain; and he figured to himself the malevolent jibes which would be cast at him for undertaking a task which he had proved himself to be incompetent to perform! He saw vanish, in a moment, all his proud illusions of glory; and Fortune, in whom he had trusted so much, as we have seen, seemed about to abandon him at the very outset of his career as a commander-in-chief. It seemed as if his military perceptions had lost somewhat of their usual lucidity, when, after losing all hope of forcing the camp of his adversary, he afterwards sent Murray, with 1,200 men, to destroy the French flotilla at Trois-Rivières, and to open a communication with General Amherst at Lake Champlain. Murray set out with 300 barges, but did not go far up the country. Repulsed twice at Pointe-aux-Trembles by De Bougainville, who, with 1,000 men, followed his movements, he landed at Sainte-Croix, which place he burnt, as has been already noticed. Thence departing, he fell upon Deschambault, where he pillaged the French officers' baggage. [!] He then retired precipitately, without fulfilling his mission. His incursion, nevertheless, much disquieted Montcalm at first; for he set out *incognito* for the

Jacques Cartier, as fearing lest the British might take possession of its lower course, gain a firm foothold there, and cut off his communications with western Canada; but learning that the latter were in full retreat when he arrived at Pointe-aux-Trembles, Montcalm retraced his steps.

After this new repulse, a malady, the germ of which was present in the bodily frame of Wolfe long before, now suddenly developed itself and brought him almost to death's-door. As soon as he convalesced, he addressed a long despatch to Secretary Pitt, recounting the obstacles against which he had to struggle, and expressing the bitterness of his regret at the failure of all his past endeavours. This letter (if it did little else) expressed the noble devotedness to his country's weal which inspired the soul of the illustrious warrior; and thus the British people were more affected at the sorrow of the youthful captain than at the checks his soldiers had received.

The spirit of Wolfe, no less than his bodily powers, sank before a situation which left him "only a choice of difficulties;" thus he expressed himself. Calling those lieutenants in aid, whose character and talents we have spoken of, he invited them to declare what might be their opinions as to the best plan to follow for attacking Montcalm with any chance of success; intimating his own belief, also, which was, that another attack should be made on the left wing of the Beauport camp. He was also clear for devastating the country as much as it was possible to do, without prejudicing the principal operation of the campaign.

The Battle of the Plains of Abraham,*

13TH SEPTEMBER, 1759.

ANY one who visits the celebrated Plains of Abraham, the scene of this glorious fight—equally rich in natural beauty and historic recollections—will admit that no site could be found better adapted for displaying the evolutions of military skill and discipline, or the exertion of physical force and determined valor. The battle-ground presents

* From *Hawkins's Picture of Quebec*.

almost a level surface from the brink of the St. Lawrence to the Ste. Foy road. The *Grande-Allée*, or road to Cape Rouge, running parallel to that of Ste. Foy, passed through its centre,—and was commanded by a field redoubt, in all probability the four-gun battery on the English left, which was captured by the light infantry, as mentioned in General Townshend's letter. The remains of this battery are distinctly seen near to the present race-stand. There were also two other redoubts, one upon the rising ground, in the rear of Mr. C. Campbell's house*—the death scene of Wolfe—and the other towards the Ste. Foy road which it was intended to command. On the site of the country seat called Marchmont, the property of the Honorable J. Stewart, and at present residence of Mr. Daly, Secretary of the Province,† there was also a small redoubt, commanding the intrenched path leading to the Cove. This was taken possession of by the advanced guard of the light infantry, immediately on ascending the heights. At the period of the battle, the Plains were without fences or enclosures, and extended to the walls to the St. Lewis side. The surface was dotted over with bushes, and the woods on either flank were more dense than at present, affording shelter to the French and Indian marksmen.

In order to understand the relative position of the two armies, if a line be drawn to the St. Lawrence from the General Hospital, it will give nearly the front of the French army at ten o'clock, after Montcalm had deployed into line. His right reached beyond the Ste. Foy road, where he made dispositions to turn the left of the English. Another parallel line somewhat in advance of Mr. C. Grey Stewart's house on the Ste. Foy road, will give the front of the British army, before Wolfe charged at the head of the grenadiers of 22nd, 40th, and 45th regiments, who had acquired the honorable title of the Louisbourg Grenadiers, from having been distinguished at the capture of that place, under his own command, in 1758. To meet the attempt of Montcalm to turn the British left, General Townshend formed the 15th regiment *en potence*, or presenting a double front. The light infantry were in rear of the left, and the reserve was placed in rear of the right, formed in eight subdivisions, a good distance apart.

* Occupied this year by Col. Alex. Bell.

† At present the family mansion of John Gilmour, Esq.

The English had been about four hours in possession of the Plains, and were completely prepared to receive them, when the French advanced with great resolution. They approached obliquely by the left, having marched from Beauport that morning. On being formed, they commenced the attack with great vivacity and animation, firing by platoons. It was observed, however, that their fire was irregular and ineffective, whereas that of the English was so well directed and maintained, as to throw the French into immediate confusion. It must be stated, that although the French army was more numerous, it was principally composed of colonial troops, who did not support the regular forces as firmly as was expected of them—(some of them had not even bayonets.) Montcalm, on his death bed, expressed himself bitterly in this respect. The English troops, on the contrary, were nearly all regulars, of approved courage, well officered and under perfect discipline. The grenadiers burned to revenge their defeat at Montmorency; and it was at their head that Wolfe, with great military tact, placed himself at the commencement of the action.

About eight o'clock, some sailors had succeeded in dragging up the precipice a light six-pounder, which, although the only gun used by the English in the action, being remarkably well served, played with great success on the centre column as it advanced, and more than once compelled the enemy to change the disposition of his forces. The French had two field pieces in the action. The despatches mention a remarkable proof of coolness and presence of mind, on the part of troops who had no hopes but in victory, no chance of safety but in beating the enemy—for had they been defeated, re-embarkation would have been impracticable. The English were ordered to reserve their fire until the French were within forty yards. They observed these orders most strictly, bearing with patience the incessant fire of the Canadians and Indians. It is also stated that Wolfe ordered the men to load with an additional bullet, which did great execution.

The two generals, animated with equal spirit, met each other at the head of their respective troops, where the battle was most severe. Montcalm was on the left of the French, at the head of the regiments of *Languedoc*, *Bearne* and *Guienne*—Wolfe on the right of the English, at the head of the 28th, and the Louisbourg Grenadiers. Here the greatest

exertions were made under the eyes of the leaders—the action in the centre and left was comparatively a skirmish. The severest fighting took place between the right of the race-stand and the Martello towers. The rapidity and effect of the English fire having thrown the French into confusion, orders were given, even before the smoke cleared away, to charge with the bayonet. Wolfe exposing himself at the head of the battalions, was singled out by some Canadian marksmen, on the enemy's left, and had already received a slight wound in the wrist. Regardless of this, and unwilling to dispirit his troops, he folded a handkerchief round his arm, and putting himself at the head of the grenadiers, led them on to the charge, which was completely successful. It was bought, however, with the life of their heroic leader. He was struck with a second ball in the groin; but still pressed on, and just as the enemy were about to give way, he received a third ball in the breast, and fell mortally wounded. Dear, indeed, was the price of a victory purchased by the death of Wolfe—of a hero whose uncommon merit was scarcely known and appreciated by his country, before a premature fate removed him for ever from her service. It might have been said of him, as of Marcellus,

*Ostendent terris hunc tantùm fata, neque ultra
Esse sinent. Nîmium vobis Romana propago
Visa potens, superi, propria hæc si dona fuissent.*

He met, however, a glorious death in the moment of victory—a victory which, in deciding the fate of Canada, commanded the applause of the world, and classed Wolfe among the most celebrated generals of ancient and modern times. Happily, he survived his wound long enough to learn the success of the day. When the fatal ball took effect, his principal care was, that he should not be seen to fall.—“Support me,”—said he to an officer near him,—“let not my brave soldiers see me drop. The day is ours, keep it!” He was then carried a little way to the rear, where he requested water to be brought from a neighboring well to quench his thirst. The charge still continued, when the officer—on whose shoulder,* as he sat down for the purpose, the dying hero leaned—exclaimed, “They run! they run!”—“Who runs?” asked the gallant

* The position of the dying hero is faithfully given in West's celebrated picture.

Wolfe, with some emotion. The officer replied,—“The enemy, sir: they give way every where!”—“What?” said he, “do they run already? Pray, one of you go to Colonel Burton, and tell him to march Webb’s regiment, with all speed, down to St. Charles River, to cut off the retreat of the fugitives from the bridge.—Now, God be praised, I DIE HAPPY!” So saying, the youthful hero breathed his last. He reflected that he had done his duty, and he knew that he should live for ever in the memory of a greatful country. His expiring moments were cheered with the British shout of victory,

—*pulchrumque mori succurrit in armis.*

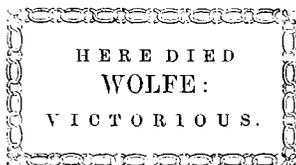
Such was the death of Wolfe upon the Plains of Abraham, at the early age of thirty-two years! It has been well observed, that “a death more glorious attended with circumstances more picturesque and interesting, is no where to be found in the annals of history.” His extraordinary qualities, and singular fate, have afforded a fruitful theme of panegyric to the historian and the poet, to the present day. How they were appreciated by his gallant companions in arms, may be learned by the subjoined extract from a letter written after the battle by General, afterwards Marquis Townshend, to one of his friends in England:—“I am not ashamed to own to you, that my heart does not exult in the midst of this success. I have lost but a friend in General Wolfe. Our country has lost a sure support, and a perpetual honor. If the world were sensible at how dear a price we have purchased Quebec in his death, it would damp the public joy. Our best consolation is, that Providence seemed not to promise that he should remain long among us. He was himself sensible of the weakness of his constitution, and determined to crowd into a few years actions that would have adorned a lengthy life.” The feeling and affecting manner in which Wolfe is spoken of in this letter, and its elegance of expression, confer equal honor upon the head and heart of the accomplished writer. The classical reader will agree with us in thinking, that he had in his mind at the time the eulogy of Marcellus which we have quoted above.

The spot consecrated by the fall of General Wolfe, in the charge made by the grenadiers upon the left of the French line, will to the latest day be visited with deep interest and emotion. On the highest ground considerably in advance of the Martello towers, commanding a

complete view of the field of battle—not far from the fence which divides the race-ground from the enclosures on the east, and opposite to the right of the English—are the remains of a redoubt against which the attack was directed which Wolfe so gallantly urged on by his personal example. A few years ago a rock was pointed out, as marking the spot where he actually breathed his last; and in one of the enclosures nearer to the road is the well whence they brought him water. It is mentioned in the statistical work of Colonel Bouchette, that one of the four meridian stones, [placed in 1790 by Major Holland, then Surveyor General of Canada, “stood in the angle of a field redoubt where General Wolfe is said to have breathed his last.” As he had been conveyed a short distance to the rear after being struck with the fatal ball, it must be presumed that this redoubt had been captured; and that the grenadiers were pressing on, when he received his mortal wound. This is corroborated by a letter which we have met with, written after the battle by an officer of the 28th Regiment, serving at the time as a volunteer with the Louisbourg Grenadiers under Colonel Murray. He speaks of the redoubt in question as “a rising ground,” and shows that Wolfe was in possession of it previously to his last wound: “Upon the general viewing the position of the two armies, he took notice of a small rising ground between our right and the enemy’s left, which concealed their motions from us in that quarter, upon which the general did me the honor to detach me with a few grenadiers to take possession of that ground, and maintain it to the last extremity, which I did until both armies were engaged, and then the general came to me; but that great, that ever memorable man, whose loss can never be enough regretted, was scarce a moment with me till he received his fatal wound.”

The place is now, however, about to be marked to posterity by the erection of a permanent memorial. Permission has been given to the writer of this account, to announce the intention of His Excellency the Lord Aylmer to erect a small column on the spot where Wolfe expired. This act of soldier-like generosity will be duly appreciated: and posterity will have at last amply redeemed their long neglect, and wiped away a reproach of more than seventy years’ duration. The Monument in Quebec, common to Wolfe and Montcalm—the stone placed in the Ursuline Convent in honor of the latter—and the smaller column on the

Plains, dyed with the blood of Wolfe, will form a complete series of testimonials—honorable to the spirit of the age, and worthy of the distinguished individuals under whose auspices they have been executed. The memorial on the Plains now bears the following inscription .



Death of Montcalm.*

A DEATH no less glorious closed the career of the brave Marquis de Montcalm, who commanded the French army. He was several years older than Wolfe, and had served his king with honor and success in Italy, Germany and Bohemia. In the earlier campaigns of this war he had given signal proofs of zeal, consummate prudence and undaunted valor. At the capture of Oswego, he had with his own hand wrested a color from the hand of an English officer, and sent it to be hung up in the Cathedral of Quebec. He had deprived the English of fort William Henry; and had defeated General Abercromby at Ticonderoga (Carillon). He had even foiled Wolfe himself at Montmorency; and had erected lines which it was impossible to force. When, therefore, he entered the Plains of Abraham at the head of a victorious army, he was in all respects an antagonist worthy of the British general.

The intelligence of the unexpected landing of Wolfe above the town was first conveyed to the Marquis de Vaudreuil, the Governor General, about day-break. By him it was communicated without delay to Montcalm. Nothing could exceed the astonishment of the latter at the intelligence; he refused at first to give credence to it, observing: "It is only Mr. Wolfe with a small party, come to burn a few houses, look

* From *Hawkins's Picture of Quebec.*

about him and return." On being informed, however, that Wolfe was at that moment in possession of the Plains of Abraham,—“Then,” said he, “they have at last got to the weak side of this miserable garrison. Therefore we must endeavor to crush them by our numbers, and scalp them all before twelve o’clock.” He issued immediate orders to break up the camp, and led a considerable portion of the army across the River St. Charles, in order to place them between the city and the English. Vaudreuil, on quitting the lines at Beauport, gave orders to the rest of the troops to follow him. On his arrival at the Plains, however, he met the French army in full flight towards the bridge of boats; and learned that Montcalm had been dangerously wounded. In vain he attempted to rally them—the route was general—and all hopes of retrieving the day and of saving the honor of France were abandoned.

Montcalm was first wounded by a musket shot, fighting in the front rank of the French left,—and afterwards by a discharge from the only gun in the possession of the English. He was then on horseback, directing the retreat—nor did he dismount until he had taken every measure for the safety of the remains of his army. Such was the impetuosity with which the Highlanders, supported by the 58th Regiment, pressed the rear of the fugitives—having thrown away their muskets and taken to their broad swords—that had the distance been greater from the field of battle to the walls, the whole French army would inevitably have been destroyed. As it was, the troops of the line had been almost cut to pieces, when their pursuers were forced to retire by the fire from the ramparts. Great numbers were killed in the retreat, which was made obliquely from the River St. Lawrence to the St. Charles. Some severe fighting took place in the field in front of the Martello Tower, No. 2. We are informed by an officer of the garrison, that, on digging there some years ago, a number of skeletons were found with parts of soldiers’ dress, military buttons, buckles, and other remains.

It is reported of Montcalm, when his wounds were dressed, that he requested the surgeons in attendance to declare at once whether they were mortal. On being told that they were so—“I am glad of it,” said he. He then enquired how long he might survive? He was

answered, "Ten or twelve hours, perhaps less." "So much the better," replied he; "then I shall not live to see the surrender of Quebec." On being afterwards visited by M. de Ramesay, who commanded the garrison, with the title of Lieutenant du Roi, and by the Commandant de Roussillon, he said to them: "Gentlemen, I commend to your keeping the honor of France. Endeavor to secure the retreat of my army to-night beyond Cape Rouge: for myself, I shall pass the night with God, and prepare myself for death." On M. de Ramesay pressing to receive his commands respecting the defence of Quebec, Montcalm exclaimed with emotion: "I will neither give orders, nor interfere any further; I have much business that must be attended to, of greater moment than your ruined garrison, and this wretched country. My time is very short—so pray leave me. I wish you all comfort, and to be happily extricated from your present perplexities." He then addressed himself to his religious duties, and passed the night with the bishop and his own confessor. Before he died, he paid the victorious army this magnanimous compliment: "Since it was my misfortune to be discomfited and mortally wounded, it is a great consolation to me to be vanquished by so brave and generous an enemy. If I could survive this wound, I would engage to beat three times the number of such forces* as I commanded this morning, with a third of British troops."

Almost his last act was to write a letter, recommending the French prisoners to the generosity of the victors. He died at five o'clock in the morning of the 14th September; and was buried in an excavation made by the bursting of a shell within the precincts of the Ursuline Convent—a fit resting place for the remains of a man who died fighting for the honor and defence of his country.

* Great jealousy existed in those days between the regulars and the militia—the militia was badly armed, not having even bayonets.

The Battle of Ste. Foy,

27TH AND 28TH APRIL, 1760.

“ Militiamen were seen to crouch on the ground to load their pieces ; rise up after the cannon shot passed over them, and dash forward to shoot the British gunners.”

THE events of the 27th and 28th of April, 1760, in this country, afford us, if nothing else, a subject of reflection, concerning the manner in which the militia of Canada deported itself on the occasion. In the endless and bloody warfare which raged for so many years between the colonists of New England and those of New France, our militia had previously established its efficiency as an auxiliary to regulars. In the defeat of Abercromby, at Carillon ; of Wolfe, on the Beauport Flats ; of Murray, at Ste. Foy, it had left its mark. Its onset was less fierce than that of the other auxiliaries in those days, the Redskins. It was less handy than them at scalping, but more manageable, more docile. The New Englanders and British troops left this bloody work to the Iroquois, who, it must be confessed, grew very expert at it. The French enlisted, for the nonce, the services of the Hurons, Abenakis, Algonquins, &c. Occasionally the European soldiers tried their hand at it. Capt. John Knox, Wolfe's companion, and one who has never been charged with underrating British successes, relates in his journal that the British did a trifle in the scalping line on the 23rd of August, 1759, at St. Joachim, whose parish priest, with thirty followers, were “ scalped and killed,” as Knox ingeniously states, “ for having disguised themselves like Indians.” Knox does not say they were taken for Indians. The grave charges of atrocities freely bandied round by English and French historians, against the rival commanders might be, in nine cases out of ten, traced to the savages they employed as auxiliaries. An Indian under the influence of intoxicating liquor is

more like a wild beast than a human being—ready, at the first impulse of the demon lurking in his veins, to slaughter friend or foe. Scalping, although a dangerous experiment, was not always followed by loss of life: a well-authenticated instance is on record of a scalped Montrealer who lived fourteen years afterwards. He appears to have been mostly as hardy as the celebrated St. Denis, who has the credit of having walked about Paris with his head in his hands after decapitation.

There are so many accounts of the Ste. Foy battle, that it seems superfluous to dwell at length on the subject. We have the story of eye-witnesses, such as Mante, Knox, Fraser; also of Chevalier Johnstone, a Scotchman, fighting in Canada for the cause of France. We also have Smith's account, not over-correct; and Garneau's narrative, probably the most complete, and collated from documents, many of which had never seen the light before.

He computes the English force at 7,714, exclusive of officers. The French force were more numerous: there were amongst them 3,000 Montreal and Three Rivers militia, and 400 savages; the Quebec district militia having been compelled by General Murray to swear allegiance to the English monarch during the preceding winter. As a set-off, the English general had twenty to twenty-two field pieces, and De Lévis had been able to bring through the slush of the Suede Swamp at Ste. Foy only three small pieces. The battle of the 28th lasted, according to General Murray, one hour and three-quarters. He acknowledges, in his despatch of the 25th May, 1760, to Pitt, having lost one-third of his men, and the French 2,500; this would make some 4,000 corpses strewing the environs of the spot where the monument now stands. This ought to be a sufficient answer to those who fancy it was merely a skirmish. We read in Garneau's history of Canada:

“The savages, who were nearly all in the wood behind during the fight, spread over the battle-field, when the French were pursuing the enemy, and felled many of the wounded British, whose scalps were afterwards found upon the neighbouring bushes. As soon as De Lévis was apprised of this massacre, he took vigorous measures for putting a stop to it. Within a comparatively narrow space, nearly 2,500 men had been struck by bullets; the patches of snow and icy puddles on the ground were so reddened with the blood shed that the frozen ground refused to

absorb; and the wounded survivors of the battle, and of the savages, were immersed in pools of gore and filth ankle deep.”—(J. M. L.)

STE. FOY MONUMENT FESTIVAL.*

THE INAUGURATION CEREMONY, 19TH OCTOBER, 1863.

“ Our ancient city witnessed, on Monday, the rare spectacle of a public festival.

“ Before entering upon our report of the proceedings, it is right that we should place in concise form before our readers some details of the battle in memory of which the Ste. Foy Monument was raised. The battle of Ste. Foy, sanguinary and fiercely contested, when we consider the number of men engaged, was fought upon the plains bordering the Ste. Foy road, on the 23th April, 1760, and the fiercest struggle took place on the very spot now occupied by the pillar. The circumstances under which it was fought were of a peculiar nature. It was the first and only action which was fought in the course of the De Lévis' bold attempt to take the Fortress City from the British. It was also the last victory won by French arms on Canadian soil. It must be admitted that the occasion was most auspicious for the French, and the consummation of their brightest hopes seemed at hand. Quebec was held in the winter of 1759-60 by a handful of British troops. The daring young soldier who had led them to victory was no more. They were three thousand miles from the mother country, and completely cut off from all prospect of aid or succour throughout the winter months. Reinforcements from England were out of the question until the spring of 1760 burst the icy bonds of the St. Lawrence. Reinforcements from the then friendly Provinces of Boston and New York were equally impossible,

* Abridged from *Quebec Morning Chronicle*.

because of the dense forests, and the other impassable natural barriers which extended south of the St. Lawrence from the Gulf to the great lakes. On the other hand the French were still in considerable strength throughout Canada. The hearts of the people were with King Louis and French connexion, whatever oppression they might have suffered from tyrannical governors and speculating intendants. Montreal, Three Rivers, and all other posts throughout Canada—except Quebec—were held by French garrisons and the Canadian militia and Indian auxiliaries.”

[Here the editor has inserted extracts from *Smith's History of Canada*, and, in order that the other side may be heard, an account of the battle, which, strange to say, was written in English by Chevalier Johnstone, a Scottish Jacobite, who served in the French army in Canada. We substitute for these narratives M. Garneau's account in his *History of Canada*, which was written from both French and English records. We copy from Mr. Bell's translation] :

“The wood whence the French were issuing was 400 yards distant from the enemy's front : now, as the forest soil was marshy, the French could debouch only upon the highway. The space between the wood and the British was not wide enough to allow De Lévis to form his men and lead them on without disadvantage. His situation thus became difficult, for the hill of Sainte-Genève and the River St. Charles alike barred his way, if he elected to march on Quebec either by the road of St. Ambroise or that of Charlesbourg ; and the enemy might reach the above eminence before the French, having only the cord of the arc to pass along ; he therefore resolved to attain the Ste. Foy road by a flanking march. Nightfall come, he ordered his troops to defile, on the right, along the skirts of the wood, till they would have got beyond the British front, and turn round their left flank. This manœuvre, if successful, gave him both a good position and a chance for cutting off the corps of observation posted at the Red River outlet on the St. Lawrence ; but the stormy weather, and the difficulty of countermarching at that season with wearied men, prevented the operation being essayed with due celerity. Next day Murray, who hastened to the imperilled spot, had leisure to extricate his troops with the loss only of their baggage, &c. Becoming pressed in his own retreat, he took shelter in the church of

St. Foy, which he fired as he left it; and he was finally able to resume his march to Quebec, leaving De Lévis master of a field of battle which he would otherwise have had much difficulty to conquer.

“The French horsemen dogged Murray’s retrograde steps, and skirmished with his rear-guard as far as Dumont’s mill. Murray posted a strong guard within the mill, with orders to hold it (if attacked) till night. The French troops took lodging in the houses between the church and the mill. The rain fell, meanwhile, in torrents, and the weather was frightful.

“During the night the British left the mill, fell back on the Buttes-à-Neveu, and began to entrench themselves there. When the day broke, De Lévis took possession of the mill and the whole plain of Abraham as far as the flood, in order to cover the Anse-du-Foulon (Wolfe’s Cove), whither the French vessels, laden with provisions, artillery and baggage, which had not effected their discharge at St. Augustin, had received orders to repair. While this was effecting on the 28th, our army was to take repose, so as to be ready next day to assail the British at the Buttes, and drive them into the city.

“No sooner, however, was Murray within the walls, than he determined to make a sortie with all his troops; intending either to give battle if an occasion presented, or else to fortify himself at the Buttes-à-Neveu, should De Lévis’ force appear to be too considerable to resist in open field; for the report of a French cannoneer (who fell in while disembarking, was floated down the flood, and rescued by some British soldiers on guard) left no further doubt in his mind that the force so long spoken of had now arrived. He left the city in the morning of April 28, at the head of his whole garrison, the regulars in which, not including officers, alone numbered 7714 combatants. Excepting some hundred sick in hospital, Murray left in the place only soldiers enough to mount guard, and, with a force from 6,000 to 7,000 strong, advanced in two columns, with 22 cannon.

“De Lévis, who rode out, with his staff officers, far in advance of his men to reconnoitre the position of the British on the Buttes-à-Neveu, no sooner perceived this forward movement than he sent orders to his main army to quicken its march towards the Plains of Abraham. Murray, seeing only the French van as yet, resolved to attack it before the sol-

diers could take breath after their march ; but he had to deal with an adversary of mark, and cool temperament withal. The former ranged his troops in advance of the Buttes, his right resting on the hill (*coteau*) of Sainte-Geneviève, and his left touching the cliff (*falaise*) bordering the St. Lawrence; his entire line extended about six furlongs. Four regiments, under Colonel Burton, formed his right, placed astraddle (*à cheval*) on the road of Ste. Foy. Four regiments, and the Scotch Highlanders, under Colonel Fraser, forming the left, were similarly ranged on the road of St. Louis. Two battalions were kept as a reserve; and besides these last, the right flank of the British army was covered by a corps of light infantry under Major Dalling; the left flank by Captain Huzzen's company of Rangers and 100 volunteers, led by Capt. Macdonald. All being arranged in the form described, General Murray gave orders to advance.

“The French van, composed of six companies of grenadiers, set in battle order, part on the right, in a redoubt erected by the British, the year preceding, to the eastward of the Anse-du-Foulon; part on the left, in Dumont's mill, the miller's house, the tannery, and other buildings close by, on the road to Ste. Foy. The rest of the army, on learning what was toward, hastened its march, the men closing ranks as they came near; but the three brigades were hardly formed, when the British began the attack vigorously.

“Murray felt the importance of getting hold of Dumont's mill, which covered the passage (*issue*) by which the French were debouching, and he assailed it with superior numbers. He hoped that, by overpowering the grenadiers who defended it, he should be able to fall afterwards upon the centre of the force still on its way, push them far off the line of operation, and cut off the French right wing, hemmed in, as it were, on the road of St. Louis.

“Lévis, to prevent this design, withdrew his right to the entry of the wood which was in its rear, and caused the grenadiers to evacuate the mill, and fall back, in order to lessen the distance for the arriving brigades. At this turn, Bourlamaque was severally wounded by a cannon-shot, which also killed his horse. His soldiers, left without orders, seeing the grenadiers hotly engaged and overmatched, simultaneously flew to their support, and formed in line just as the enemies bore down on

this point in mass with all their artillery ; their field-pieces and howitzers, loaded with ball and grape, plying upon the space occupied by this wing, which staggered under so deadly a fire. The French grenadiers advanced quick step, re-took the mill after an obstinate struggle, and kept it.* These brave soldiers, commanded by Captain Aiguebelles, almost all perished this day. While those events were passing on the left, De Lévis caused the soldiers to re-capture the redoubt they had evacuated in order to fall back. The Canadians of the Queen's brigade, who occupied that petty redoubt and the pine wood on the margin of the cape, regained their ground and soon charged in turn, supported by M. La Corne de St. Luc and some savages. The combat was not less hot on this line than at the left. All the troops were now in action, and the fire was heavy on both parts. Militiamen were seen to crouch on the ground to load their pieces, rise up after the cannon-shot passed over them, and dash forward to shoot the British gunners. Those of Montreal fought with great courage, especially the battalion led by the brave Colonel Rhéaume, who was killed. This brigade posted in the centre, and commanded by M. de Repentigny, itself arrested on open ground (*ruse campagne*) the British centre, when advancing at quick step, and with the advantage of high ground. It also repulsed several charges, and slackened, by its firmness and rapid firing, the enemy when pressing the grenadiers of the left; thereby facilitating their after-march onward: in fine, this was the only brigade that maintained its ground during the whole time the obstinate struggle lasted.

“ By this time, the attack which gave the British the mastery, for a moment, over the positions occupied by the French van when the fight began, was everywhere repulsed, and our people in re-possession of all the ground they temporarily lost; thus Murray's offensive movement by the road of Sainte-Foy had failed, and that check enabled the French to attack him in their turn.

“ De Lévis, observing that the British General had over-weakened his left to strengthen his right, resolved to profit by it. He ordered his

* With this old windmill is associated one of the most thrilling episodes of the conflict. Some of the French Grenadiers and some of Fraser's Highlanders took, lost, and re-took the mill five times, their respective officers looking on in mute astonishment and admiration; while a *Scotch piper, who had been confined for bad conduct ever since 13th Sept., 1759, was piping away within hearing,—so says an old chronicle.—J.M.L.*

troops to charge the enemy's left wing with the bayonet, and to thrust the British off the St. Louis road on to the Ste. Foy. By this manœuvre he took in flank the whole of Murry's army, drove the corps off the height of Sainte-Geneviève, and cut off the enemy from the line of retreat to the city. Colonel Poulardier dashed forward at the head of the Royal Roussillon brigade, attacked the British impetuously, transpierced their whole mass and put them to flight. At the same time their light troops gave way, and the fugitives, throwing themselves in front and in rear of the enemy's centre, caused his fire to be suspended. De Lévis profited by this disorder to cause his own left to charge the British right wing, which the former completely routed.

“Then the whole French army advanced in pursuit of the beaten foe; but as his flight was rapid, the short distance they had to run did not allow of throwing them towards the river St. Charles. De Lévis, nevertheless, might have been able to effect this object, but for an order ill-delivered by an officer whom he charged to call upon the Queen's brigade to sustain the charge of the Royal Roussillon brigade at the right; and who, instead of causing it to execute the prescribed movement, thus made it take place behind the left wing.

“The enemy left in their victors' hands their whole artillery, ammunition, and the intrenching tools they brought with them, besides a portion of the wounded. Their loss was considerable; nearly a fourth of their soldiers being killed or wounded. Had the French been less fatigued than they were, and assailed the city without allowing the enemy time to recover themselves, it would probably have fallen again under the domination of its former masters, says Knox; for such was the confusion that the British neglected to re-man the ramparts; the sentinels were absent from their posts when the fugitives sought shelter in the lower-town; even the city gates stood open for sometime. But it was impossible to exact further service from the conquerors. They had to oppose to the fire of the enemy's 22 cannon, that of three small pieces, which they painfully dragged across the marsh of La Suède. They, too, experienced great loss, having been obliged to form rank and remain long immovable under the enemy's fire. A brigadier, six colonels or majors (*chefs de bataillon*) and 97 other officers, with a savage chief, were killed or wounded.

“The numbers of the two contending armies were nearly co-equal, for De Lévis left several detachments to protect his artillery, barges, and the bridge of Jacques Cartier river, in order to assure himself a way of retreat, in case he were worsted. The cavalry took no part in the action.

“The savages, who were nearly all in the wood behind during the fight, spread over the vacated battle-field, when the French were pursuing the enemy, and felled many of the wounded British, whose scalps were afterwards found upon the neighboring bushes. As soon as De Lévis was apprised of this massacre, he took vigorous measures for putting a stop to it. Within a comparatively narrow space, nearly 2,500 men had been struck by bullets: the patches of snow and icy puddles on the ground were reddened with the bloodshed that the frozen ground refused to absorb; and the wounded survivors of the battle and of the butchery of the savages were immersed in pools of gore and filth, ankle-deep.

“The transport of the wounded, which took up much time, formed the concluding act of the sanguinary drama performed this day. The wounded were borne to the General Hospital, the distance to which was much increased by the deviations from the straight way to it that had to be made. ‘It wants another kind of pen than mine,’ wrote a *religieuse* from the house of suffering, ‘to depict the horrors we have had to see and hear, during the twenty-four hours that the transit hither lasted, the cries of the dying and the lamentations of those interested in their fate. A strength more than human is needful at such a time, to save those engaged in tending such sufferers from sinking under their task.

“‘After having dressed more than 500 patients, placed on beds obtained from the king’s magazines, there still remained others unprovided with resting-places. Our granges and cattle-sheds were full of them.
* * * We had in our infirmaries 72 officers, of whom 33 died. Amputations of legs and arms were going on everywhere. To add to our affliction, linen for dressing ran out, and we were fain to have recourse to our sheets and chemises. * * * * *

“‘It was not with us now as after the first battle, when we could have recourse, for aid, to the *hospitalières* of Quebec * * * the British having taken possession of their house, as well as those of the Ursulines

and private dwellings, for the reception of their wounded, who were even in greater number than ours. There were brought to us twenty British officers, whom their own people had not time to carry away, and whom we had to take charge of.” * * * * *

“ After the action, which lasted three hours, the French took post on the Buttes-à-Neveu, and established their camp on the same plains where they had just so gloriously avenged their defeat thereupon in the preceding year.”

De Lévis' triumph did not last long. On the evening of the battle he broke ground within 600 or 700 yards of the walls, and next day commenced to bombard the town, but without producing much effect. On the night of the 15th May, news was received of the approach of the English squadron from Halifax, and De Lévis abandoned the siege with great precipitation, leaving his whole battering train, camp and camp furniture, entrenching tools, &c., behind him. He was pursued and several prisoners taken, and thus ended the French attempt to retake Quebec. The brave garrison pent up amid a hostile population, and worn down by service and sickness, welcomed the succor with that grateful joy which might be expected from men in their position.

THE MONUMENT—ITS HISTORY.

“ The idea of erecting a monument to the slain of 1760 was conceived many years ago. For a long time the plough of the farmer and the shovel and pick-axe of the workman, as he labored at the foundation of new buildings along the Ste. Foy road, turned up human remains—evidently the relics of those who were slain. Rusty, half decayed arms, accoutrements and buttons, bearing the arms or regimental numbers of French and British regiments, found in close proximity to those remains, told to whom they belonged. In 1853-54, an unusual number of these bleached fragments of humanity—sad memorials of a by-gone struggle—were found, and the St. Jean Baptiste Society conceived the idea of having them all interred in one spot. They were accordingly collected, so far as possible, and the Christian intention of the society was carried out on the 5th June, 1854. The ceremony is doubtless fresh in the minds of the great majority of our citizens. A splendid procession was organized, and the national societies, public bodies, troops, volunteers, &c.,

followed a magnificent funeral car, containing the bones of the slain French and English soldiers, to the French Cathedral, where a solemn *Requiem* was sung. The remains were then conveyed in the same state to the field on the Ste. Foy road, adjoining the mansion of the late Mr. Julien Chouinard, where the death-struggle had taken place between the 78th Highlanders, (Fraser's) and the French "Grenadiers de la Reine," where they were deposited in a common grave. An eloquent funeral oration was delivered by Col. Sir Etienne Pascal Taché. The project of an appropriate monument was started about the same time, and appeared to meet with general approval. It was, however, the French Canadian national society which took the lead, as it had done on the previous occasion, and as it has done since. Arrangements had progressed to such an extent that it was intended to lay the corner-stone of the monument on the 24th June, 1855, but it was thought desirable to postpone it until the 19th June following, when the presence of His Imperial Majesty's corvette *La Capricieuse* in the harbor of Quebec added new solemnity to the occasion. A procession, exceeding in magnitude that of the previous year, was organized; and the presence in its ranks of the British garrison of Quebec, and the crew of a French war vessel, was indicative of the cordial alliance then as now existing between these two great powers, and formed an auspicious spectacle for their descendants in the new world. On that occasion, the Hon. P. J. O. Chauveau was the orator of the day. His speech was a most brilliant effort, worthy of his reputation as a public speaker, replete with brilliant imagery, couched in the most eloquent language, governed throughout by sound judgment and good taste. During the following year, the St. Jean Baptiste Society labored earnestly and unceasingly for the purpose of collecting subscriptions to complete the monument. Theirs was, indeed, no easy task, as may be well supposed, for the excitement of the thing had all passed away with the public display, and those who would have willingly contributed before the laying of the corner-stone, took but little interest in it afterwards. Success was, however, attained, and in four or five years, the base was crowned by the noble pillar which now rears its fine proportions on the historic heights of Ste. Foy. Without being invidious in the least, we may say that to Dr. P. M. Bardy belongs in a great degree the credit of this success; indeed, his fellow members of the St. Jean

Baptiste Society are the first to concede to him the merit of his exertions. Baron Gauldrée Boilleau, the Consul General of France in Canada, obtained from His Highness Prince Napoleon the beautiful statue of Bellona, which forms such an appropriate ornament on the summit of the monument. The memorial to the slain of 1760 having been thus completed, the plan of an inauguration ceremony was projected, and was consummated yesterday in presence of His Excellency the Governor General, Lord Monck, the garrison, the public bodies, the national societies, and at least twenty-five thousand persons, citizens of Quebec and residents of the adjacent villages. The Ste. Foy monument is decidedly the handsomest public monument we have in this city or its vicinity. Of bronzed metal, standing on a stone base, and surmounted by a bronze statue, it is a most prominent object in the landscape. The face of the pedestal fronting Ste. Foy road has the simple inscription, surrounded by a laurel wreath, 'AUX BRAVES DE 1760, ERIGÉ PAR LA SOCIÉTÉ ST. JEAN BAPTISTE DE QUÉBEC, 1860.*' On the face looking towards the city is the name 'MURRAY,' on an oval shield surmounted by the arms of Great Britain and Ireland, and supported by British insignia. On the other side is a shield bearing the name 'LEVIS,' surmounted by the arms of France under the Bourbons, the crown and lilies, with appropriate supporters at each side. In rear looking towards the valley, there is a representation of a wind-mill in bas-relief—in allusion, we suppose, to the wind-mill which was an object of alternate attack and defence to both armies on the occasion of the battle. This portion of the column also bears the national arms of Canada. The site of the monument is beautiful in the extreme. You reach it from the Ste. Foy toll-gate after five or six minutes' walk through an avenue bordered on either side by handsome villas, and fine gardens, and half shaded by over-arching trees. It stands on an open field on the brow of the cliff over-hanging the valley of the St. Charles. As you turn towards the monumental pillar, you have before you the valley of the St. Charles, along which the populous suburbs of St. Roch and St. Sauveur are gradually making their way. Beyond the limit of

* It has occurred to many that the inscription "Erigé par les citoyens de Québec" would have been more appropriate, considering that many citizens, certainly not "Jean Baptistes," subscribed liberally to the Monument fund, amongst others the Hon. Francis Hincks, Geo. B. Symes, Esq., Col. Rhodes, and a host of others.—J. M. L.

the level ground, the hills rise up terrace-like, bright, even in the late autumn with the verdure of gardens, and rendered still more attractive by the endless succession of villas, farm-houses and villages which dot the rising ground at intervals until they are lost in the distance, far away in the rear, behind Lorette, Charlesbourg and Beauport, where the blue summits of the Laurentian range rise to the skies. On the left, at one end of the valley, the prospect is rendered still more grand by the mountain heights and thickly-wooded skirts of the valley, bright with the orange, crimson, and russet hues of autumn. Along the whole landscape you can trace the winding of the St. Charles, from the foot of the mountains on the one side until it mingles with the broad St. Lawrence on the other. In fact it is impossible, within the narrow limits of our report, to describe the scene. It contains every variety of physical feature which can add to beauty of landscape; and viewed as it was yesterday, under the warm sun of the Indian summer, it was indeed rarely beautiful. It is needless to say that the attraction was heightened by the moving crowd, the bright uniforms, the glistening arms, and waving banners of the thousands who thronged the field of Ste. Foy during the sunny afternoon."

A NOBLE SENTIMENT.

The Montreal *Transcript* terminates an article about the Ste. Foy Monument celebration with the following sentiment:—

"Thus terminated a ceremony which fitly opens the second century of British rule in La Nouvelle France; in the first, French, British and Indians meet as deadly enemies to shed each other's blood, and contend for domination over Canada; in the second, the descendants and representatives of the same races assemble to bury their hostility with the bones of the victims of that century's old contest beneath a monument in their common valour, which is a memorial also that the three races are blending into one people. Let us hope that before a third century dawns the fusion will be complete, and as Briton, Roman, Saxon, Dane, and Norman blended to form the English people, so all the races that find in Canada a home may by forbearance, mutual respect, strict justice, and an enlarged view of their nationality, bury in a common grave the dead bones of their militant prejudices, whether of faith or origin, and

look smiling down on them as a united Canadian nation, not ignoring, but recognizing and drawing wisdom from past struggles and contentions, making past war the mother of present and future peace."

Arnold's Expedition in 1775.*

THE invasion of Canada by the troops of the American Congress, rendered the year 1775 remarkable in the annals of the Province. The principal points which will demand our attention are the expedition of Arnold, the storming of Quebec, and the death of Montgomery.

Canada, supposed to be perfectly secure, had been left almost destitute of regular troops, nearly all of which had been removed to Boston. The whole force of this description consisted of only two regiments of infantry, the 7th Fusileers, and the 26th, amounting to no more than eight hundred men. Of these the greater part were in garrison at St. John's, the rest dispersed through the various posts. The province was, however, extremely fortunate in the character, talents and resources of the governor, General Carleton.

On the 17th September, 1775, Brigadier General Richard Montgomery, who had formerly been in the British service, appeared at the head of an army, before the fort of St. John's; which, after a gallant defence, surrendered on the 3rd November, the garrison marching out with the honors of war. Montreal, which was entirely defenceless, capitulated on the 12th November; and General Carleton, conceiving it of the utmost importance to reach Quebec, the only place capable of defence, passed through the American force stationed at Sorel, during the night, in a canoe with muffled paddles;† and arrived in Quebec on the 19th, to the great joy of the garrison and loyal inhabitants, who placed every confidence in his well known courage and ability.

While the province was thus threatened with subjugation on the side of Montreal, a new danger presented itself from a quarter so entirely

* From *Hawkins's Picture of Quebec*.

† Piloted by Captain Bouchette, the ancestor of our respected townsmen, R. S. M. Bouchette, Joseph Bouchette, Esqrs., Captain Jean Bouchette, &c.

unexpected, that, until the particulars were ascertained, the fears and superstitions of the inhabitants of the country parishes had ample subject for employment and exaggeration. An expedition of a singular and daring character had been successfully prosecuted against Quebec from the New England States, by a route which was little known and generally considered impracticable. This expedition was headed by Colonel Arnold, an officer in the service of the Congress, who with two regiments, amounting to about eleven hundred men, left Boston about the middle of September, and undertook to penetrate through the wilderness to Point Levi, by the means of the rivers Kennebec and Chaudière.

The spirit of enterprise evinced in this bold design, and the patience, hardihood and perseverance of the new raised forces employed in the execution, will forever distinguish this expedition in the history of offensive operations. A handful of men ascending the course of a rapid river, and conveying arms, ammunition, baggage, and provisions through an almost trackless wild—bent upon a most uncertain purpose—can scarcely be considered, however, a regular operation of war. It was rather a desperate attempt, suited to the temper of the fearless men engaged in it, the character of the times, and of the scenes which were about to be acted on the American continent. The project, however, of Arnold was by no means an original thought. It had been suggested by Governor Pownall, in his "Idea of the service of America," as early as the year 1758. He says,—“The people of Massachusetts, in the counties of Hampshire, Worcester and York are the best wood-hunters in America. * * * I should think if about a hundred thorough wood-hunters, properly officered, could be obtained in the County of York, a scout of such might make an attempt upon the settlements by way of Chaudière river.”

On the 22nd September, Arnold embarked on the Kennebec river in two hundred batteaux; and notwithstanding all natural impediments—the ascent of a rapid stream—interrupted by frequent *portages* through thick woods and swamps—in spite of frequent accidents—the desertion of one-third of their number—they at length arrived at the head of the river Chaudière, having crossed the ridge of land which separates the waters falling into the St. Lawrence from those which run into the sea.

They now reached Lake Megantic, and following the course of the Chaudière river, their difficulties and privations, which had been so great as on one occasion to compel them to kill their dogs for sustenance, were speedily at an end. After passing thirty-two days in the wilderness, they arrived on the 4th November at the first settlement, called Sertigan, twenty-five leagues from Quebec, where they obtained all kinds of provisions. On the 9th, Colonel Arnold arrived at Point Levi, where he remained twenty-four hours before it was known at Quebec; and whence it was extremely fortunate that all the small craft and canoes had been removed by order of the officer commanding the garrison. On the 13th, late in the evening, they embarked in thirty-four canoes, and very early in the morning of the 14th, he succeeded in landing five hundred men at Wolfe's Cove, without being discovered, from the *Lizard* and *Hunter*, ships of war. The first operation was to take possession of what had been General Murray's house, on the Ste. Foy road, and of the General Hospital. They also placed guards upon all the roads, in order to prevent the garrison from obtaining supplies from the country.

The small force of Arnold prevented any attempt being made towards the reduction of the fortress, until after the arrival of Montgomery from Montreal, who took the command on the 1st December, and established his head-quarters at Holland House.* Arnold is said to have occupied the house near Scott's Bridge, lately inhabited by the Honorable Mr. Justice Kerr, (and since owned by Mr. Langlois.)

The arrival of the governor on the 19th November, had infused the best spirit among the inhabitants of Quebec. On the 1st December, the motley garrison amounted to eighteen hundred men, all, however, full of zeal in the cause of their king and country, and well supplied with provisions for eight months. They were under the immediate command of Colonel Allan Maclean, of the 84th Regiment or Royal Emigrants, composed principally of those of the gallant Fraser's Highlanders, who had settled in Canada.

STATEMENT OF THE GARRISON, 1ST DECEMBER, 1775.

70 Royal Fusileers, or 7th Regiment.

230 Royal Emigrants, or 84th Regiment.

22 Royal Artillery.

* Now occupied by Fred. Woods, Esq., manager Bank of B. N. America.

330	British Militia, under Lt. Col. Caldwell.
543	Canadians, under Colonel Dupré.
400	Seamen under Captains Hamilton and Mackenzie.
50	Masters and Mates.
35	Marines.
120	Artificers.
<hr/>	
1800	Total bearing arms.

The siege, or rather the blockade, was maintained during the whole month of December, although the incidents were few and of little interest. The Americans were established in every house near the walls, more particularly in the suburbs of St. Roch, near the Intendant's palace. Their riflemen, secure in their excellent cover, kept up an unremitting fire upon the British sentries, wherever they could obtain a glimpse of them. As the Intendant's palace was found to afford them a convenient shelter, from the cupola of which they constantly annoyed the sentries, a nine-pounder was brought to bear upon the building; and this once splendid and distinguished edifice was reduced to ruin, and has never been rebuilt. The enemy also threw from thirty to forty shells every night into the city, which fortunately did little or no injury either to the lives or the property of the inhabitants. So accustomed did the latter become to the occurrences of a siege, that at last they ceased to regard the bombardment with alarm. In the meantime, the fire from the garrison was maintained in a very effective manner upon every point where the enemy were seen. On one occasion, as Montgomery was reconnoitering near the town, the horse which drew his cariole was killed by a cannon shot.

During this anxious period the gentry and inhabitants of the city bore arms, and cheerfully performed the duties of soldiers. The British militia were conspicuous for zeal and loyalty, under the command of Major Henry Caldwell, who had the provincial rank of Lieutenant Colonel. He had served as Deputy Quartermaster General with the army, under General Wolfe, and had settled in the province after the conquest. The Canadian militia, within the town, was commanded by Colonel Le Comte Dupré, an officer of great zeal and ability, who rendered great services during the whole siege.

General Montgomery, despairing to reduce the place by a regular

siege, resolved on a night attack, in the hope of either taking it by storm, or of finding the garrison unprepared at some point. In this design he was encouraged by Arnold, whose local knowledge of Quebec was accurate, having been acquired in his frequent visits for the purpose of buying up Canadian horses. The intention of Montgomery soon became known to the garrison, and General Carleton made every preparation to prevent surprise, and to defeat the assault of the enemy. For several days, the governor, with the officers and gentlemen off duty, had taken up their quarters in the Récollet Convent, where they slept in their clothes. At last, early in the morning of the 31st December, and during a violent snow storm, Montgomery, at the head of the New York troops, advanced to the attack of the Lower Town, from its western extremity, along a road between the base of Cape Diamond and the river. Arnold, at the same time, advanced from the General Hospital by way of St. Charles street. The two parties were to meet at the lower end of Mountain street, and when united were to force Prescott Gate. Two feint attacks in the meantime on the side towards the west, were to distract the attention of the garrison. Such is the outline of this daring plan, the obstacles to the accomplishment of which do not seem to have entered into the contemplation of the American officers, who reckoned too much upon their own fortune and the weakness of the garrison.

When, at the head of seven hundred men, Montgomery had advanced a short distance beyond the spot where the inclined plane has since been constructed, he came to a narrow defile, with a precipice towards the river on the one side, and the scarp of rock above him on the other. This place is known by the name of *Près-de-Ville*. Here, all further approach to the Lower Town was intercepted, and commanded by a battery of three-pounders placed in a *hangard* to the south of the pass. The post was entrusted to a captain of Canadian militia, whose force consisted of thirty Canadian and eight British militiamen, with nine British seamen to work the guns, as artillerymen, under Captain Barns-fare, master of a transport, laid up in harbor during the winter. At day-break, some of the guard being on the look out, discovered, through the imperfect light, a body of troops in full march from Wolfe's Cove upon the post. The men had been under arms waiting with the utmost steadiness for the attack, which they had reason to expect, from

the reports of deserters; and in pursuance of judicious arrangements which had been previously concerted, the enemy was allowed to approach unmolested within a small distance. They halted at about fifty yards from the barrier; and as the guard remained perfectly still, it was probably concluded that they were not on the alert. To ascertain this, an officer was seen to approach quite near to the barrier. After listening a moment or two, he returned to the body; and they instantly dashed forward at double quick time to the attack of the post. This was what the guard expected: the artillerymen stood by with lighted matches, and Captain Barnsfare at the critical moment giving the word, the fire of the guns and musketry was directed with deadly precision against the head of the advancing column. The consequence was a precipitate retreat—the enemy was scattered in every direction—the groans of the wounded and of the dying were heard, but nothing certain being known, the pass continued to be swept by the cannon and musketry for the space of ten minutes.

The enemy having retired, thirteen bodies were found in the snow, and Montgomery's orderly sergeant desperately wounded, but yet alive, was brought into the guard room. On being asked if the general himself had been killed, the sergeant evaded the question by replying that he had not seen him for some time, although he could not but have known the fact. This faithful sergeant died in about an hour afterwards. It was not ascertained that the American general had been killed, until some hours afterwards, when General Carleton, being anxious to ascertain the truth, sent an aide-de-camp to the Seminary, to inquire if any of the American officers, then prisoners, would identify the body. A field officer of Arnold's division, who had been made prisoner near *Sault-au-Matelot barrier, consenting, accompanied the aide-de-camp to the Pres-de-Ville guard, and pointed it out among the other bodies, at the same time pronouncing, in accents of grief, a glowing eulogium of Montgomery's bravery and worth. Besides that of the general, the bodies of his two aides-de-camp were recognized among the slain. The defeat of Montgomery's force was complete. Colonel Campbell, the second in command, immediately relinquished the undertaking, and led back his men with the utmost precipitation.

* Sault-au-Matelot street, until 1830, was the fashionable quarter of the city. The *elite* resided there. It was *bad taste* to live in the Upper Town.

The exact spot where the barrier was erected before which Montgomery fell, may be described as crossing the narrow road under the mountain, immediately opposite to the west end of a building which stands on the south, and was formerly occupied by Mr. Racey as a brewery. It is now numbered 58. At the time of the siege this was called the Potash. The battery extended to the south, and nearly to the river. An inscription commemorating the event might properly be placed upon the opposite rock.

Soon after the repulse of the enemy before the post at Près-de-Ville, information was given to the officer in command there, that Arnold's party, from the General Hospital, advancing along the St. Charles, had captured the barrier at the Sault-au-Matelot, and that he intended an attack upon that of Près-de-Ville, by taking it in the rear. Immediate preparations were made for the defence of the post against such an attack, by turning some of the guns of an inner barrier, not far from the old Custom House, towards the town; and although the intelligence proved false,—Arnold having been wounded and his division captured,—yet the incident deserves to be commemorated as affording a satisfactory contradiction to some accounts which have appeared in print, representing the guard at Près-de-Ville as having been paralysed by fear,—the post and barrier “deserted,”—and the fire which killed Montgomery merely “accidental.” On the contrary, the circumstances which we have related, being authentic, proved that the conduct of the Près-de-Ville guard was firm and collected in the hour of danger; and that by their coolness and steadiness they mainly contributed to the safety of the city. Both Colonel Maclean and General Carleton rendered every justice to their meritorious behaviour on the occasion.

In the meantime the attack by Arnold, on the north-eastern side of the Lower Town, was made with desperate resolution. It was, fortunately, equally unsuccessful, although the contest was more protracted; and at one time the city was in no small danger. Arnold led his men by files along the river St. Charles, until he came to the Sault-au-Matelot, where there was a barrier with two guns mounted. It must be understood that St. Paul street did not then exist, the tide coming up nearly to the base of the rock, and the only path between the rock and the beach was the narrow alley which now exists in rear of St. Paul street under the precipice itself. Here the curious visitor will find a jutting

rock, where was the first barrier. The whole of the street went by the name of the Sault-au-Matelot from the most ancient times. Arnold took the command of the "forlorn hope," and was leading the attack upon this barrier, when he received a musket wound in the knee which disabled him, and he was carried back to the General Hospital. His troops, however, persevered, and having soon made themselves masters of the barrier, pressed on through the narrow street to the attack of the second, near the eastern extremity of Sault-au-Matelot street. This was a battery which protected the ends of the two streets called St. Peter street and Sault-au-Matelot, extending, by means of *hangards* mounted with cannon, from the rock to the river. The Montreal Bank,* then a private house, had cannon projecting from the end windows, as had a house at the end of Sault-au-Matelot street. The enemy took shelter in the houses on each side, and in the narrow pass leading round the base of the cliff towards Hope-Gate, where they were secured by the angle of the rock from the fire of the guns at the barrier. Here the enemy met with a determined resistance, which it was impossible to overcome; and General Carleton having ordered a sortie from Palace Gate under Captain Laws, in order to take them in the rear—and their rear-guard, under Captain Dearborn, having already surrendered—the division of Arnold demanded quarter, and were brought prisoners to the Upper Town. The officers were confined in the Seminary. The contest continued for upwards of two hours, and the bravery of the assailants was indisputable. Through the freezing cold, and the pelting of the storm, they maintained the attack until all hope of success was lost, when they surrendered to a generous enemy, who treated the wounded and prisoners with humanity.

The Americans lost in the attack about one hundred killed and wounded, and six officers of Arnold's party, exclusive of the loss at Près-de-Ville. The British lost one officer, Lieutenant Anderson of the Royal Navy, and seventeen killed and wounded. The following is a statement of the force which surrendered:

1 Lieutenant Colonel,	}	Not wounded.
2 Majors,		
8 Captains,		
15 Lieutenants,		

* This bank formerly occupied the building which stood last year, where the new Quebec Bank has since been built.

1 Adjutant,	}	Not wounded.
1 Quarter-Master,		
4 Volunteers,		
350 Rank and file,		
44 Officers and soldiers, wounded.		

426 Total surrendered.

By the death of Montgomery the command devolved upon Arnold, who had received the rank of Brigadier General. In a letter, dated 14th January, 1776, he complains of the great difficulty he had in keeping his remaining troops together, so disheartened were they by their disasters on the 31st December. The siege now resumed its former character of a blockade, without any event of importance, until the month of March, when the enemy received reinforcements that increased their numbers to near two thousand men. In the beginning of April, Arnold took the command at Montreal, and was relieved before Quebec by Brigadier General Wooster. The blockading army, which had all the winter remained at three miles distance from the city, now approached nearer the ramparts, and re-opened their fire upon the fortifications, with no better success than before. In the night of the 3rd May, they made an unsuccessful attempt to destroy the ships of war and vessels laid up in the Cul-de-Sac, by sending in a fire ship, with the intention of profiting by the confusion, and of making another attack upon the works by escalade. At this time they had reason to except that considerable reinforcements, which they had no means of preventing from reaching the garrison, would shortly arrive from England; and giving up all hope of success, they became impatient to return to their own country. A council of war was called on the 5th, by General Thomas, who had succeeded Wooster; and it was determined to raise the siege at once, and to retire to Montreal. They immediately began their preparation, and in the course of the next forenoon broke up their camp, and commenced a precipitate retreat.

In the means time the gallant Carleton and his intrepid garrison were rejoiced by the arrival, early in the morning of the 6th May, of the *Surprise* frigate, Captain Linzee, followed soon after by the *Isis*, of fifty guns, and *Martin* sloop of war, with a reinforcement of troops and

supplies. Nothing could exceed the delight of the British at this seasonable relief. After the toil and privation of a six months' seige, it may be imagined with what feelings the inhabitants beheld the frigate rounding Pointe Lévi, and how sincerely they welcomed her arrival in the basin. The *Isis* was commanded by Captain, afterwards Admiral, Sir Charles Douglas, Baronet, father of Major General Sir Howard Douglas, the late popular Lieutenant Governor of New Brunswick. Captain Douglas had made uncommon exertions to force his ship through fields of ice,—having by skilful management and a press of sail carried her, for the space of fifty leagues, through obstacles which would have deterred an officer less animated by the zeal which the critical service on which he was employed required. The troops on board the vessels, consisting of two companies of the 29th Regiment, with a party of marines, amounting in all to two hundred men, were immediately landed, under the command of Captain Viscount Petersham, afterwards General the Earl of Harrington. No soon had they arrived in the Upper Town, than General Carleton, who had learned the retreat of the enemy, determined to make a sortie and to harass their rear. He accordingly marched out at the head of eight hundred men; but so rapid was the flight of the enemy, that a few shots only were exchanged, when they abandoned their stores, artillery, scaling ladders, leaving also their sick, of whom they had a great many, to the care of the British. The humanity with which they were treated was afterwards commemorated by Chief Justice Marshall in his life of Washington.

The conduct of General Carleton throughout the siege was beyond all praise. He always wore the same countenance, and as his looks were watched, his conduct infused courage into those of the inhabitants, who unused to a siege, sometimes gave way to despondency. He was, indeed, a man of true bravery, guided by discrimination, conduct and experience. During the attack of the 31st December, he had taken post at Prescott Gate, where he knew would be made the combined attack of Montgomery and Arnold, had they succeeded in passing the barrier at Près-de-Ville and the Sault-au-Matelot. Here he took his stand, and there is every reason to believe that he would have defended the post even to death. He had been heard to say, that he would never grace the triumph of the enemy, or survive the loss of the town.

The despatches announcing the retreat of the American forces from before Quebec were taken home by Colonel Caldwell, who received the usual present on the occasion. His Majesty immediately bestowed the Knighthood of the Bath upon General Carleton. The following extract from his despatches to Lord George Germaine, Secretary of State, shows his own sense of the general conduct of the officers and men under his command. Among the Canadian officers who particularly distinguished themselves, were Colonel Dupré, Major Ecuyer, and Captains Bouchette, Laforce and Chabot, of the marine.

"Thus," says General Carleton, "ended our siege and blockade, during which the mixed garrison of soldiers, sailors, British and Canadian militia, with the artificers, from Halifax and Newfoundland, showed great zeal and patience, under very severe duty, and uncommon vigilance, indispensable in a place liable to be stormed, besides great labor necessary to render such attempts less practicable.

"I cannot conclude this letter without doing justice to Lieutenant Colonel Maclean, who has been indefatigably zealous in the king's service, and to his regiment, wherein he has collected a number of experienced good officers, who have been very useful. Colonel Hamilton captain of His Majesty's ship *Lizard*, who commanded the battalion of seamen, his officers and men, discharged their duty with great alacrity and spirit. The same thing must be acknowledged of the masters, inferior officers and seamen, belonging to His Majesty's transports, and merchantmen, detained here last fall: only one seaman deserted the whole time. The militia, British and Canadian, behaved with a steadiness and resolution that could hardly have been expected from men unused to arms. Judges, and other officers of government, as well as merchants, cheerfully submitted to every inconvenience to preserve the town: the whole, indeed, upon the occasion, showed a spirit and perseverance that do them great honor.

"Major Caldwell, who commanded the British militia all winter, as Lieutenant Colonel Commandant, and is bearer of these despatches to your Lordship, has proved himself a faithful subject to His Majesty, and an active and diligent officer. He, and, indeed, almost every loyal subject are very considerable sufferers by the present hostile invasion."

Battle of Queenston,

13TH OCTOBER, 1812.

“ON the morning of the 11th October, 1812,” says *Christie*,* “the American forces were concentrated at Lewistown opposite that place, with a view of making an attack upon the latter; but through the neglect or cowardice of the officer entrusted with preparing and conducting the boats to the place of embarkation, the attack miscarried. Early in the morning of the 13th, their forces were again concentrated at Lewiston, and the troops embarked under cover of a battery of two eighteen and two six pounders. This movement being soon discovered, a brisk fire was opened upon them from the British shore by the troops, and from three batteries. The Americans commenced a cannonade to sweep the shore, but with little effect. The first division, under Colonel Van Ransalaer, effected their landing unobserved under the heights a little above Queenston, and, mounting the ascent, attacked and carried an eighteen pounder battery, and dislodged the light company of the 49th Regiment. The enemy were in the meantime pushing over in boats, and notwithstanding the current and eddies, here rapid and numerous, and a tremendous discharge of artillery which shattered many of their boats, persevered with dauntless resolution, and effected a landing close upon Queenston, where they were opposed by the grenadiers of the 49th Regiment and the York volunteer militia, with a determination verging upon desperation. The carnage became terrible. The British being overwhelmed with numbers, were compelled to retire some distance into a hollow. General Brock, who was at Niagara, a short distance below, having heard the cannonade, arriving at that moment, the grey of the morning, with his provincial aid-de-camp, Lt.-Col. M'Donnell, from that place, and having rallied the grenadiers of his favorite 49th, was leading them on to the charge, when he received a musket ball in his breast, which almost imme-

* *History of Canada.*

diately terminated his existence. In the interim, the light company, supported by a party of the Yorkers, rallied, and reascended to dislodge the enemy from the heights. They formed and advanced to the charge, exposed to a smart fire, but finding the enemy posted behind trees, so that a charge could have little effect, they desisted, and separating, posted themselves in like manner, and kept up a sharp fire for some time. Lieut.-Col. M'Donnell, who had joined them while forming for the charge, and was encouraging the men, received a ball in his back, as his horse, which had been wounded, was in the act of wheeling. He survived his wound but twenty-four hours, in the most excruciating pain. The Americans having effected their landing with an overwhelming force, the British were obliged to give way, and suspend the fight until the arrival of reinforcements, leaving the Americans in possession of the heights. General Sheaffe soon after came up with a reinforcement of three hundred men of the 41st Regiment, two companies of militia, and two hundred and fifty Indians. Reinforcements having also arrived from Chippawa, the general collected his whole force, amounting to upwards of eight hundred men, and leaving two field pieces, with about thirty men under Lieutenant Holcroft of the Royal Artillery, in front of Queenston, as a check to prevent the enemy from occupying the village, proceeded by a circuitous route to gain the rear of the heights upon which the enemy were posted. The Indians, being more alert than the troops, first surmounted the hill, and commenced the attack, but were repulsed and fell back upon the main body, who formed with celerity, and upon the word, advanced to the charge under a heavy shower of musketry. The British set up a shout, accompanied with the war-whoop of the Indians, and advanced at the double quick pace, when the Americans, struck with terror, gave way and fled in all directions, some concealing themselves in the bushes, others precipitating themselves down the precipice and being either killed by the fall or drowned in the attempt to swim the river. A terrible slaughter ensued by the Indians,* whose vengeance it was impossible to restrain, until a white flag was observed ascending the hill with offers of an unconditional surrender, which were accepted. An armistice of three days was proposed by the

* Shall we also say, "Oh! the English and their savages, they were fiends!"

American and granted by the British general, in order to take care of their wounded and bury their dead, on condition of destroying their batteaux, which was immediately complied with. One general officer (Wadsworth), two lieutenant-colonels, five majors, a multitude of captains and subalterns, with nine hundred men, one field piece, and a stand of colors, were the fruits of this important victory; the enemy having lost in killed, wounded, missing, and prisoners, upwards of fifteen hundred men. General Van Ranslaer, before the arrival of the reinforcements from Niagara, under General Sheaffe, finding the fate of the day still undetermined, his troops almost exhausted with fatigue, and falling short of ammunition, had returned to the American shore, to urge across reinforcements from the embodied militia; but they, notwithstanding every menace and entreaty on his part, unanimously refused. In this dilemma, he wrote a note to General Wadsworth, who remained with the Americans on the Queenston heights, informing him of the situation of things, and leaving the course to be pursued much to his own judgment, assuring him that if he thought best to retreat, he would send as many boats as he could command, and cover his retreat by every fire he could make. But before the latter had time to resolve upon any mode of security or retreat, the spirited advance of the British had decided the fate of the day.

“ Thus ended, in their total discomfiture, the second attempt of the Americans to invade Upper Canada. The loss of the British is said to have been about twenty killed, including Indians, and between fifty and sixty wounded. The fall of General Brock, the idol of the army, and of the people of Upper Canada, was an irreparable loss, and cast a shade over the glory of this dear-bought victory. He was a native of Guernsey, of an ancient reputable family, distinguished in the profession of arms. He had served for some years in Canada, and in some of the principal campaigns in Europe. He commanded a detachment of his favorite 49th Regiment, on the expedition to Copenhagen with Lord Nelson. He was one of those men who seem born to influence mankind, and mark the age in which they live. As a soldier he was brave to a fault, and not less judicious than decisive in his measures. The energy of his character was expressed in his robust and manly person. As a civil governor, he was firm, prudent and equitable. In fine, whether

viewed as a man, a statesman, or a soldier, he equally deserves the esteem and respect of his contemporaries and of posterity. The Indians, who flocked to his standard, were enthusiastically attached to him. He fell at the early age of forty-two years. The remains of this gallant officer were, during the funeral service, honored with a discharge of minute guns from the American, as well as British, batteries, and with those of his aid-de-camp, Lieutenant-Colonel M'Donnell, interred in the same grave at Fort George, on the 16th of October, amidst the tears of an affectionate soldiery and a grateful people, who will revere his memory, and hold up to their posterity the imperishable name of Brock."

Battle of Beech Woods, 1813.*

THOROLD, *July 5th*, 1813.

AFTER the brilliant affair of Stoney Creek, the force under the command of Gen. Vincent, at Burlington Heights—regular militia and Indians—quietly advanced to Grimsby (40 Mile Creek), and took up their position on the west bank of that creek, their left extending to the lake side; the Crook's House being their head-quarters. When in this position a reinforcement of 100 warriors of the Caughnawagians arrived from Lower Canada, with their officers and chiefs.

Those people and the Six Nation warriors were, in appearance, more civilized than our western allies, but in no instance better warriors.

Those, our vigilant aids, were permitted to perambulate the country between our position and that of the enemy on the Niagara river, and were thereby instrumental in being useful by keeping the enemy in close quarters.

The gallant and indefatigable Captain Fitzgerald (recently one of the Knights of Windsor, England), was permitted to organize a scouting party of 100 men from the 49th Regiment of Foot, the Glengaries and the militia, which were on all occasions a corps in advance to watch the movements of the enemy.

* Coventry Manuscripts.

It was on one fine morning in July, 1813, that Colonel Boestler, of the United States army, sailed forth from Fort George, Niagara, with a force of 500 picked men in quest of Fitzgibbon's scouting party, and to lay them low. No doubt led by some of the tame ones unfortunately among us at that time, he pursued his course directly to the rendezvous of Fitzgibbon, and his allies in the Beech Woods, on arriving in an open field near the woods, commenced to prepare for action without the enemy in view; when after some straggling shots were fired from the woods, whereby the enemy felt and discovered its deadly effect without a possibility of making a defence against the foe.

The brave and honorable Fitzgibbon, deprecating such a warfare, issued orders for the firing to cease, which was partially done; still a desultory fire was kept up on the enemy,

When Fitzgibbon, with a flag in hand, rushed from the ambuscade, and said to Colonel Boestler that he would not be accountable for his command if they did not surrender; which, after some consultation, was agreed upon.

Major Deheia, coming up at this time with a reinforcement of Glen-gary men, dismissed the prisoners and escorted them to head-quarters, Grimsby, where they were disposed of as prisoners of war—being sent to Toronto.

(Signed) COL. JOHN CLARK,
Port Dalhousie.

The Battle of Chateaugay,

26TH OCTOBER, 1813.

THIS celebrated battle field furnishes us an opportunity for introducing to the reader's notice a Canadian, who has deserved well from the British crown and from his fellow countrymen. We quote from Mr. Morgan's *Biographical Dictionary*, p. 197 to end:

“The family of De Salaberry is descended from a noble family of the

Pays des Basques (Navarre). The father of the subject of this notice was a legislative councillor, and devotedly attached to his sovereign, so much so indeed, that he placed his four sons in the army. The one here noticed rose to great distinction, as will be seen ; one of the others was killed at Badajos, and the other two died in the East Indies, employed in active warfare.

“The Honorable Charles Michel d’Irumberry de Salaberry, C. B., Seigneur de Chambly et de Beaulac, member of the Legislative Council, surnamed the Canadian Léonidas, was born at the Manor House of Beauport, November 19, 1778. He married Demoiselle Hertel de Rouville, and continued, as is before stated, to serve in the army, as well as his brothers. He served also, during the space of eleven years, in the West Indies, under General Prescott. At the siege of fort Matilda, under Prescott, and at the evacuation thereof, he commanded the grenadier company of the 4th battalion, 60th Regiment, which covered the retreat with credit to themselves. In 1795, he served at the conquest of Martinique ; became aid-de-camp to Major-General de Rottenburg and accompanied him in the Walcheren expedition. Circumstances recalled him to this country, where he, in a very short time, formed the Voltigeurs, the organization of which reflected great honor upon him ; lieutenant-colonel commanding and superintendent of this fine corps, he was also selected as one of the chiefs of the staff of the militia. Attacked at Lacolle, at the end of 1812, together with M. D’Eschambault’s advance guard, by one thousand four hundred Americans of General Dearborn’s army, he fought them until night ; in attempting to surround him, they fired against each other, which soon terminated in their retreat ; thus resulted the first victory of De Salaberry and the Voltigeurs. Part of this corps participated in the defeat, no less humiliating to the American army, at Chrysler’s Farm. Dearborn and Wilkinson thus baffled in their project of invasion, there only remained General Hampton to contend with. De Salaberry, in proceeding to discover his whereabouts, obstructed the road from Odeltown to L’Acadia, by cutting down a great many trees. After several skirmishes, the Americans, not daring to hazard a general action in the woods, retired to a place called Four Corners. His adversary made an incursion into his camp, at the head of 200 Voltigeurs and 150 Indian war-

riors of the tribes of Lower Canada, and threw the enemy into disorder, without any loss on his own side. Hampton being repulsed on the Odeltown route, resolved wisely to effect a junction with his chief general, in taking the route leading to Chateauguay, which he was approaching, believing the road to be open; but access thereto was everywhere prevented by being blockaded by field works. De Salaberry was too sagacious not to discover that this strategic point was the road which Hampton would be sure to take in order to join Dearborn. The former, in the meantime, swept away the English pickets; and Major Henry with difficulty resisted them; when De Salaberry ably shifted his position, and threw himself on the route to face that general. The Canadian hero, who had the advantage of being acquainted with the whole of the country above Chateauguay, during an excursion on the American frontier some weeks before, then ascended to the left of the bank of the river Chateauguay, to reach the other extremity of a wood, where he knew there was an excellent position in a swamp, intercepted by deep rivulets. On four of these he established lines of defence in succession. The fourth was about half a mile in the rear, and commanded a ford on the right shore, which was a very important point of defence, with a view to the protection of the left bank. He caused to be erected on each of these lines a sort of breastwork, which was extended to some distance in the woods, to protect his right. The breastwork on his first line formed an obtuse angle on the right of the road. The whole of the day was taken up with fortifying this position, so as to force the enemy, in case he should feel disposed to make an attack, to cross a large space of settled country, and removing himself to a great distance from his supplies; whereas, on the contrary, the Voltigeurs had everything at hand, and were well supplied; more especially, as on the second line after the Voltigeurs and Indians, came the Watteville regiment. Sir George Prevost was on the third line, at Caughnawaga, with some troops and militia, from the Montreal district, having brought them down with him from Kingston, to oppose the junction of the American army. De Salaberry did not confine himself to the foregoing arrangements. He ordered a party of thirty axemen of the division of Beauharnois to proceed in front of the first line of defence, for the purpose of destroying the bridges and obstructing the roads. All the

bridges within a league and a half were destroyed; and a formidable obstruction was formed on the road to the extent of a mile in advance of the first line of defence, which extended to the edge of the river, and continued to a distance of three or four acres through the woods, joined by a swamp on the right, almost impassible. The four lines of defence were thus completely sheltered, even from the fire of artillery. To this fortified position so well selected, and to the heroism displayed, is mainly due the victory which succeeded. The talents and abilities of a commander are distinguished, no doubt, as well in the selection of a position, as in leading an army into and out of the field of battle. Major-General de Watteville, who visited De Salaberry's camp, approved of all his arrangements. There was some skirmishing, which led to the retreat of the workmen and their escort to the camp, at about two leagues above the confluence of the waters, between a little river belonging to the British, and that of Chateauguay, supported on the left by the river Chateauguay, and in front and on the right, by *abattis* and a species of *chevaux de frise*. On the 24th October, having made a large opening on the road through the woods and swamps, within a distance of five miles of the Canadian encampment, in which De Salaberry was at the head of three hundred Voltigeurs, Fencibles and Indian warriors, who had just received reinforcements in a few companies of sedentary militia; the American general advanced at the head of seven thousand infantry and four hundred horse, with twelve pieces of artillery, sending, during the night, Colonel Purdy to take possession of the ford, but this officer lost his way in the woods. The next day, Hampton made an advance in person towards the *abattis*, with three thousand five hundred men, and placed Purdy at the head of one thousand five hundred men, to attempt again to turn the Canadians, leaving in reserve the remainder of his troops. De Salaberry, warned of this movement by the fire directed on his advanced pickets, now seeing before him an enemy whom he had on two former occasions brought to the charge, advanced in front; and giving the signal, placed himself in the centre of the first line of defence, leaving the second in charge of Lieutenant-Colonel McDonnell, the same who had taken Ogdensburg. The firing commenced smartly on both sides, but badly directed by the Americans. They fired better afterwards; meanwhile, the circumstance of hearing incessantly

the report from the corps at different intervals, led them to believe that the Canadians were advancing in great numbers, and their ardor began to weaken. Purdy's column arrived at the ford during the engagement, but was repulsed and thrown into disorder by De Salaberry, who had directed his attention to that particular spot. Seeing his plan disconcerted by the defeat of that division, the American commander ordered a retreat, which he effected with considerable loss. De Salaberry slept on the field of battle, and on the following day at daybreak, he was joined by Captain de Rouville, his brother-in-law, with his company of Voltigeurs, the Watteville grenadiers, together with a few of the native warriors. On the 28th, he sent Captain Ducharme, the hero of Beaver Dam, together with one hundred and fifty warriors, to reconnoitre, and they assured him that the American army had abandoned their camp on Piper's road, and had returned to Plattsburg. Wilkinson, who was at Cornwall, hearing of the defeat of his colleague, retired to Salmon river, and fortified himself. The victory at Chateaugay permitted the Baron de Rottenburg, and afterwards Sir Gordon Drummond, his successor in command, to resume the offensive in Upper Canada. Great Britain commemorated the victory by causing a gold medal to be struck; the Voltigeurs were presented with colors, ornamented with devices; and De Salaberry, besides the gold medal, had the order of the Bath conferred upon him, transmitted with an autograph letter from his Royal Highness the Prince Regent. The two houses of the provincial legislature passed a vote of thanks to him. The Voltigeurs took part in the second victory, obtained at Lacolle, in March, 1814. De Salaberry laid down the sword for the pen. He became a senator; being called to the Legislative Council in 1818, at the same time as Monseigneur Plessis. He died at Chambly, on the 26th February, 1829, aged 51 years; and was buried in the new church of that place, which was erected in the room of the one destroyed by fire in 1806. The late commander, Viger, possessed his likeness, painted by Dickinson, and engraved by Durand. De Salaberry is represented attired in the uniform worn by the Voltigeurs, decorated with the Chateaugay medal, and the cross of the Bath, with his sword under his arm. His family crest is also seen. The escutcheon of our compatriot bears the motto becoming to the *parfait chevalier*: "*Force à superbe; mercy à faible.*" A medallion repre-

senting a battle in the woods. On the trunk of a tree, reversed is written: "Chateauguay, 26th October, 1813." A serpent biting his tail, symbol of immortality, encircles the medal. With respect to the English medal of Chateauguay, Britannia is seen bearing a palm in hand, crowning a lion lying at her feet. On the reverse is engraved Chateauguay. De Salaberry would have become a great officer of light troops, and even in the armies of Bonaparte would certainly have attained the first rank."

The *Montreal Gazette* of 3rd November, 1813, contains an interesting account of this battle, furnished by an eye-witness (Adjutant Michael Sullivan, afterwards Judge Sullivan). The want of space permits us merely to clip the following extract:—

"It is highly gratifying to add, that the 300 men engaged, together with their brave commander, were all Canadians, with the exception of the gallant Captain Ferguson, three of his company and three officers belonging to other corps. Let this be told wherever mention is made of the battle of Chateauguay, and prejudice must hide its head, and the murmurs of malevolence will be hushed into confusion.

"To the officers and troops engaged on this memorable day the highest credit is certainly due. Captain Ferguson, of the Canadian Light Infantry, and the two Captains Duchesnay, of the Voltigeurs, highly distinguished themselves in the command of their respective companies, and by their skill and coolness in executing several difficult movements with as much precision as at a field day. Nothing could exceed the gallantry of Captain Daly, of the militia flank brigade, who literally led his company into the midst of the enemy. Equally conspicuous for the spirit and bravery throughout this arduous contest were Captains Lamothe, of the Indian department, Lieut. Pinguet, of the Canadian Light Infantry, Lieut. and Adjutant Hebden, of the Voltigeurs, and Lieut. Schiller, of Captain Daly's company, Lieut. Guy and Lieut. Wm. Johnson, of the Voltigeurs, who formed their retiring picquet in the line of defence, and behaved with great spirit during the engagement. Captain Ecuyer, of the Voltigeurs, and Lieut. Powell, of Captain Levesque's company, deserve great credit for their exertions in securing the prisoners in the wood at an imminent risk. Captains Langtin and Hunan of the Beauharnois militia behaved remarkably well. The former

knelt down with his men at the beginning of the action, said a short prayer in his own good way, and told them that *now they had done their duty to their God, he expected they would also do their duty to their king.*

“Louis Langlade, Noel Annance and Bartlet Lyons of the Indian Department were in the action of the 26th and the affair of the 28th. Their conduct throughout was highly meritorious. Nor shall I omit the names of privates Vincent, Pelletier, Vervais, Dubois and Carron of the Voltigeurs, some of whom actually swam across the river and made prisoners those who refused to surrender.

“With respect to Lieut.-Col. De Salaberry, the most selfish must admit that his important services entitle him to the thanks and gratitude of his country.

“It is difficult which to admire the more, his personal courage as an individual, or his skill and talents as a commander. We find him long before the battle displaying the greatest judgment in the choice of his position, and strengthening it when chosen, with every means within the reach of his ingenuity. We see him in the heat of action embracing every object with a comprehensive view, defending every point, and providing for every contingency; but his merit and that of his little army become more conspicuous when we reflect upon the critical nature of the times at the eve of this splendid victory. Affairs in our sister province had assumed a gloomy aspect; despondency had already begun to spread its baneful effects. We had been even told from high authority, that the period was in all probability fast approaching when it was to be *finally* determined whether the arrogant expectations of the enemy were to be realized, by his successful invasion of this province, or whether he was to meet with defeat and disgrace in the attempt.’ That period is now past; the friends of their country will look back to it with grateful recollection; the face of things is changed. The enemy, to use a favorite phrase, did indeed ‘pollute our soil;’ but he was repulsed by Canadians not the one-twentieth part of his force, led on by a Canadian commander.”*

For this interesting extract, and other valuable documents, I am indebted to Lieut.-Col. the Hon. Juchereau Duchesnay, L.C., whose father and uncle played such an honorable part in this engagement.—(J. M. L.)

Reminiscences of 1812 and 1813—Close of the War.*

THE great disturber of Europe, Napoleon the 1st, having been sent a prisoner to the Island of Elba, European nations enjoyed a brief period of tranquility, which enabled Great Britain to send a portion of her veteran army, under the illustrious Wellington, to prosecute the war with America—the brunt of which had, for two years, been nobly sustained by the militia of Canada, assisted by the mere handful of regulars which had been left in the country.

The Americans soon perceived that they had nothing to gain, but everything to lose, by prolonging the struggle, and held out the olive branch, the very name of Wellington having filled their hearts with terror.

Peace was accordingly concluded, which we fervently hope may never again be interrupted by the unhallowed ambition and thirst of territory of our “American Cousins.”

My purpose being now gained, that of sustaining the character of our militia in the day of trial, I will therefore dismiss them to their homes, though they were found present for duty at Chippawa, at Lundy’s Lane, and at Fort Erie, which actions I may have an opportunity of detailing to you hereafter. In corroboration of the account I have written of the character of our militia in 1812, I would beg leave to offer the words of General Brock to the magistrates of the Niagara district, after the capture of Detroit, and also the resolutions of the Hon. W. H. Merritt, which passed the Legislature unanimously for awarding the medals to the militia of 1812.

When General Brock returned to the Niagara frontier, after the capture of Detroit, the magistrates of this district presented him with a complimentary address.

The gallant general replied most emphatically, “That had not Western

* Coventry Manuscripts.

Canada rose as one man in defence of their rights, and in support of the Constitution of Britain, his hands would have been as if tied, being without the aid of British troops, who were nearly all engaged at this time in the European war."

The following resolutions were proposed by the Hon. Mr. Merritt in the House of Assembly, on Wednesday, September 8th, 1852:—

"That an humble Address be presented to Her Majesty, representing the disappointment of many of the inhabitants of this province, when they discovered that the hardest fought battles in Canada were not included in the General Order of the first of June, 1847, which awarded medals for certain actions.

"That the said General Order confined the distribution of medals to those actions only where the general or superior officers of the several armies or corps engaged had already received that distinction; consequently, many of the battles of this country do not come under the rule thus laid down; and this House has reason to believe it will not be departed from in behalf of the Canadian Militia, without a strong representation from this House.

"That Her Majesty's attention be accordingly called to the distinguished services of the Canadian Militia during the late war with the United States, with the view of removing the invidious distinctions caused by the distribution of these medals—the Canadian Militia having acquired, in common with the British troops, a reputation for loyalty and gallantry of which their posterity may feel justly proud.

"That Her Majesty be therefore prayed to confer a similar medal to that awarded for the battles of Detroit, of Chrysler's Farm and Chateauguay, on the now few survivors who successfully defended their country in the various other battles fought during the war.

"That His Majesty King George the Third ordered that the word 'NIAGARA' should be inscribed on the colors of the Glengary Light Infantry and the incorporated militia of Canada, for their gallant conduct on that frontier; and if they deserved such marked distinction, they surely deserve a medal to commemorate it."

An Address, embodying the foregoing resolutions, was accordingly presented and read, when the Hon. Mr. Mathieson said he had much pleasure in seconding this Address, and he sincerely hoped that the Imperial Government, at this late period, would acknowledge the services rendered by the Militia, by granting some allowance to the very few remaining officers of the war of 1812.

These men shared the dangers and privations of that period.

He had no pecuniary interest in this Address, as he then belonged to the regular army, and still enjoyed half-pay; but when he remembered that these men left their farms and profession to defend the country against foreign aggression, and risk their lives to continue the connection with the mother country, he did hope they would merit consideration and have some remuneration made to them.

When he remembered that the population of Upper Canada in 1812 was only between 70,000 and 75,000 souls, of which there were about 15,000 men for actual service, and these, in addition to two or three weak regiments, to defend a frontier of nearly a thousand miles!

Such an extent of country to be defended, and successfully defended, against the whole force of the United States, he should say such defenders should be amply rewarded.

In those days he had seen women ploughing the fields, and their daughters harrowing after them, when their husbands and brothers were on the frontier defending the country.

The men of those days were not annexationists; they opposed it to the death; nor had they any desire to quote what was done in the State of New York, or any other State of the American Union.

They had the privilege of making their own laws, and were contented.

(Signed) A LINCOLN MILITIA FLANKER OF 1812.

Battle of Chippawa,*JULY, 1814.

“THE campaign of 1814 was opened on the Niagara frontier by Gen. Brown of the American army, who crossed from Black Rock to Fort Erie, July 3rd, with two divisions of his army, computed at not less than 5000 men.

After driving in a picket of the garrison of Fort Erie, and that fort being in a defenceless state, both from the nature of the fortification and smallness of its garrison, under Major Buck of the King's, it was at once surrendered.

General Ryall's despatch to General Drummond, of July, 1814, states: “I was made acquainted with the landing of the American army at Fort Erie, on the morning of the 3rd instant, at 8 o'clock, and orders were given for the immediate advance on Chippawa of five companies of the Royal Scots, under General Gordon, to reinforce the garrison of that place.

“Colonel Pearson had moved forward from thence with the light company of the 100th Regiment, some militia and Indians.

“The following morning, a body of the enemy's troops were reported to be advancing by the river.

“I moved to reconnoitre, and found them in a considerable force, with cavalry, artillery and riflemen.

“Having been joined by the King's on the morning of the 5th, I made my dispositions for an attack at 4 o'clock in the afternoon.

“The light companies of the Royal Scots and 100th Regiment, with the 2nd Lincoln Militia, under Colonel Thomas Dickson, formed the advance, under Colonel Pearson.

“The Indian warriors were posted on our right flank, in the woods; the troops moved in three columns, the King's regiment being in advance.

“The enemy had taken up a position with his right resting on some buildings and orchards, close on the Niagara river, and strongly sup-

* Coventry Manuscripts.

ported by his artillery; his left towards the woods, having a considerable number of riflemen and Indians in front of it.

“ Our militia and Indians were shortly engaged with them.

“ The enemy’s riflemen and Indians at first checked their advance, but the light troops being brought to their support, they succeeded, after a short contest, in destroying them in handsome style.

“ I immediately moved up the King’s Regiment to the right, when the Royal Scots and 100th were directed to charge the enemy, and they advanced in the most gallant manner under a destructive fire.

“ I am sorry to say, however, that in this attempt they suffered so severely, I was obliged to withdraw them, finding their further efforts against the superior numbers of the enemy would be unavailing.

“ Colonel Gordon of the Royal Scots, and most of the officers of the 100th, were wounded.

“ I directed a retreat to be made upon Chippawa, which was conducted with great order and regularity, covered by the King’s under Maj. Evans, and the light troop under Colonel Pearson, and I have the pleasure of saying not a single prisoner fell into the hands of our enemy, excepting those disabled from wounds.

“ Some of the prisoners taken report the enemy’s force to have been 6,000, with a numerous train of artillery; our force, in regular troops, not more than 1,500, exclusive of the militia and Indians, of which last description there was not above 300.

“ Our forces retired to Fort George, and General Brown crossed the Chippawa and advanced to Queenston, where he remained without striking a blow, from the 8th to the 23rd July, unless an occasional demonstration before Fort George and the unprovoked conflagration of the village of St. David’s.

“ The gallant General Ryall, on learning that General Brown had retreated across the Chippawa, immediately pushed forward his forces to Lundy’s Lane, being reinforced by the 103rd Regiment, under Colonel Scott, within two and a half miles of the enemy’s position, and there await to be reinforced by General Drummond.

“ In the battle of Chippawa, Captains John Rowe and George Turney, and Privates Stephen Perr and Timothy Skinner, of the 2nd Lincoln Militia, were killed; and Colonel Dickson, commanding the 2nd Lincoln, Captain Lewis Clement, and several others, were wounded.”

Battle of Lundy's Lane,*

25TH JULY, 1814.

No sooner had General Drummond heard the result of the battle of Chippawa, than he hastened from Kingston to Toronto, which place he left on the evening of the 25th July, and arrived at Niagara the next morning.

The greatest energy seems to have characterized General Drummond's movements, and we immediately find him advancing with about 800 men to the support of General Ryall.

As soon as he arrived at Lundy's Lane, he found the whole in position, and was soon after attacked by the enemy.

In the commencement of the action, the intrepid Ryall was severely wounded, and was intercepted in passing to the rear by a party of the enemy's cavalry, and taken prisoner.

Thus General Drummond was deprived of an officer whose bravery, zeal and activity had always been conspicuous.

In the centre, repeated and determined attacks were made by the 49th, and detachments of the King's Royals and light companies of the 41st with the most perfect steadiness and bravery: and thereby the enemy was constantly repulsed with very heavy loss.

In so determined a manner was their attacks directed against our guns, that our artillerymen were bayoneted by the enemy in the act of wadding, and the muzzles of the enemy's guns were sometimes within a few yards of ours.

Our troops having been pushed back for a few moments, in the darkness of the night, some of our guns remained a few minutes in the enemy's hand; they were, however, not only quickly recovered, but two pieces—a six-pounder and a 5½-inch Howitzer, which the enemy had had brought up, were captured, together with several tumbrils.

About nine o'clock—the action having commenced at six o'clock—there was a short intermission of firing, during which it appears the enemy

* Coventry Manuscripts.

were employed in bringing up their whole force, and shortly after renewed the attack with fresh troops, but were repulsed with equal gallantry and success.

The enemy's efforts to carry the hill were determined, and continued till about midnight, when, finding that he had suffered severely from the superior discipline and steadiness of His Majesty's troops, he gave up the contest, and retired with great precipitation to his camp beyond the Chippawa.

On the following day the Americans burnt the bridge, water mill, and also the bridge at the mouth of the Chippawa, abandoning their camp, throwing the greater part of their baggage, camp equipage and provisions into the rapids of the Niagara, and retreated in great disorder by the river road towards Fort Erie.

Our light troops, cavalry and Indian allies, were sent in pursuit to harass the retreat, which was continued until the enemy reached their own shores.

The loss sustained by the enemy in this severe action was about 1500 men, including several hundred prisoners. Their two principal commanders, Scott and Brown, were wounded.

The number of troops under General Drummond, for the first three hours, did not exceed 1600, and the addition during the action of the 103rd regiment did not increase it beyond 2800 men of every descriptions, including militia and Indians.

Of the battles that were fought during the war, none can compare with that of Lundy's Lane for the obstinacy and courage exhibited on both sides.

At Chippawa, the contest was decided principally by musketry, but it was at Lundy's Lane the Americans first crossed bayonets with British troops, and the issue of that contest taught them, whatever their moral courage, their physical inferiority to British disciplined troops.

If any army was ever fairly beaten by another, the battle of Lundy's Lane furnishes such an instance, if remaining in possession of the field of battle, whilst the enemy retreats precipitately, is to be considered a proof of victory.

The writer was made a prisoner during the night of the engagement, but regained the British lines by finding his way through the enemy's masses before they retreated.

Siege of Fort Erie, 1814.

GENERAL DRUMMOND'S despatch to His Excellency the Governor General, Sir Geo. Prevost, dated Camp before Fort Erie, August 15th, 1814, contains the following:—

Having reason to believe that a sufficient impression had been produced on the works before Fort Erie, by the firing of the battery I opened on the morning of the 14th inst., and by which the stone buildings were much injured and the outside of the parapets and embrasures much shattered, I determined on assaulting the place, and accordingly made the necessary arrangements for attacking by a heavy column, directed to the entrenchments on the side of Snake Hill, and by two columns to advance from the battery to assault the fort and intrenchments on this side.

The troops destined to attack by Snake Hill marched at five o'clock yesterday afternoon, in order to gain the vicinity of that place of attack in sufficient time.

It is with the deepest regret I have to report the failure of both attacks, which were made two hours before daylight this morning.

A copy of Col. Fischer's report is herewith enclosed, which will enable Your Excellency to form a pretty correct judgment of the cause of the failure of his attack. Had the head of the column, which entered the place without difficulty, been supported, the enemy must have fled from their works, which were all taken, as contemplated in the instructions, or have surrendered.

The attack on the fort and entrenchments leading from it to the lake, was made at the same moment by two columns, one under Col. Drummond of the 104th Regiment, consisting of the flank companies of the 41st and 104th, and a body of seamen under Capt. Dobbs, of the Royal Navy; the other under Col. Scott of the 103rd Regiment, and two companies of the Royals.

These columns advanced to the attack as soon as the fire from Colonel Fischer's column was heard, and succeeded, after a desperate resistance, in making a lodgement in the fort through the embrasures of the bastion,

and captured the guns, which they had actually turned against the enemy, who still maintained the stone building, when, most unfortunately, some ammunition which had been placed under the platform caught fire from the firing of the guns in the rear, and a most tremendous explosion followed, by which almost all the troops that had entered the place were dreadfully mangled.

Panic instantly communicated to the troops, who could not be persuaded that the explosion was accidental, and the enemy at the same time pushing forward and commencing a heavy fire of musketry, the fort was abandoned, and our forces retreated towards the battery.

I immediately pushed forward the first battalion of Royals to support and cover the retreat, a service which that valuable corps executed with perfect steadiness. Our loss has been severe in killed and wounded; and, I regret to say, all those returned "missing" may be considered wounded or killed by the explosion, and left in the hands of the enemy.

The failure of these most important attacks had been occasioned by circumstances which may be considered as almost justifying the momentary panic they produced, and which introduced a degree of confusion in the extreme darkness of the night that the utmost efforts of the officers were inefficient in removing.

The officers appear to have behaved with the most perfect coolness and bravery, nor could anything exceed the steadiness and good order when the advance of Col. Fischer's brigade was made, until emerging from a thick cover, it found itself stopped suddenly by an abattis and within a heavy fire of musketry and guns behind a formidable entrenchment.

With regard to the centre and left columns under Colonels Scott and Drummond, the determined gallantry of both officers and men, until the unfortunate explosion took place, could not be surpassed.

Col. Scott and Colonel Drummond were unfortunately killed; every officer of those two columns were either killed or wounded by the enemy's fire or the explosion.

The result of the attack on Fort Erie was even more disastrous in its consequences to the British, than had been the attack on Toronto to the Americans.

In this affair 900 men were killed and wounded on the British side;

and so severe was the blow that had a less energetic commander than Drummond been in Upper Canada, or had a more able than General Brown commanded the Americans, the issue might have been of a most disastrous character.

As it was, whether from Brown's wounds or incapacity, the blow was not followed up, and sufficient time was afforded to Gen. Drummond to recover from the loss he had sustained.

(Signed) A LINCOLN FLANKER OF 1812.

The Capture of Fort Niagara

BY ONE WHO SERVED IN 1814.

THIS fort was one of much importance to the Americans in the war of 1812; as, standing on the right bank of the river where it falls into Lake Ontario, it commanded the entrance to the river, and served as a *depôt* to supply the army.

It was very strong for a fort in that part of the country; for, its *enceinte*, besides being of regular construction, and mounting many guns, including three stone towers at the west, south-west, and south angles of the fort, in addition to a long and strong stone barrack on the north face,—the whole having flat roofs, mounted with cannon.

It was accordingly, in December, 1814, determined to attempt its capture, and the attempt was made on the night of the 19th of that month.

The force destined for that purpose was composed of the 100th regt., the Grenadier company of the 1st, the flank companies of the 41st, and some artillerymen; the whole under command of Colonel Murray, of the 100th,—a better man than whom could not have been chosen.

Bateaux having been secretly conveyed overland from Burlington to a point about four miles up the British side of the river, the troops silently left their cantonments about 10 o'clock at night, concealed their march under cover of the adjacent wood, embarked without noise, and

landed undiscovered on the opposite side, whence they descended cautiously towards the fort.

There lay, between them and their destination, a small hamlet, called (if I recollect aright) Youngston, about two miles, or somewhat less, from the fort, to which it served as an outpost, where it was known lay a detachment from the garrison.

It was necessary to surprise it, without alarming the fort.

A chosen body was therefore sent in advance, while the main body followed at a convenient distance.

When arrived near it, some of the former crept up stealthily to a window and peeped in.

They saw a party of officers at cards. "What are trumps?" asked one of them. "Bayonets are trumps!" answered one of the peepers, breaking in the window and entering with his companions, while the remainder of the detachment rapidly surrounded the house, rushed into it, and bayoneted the whole of its inmates, that none might escape to alarm the fort.

Not a shot was fired on either side; American sentries having retired from their posts into the building, to shelter themselves from the cold there was no time for resistance.

The assailants performed their work of human destruction in grim silence,—a lamentable but necessary act.

Resuming their march, they drew near the fort; not a word is spoken; the muskets are carried squarely, that the bayonets may not clash; the ice crackles audibly under their tread, but the sound is borne to their ear on the continuous gusts of a north-east wind—when lo! the charger of Colonel Hamilton (which, having lost a leg in Holland, could not march and would not stay behind) neighs loudly, and is answered by a horse in a stable not far from the front gate.

What a moment! The force instantly halts, expecting to hear the alarm suddenly given—the sound of drums and bugle, and of the garrison rushing to their posts. But all remains quiet. The sentries, crouching in their boxes, take the neigh of the charger for that of some horse strayed from its farm house or from the neighboring hamlet; they feel no inclination—leaving their shelter—to explore, shiveringly, the thick darkness of a moonless wintry night.

It can be nothing. The approaching force, drawing freer breath, puts itself in motion, shuffles hastily and silently forward, and the crisis is near!

The "forlorn hope" is commanded by Lieut. Dawson, and led by Sergeant Andrew Spearman.

It halts at about the distance of twenty-five yards from the gate over which the sergeant (a tall, stalwart man) strides, and, strange to say, finds the wicket open!

The sentry, hearing some one approach, issues from his box, protrudes the upper part of his body through the doorway, and asks: "Who comes there?"

Spearman, imitating the nasal twang of the Americans, answers: "I guess, Mr., I come from Youngstown," quietly introducing, at the same time, his left shoulder through the half-opened wicket.

The sentry stares at him—perceives, by his accoutrements and by his action, that he is an enemy—turns round and runs inwards, exclaiming: "The Brit—!" He says no more: Spearman's bayonet is in his side!

The sergeant returns and calls, in a subdued tone, the "forlorn hope," which swiftly enters, followed by the column. The light company of the 100th makes a rapid circuit and escalades. The whole attacking force has entered,

Had the assailants been discreetly silent, they might have effected the capture without loss to themselves or to the enemy; but their blood being up, they uttered a terrific yell, which roused the sleeping garrison and occasioned some resistance.

A cannon, turned inwards, was fired from the roof of the south-western tower, followed by a slight pattering of musketry. To prevent repetition of the former, Lieut. Nolan, of the 100th, a man of great personal strength and ardent courage, rushed into the lower part of the tower, regardless of what foes he might find there, and by what friends he might be followed.

Next morning his body was found, the breast pierced by a deep bayonet wound, at the bottom of which were a musket ball and three buck-shot.

But he had not died unavenged.

One American lay at his feet, whom he killed by a pistol shot; while the cloven skulls of two others attested his tremendous strength of arm and desperate valor.

Some of his men, however, had seen him plunge into the darkness, followed him, and although too late to save him, had taken the tower, slaying the defenders to a man.

This resistance exasperated our men, who rushed wildly about into every building, bayonetting every American they met.

The carnage, indeed, would have amounted to extermination, if the British officers had not zealously exerted themselves in the cause of mercy.

Lieut. Murray, of the 100th, particularly distinguished himself by his humane endeavors; for finding that the tide of fugitives set towards the southern angle, where a sally-port had been burst in, he made them lie down, protected them, and thus saved many. In half an hour the fort was fully captured: all was quiet, and the panting victors sought to drown their excitement in sleep.

Thus fell Fort Niagara, with such unexpected facility as gave rise to a report that treason had contributed to its capture.

Indeed, it was said that its commander, Capt. Leonard, had betrayed it by giving to the British general on that part of the frontier the necessary information and instructions and the countersign, by means of which countersign, and not in the manner above stated, Spearman, it was said, had obtained admission.

Certain it is, that Leonard, on the night of the assault, had left the fort and slept at his farm about four miles distant, and that next morning, he rode into the fort in apparent ignorance of its capture,—an ignorance not easily reconcileable with the firing, especially of the cannon, on the preceding night. The short contest cost the British the gallant Nolan and five men killed, and two officers and three men wounded.

The Americans lost 65 men and two officers killed and twelve men wounded.

In the fort were found several pieces of ordnance, of which twenty-seven were mounted on the works, besides small arms, ammunition, clothing and commissariat stores in abundance.

It was known that a large sum in specie was in the fort at the time of the assault ; but, when matters had somewhat calmed down, and examination of the captured stores was formally made, no specie was to be found !

It was said in a whisper, which indignation afterwards swelled into bold and loud assertion, that after the resistance had been subdued, three officers of the 100th had made their way into the magazine, where the specie lay in kegs, got it rolled out of the building and of the fort down to the water's edge, had it put on board a bateau and conveyed to the opposite shore, where it was conveyed inland and secreted in a friend's house, saying to the men employed that it was ammunition.

The men, however, were not so credulous as to believe that, at such a moment, officers, detaching themselves from the force to which they belonged, would secure ammunition that would not fit the British musket.

It was ever afterwards confidently believed that those officers had embezzled the specie : an imputation that their increased expenditure seemed in some degree to justify.

No inquiry, however, was made (which led to further suspicions), and the prize money, which had been expected to be large, was disappointingly small.

The next morning, the ground within the fort was strewed with arms and clothing, and with pieces of harness that had been stored for the American artillery.

A rifle was to be had for a trifle, and a greatcoat for little or nothing. As to the pieces of leather, two utilitarian officers of the 100th had it carried into their rooms, where they set some saddlers to work, and made them manufacture sets of harness, which they sold to Canadian farmers at a very handsome profit.

On the departure of the snow, the fort assumed a new appearance, our bricklayers facing the ramparts, within and without, with sods of the size of bricks, giving them a very neat and regular aspect, which brightened when the ensuing spring covered with verdure.

Lieutenant Dawson was deservedly promoted to a company, while Spearman remained a serjeant, and never, as far as we know, received any reward for his gallantry but the esteem of his officers and comrades.

If he be still alive, he lives in Richmond, U.C., where the 100th, after its disbandment in 1818, received lands and settled.

Last summer, being upwards of seventy years of age, he walked fort miles to where he supposed me to be, to obtain my certificate as to his services, to support his petition to the Commander-in-Chief for a small pension which might enable him to exist, now that he is past labour.

I was not there, but my son was, who gave him a cordial reception, rest and refreshment, and promised to procure from me the certificate.

I have given it, conscientiously declaring that Andrew Spearman, then serjeant in the 100th Regiment and leading the forlorn-hope, was the person to whose tact and daring was principally due the success of the British force in "the capture of Fort Niagara."

(Signed)

JOHN CLARK.*

* The accounts of these late battles are taken from the Parliamentary Manuscripts collected by Mr. G. Coventry. Colonel John Clark, who lately died, was well and favorably known all over Canada, for his staunch support of British institutions.

List of Salmon and Trout Rivers.*

THE following is a list of the principal salmon and trout rivers of Canada and New Brunswick, with the distances of the former from Quebec, and such information as could be obtained concerning their character and condition. Those marked in *italics* have been leased to private individuals, but the others are open to all comers.

The *Jacques Cartier* is the only † river near Quebec which, at the present time, affords any salmon.

From Quebec to Murray Bay is..... 78 miles.

Here there is a river that furnishes a few salmon and many fine trout.

From Murray Bay to the Saguenay is..... 44—120

There is excellent sea trout fishing in the Saguenay, and its tributary, the *St. Marguerite*, is a superior salmon river.

River Escoumain 23

Between it and the Saguenay are the two *Bergeronnes*, and both furnish a few salmon and many trout.

Portneuf..... 26

Plenty of trout and salmon.

Sault au Cochon..... 9

Impassable for salmon, but affording excellent trout fishing at its mouth.

La Val..... 2

Superior salmon and trout river.

Bersemis..... miles 24—84

Affording in its tributaries many fine salmon; between it and the *La Val* are the *Colombia*, *Plover* and *Blanche*, all poor salmon streams.

* From "*The Game Fish of the North*," by Barnwell.

† There is also the *Ste. Anne*, a few miles from Quebec, a good salmon stream. The *Jacques Cartier* is owned by J. K. Boswell, Esq., of Quebec, and Wm. H. Kerr, Barrister, of Montreal, two keen sportsmen. Upwards of 200 salmon were caught last year in the *Jacques Cartier*. Since the above list was prepared, the rush of sportsmen to Canada has much increased; and persons now wishing to lease salmon rivers have to apply early in the season to the Commissioner of Crown Lands for Canada.—[J.M.L.]

Outardes	11
Manicouagan	16
Mistassini	12
Betscie	3
Of these rivers I can obtain no satisfactory information.	
<i>Godbout</i>	15—57—261
A celebrated salmon river, one of the best in the province.	
<i>Trinity</i>	15
Good salmon and trout fishing.	
Little Trinity	10
Calumet.....	3
Pentecost	14
Not a salmon river.	
St. Margaret.....	36
One of the best salmon and trout rivers.	
<i>Moisie</i>	23—103—364
Fine large salmon are taken in this river, and it is widely celebrated.	
Trout.....	7
Manitou	35
Good trout fishing; the salmon are obstructed by falls.	
Sheldrake	16
Magpie.....	22
Furnishes a few salmon.	
St. John	5
An admirable salmon stream.	
Mingan	16—101—465
Probably the best river in the province for salmon, and excellent for trout.	
Romaine.....	9
An excellent stream for both salmon and trout.	
Wascheeshoo	53
Pashasheboo	18
A few salmon.	
Nabesippi	7
Agwanus.....	5
A fair supply of salmon.	

Natashquan	14—106—571
Salmon fine and abundant.	
Kegashka	23
Salmon impeded by falls.	
Musquarro	15
Affords good salmon fishing.	
Washeecootai	12
Olomanosheebo.....	11
Coacoabo.....	18
Contains some salmon.	
Etamamu	21
Fine salmon fishery.	
Netagamu	16
A fine trout stream.	
Mecattina.....	4
Good salmon fishing.	
Ha! Ha!.....	9
St. Augustine	6
Affords many salmon.	
Esquimaux.....	14—149—720
An excellent salmon river, somewhat run down.	

In New Brunswick there are salmon in the St. John and its tributaries, but the best of the latter, the Nashwaak, has been closed with an impassable dam. From St. John it is easy to take the cars to Shediac, and cross to Prince Edward's Island, where there is magnificent trout fishing, especially near Charlotte, and tolerable accommodation; or one can take the Quebec steamer to Bathurst and fish the Nipisiquit, which is admitted to be the best river in the province, or the Restigouche and its tributaries, an excellent stream, but much injured by spearing; or the Cascapediacs, which furnish some salmon and innumerable grilse. The Miramichi, between Shediac and Bathurst, is a fine large stream.

The streams in Canada emptying into the St. Lawrence from the south shore, are hardly worth mentioning as salmon rivers, having been ruined by mill-dams, with the exception of those that empty into Gaspé Basin, but they all afford superior trout fishing. I would here remark, that where the name trout is mentioned in connection with the British Pro-

vinces, the *Salmo Trutta Marina*, or sea trout, is always intended; and the salmon fishing spoken of is fly fishing. The rivers that empty into Gaspé Basin, such as the Dartmouth, York and St. John, are leased, as also the Bonaventure, that flows into the Bay of Chaleurs.

As explicit directions for travelling through the benighted regions called the British Provinces, the following are given from a somewhat unwillingly extended experience :

Take the night train or any route that will bring you to Boston before half-past seven A.M., for at that hour the boat leaves for St. John, not St. Johns, which is in Newfoundland. If you are too late, you may still, by means of the cars, intercept the same vessel at Portland. This boat does not leave daily, but generally advertises in the New York and always in the Boston papers. It touches at Portland, where you may take a steamboat on its arrival to Calais, and proceed thence by railroad to the Scoodic River, where there is fine white, not sea, trout fishing, or stop at St. Andrews, whence there is a railroad in progress to Woodstock, on the St. John River. The Boston boat reaches St. John in about thirty-two hours, or at three o'clock; the fare is six dollars: the meals extra, and, consequently, extra good.

Salmon Fishing in Canada.*

WE have much pleasure in laying before our readers the following account of the fishing this season (1863), in some of the rivers the property of the province, which incontestibly proves two things. First, that there is better sport to be obtained, by amateur fishermen, in Canada than in any of the far-famed rivers in Europe; and secondly, that the system of protection adopted by the Commissioner of Crown Lands is not only increasing the number of the salmon, but enabling them to attain to a larger size. Never were our markets so abundantly and so cheaply furnished with this noble fish as during the past summer:

RIVER ST. JOHN.

Salmon taken in the river St. John, with the fly, during July, 1863, by two rods—July 1st, eleven fish were caught at Trent Rapid and Camp Pool; 2nd, sixteen at Trent and Camp; 3rd, twenty-three, at Seal and Trent; 4th, sixteen at Seal, Trent, and Fall; 5th, Sunday; 6th, twenty-two, at Seal, Trent, and Camp; 7th, thirteen, at Seal and Fall; 8th, sixteen, at Trent, Seal, and Fall; 9th, no fishing; 10th nineteen, at Seal, Trent, and Camp; 11th, eight, at Trent and Seal; 12th, Sunday; 13th, fifteen, at Trent and Seal; 14th, six at Trent; 15th, four, at Trent and Seal; 16th, river very small; 17th, (one rod) two fish, at Trent; 18th, little fishing; 19th, Sunday; 20th, three at Seal, one rod, river rising; 21st, three, at Seal, one rod, river rising; 22nd and 23rd, no fishing; 24th, ten, at Falls and Trent; 25th, seven at Falls and Seal; 26th, Sunday; 25th, five, at Seal and Camp. Total number of fish, 199; total weight, 1960 lbs.; average weight, 10 lb.

RIVER GODBOUT.

Salmon taken with the fly by three rods, in the river Godbout, during June and July, 1863:—June 8th, one fish was caught at Cayley's Stone;

* From the *Quebec Mercury* (Government organ.)

9th, one at Sandbank; 10th, two, at Bear and Camp; 11th, one, at Camp; 15th, three, at Bear and Glassy; 16th, two, at Fall, Bear; 17th, four, at Eddy, Belle, Cayley; 18th, eight, at Glassy, Belle; 19th, two, at Camp, Glassy; 20th, three, at Camp, Cayley; 21st, Sunday; 22nd six, at Kate, Belle, Upper, Bear; 23rd, five, at Belle, Glassy, Kate, Upper, Cayley; 24th, six, at Fall, Belle, Upper; 25th, seven, at Cayley, Shea, Upper; 26th, eleven, at Doctor, Indian, Kate, Bear, Cayley, Upper; 27th, seventeen, at Kate, Belle, four in Haworth, Upper; 28th, Sunday; 29th, twelve, at Upper, Shea, Haworth; 30th, eight, at Belle, Upper, Indian, Haworth; July 1st, nine, at Shea, Upper; 2nd, eight, at Indian, Upper; 3rd, seven, at Fall, Upper, Haworth; 4th, twelve, at Upper, Belle, Shea; 5th, Sunday; 6th, five, at Upper; 7th, two, at Haworth, Upper; 8th, thunder and rain, fish down; 9th, five, at Upper, Shea; 10th, three at Indian, Upper; 11th, nine, at Upper; 12th, Sunday; 13th, seven, at Upper, Haworth; 14th, four, at Upper, Haworth, Indian, Shea; 15th, four, at Haworth, Indian, Upper; 16th, three, at Upper, Belle; 17th, one, at Upper; 18th, two, at Indian, Upper; 19th, Sunday; 20th, three, at Upper; 21st, two, at Upper; 22nd, two, at Upper; 23rd, one, at Shea; 24th, five, at Fall, Eddy, Haworth, Upper; 25th, none; 26th, Sunday; 27th, one, at Shea; 28th, one, at Upper. Total number of fish, 194; total weight, 2158 lbs; average weight, 11½ lbs.

RIVER MOISIE.

Messrs. C. & G. Bacon, and Mr. B. Williams, of Boston, lessees of the fly-fishing division of the river Moisie, returned from their expedition last Saturday, and left the same night for their homes. They started from Quebec on the 6th June, in the steamer *Napoleon III.*, with the other parties for Godbout, Mingan, &c. Their fishing began on the 21st June, and the last fish was killed on the 5th of July, when a sudden fall of the river, occasioned by the continued dry weather, brought their sport to a close. Taking into consideration the shortness of time—a fortnight—the fishing was good. They caught 139 salmon, of which thirty weighed 30 lb., and ten over 30 lb. The largest fish caught weighs 30 lb. They caught in the same river last year 318 fish, the largest weighing 42 lb.

RIVER NIPISSIGUIT.

The following record of eleven days' salmon-fishing on the river Nipissiguit, Bay of Chaleurs, New Brunswick, by Messrs. Adshead & Rintoul, shows what excellent sport these gentlemen obtained during their trip:—Killed by Mr. J. E. Adshead, July 6, one salmon; 8th, seven; 9th, six; 10th, seven and one grilse; 11th, two; 13th, four; 14th, two; 16th, two; 17th, one; 18th, two; 20th, four and two grilse—total, thirty-eight salmon and three grilse; weight, 384½ lb. Killed by Mr. Rintoul, July 6, one salmon; 7th, two; 8th, four; 9th, eight; 10th, five; 11th, one; 13th, one; 14th, one; 15th, three; 16th, two; 17th, three; 18th, five; 20th, two—total, 38 fish; weight, 341 lb.

RIVERS MINGAN AND MANITOU.

Salmon killed in the rivers Mingan and Manitou by three rods during the season of 1863: June 15th, four fish; 16th, 17th, and 18th, flood; 19th, two; 20th, six; 22nd, eight; 23rd, four; 24th, two; 25th, eleven; 26th, two; 27th, two; 29th, fifteen; 30th, nine; July 1st, one; 2nd, four; 3rd, seven; 4th, seven; 6th, twelve; 7th, fourteen; 8th, nine; 9th, two; 10th, five; 11th, two; 13th, fifteen; 14th, four; 15th, thirteen; 16th, five; 17th, two; 18th, six; 20th, nineteen; 21st, eleven; 22nd, two; 23rd, ten; 24th, three. Total number of fish, 218; total weight, 2,226 lb.; average weight, 10 1-5 lb.

To this we may add that we are credibly informed that four gentlemen from New Brunswick, who leased the river Natashquan, killed over 500 fine fish, and that one of the party took *forty-six* of them in one day, with his own rod, a feat which we believe to be unparalleled in any river in Great Britain or Norway.

We have much pleasure in stating that there is every probability that a fine seaworthy steamer will make a fortnightly trip during the months of June and July, 1864, to the principal streams belonging to the Government, affording an opportunity to the tourist, the invalid, and the fisherman to visit the most interesting localities, to invigorate their health, and to enjoy their sport, thus tending to increase the revenue already derived from these rivers, and enabling their valuable fisheries to be more fully appreciated.

Professor Hind on the Fisheries of the St. Lawrence.*

THE Labrador Peninsula, with the coast and islands of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, possess a colonial and imperial interest which can scarcely be over-estimated in contemplating the possible future of British North America.

The annual value of the fisheries in British American waters exceeds four millions sterling, besides being the best nursery for seamen "the world ever saw."

The fisheries on the Atlantic coast of Labrador alone yield a yearly return of at least one million sterling; and yet, since the destruction of the town of Brest, at the gulf entrance of the Straits of Belle Isle, more than two hundred years ago, no attempts have been made to form settlements on an extensive scale on or near the coast.

In the great interior valleys, some ten or fifteen miles from the coast, timber, fit for building purposes and fuel, exists in abundance, and the climate and soil admit of the successful cultivation of all common culinary vegetables.

West of the Mingan Islands large areas exist suitable for settlement. Limestones and sandstones occupy the coast, and extend about ten miles back over a space of eighty miles on the Straits of Belle Isle, and great facilities exist in many other places for the establishments, by which an annual saving of more than a quarter of a million sterling would be secured at the outset, with the prospect of an indefinite increase. Local establishments for the supply of salt, food, and all the requirements of a vast fishing trade, are particularly demanded on the Gulf and Atlantic coast.

* Explorations in Labrador.

The British American fisheries will eventually acquire a wholly unlooked for importance by direct trade with the Southern States for cured fish, upon the return of the peace, and with the great valley of the Mississippi for fresh salt-water fish, conveyed in ice. The connection of the present terminus of the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada at Rivière du Loup with the Bay of Chaleurs would bring the rich living treasures of the Gulf within easy reach of the cities of the Western States.

As a nursery for seamen, the great North American fisheries have no equal, and the day will yet arrive when the hitherto desolate shores of Labrador, north, east and west, will possess a resident population capable of contributing largely to the comfort and prosperity of more favored countries.

Deep-Sea Fisheries of Canada.

“Judicious laws have been passed and will be enforced by the Canadian Government, and the American fisherman may find in neighboring waters, what he will never again in his own, these noble fish (the salmon) dwelling in abundance, and protected from worthless, wanton and unreasonable destruction. . . .

“In Canada the people have discovered, fortunately for them, not too late, the importance of stringent protective laws.”—*The Game Fish of the North*, by BARNWELL.

IF, on one hand, it is a proud boast for Canada to be in advance of the rest of the continent by her wise legislation touching the natural resources in her rivers,—if even an enlightened American is compelled to admit that it would be well for the Great Republic to borrow a leaf from our book, it is also singularly strange that through the recent lengthy newspaper discussion anent this same subject, scarcely a word has been written, or even mention made of the most valuable portion of our fisheries, I mean the deep-sea fisheries. Whatever praise the British Provinces may be entitled to for what they have done to protect and foster this prolific source of wealth, let us not, however, run away with the idea that our legislation is perfect, especially the portion relating to the deep-sea fisheries. Much has undoubtedly been performed; something yet remains to be done. The Abbe Sieyès boastingly asserted of the legal reforms he had introduced, that he had perfected the French Constitution; pray, how many new constitutions have been since his day adopted and discarded in France? In assuming that our legislation respecting deep-sea fisheries requires amendment, as well as that relating to the salmon fisheries, I am merely repeating a trite observation, which doubtless has been often made by those conversant with the subject.

Let us look, for the present, into the bounty question, as connected with the pecuniary outlay of the fishery organization. Several questions will naturally arise in the course of this inquiry. Receipt and expenditure are

cardinal points either in government or in private undertakings; it may be reasonably asked whether, with the present outlay differently apportioned, greater efficiency in enforcing the law, results of more magnitude for the public weal might not follow? The law places \$14,000 annually at the disposal of the government to pay bounties; by many it is questioned whether this amount might not be more advantageously bestowed. Protection to the fisheries has only become an established fact in Canada since 1858; it is, therefore, still in its infancy, and requires an artificial stimulus before it can be expected to bring forth the matured fruits of age. To afford this artificial impulse, the bounty system in this country, as elsewhere, has received its legal existence. It cannot be considered a *permanency*; it is merely intended to arouse the energy of those engaged in the prosecution of the fisheries: no industry which could not prosper unless such a stimulus were made *permanent* would be worth having for any people. This principle is well understood by the nations who have granted the largest bounties. *What is wanted on the Gaspé and Labrador coasts is, less bounties to fishermen, than complete and effectual protection and security to persons and property.* In the opinion of many, the operation of the clause of the Act awarding bounties might be, for a time, suspended, and the granting of bounties made contingent on the sufficiency of revenue derived from the fisheries. Another point about the bounty system which invites consideration is, the principle on which the bounty is given. In my opinion, the whole, or nearly the whole, ought to be awarded, not to the lazy drone called the outfitter, but to the successful and intelligent fisherman himself; the outfitter, without prohibiting the bounty, might be just as much benefited, only it would be in an indirect way; instead of calculating on a catch of 100 cwts. for profit, he would have 150 or 200 cwts. for exportation, and the fisherman's skill or industry would receive its fitting reward. Another important feature would be, punctuality in the payment of bounties. How can a poor Gaspé fisherman be expected to leave his home and wait in Quebec six months, as was the case formerly, until it suits the government, or the collector of the port, to pay him his bounty? On reference to Moses H. Perley's Report—a masterpiece of practical information, we find, that in 1851, one of the sister provinces voted also \$2000 to form societies on the principle of the agricultural societies,

destined to award prizes, not only to those who caught the most fish, but also to the fishermen who prepared the finest, the most marketable article. In many European marts, none but fish of first quality find a purchaser. Doubtless, the bounty question will be thoroughly sifted by the Parliamentary Committee appointed to report on the fisheries; it may be questioned, however, whether adequate sources of information can be open to it. The European governments send intelligent men abroad to rifle, as it were, the brains of other nations; in our country, we patch up and tinker up, *ad infinitum*, our home ideas and indigenous systems.

J. M. L.

Habits of Spawning Fish.

THE following interesting letter appeared in the *Field* newspaper of the 23rd February, 1863, published in London:—

“ During three seasons past I have observed salmon whilst breeding in one of the tributaries of the Saguenay. The *locus in quo* is a shoal and rapid spot, with sheltering boulders, and long spits of pebbly bottom. The current is lively, but not heavy or strong. Autumn leaves cannot lodge in it, and branches or small drift-wood sticks hurry past upon its rippling surface, as if conscious that their presence might inconvenience the family parties already in possession of the shallow homestead. Many preconceived and some favorite notions about the habits of this fish were rudely shaken. Books had taught me peculiarities such as at no time could I then actually observe. The most prominent of contradictions were, that the fish did not root with snouts amongst the gravel to make troughs for the ova; nor did the pairs work by turns; neither was the male accustomed to perform alone his milting in the furrow where her ladyship had just left those delicately-colored eggs, of the ‘pale pearly pink of sea shells.’ I saw nothing of such ascribed habits. The female alone was industrious; the male fierce and pugnacious. She, filled with the cares of her maternity, seemed diligently absorbed in the success of her feminine instincts; he, sexual, masculine, selfish, and bullying—a very ‘fancy man:’ ever and anon jostling her; now running his beak into little ridges of sand or gravel in some furious rush after rival salmon or marauding trout, and kicking up a most unbecoming dust: then, again, rudely overturning her in the awkward conflict, and tumbling into the nest a new pile of gravel, to her intense disgust. The way this active and tidy fishwife does her busy duty is curious. She wriggles herself among the small stones, and with rapid motions of the caudal and anal fins, and a winnowing action of the tail and body (turn-

ing over alternately upon one side and another), she keeps quantities of gravel in suspense, almost afloat in the edding hollow. Sand and lighter particles trail down the current behind her. It seemed to me as if the power exercised by her motions in the water had almost, if not quite, as much to do with the displacing of gravel and sand as the bodily movement against them. The same thing may be seen where the screw of a steamer stirs and draws up mud and dirt from the bottom of water several feet beneath the keel. The bed once made to her satisfaction, she settles down into it, as if resting from her labors; and should her attendant lord be not near and ready, she turns over upon her side as if to signal and invite him. The bully of the throng then settles alongside her; and, as nearly as I could perceive, their milt and ova are thus expressed in actual contact, both lying almost upon their sides during a strong quivering pressure. This function performed, she slinks lazily away. She remains for a few moments quiet, as if to let things settle; and soon recommences her previous winnowing along either side of the furrow, but this time advancing a little, and stirring down some gravel from above. I was much interested, and not a little surprised, with what I saw. You may depend upon it, sir, although the salmon is a fine, genteel and noble fish, he is not half so platonic a breeder as some amateur and theoretic naturalists have reported him to be. He is a creature of like passions with all others—cold-blooded, if you please, but not therefore insensate. A trout can be tickled; why should not the higher and richer-fed member of that respectable family—*Salmonidae*—feel occasionally a trifle ticklish? Oh, no! Mr. Salar is not a sentimental and ultra-domestic Chinaman. He does not lie a-bed and sympathise, pain for pain, with his laboring mate. He has more of the Indian nature, and if he had ‘portages’ to make, would leave his squaw to bear the heaviest burdens. My native gallantry forbids me to think so highly as before of this king of fresh-water fish. Bold, agile, powerful, sagacious (though sometimes suicidally bent on poking his head into meshes, and darting into apertures that he *won't* again come out through), often, too, wide-awake for anxious anglers, and too fertile in combative resources for the hand and tackle of nervous fly-fishers,—withal I put down this lord of salmondom as a selfish water-type of that terrestrial lord of creation sung about in the old song.

“There is one point upon which my experience differs from that of Walsh. He says the cartilaginous appendage disappears after the breeding season. I have seen it of great prominence in several specimens taken during May and June. In one male salmon of 63lb. weight, the gristly substances, hard as bone, measured $5\frac{1}{4}$ inches long. The fish had caught himself by this hook at the outside net meshes, and twisting and struggling around to get free had drowned in the slack of the net. That this extra jaw is not much used, and is most probably a natural weapon, appears likeliest from the fact of its being longer while the fish is foul than when fresh. The nasty condition of the fish at breeding time may account somewhat for its being then uglier and more conspicuous. Consider how much larger appears the head, and how coarse is every point of the fish, during and after spawning season.”

W. F. WHITCHER.

Quebec, Canada East, 1863

The Fisheries of Canada.¹

SIR,—Those who are desirous to see the riches of the country opened up will have felt gratified by the assurances contained in your issue of the 19th April inst., of the earnest manner in which the legislative wisdom of Canada are prosecuting the enquiry into one of its most inexhaustible resources. I mean the fisheries. Lest any desirable amendment in the law should escape attention, permit me again to place before the public a summary of the reforms I advocated last year in the work I published in French, *LES PECHERIES DU CANADA*; which reforms I had occasion to urge in the *Mercury* of the 10th July last, in the course of a lively newspaper discussion respecting the abuses and frauds of our Bounty system.

A careful investigation of the river and deep sea fisheries of Canada, in my opinion, embraces the consideration of the following, among other points:

1.—The present mode of catching codfish, mackerel, herring, salmon: what improvements could take place therein?

2.—When ought these fishes to be caught? Is it a fact that herring is caught out of season, when it is unwholesome and consequently of little value?

3.—The method of salting, curing and barrelling fish intended for foreign markets—what improvements can be here introduced?

4.—Ought we to have, as they have in England and in some of the United States, a compulsory law for the inspection of fish and oil? Has the free port of Gaspé fulfilled its object?

5.—The evil of seining herring on its spawning ground, merely as manure for the land?

* Letter to the Editor of the *Quebec Mercury*.

6.—What is the quantity of fish exported annually? Is it a fact that foreign crafts trespass within the limits assigned by the Reciprocity Treaty for fishing purposes?

7.—Is there any other fish or muscle, which in times of dearth, could be substituted to herring, caplin and squid for bait?

8.—What new legislation is required on the bounty question? Are bounties of any use to us?

9.—Would it not inure to our ultimate advantage and to that of the lessee to grant long leases of the Salmon Rivers, as short leases induce the lessee to derive the largest possible return in fish in a comparatively short period—that is, to ruin the river by over-fishing it?

10.—The wholesome system of control exercised in other departments of the public service, viz :—The appointment of a visiting inspector, an outsider, unconnected in any way with this branch, to report to the government, on the internal management of it. There are inspectors of railroads, inspectors of registry offices, inspectors of ports, inspectors of customs, inspectors of prisons, of warehouses, &c.—Why should there not be an inspector of the fishery revenue? Let us have a cheap but an efficient supervision.

11.—The existing necessity of renewing correspondence with New Brunswick in order to secure her joint co-operation in new legislation to regulate the fisheries on the boundaries of both provinces, the Ristigouche river, for instance, and also other places.

12.—That a more efficient law should be passed to prevent the peasantry in the rural parts from indulging any longer in the wholesale destruction of young fish who are caught each tide by the thousand in the stake fisheries and other engines of destruction, without being able to make their escape, and are left to rot and decay in the fishery, such as young white fish, sturgeon, shad, herring, salmon smolt, &c.

13.—That it would be highly useful to have a map of each salmon estuary and river, to furnish reliable information to persons who are prepared to pay high rents, if they can ascertain beforehand full particulars about the fishing location; that this can now be done at a trifling expense.

14.—Expediency of republishing and circulating amongst the fishermen of Gaspé those admirable and eminently practical directions to be

found in Mr. Perley's Reports, page 264, prepared by the Imperial Board of Commissioners of the Fisheries of the United Kingdom.

15.—That the time to catch trout should be altered, so as to make it legal to do so from 1st January to 20th of September, but no later, as in some places trout is known to spawn early in September.

16.—The capture of salmon fry ought also to be strictly prohibited: all such taken to be returned instanter, alive, to their native element.

17.—The necessity of substituting a small screw steamer and fast-sailing revenue cutters, drawing but little water, to the present coasting service? Would English gunboats answer or not? Query.

18.—Reorganization of the judiciary system of the Magdalen Islands.

19.—Declaratory clause to explain some of the obscure provisions of the Fisheries Act; and certain discretion left with the Judge to temper, in some cases of fine or imprisonment, the severity of the law.

Such are some of the amendments I set forth in the French press of this city last winter, and which were inquired into by a Parliamentary Committee.

Yours, &c.,

J. M. LEMOINE.

Quebec, 6th April, 1864.

The Birds of Canada.

ARRANGED BY J. M. LEMOINE,

According to classification and nomenclature of the Smithsonian Institution.

(The figures refer to those of the catalogue of North American birds published by the Institution in 1858.)

ORDER I.—BIRDS OF PREY.

Duck Hawk,	5.	Golden Eagle; Ring-tailed Eagle,	39.
Pigeon Hawk,	7.	Northern Sea Eagle,	40.
Jer Falcon,	11.	Gray Sea Eagle,	42.
Sparrow Hawk,	13.	Bald Eagle,	43.
Goshawk,	14.	Fish Hawk,	44.
Cooper's Hawk,	15.	Great Horned Owl,	48.
Sharp-shinned Hawk,	17.	Mottled Owl,	49.
Swainson's Hawk,	18.	Long-eared Owl,	51.
Brown, or Canada Hawk,	21.	Short-eared Owl,	52.
Red-tailed Hawk,	23.	Great Gray Owl,	53.
Western Red-tail,	24.	Barred Owl,	54.
Red-shouldered Hawk,	25.	Sparrow Owl,	55.
Broad-winged Hawk,	27.	*Kirtland's Owl,	56.
Sharp-winged Hawk,	28.	Saw-whet Owl,	57.
Rough-legged Hawk,	30.	Snowy Owl,	61.
Black Hawk,	31.	Hawk Owl,	62.
Marsh Hawk,	38.		

ORDER II.—CLIMBERS.

Yellow-billed Cuckoo,	69.	Yellow-bellied Woodpecker,	85.
Black-billed Cuckoo,	70.	Black Woodpecker,	90.
Hairy Woodpecker,	74.	Red-bellied Woodpecker,	91.
Downy Woodpecker,	76.	Red-headed Woodpecker,	94.
Three-toed Woodpecker,	82.	Yellow-shafted Flicker,	97.
Banded three-toed Woodpecker,	83.		

* This rare owl, lost sight of for fifty years in the fauna of the United States, is mentioned by Professor Arch. Hall, of Montreal—there is one specimen in the Museum of Natural History, of Montreal; Thomas McLlwraith, Esq., of Hamilton, owns one, and I have had the good fortune to capture one alive, which is still in my possession.

ORDER III.—PERCHERS.

Humming Bird,	101.	Cape May Warbler,	206.
Chimney Swallow,	109.	Hooded Warbler,	211.
Whip-poor-will,	112.	Small-headed Flycatcher,	212.
Night Hawk,	114.	Canada Flycatcher,	214.
Belted King-fisher,	117.	Redstart,	217.
King Bird; Bee Bird,	124.	Scarlet Tanager,	220.
Pewee,	135.	Summer Red Bird,	221.
Wood Pewee,	139.	Barn Swallow,	225.
Green-crested Flycatcher,	143.	Cliff Swallow,	226.
Yellow-bellied Flycatcher (?),	144.	White-bellied Swallow,	227.
Wood Thrush,	148.	Bank Swallow,	229.
Hermit Thrush,	149.	Purple Martin,	231.
Wilson's Thrush,	151.	†Wax Wing,	232.
Olive-backed Thrush (?),	153.	Cedar Bird,	233.
Robin,	155.	Great Northern Shrike,	236.
Varied Thrush,	156.	White-rumped Shrike,	238.
*Stone Chat,	157.	Red-eyed Flycatcher,	240.
Blue Bird,	158.	Yellow-green Vireo,	241.
Ruby-crowned Wren,	161.	Cat Bird,	254.
Golden-crested Wren,	162.	Brown Thrush,	261.
Tit-lark,	165.	Long-billed Marsh Wren,	268.
Long-billed Creeper,	167 <i>a</i> .	House Wren,	270.
Prothonotary Warbler,	169.	Wood Wren,	272.
Maryland Yellow-throat,	170.	Winter Wren,	273.
Mourning Warbler,	172.	American Creeper,	275.
Connecticut Warbler,	174.	Red-bellied Nuthatch,	279.
Kentucky Warbler,	175.	Black-cap Titmouse,	290.
Golden-winged Warbler,	181.	Hudsonian Titmouse,	296.
Nashville Warbler,	183.	Sky Lark,	302.
Golden-crowned Thrush,	186.	Evening Grosbeak,	303.
Black-throated Blue Warbler,	193.	Pine Grosbeak,	304.
Yellow-rump Warbler,	194.	Purple Finch,	305.
Blackburnian Warbler,	196.	Yellow Bird,	313.
Bay-breasted Warbler,	197.	Pine Finch,	317.
Pine-creeping Warbler,	198.	Red Crossbill,	318.
Chestnut-sided Warbler,	200.	White-winged Crossbill,	319.
Blue Warbler,	201.	Lesser Red Poll,	320.
Black Poll Warbler,	202.	Mealy Red Poll (?),	321.
Yellow Warbler,	203.	Snow Bunting,	325.
Black and Yellow Warbler,	204.	Lapland Longspur,	326.

* I insert the stonechat and the evening grosbeak on the authority of Mr. William Couper, of this city,—who was presented with a specimen of each, shot in Canada—I am also indebted to him for several suggestions in preparing this list.

† Care ought to be taken not to confound this bird with its small summer congener—the cherry or cedar bud—the wax-wing is altogether a winter visitor.

White-crowned Sparrow,	345.	Cow Bird,	400.
White-throated Sparrow,	349.	Red-winged Blackbird,	401.
Black Snow Bird,	354.	Meadow Lark,	406.
Tree Sparrow,	357.	Orchard Oriole,	414.
Field Sparrow,	358.	Baltimore Oriole,	415.
Chipping Sparrow,	359.	Rusty Blackbird,	417.
Song Sparrow,	363.	Crow Blackbird,	421.
Fox-colored Sparrow,	374.	American Raven,	423.
Black-throated Bunting,	378.	Common Crow,	426.
Rose-breasted Grosbeak,	380.	Magpie,	432.
Indigo Bird,	387.	Blue Jay,	434.
Boblink ; Reed Bird,	399.	Canada Jay,	443.

ORDER IV.—GALLINACEOUS.

Wild Pigeon,	448.	Rock Grouse,	468:
Common Dove,	451.	American Ptarmigan,	470.
Wild Turkey,	457.	Partridge ; Quail,	471
Spruce Partridge,	460.	Sand-hill Crane (?),	479.
Ruffed Grouse,	465.		

ORDER V.—WADERS.

Great Blue Heron,	487.	Black-bellied Plover,	510.
Least Bittern,	491.	Turnstone,	515.
Bittern ; Stake Driver,	492.	† American Avoset,	517.
Night Heron,	495.	Northern Phalarope,	520.
*Glossy Ibis,	500.	American Woodcock,	522.
Golden Plover,	503.	English Snipe,	523.
Killdeer,	504.	Red-breasted Snipe,	524.
Wilson's Plover,	506.	Gray-back ; Knot,	526.
Semipalmated Plover ; Ring Plover,	507.		

ORDER VI.—PALMATED.

Jack Snipe,	531.	Field Plover,	545.
Least Sandpiper,	532.	Buff-breasted Sandpiper,	546.
Sanderling,	534.	Marbled Godwit,	547.
Semipalmated Sandpiper,	535.	Hudson Godwit,	548.
Tell-tale ; Stone Snipe,	539.	Long-billed Curlew,	549.
Yellow Legs.	540.	Hudsonian Curlew,	550.
Solitary Sandpiper,	541.	Esquimaux Curlew,	551.
Spotted Sandpiper,	543.	Clapper Rail,	553.

* A beautiful specimen of this rare bird was shot at Grondines, on the 28th of April, 1864, and contributed to my collection by P. J. Charlton, Esq., of Quebec, to whom I am also indebted for a wood duck and a large blue heron.

† Three avosets were shot in the bay opposite Toronto, in October, 1863.

‡ Temminck calls this Crane *Canadensis*. Charlevoix also mentions cranes in Canada, and still many assert the crane does not stop here in its migrations westward.

Virginia Rail,	554.	Ring-necked Duck,	590.
Yellow Rail,	557.	Red-head,	591.
Coot,	559.	Canvas-back,	592.
American Swan,	561 <i>a</i> .	Golden Eye,	593.
Snow Goose,	563.	Barrow's Golden Eye,	594.
White-fronted Goose (?),	565.	Butter Ball,	595.
Canada Goose,	567.	Harlequin Duck,	596.
Hutchin's Goose,	569.	South Southerly,	597.
Brant,	570.	Labrador Duck,	600.
Mallard,	576.	Velvet Duck,	601.
Black Duck,	577.	Surf Duck,	602.
Sprig-tail; Pin-tail,	578.	Scoter,	604.
Green-winged Teal,	579.	Eider Duck,	606.
Blue-winged Teal,	581.	King Eider,	608.
Shoveller,	583.	Ruddy Duck,	609.
Gadwall,	584.	Sheldrake,	611.
Baldpate,	585.	Red-breasted Merganser,	612.
Summer Duck,	587.	Hooded Merganser,	613.
Greater Black-head,	588.	Smew.	614.
Little Black-head,	589.	*American Pelican,	615.

* Mr. McLlwraith, the well known naturalist of Hamilton, in a letter to me under date 6th May, 1864, thus describes the recent appearance of a flock of pelicans:—

HAMILTON, *May 6th*, 1864.

J. M. LeMoine, Esq., Quebec, C. E.

DEAR SIR,—On the evening of Friday, the 15th April last, a flock of eight pelicans was observed to alight on Burlington Bay, where they soon attracted attention by their unusual shape and motion. They sit much lighter on the water than swan or geese, and, on rising to fly, can do so with less exertion, while the bill and pouch form distinguishing marks not to be mistaken. By daylight on Saturday morning the gunners were early astir, and finding the pelicans still there, started in pursuit, the birds seemed unwilling to rise from the water, but not at all disposed to admit of a close inspection, and so vigorously did they ply their large and powerful paddles that though the wind was *high* and *fair*, it was only after a chase of about two miles that the skiffs got sufficiently near to risk a long shot, which crippled two of the number; one was wing-broken and could not rise, another, though evidently hit, kept sailing round still rising, till on making a sudden turn against the wind to join his companions, the fractured pinion gave way, and he fell from a great height into the water, where he was soon secured. The remainder of the flock returned in the evening, and were seen for two or three days afterwards evidently seeking their companions, but were extremely wary and could not again be approached within gunshot. About fifteen years ago a small flock spent a day or two about the bay, and one was shot, which is all I have heard of being observed here, though there is no doubt that like other migratory birds which breed in the fur countries, they must pass this way every spring and fall, the probable reason why we do not see them oftener is that when migrating they fly at an immense height, and may perform the whole journey without stoppage. The individuals procured were both males in adult plumage; one is now stuffed and in my possession, the skin of the other has been sent to England.

On the 25th of April while paddling along the bay shore, I observed some strange looking birds sitting on a submerged stump about 100 yards from shore opposite a point of woods which runs out into the bay; creeping on under shadow of the trees. I found the group consisted of five cormorants, three large and brownish in color, and two

Gannet,	617.	Fork-tailed Gull,	680.
Common Cormorant,	620.	Marsh Tern,	681.
†Leach's Petrel(?),	642.	Wilson's Tern,	689.
Mother Cary's Chicken,	645.	Loon,	698.
Sooty Shearwater,	648.	Red-throated Diver,	701.
Pomarine Skua,	653.	Red-necked Grebe,	702.
Arctic Skua,	654.	Horned Grebe,	706.
White-winged Gull,	658.	Razor-billed Auk,	711.
Great Black-backed Gull,	660.	Arctic Puffin,	715.
Herring Gull,	661.	Least Auk,	723.
Ring-billed Gull,	664.	Black Guillemot,	726.
Bonaparte's Gull,	670.	Murre,	730.
Kittiwake Gull,	672.	Sea Dove,	738.
Ivory Gull,	676.		

THE *Canadian Journal* for January, 1861, contains an excellent paper on "The Birds of Canada West," by Thomas McLlwraith, Esquire, of Hamilton, an accurate observer and keen admirer of the feathered tribe. The fauna of Lower Canada is greatly similar to that of Western Canada; birds, indigenous to warm climates, are not, however, so numerous down here. We have neither the wild turkey, quail, meadow lark, nor pelican; but our severe winters bring us, occasionally, several feathered denizens of the extreme north.

"Following," says he, "the arrangement referred to (Audubon's), we find highest on the list the family *fulconidae*, which includes all our diurnal birds of prey, such as eagles, hawks, buzzards, &c. These are distinguished by their short and powerful beaks, strong hooked talons, and

smaller and darker. I watched them for some time, their motions were graceful in the extreme, as they sat pruning their plumage, their long slender necks curving in every conceivable direction, while every now and then one of the number would dart off into the water and presently return with a fish, which was swallowed with no ceremony save turning the head downwards. At length they seemed aware of my proximity, and that the distance between us was diminishing. I was anxious to secure one of each kind, and just as they got up made use of the means in my power to accomplish that object, but was only partially successful, as the larger of the two, though evidently struck by the shot, managed to get away, the other was a fine specimen, and agrees in every particular with Professor Baird's description of the Florida cormorant, though I would scarcely have expected to find that bird so far north. It may be that being in company with the larger species which breeds in the north, they have been led away from their usual haunts.

Regarding the glossy Ibis, I may mention that a pair of these birds were shot here in 1857, and are now in my possession. I have a specimen of Kirtland's owl, and have also obtained recently a fine specimen of the great cinereous owl.

† These birds have been mostly all described in my *Ornithologie du Canada*.

the great length and breadth of their wings ; this class is well represented in our woods, and along the (Burlington) bay shore ; the most conspicuous member of it being the *bald eagle*, whose grand circling flight makes him an object of interest wherever he appears. With us this species is seldom seen during summer ; but at the approach of winter, when the fish-hawk has gone south, and game gets scarce in the woods, a few pairs are usually observed about Land's Bush, and along the beach, where they prey on musk-rats, and feed on such animal matter as may be thrown up by the waters of the lake. During the two past winters, the fishermen residing on the beach have been offered a liberal price for a mature specimen of this bird ; but so difficult are they of approach, that although individuals have been seen nearly every day during two months in each season, yet all the exertions of the hunters have been quite unsuccessful. Occasionally, after the report of some heavily-laden pieces a single broken feather has been seen winnowing its way downward, but as yet no mature specimen of the eagle has been procured. Latterly, the hunters being foiled in the chase, have resorted to stratagem, and have tried to poison the birds by putting strychnine into the body of a small animal, and leaving it near their usual haunts. By this means two or three individuals were obtained, but all of them have been young birds, which are of a brownish color, more or less blotched with white. The only instance I have heard of the capture of the mature bald eagle, in this vicinity occurred some years ago, but may be worth repeating, as tending to illustrate the habits of the bird. A laboring man, residing in the outskirts of the city, found that some depredator was levying black mail upon his chickens, and resolved to put a stop to it. At midnight he visited the roosts with his musket, but all was quiet, and no trace of mink or fox visible ; about day-break, however, there was a disturbance among the fowls, when, jumping up, he was just in time to take a hurried aim at a large eagle, which was gliding off with a plump chicken clutched firmly in his talons. The shot took effect in the outer joint of the wing, which brought the spoil-encumbered marauder to the ground ; pursuit and struggle then ensued, the eagle, according to custom, throwing himself on his back, and fighting fiercely with his feet. In this curious engagement the gunner, for a time, had the worst of it, as, owing to the hurried way in which he had been called into the field,

he was ill-prepared to contend with the sharp claws of his powerful adversary. On further assistance arriving from the house, the eagle was secured alive and brought into the city (Hamilton) by his captor, who happened to be at work at the gaol and court-house, then in course of erection. Here he was put for convenience into one of the cells, where he was visited by many of our citizens, some of whom gave expression to their wit over the circumstance of the first prisoner confined in the gaol being the rapacious symbol of American freedom.*

“ The young of this species differs from the adult so much in appearance that, till within the last few years, they were considered as distinct species, the former being described as the *grey sea-eagle*; Wilson, who closely observed their habits, had suspicions that they were identical, but the fact was not proved till after his time.

“ The same mistake was made with the *golden eagle* of Britain, the young of which was described as the *ring-tailed eagle*, till they have now been proved beyond doubt to be the same. This species is also American, several specimens having during the past winter been found near Toronto. Besides the foregoing, there are various other species of eagle said to be found on this part of the continent, one of which was discovered by Audubon, and named by him after Washington; but from the real scarcity of the species, and the difference which exists among birds of different ages, we cannot at present speak of them with any degree of certainty.

“ The most interesting genus of the falconidæ is that which includes the true falcons: these are distinguished from the other members of the family by their comparatively short and hooked beak, long and pointed wings, by a tooth-like process near the tip of the upper mandible, and by the dash and courage they exhibit when striking their prey on the wing; there is probably no other bird so admired by the sportsman, or feared by the water-fowl, as the *peregrine falcon*. We have often heard those who periodically visit Long Point or Baptiste Creek, to practise duck shooting, speak with enthusiasm of the exploits of the bullet hawk, as he is termed by the gunners; he is described as flying at considerable height above the marshes, which are dotted with flocks of geese, ducks, teal and

* While the above was in type the writer procured a fine specimen of the adult animal, measuring three feet by six feet six inches.—January, 1861.

widgeon, his quick eye marking every movement that is made below. While these keep the water, they are comparatively safe, as they can elude their pursuer by diving; but if, in the excitement caused by the presence of so dreaded an enemy, they should attempt to escape by flight, then is the time to witness the swoop of the falcon, who, singling from the affrighted flying flock the victim he has destined for his prey, descends with a rush, which the eye can scarcely follow, and strikes it to the earth in an instant. So suddenly does the bird fall on being struck, that it was long supposed the blow was given by the breast-bone of the hawk. This opinion has, by close observation, been proved incorrect,—and specimens so prostrated, when picked up, are found to be so lacerated on the back as to leave no doubt that the stroke is given by the feet. This noble bird is well known to the residents on Burlington beach, where he has frequently been observed coursing along in quest of his favorite prey; but from the uncertain nature of his visits, and the rapidity of his flight, no specimen has yet been procured. A recent writer professes to have found specific distinctions between this and the British bird of the same name, but these do not seem to be clearly made out, and the general opinion is that it is identical with the peregrine falcon, so much in favor when hawking was a princely amusement in Europe; with us he follows the full bent of his own wild nature, and unencumbered by hood or bell, roams the whole Atlantic coast, from Greenland to Cuba, and inland to the Rocky Mountains, and is known in the different districts he visits by the various names of peregrine falcon, bullet hawk, duck hawk, and wandering falcon.

“Following falcons in order come the *owls*. Birds of this family are easily distinguished by the largeness of the head and eyes, and the forward direction of the vision; of this class I have noticed eight different species near the city, none of which are plentiful, yet, from their strictly nocturnal habits, they may be more so than we are aware of. They are all migratory, and, from sometimes meeting with two or three individuals in a single excursion, and again not seeing any during that season, we infer that they pass along in bands, keeping up the communication by their loud hooting, which is frequently heard at night during spring and fall. The *snowy owl*, styled by Wilson the ‘great northern hunter,’ is during some winters quite common around the shores of the bay, though in

others only a very few are seen; during the winter of 1858-59, I am aware of seventeen specimens having been brought to the market by fishermen and others, while during the last winter, only two individuals have been killed. All the birds of this class have the plumage remarkably full and soft, which enables them to skim noiselessly on their prey, and clutch it ere it is aware of the danger.*

“Passing the *goutsuckers*, of which we have two species, the whip-poor-will and the night hawk, we come to the *swallows*, of which we have five; in this group we have an instance of the way in which birds sometimes adapt their habits to suit particular circumstances. The republican or cliff swallow, which is but a recent addition to the *fauna* of the continent, in its original character, builds its nest in caves, and under the overhanging ledges of perpendicular rocks; when lured to this district probably by the abundance of their favorite insect food, which is found along our marshy lands, and not finding rocks suitable for their purpose in the breeding season, they frequently choose, as a substitute, the end of a barn or other outhouse. I have seen such a republic in the country, where the upper part of the end of a barn was literally covered with clay, and perforated with numerous circular holes, out of which the full dark eyes and gaping bills of the callow inmates were frequently seen protruding; there must have been from two to three tons of clay used in the work, and the constant visits of the parent birds at this interesting season give the building, at a short distance, much the appearance of a great bee-hive.

“In the habits of the *swift* or *chimney swallow* is another deviation from the established custom. When we see these birds circling round in the air and dropping perpendicularly into our chimneys to roost and rear their young, the question very naturally arises, where did they build before the invention of chimneys? Naturalists tell us that their nesting place then was in hollow trees, broken off midway and open at the top, but that now, even where these can be had, the chimney is preferred. We can easily understand that in settled parts of the country, when their favorite trees are all cleared away, they must either leave the district or

* It is worth noting, as an instance of adaptation to circumstances, that the eyes of the snowy owl and the hawk owl, which migrate to the arctic regions, are so constructed, as to enable them to procure their prey by day as well as by night—an evident necessity where there is no night for six weeks.

change their abode, but why they should, in places where they have their choice, leave the open tree for the open chimney, is still, I believe, an unanswered question.

“Next in order come the *flycatchers*, birds of small size, but in their habits much resembling the birds of prey. These have the upper mandible overhanging and notched at the tip, and the voice, in most cases, harsh and discordant. The mode of taking their prey varies in different species, some, taking up a station on a post or limb of a tree, dart after the passing insect, making the snapping of the bill distinctly heard; others, more expert of wing, keep skipping about among the bushes, and take by surprise anything suitable which comes in the way. A prominent member of this group is the *king bird*, or tyrant flycatcher, well known on account of his depredations among hive bees; he is also remarkable for the courage he displays when guarding his nest and young, being known to drive even the bald eagle from his vicinity.

“Nearly allied to the flycatchers, but differing from them in form and habits, are the *wood-warblers*. There is no class of small birds so much sought after by collectors as these; they are a numerous family, generally graceful in form, sprightly in manner, and brilliant in color; they arrive here about the beginning of May, a month which, above all others, is enjoyed by those who are fond of rambling in the woods. Their food seems to consist chiefly of insects, which they find lurking among the opening buds and blossoms of the trees. A few species remain with us during summer and rear their young, but the great body pass on farther north to breed, returning again in September, though from the trees being more full in leaf at that season, and the birds silent, they are not much observed. I have noticed twenty-two species belonging to this family, in our woods, some of them of rather rare occurrence, among which I may mention *sylvia maritima* or *Cape May wood-warbler*. Wilson met with this species only once, and Audubon mentions it as being exceedingly rare. I found it in the spring of 1857 along with others of the same family, while on their annual journey northward.

“The family of *creepers* includes, besides the tree creeper (the type of the class), the genus *wren*, of which we have three species, viz.: the *marsh wren*, which builds in all the marshes round the bay; the *winter wren*, which is identical with the common wren of Britain; and the

house wren, which seems to have discovered Hamilton only within the last two or three years. This little bird is strongly attached to the dwellings of man, and in the United States is frequently accommodated with a house fixed to a post or tree in the orchard, which is taken possession of as soon as the birds arrive from their winter quarters. During the past two summers several pairs of house wrens have raised their brood in our city gardens, though previous to that date I have not heard of their being observed.

“Of *thrushes* we have five species, among which is an instance of the difference of habit which is frequently noticed even among birds which in many respects are closely allied to each other. The red-breasted thrush or *robin* is well known for his familiarity, frequently rearing his young close to our dwellings, yet his near relation, the *wood-thrush*, is one of our most retiring songsters, and is seen only in the most secluded parts of the woods; perched on the highest twig of a tall tree, his full sweet notes are frequently heard, but the moment he is aware of being observed he drops under the tree tops and glides off in silence.

“This group includes our best songsters, some of which make the very woods ring with their thrilling notes. I have frequently heard the remark that our Canadian birds, though gaudy in plumage, are quite deficient in song. My opinion of this matter is, that comparing the birds of North Britain with those of Canada, we have only to strike from the former list the British skylark, to be able to compete successfully, either as regards the number of performers or the variety and sweetness of their notes. I have often imagined (but it may be only a fancy) that there is a strange harmony existing between the voices of birds and their particular places of resort; I have noticed this in winter in the short, sharp note of the nuthatch, which as he hurries about seems ever to say that he must bestir himself as the days are short. The lively twittering of the warbler seems to blend with the first fluttering of the young leaves; the shrill piping of the plover is quite in unison with the whistling of the sea-breeze, which comes up over the treeless barren which they usually frequent, and surely if we had sought through the whole feathered race for a tenant to our gloomy cedar swamps, we could not have found one more suitable than the great horned owl, the solemn aspect and singular voice of which makes the solitude of such places still more intense.

The family of *finches* is one of our most comprehensive groups; it has been divided by Audubon into 18 different genera, and contains, according to that author, 55 species. Of these a fair proportion are found in our fields and gardens, where they render considerable service by ridding the ground of the seeds of such troublesome plants as the dandelion and the thistle. The greater number are summer residents only; a few remain all the year round, and one or two species visit us from the north only in severe winters; of the latter class a rare species has during the past winter been observed in considerable numbers round the city. I refer to the pine grosbeak, which was first observed about the 5th or 6th of January, in a garden in Merrick street, feeding on the berries of the mountain ash. They attracted attention by the unsuspecting way in which they followed their occupation, almost within reach of the people who were passing on the side-walk, shewing clearly that they were little accustomed to the society of man. In small flocks, they continued to frequent the gardens where their favorite berries were to be obtained, till about the 23rd February, when a strong west wind, accompanied by warm rain prevailed for a day and night, after which they were no more seen. In the winters of 1856-1857 they paid a similar visit, but have not been observed in any other year. Nearly all those which visited this part of the country were either young males or females. The adult male was much sought after on account of his showy crimson plumage, but only a few of them were procured. It is worthy of remark, that the grosbeaks are frequently, if not always, accompanied by true Bohemian chatterers; which latter feed on the stem and pulp of the berries of the mountain ash, rejected and thrown down by their hard-billed fellow travellers.

“The small family of *marsh blackbirds* is next in order, two species of which are well-known on account of their gaudy colours. One is the red-winged blackbird so common in our marshes during summer, and the other is the *Baltimore oriole*, whose pensile nest we sometimes see suspended from the drooping twigs of our willow shade trees. The former of these enjoys the unenviable reputation of being a notorious corn thief, and though several writers have endeavored to clear his character from this imputation, yet if brought to the bar on such a charge, we might expect to hear very strong condemnatory evidence

given against him by the farmer, and unless he could succeed in getting upon the jury a majority of his friends, the *crow blackbirds*, which had themselves tasted the corn, the chances are that the case would go against him. Admitting, however, that he does occasionally take what was intended for others, he amply compensates for it by the destruction of innumerable grubs and caterpillars, whose ravages among the corn would have far exceeded his own. A more remarkable species than either of these is the *cow-bunting*, which, like the British cuckoo, builds no nest, but dropping its egg into that of another bird, leaves the care of its offspring to those not related to it even by family ties. With us, the cow-birds are summer residents only, usually making their appearance about the beginning of April, and retiring to the south about the end of October. It is possible that a few individuals may spend the winter with us, in sheltered situations; as when visiting a farm house near Dundas, early in March (1857), I was surprised to see half a dozen of these birds nestling close together on a beam just above the cattle in the cow-house. On enquiry, I found they had been there all winter, coming out for a few hours about mid-day, and gleaning seeds from among the fodder of the cattle. They were all males, and seemed in excellent condition.

“It was long a subject of remark among those who were fond of observing the habits of birds, that the nest of the cow-bunting was seldom, if ever, found, and suspicions were entertained that some irregularity existed in their mode of perpetuating their race, but Wilson was the first to establish the fact that they not only shirk the duties of incubation, but that the whole tribe live in a state of the most unrestrained polygamy. Their conduct, in this respect, forms a striking contrast to that of all our other summer birds: these, as soon as they arrive from their winter quarters, lay aside the instinct which has kept them in flocks during their migratory course, and scattering about in pairs, each pair makes choice of a particular tree or bush, which is to be their home for the season. To this spot they are devotedly attached, and near it the male may be constantly seen, either cheering his mate with a song, or fighting bitter battles of disputed boundary with his troublesome neighbours. Even the woodpeckers, which, some writers say, have the smallest share of enjoyment of all the feathered tribes,

may at this season be seen chattering and chasing each other round the favorite decayed tree, whose hollow recess is to be the cradle for their young. During all this excitement, the cowbirds remain in a state of callous indifference, and in small flocks, keep roaming about the clearings like bands of vagrants, with no song save a few spluttering notes, holding no intercourse with other birds, and with no attachment to any locality, save that where food is most abundant.

“As the season of incubation advances, the female cow-bird leaves the flock, and having made choice of a nest to suit her purpose, deposits therein one egg, and leaves it, not only without hesitation, but, judging from her manner, with evident satisfaction. The nest so selected is usually that of a fly-catcher or warbler, in which the owner has made a similar deposit. Wilson, who spent much time in investigating this matter, tells us, that the egg of the cow-bird is hatched in less time than the others, and that the female being obliged to leave the nest to provide for the wants of the youngster, the unhatched eggs are exposed to the weather, and do not come to maturity, but, in a few days, disappear altogether, leaving the intruder in undisputed possession of the nest. It has ever been a puzzle to naturalists to account for this singular habit, and as it may be interesting to hear what has been said on the subject, I will here make one or two short extracts.

“Wilson, after devoting more space to the description of this than any other bird he met with, says, ‘what reason nature may have for this extraordinary deviation from the general practice, is, I confess, altogether beyond my comprehension. Many conjectures, indeed, may be formed as to the probable cause, but all of them, which have occurred to me, are unsatisfactory and inconsistent. Future and more numerous observations may throw some light on the matter, till then, we can only rest satisfied with the fact.’ Mr. Selby, the eminent English naturalist, suggests, regarding this habit in the cuckoo, that the old birds retire to the south before the young are able to accompany them, and *therefore* they have to be confided to the care of others. The writer of an article on this subject, in the *British Cyclopædia of Natural History*, says regarding Mr. Selby’s theory, ‘this is perhaps about as good an explanation of the cuckoo’s peculiarities as has yet been offered, but it fails, like all the others, in being quite inapplicable to the North

American cow-bunting. The true cause, whatever that may be, of this extraordinary deviation, must, we are persuaded, be the same in both, nor can we at present accept of any explanation as satisfactory, which will not alike apply to either.'

"I have been particular in making these extracts, because it occurs to me that an important consideration connected with the subject has been overlooked, it is one which applies alike to the cuckoo and the cowbird, and will, I think, if carefully followed up, go far to explain the seemingly unnatural conduct of both species. We recognize in it, as in accordance with the all-wise laws which regulate animated nature, that over each class there is imposed a salutary check, to prevent excess in production; this is specially observable among the feathered tribes, some of which have their eggs carried away by the ship-load from the breeding places; others, such as the grouse and waterfowl, are greatly reduced in number by sportsmen, or those who make a business of sending them to market, while the finches and blackbirds contribute largely to the support of the birds of prey, and in the southern part of the continent, are, during the winter, taken in numbers with the net and sold for the table. None of these causes, however, in any way affect the class which embraces the fly-catchers and warblers, as from their small size and the nature of their food, they are not sought after for these purposes. The check which applies to this class must therefore be of a different description from those referred to, and finding no way in which their numbers are reduced to any extent, *except* by the sacrifice made of their own young while rearing that of the cowbird, leads me to conclude, that the habit has been given for the special purpose of keeping within proper bounds a class of birds which might otherwise have exceeded their due proportion in the economy of nature. If we suppose the habit to be the result of any physical defect in the cowbird, we might naturally expect that it would confide the care of its young to a bird nearly allied to its own species, but in nine cases out of ten, the foster parents belong to a group which are different both in size, habit and the nature of their food; it is evident, therefore, that the *result* of the peculiarity is intended by nature to bear specially on the class to which the foster parents belong, and any one who has noticed the flocks of cowbirds which pass along on their migratory course in spring and

fall, and estimated that for each bird in these flocks, from three to five of a different class have been prevented from coming to maturity, must admit that it is no small influence which the cowbird exercises in maintaining the balance of power which so admirably prevails among the feathered tribes.

“If we could imagine such a thing in nature, whose movements are all so well ordered as that the cow-buntings should at any time get in excess of the other class referred to, it would be curious to estimate the results; the flycatchers would then be fully occupied in rearing foster children, and not being permitted to perpetuate their own species, must soon die out, when the cowbirds, finding themselves without a substitute in the rearing of their young, would either be driven by necessity to make the attempt themselves, or they too would soon be added to the list of extinct species.

“Passing the *jays* and the *crows* (both of which are well deserving of notice did our limits permit), we come to a species which, in our vicinity, is the sole representative of his family.* This is the *American shrike*, or *butcher bird*, so called from his habit of impaling his prey on thorns. With us this species appears about the end of September, and a few adults remain over the winter. The male frequently makes choice of a particular district as his hunting ground during his stay, and, I am inclined to think, returns to it, year after year. His aspect bespeaks both strength and courage; the short neck, broad head, and notched beak, giving him much the appearance of a bird of prey. His favorite food consists of grasshoppers and other insects, but in winter when these cannot be procured, he does not hesitate to hunt down the smaller finches, killing them with a blow of his powerful beak. In October last, when passing through an open field west of the race course, I noticed one of these birds, whose motions led me to suspect he was engaged in the occupation which has gained his name; he was too shy to allow a close inspection of his operations, but on examining the thorn bush I found too of his victims still in life on the spikes. I did not observe anything which could lead to an explanation of this singular habit, except that it seemed to take great delight in the pastime, skip-

* Since writing the above, I have found a second species near the city, which appears to be the *Lanius Exubitoroides* of Baird.

ping about between the ground and the bush, and warbling a few rather musical notes in evident token of satisfaction.

“To those who have occasion to be in the woods in winter, there is no bird so familiar as the *white breasted nuthatch*; it is one of the few which remain with us all the year round, and is remarkable for its restless, inquisitive habits; as a climber it has no equal, and may often be seen running downward on the smooth bark of a perpendicular tree, a feat which no other Canadian bird ever attempts. An examination of its feet shows a remarkable adaptation for this peculiar habit. It is furnished with a long and strongly-hooked hind claw which enables it to hang firmly in that position. It is said to roost head downward, and I have often seen it when shot, hanging in this position after death. The red-breasted nuthatch is another species of the same genus; it resembles the other, but is more migratory in its habits, less in size, and slightly different in colour.

“The family of *woodpeckers* is well represented in our woods, seven different species being observed. Of these the most common are the two spotted varieties, which resemble each other in colour, but differ considerably in size; they are partially migratory, only a few remaining during the winter. In the fall, when passing along to the south, they are frequently seen on the shade trees of the city, jerking themselves round to the off side of the branch when observed, or again startling the inmates of our frame dwellings, by rattling loudly on the decaying boards.

“A very beautiful species of this family is the *red-headed woodpecker*, which has been remarked by those who are observant of our native birds, to be less common in this district than formerly. This can only be accounted for by the removal of the heavy decaying timber which forms the nursery of its favorite insect food, and as the country gets more under cultivation, we may look forward to the time when it will only pay us a passing visit on its way to and from the woody regions to the north of us.

The least common species of this class which I have observed is the Arctic three-toed woodpecker. Wilson does not appear to have met with it at all, and Audubon mentions the northern part of the state of New York, as the southern limit of its migration; it resembles the spotted wood-

peckers in size and manners, but differs from them in color, and in wanting the hind toe. Why one class of these birds should have four toes, and another, similar to it in habits, should have only three, we are at a loss to determine. I may remark, however, that the three-toed species belongs exclusively to the north, being seldom found among deciduous trees, and I have no doubt that a careful examination of the feet of this bird, and their mode of application to the bark of the pine, would give a satisfactory explanation of the seeming defect.

Passing the pigeons and the grouse, which are equally interesting to the sportsman and the naturalist, we come to the waders and swimmers. Here my remarks will be general, as the haunts of these birds being beyond the reach of morning excursions I cannot say much from personal observation.

Of the first division of this group, which includes the plovers, sand-pipers, curlew, &c., little can be said, except that they visit the sandy shores of Burlington beach in considerable numbers every spring and fall, when on their migratory course to and from their summer residence in the north. In spring these visits are usually made during the month of May, occasionally the flocks remain for a day or two, but more frequently they move off after a rest of only a few hours, and are succeeded by others bound on the same journey. By the first of June they have all disappeared except the little spotted sand-piper, which stays with us during the summer, rearing its young on the shores of the bay.

Of the heron family, we have four species: viz., the great blue heron, the black crowned night heron, and the greater and lesser bitterns. Much information has yet to be gained regarding the birds of this class. Being all more or less night feeders, the study of their habits is attended with peculiar difficulty. On the breast of the great blue heron, covered by the long plumage of the neck, is a tuft of soft tumid feathers, which, when exposed in the dark, emit a pale phosphorescent light. The use of this does not appear to be fully understood, though the fishermen aver that when the heron retires at night to his feeding ground, he wades knee deep in the water, and shewing this light attracts the fish within his reach, much in the same way as the Indian does when fixing the torch of pitch-pine on the bow of his canoe.

“Of the flocks of the larger water-fowl which periodically pass along

on their migratory course, only a very few now visit us; occasionally, in thick or stormy weather a few stragglers alight on the bay to rest and recruit themselves, though they generally forfeit their lives by so doing. Last fall three specimens of the American swan were thus procured, and a single individual of what has hitherto been considered the young of the snow goose was also obtained; doubts still exist as to the identity of the latter bird, some writers maintaining that it is a separate and distinct species, while others declare it to be the young of the snow goose in immature plumage. There are good arguments on both sides, but conclusive information on the subject can only be obtained from their breeding grounds in the far north.

“Of ducks I have noticed, in the market and elsewhere, twenty different species, the gayest of which is the *wood-duck*, so called from its habit of building its nest in the hollow of a decayed tree. A few pairs of this species annually raise their broods near the shores of the Dundas marsh; the *teal* and *mallard* have also been observed leading out their young from the ready inlets of the bay, but there are exceptional cases, as the great body pass farther to the north, paying us a short visit going and returning.*

“Nearly allied to the ducks is the small family of *mergamers*, which contains only three species† peculiar to the American continent, all of which are, at certain seasons of the year, found round the shores of the bay. The birds of this class subsist chiefly by fishing, and have the bill compressed and deeply serrated, to enable them to hold their slippery prey. They are also furnished with a crest, the use of which has been a matter of conjecture among naturalists, one of whom suggests that the elongated feathers of the head being acted on by the water, serve to give precision to the blow when striking the fish, much in the same way as a feather acts on the shaft of an arrow. The most beautiful of this

* It has been remarked by fishermen and others, who have had occasion to be on the waters of the bay during the summer months, that there are usually about a dozen ducks which keep together in a small flock, and do not seem to take any share in the duties of the breeding season. The flock is composed of both sexes, and frequently of different species. Various conjectures have been formed as to the cause of this singular conduct, but the probability is, that they are birds which, from being wounded or otherwise in ill health, have been unable to perform the journey northwards, and preferring the summer in retirement, joining their comrades on their return in the fall.

† The smew, or white nun, is mentioned in some works as an American bird, but its occurrence is very rare and considered accidental.

class is the hooded merganser, whose fine erectile crest extends from the bill right over to the hind head. With us this species is never abundant, but a few pairs are seen every spring as soon as the ice begins to shove from the sides of the bay. Their stay at this season is short, as they soon pass on to the north to breed; in the fall they again pay us a visit accompanied by their young, and follow their avocation round the bay till they are frozen out, when they move off to the south to spend the winter.

“Two species of tern visit the bay in spring, and during winter three species of gull have been observed at the beach. Of the latter class the most conspicuous is the great black-backed gull, which arrives from the north at the approach of winter, and leaves again on the first appearance of spring. The word *gull*, as applied to the human species, is often used to denote dullness or stupidity, but such a meaning could not be suggested by the character of the birds to which it belongs, as there is not, among all other water-fowl, a more vigilant species than that which we have just referred to; it never comes within gun-shot, and the only specimen ever procured at the beach, met his death by following the example of an eagle in tasting a poisoned carcase, a few minutes after which, both were stretched dead upon the ice.

“Lowest on the list as being least perfect in their organization, are the grebes, a class of birds which frequent the borders of our smaller lakes and ponds, finding their sustenance chiefly in the shallow waters, which abound with water-plants. Three different species of this genus are found in the bay, all of which are known to the gunners by the somewhat suggestive name of ‘helldiver.’ An examination of these birds shows the most wonderful adaptation to their peculiar mode of life. Their food being obtained entirely under water, and their nest being only a few inches above its level, they have little occasion to be on land. When surprised in that situation, they seem most helpless, their legs being placed so far aft, they are unable to keep the body in anything like a horizontal position, and so make poor progress in walking, but the moment they reach the water they disappear under the surface, and are not again seen while the cause of alarm remains. The plumage of this species is of the most compact and silky texture, and is never penetrated by water while the bird is in life. The legs are placed

far behind the centre of gravity, to give it greater power in swimming, and are much compressed so as to offer the least possible resistance to water, while the toes, in place of being connected with a web as in the duck, are each furnished with a separate membrane, which enables the bird to pass with ease and celerity through the tangled masses of water-plants, among which its favorite food is found. In some part of the European continent the skin of the grebe is much prized as trimming for ladies' dresses; and in olden time, when the fowling-piece was a less perfect instrument than at present, considerable difficulty was found in supplying the demand, as the grebe being a most expert diver, disappeared at the first flash of the gun, and was under water ere the shot could reach it. Since the invention of the percussion cap, however, they are more readily killed, and were any of our Hamilton ladies desirous of having a dozen or two of grebe's skins for trimmings, I have no doubt the birds would be forthcoming. At present, there being no demand for the skins and the flesh being unsuitable for the table, they are not much disturbed.

“Of the three species alluded to, one is a winter visitor, the other two remain during the summer, and rear their young in Dundas marsh and the reedy inlets of the bay. They are well protected with feathers, yet seem very sensitive to the cold, moving off to the south at the first touch of frost; returning again about the latter end of April.

“I have thus alluded to only a few of our more remarkable birds. The total number of species observed in the near vicinity of the city, from May, 1856, to the present time, amounts to 206, each of which has a separate and distinct history of its own, though in many cases it is very imperfectly known to us. If sportsmen and others, who have opportunity of observing the birds in their native haunts, could be induced to make notes of their observations, and communicate them to public bodies having the means of making them known, much new information would no doubt be gained, and we could with tolerable certainty ascertain the geographical distribution of many species, a point at present undetermined.”

Fauna and Flora of the extreme North-East.

AT a recent meeting of the Chicago Academy of Sciences, Dr. Kennicott gave some interesting particulars of a large tract of land called the Barren Ground, in the occupation of the Hudson's Bay Company, being the extreme north-east portion of North America, east of Hudson's Bay, whither he had been under the auspices of the Audubon and other learned societies, to make collections and observations in natural history. The speaker described the Barren Land as of vast extent, covering thousands of square miles which had never yet been trodden by the foot of white man, and probably was unknown to the Indian. Nothing but lichens and mosses grow on this vast territory, and the animal and *flora* which are found on it are very marked and peculiar. He said that the immense tract of land bore about the same relation to the prairie as the prairie bears to the wooded country. With very few exceptions, there was nothing to be seen but the lowest kind of *flora*. His visit there was in the winter, and he had felt the weather quite warm. The speaker spoke of the migration of birds northward, across the tract during spring. In high winds, when they flew low, he had shot several of them; and found, upon examination of the seeds they had eaten, that they were such as could have come only from the State of California or the neighbourhood of Oregon. He stated that he had observed several specimens of granite and very fine copper, the latter so pure that the Indians had had no difficulty in making it into spear-heads; and he had lit his pipe at a fire caused by the spontaneous combustion of a peculiar kind of coal which had been burning for thousands of years. The artificial heat produced by these fires was very considerable, and where the heat existed, quite a peculiar odour of plants was produced. The country abounded with lakes, but the geographical description of them, which had been generally furnished by Indians, could not be relied upon. The lecturer spoke of the aquatic habits of the Esquimaux to be found on Copper river, and made some interesting allusions to the magnetic pole and the discoveries of Sir John

Ross and his nephew in connection therewith. In reply to Professor Andrews, the lecturer said that he had not observed any description of *fungi* growing on the Barren Ground. The color of the lichens and mosses was from a grayish white to a dull brown. He had seen trees thirty feet high growing on the rock with not more than a peck of earth for their roots. They offered very little resistance to the wind, and were frequently blown down. The Indians made their bows from the roots. He spoke at length upon the indigenous animals to be found on the Barren Ground, and their peculiarities, mentioning the musk ox, the barren ground reindeer, the barren ground bear, and the polar bear.

APPENDIX.

The Quebec Fish and Game Protection Club Report.

At the annual general meeting of the Fish and Game Protection Club, the undermentioned gentlemen were elected to form a Committee for the ensuing year:—

Col. RHODES, <i>President.</i>	J. B. FORSYTH, Esq.
J. GILMOUR, Esq., <i>Vice-President.</i>	W. MARSDEN, Esq., M.D.
P. W. G. AUSTIN, Esq., <i>Sec'y.-Treas.</i>	P. V. ROBIN, Esq.

The following report of the retiring Committee, for the past year, was then read, and unanimously adopted:

GAME.

The wasteful practice of the Indians in slaying the moose, for the purpose of obtaining skins alone, is still perseveringly carried on during the close season in many of the districts frequented by this game, which is, in consequence, rapidly diminishing from year to year; other results cannot possibly be anticipated, as no steps are taken by the government of the country, by the municipal or other local authorities in the new and distant settlements, to arrest these wanton proceedings. In the existing state of the law, it is the conscientious sportsman alone who is precluded from enjoying a brief excursion during winter, in pursuit of these monarchs of the Canadian forest.

The caribou have increased in numbers; their habits differ from the habits of the moose; they are more erratic and difficult of approach, their spreading hoofs and light action assist their flight over the deep snows when followed by the huntsman; their hides, as objects of traffic, are not of such value to the Indians as the skins of the moose.

An experienced craftsman, a member of this Club, killed recently, in a single foray, no less than ten caribou, together with a great quantity of other game, of which ptarmigan formed the largest proportion. These birds, met with in numbers, were generally found in glades and open spaces in the coverts, where their food—wild fruits and buds of particular trees and shrubs—was plentiful.

Hares and Canada grouse were also met with in unusually large quantities.

Col. Rhodes, as well as other sportsmen, observed that the herds of caribou were large, and contained a promising number of young animals.

The chase of this wary and swift-footed game is highly appreciated by the true Canadian sportsman, who, to hunt it successfully, must possess the staunch qualifications of the deer stalker and chamois hunter combined, as these animals are usually found in herds roaming over the bleak mountain-sides and frozen lakes of our northernmost districts. When the surface of the snow is soft and yielding, and a suitable wind prevails, the caribou may be approached by careful stalking; but during calm weather, or when the snow is crusted, the only chance of obtaining a shot is for the sportsman to hide himself to the leeward of his game, an attendant is then ordered to make a distant circuit and give the caribou his wind. When these keen-scented animals discover the presence of an enemy, they become alarmed, and move away in the direction opposed to that from which they imagine the danger to proceed, and thus encounter a real foe in the person of the concealed hunter. An unusual number of caribou have been disposed of in the markets of this city.

Red deer (locally so called,) were also last season abundant, and were disposed of at reasonable prices.

A sportsman, who, during a short excursion in the Ottawa District killed some of these fine animals, on his return reported that about thirty head of this game were last autumn shot by two gentlemen in that neighborhood.

Great numbers of red deer are annually killed during the fence time by the operatives engaged in the manufacture of timber, in the same locality.

The mode usually adopted by sportsmen of hunting these animals is to drive the woods with hounds, when the startled deer fly at once to the water, where the hunter, in a light skiff or birch canoe, awaits the approach of his game, which plunges in, and tries to escape by swimming; at this crisis, an exciting aquatic contest sometimes ensues. Later in the season, when the rivers and lakes are ice-bound, the deer are shot in the "runs;" they are also sometimes "still-hunted"—a good many, too, are shot at night with the aid of a torch.

A good number of bears were killed during the past summer and autumn in the neighborhood of this city—these animals made some bold attacks upon a few of the sheep-folds in this district.

Feathered game generally was abundant, tracts deserted for many years were again resorted to, and grounds usually tenanted were frequented by increased numbers of the different species. The country around Chicago, also, where efficient game laws exist, swarmed with prairie fowl and quail; one Express company alone, at that place, forwarded to New York no less than ten tons of these birds.

Wild ducks of various kinds were also plentiful in different sections,

and the markets were well supplied with them. It is, however, much to be deplored that the Act does not entirely prohibit the killing of water-fowl of different species in the coupling season, and that no provision of law is yet made to prevent the shooting of woodcock while congregated on their feeding grounds between sunset and sunrise; by suffering this wholesale method of destruction, which is extensively followed in this district, many coverts become entirely denuded of this excellent game.

Rumors prevailed last spring that the shooting of snipe was a good deal indulged in during the breeding time, and it was not only to the lower orders that illegal practices in this respect were imputed.

Information of infringements of the Game Act was sent to your Committee in three instances during the past year, and prosecutions were brought accordingly, which resulted in two convictions. Owing, however, to the paradoxical opinions expressed in relation to the protection of fish and game by the magistrate who happened to preside, the third case was withdrawn by the Club.

Your Committee regret that no legislation has yet been adopted towards arresting the practice of shooting the singing and small birds of the country. It is generally on a Sunday that the dissolute emerge with their guns and other engines to carry on a warfare against the pretty songsters, whose bodies, when dead, are useless, but whose cheerful notes, while living, awaken pleasure and delight. From the fact that the existence of the small birds confers great benefits upon agriculture, by destroying insects hurtful to vegetation, it is surprising that no philanthropic legislator has yet introduced a law to save them from destruction. The Humane Society, recently organized in this city, within whose province the repression of heedless acts of cruelty naturally lies, will no doubt consider whether it would not become that body to arrest this wanton destruction of life.

This Club is deeply indebted to J. M. LeMoine, Esq., for several excellent communications published by that gentleman, connected with the objects of this association.

Your Committee cannot close this part of their report without congratulating their fellow members upon the marked increase apparent last season in some of those objects of human food, which their Society desires to promote, and they also believe that the humble efforts of this Club, aided by similar associations now established in different parts of the province, as well as in Nova Scotia, have not been altogether uninteresting to those who really appreciate an increase in the game of Canada as a desirable object.

SALMON AND SALMON FISHERIES.

The restoration of our salmon and trout fisheries, which has been attempted by the government, is a subject which interests the public as deeply as it does every member of this association.

The coasts, rivers and lakes of Canada, which nature and nature alone had stocked with a rich provision of wholesome food, requiring neither expense to maintain nor labor to cultivate, in numerous instances from the improvidence of the Indian, the greed of the white man, and the long-continued indifference of the government, had become entirely barren—and in other cases the supply had so diminished as to render every exertion towards the preservation and increase of these fisheries an object of paramount importance. This Club, therefore, has never failed to regard with great interest the late efforts of the Executive to rescue these fisheries from the state of depression to which years of recklessness and inattention had reduced them. These struggles have been attended with much benefit in promoting the increase of salmon in some of the rivers* of the Lower St. Lawrence—other rivers would, no doubt, have equally profited had the well-intended efforts of the government been fully seconded by an efficient and laborious staff.

The system of leasing salmon fishing stations and fishing rights, although at one time regarded as a somewhat speculative measure, has successfully contributed towards promoting an increase of these valuable fish.

The Moisie, which sent so large a supply of excellent salmon to this market during the past summer, and which river has been managed for the past two or three years by an experienced tacksman, affords an apt illustration of the results to be obtained by careful and prudent fishing; the boon conferred by placing so large a quantity of wholesome food within reach of all classes of the community was fully appreciated.

The incredible rapidity with which the young salmon increase in development and gain flesh has been recently ascertained with great accuracy, twenty months sufficing from the deposition of the ova to produce marketable fish; each fortnight of their stay in the salt water, after their first descent of their native river, adds over a pound to their weight.

From the rapid increase in size and weight of these fish, in the sea, it is interesting to know what composes their natural food while there. Professor Queckett thinks they live upon the ova of the sea-urchin; Professor Huxley considers that their food consists of small crustaciæ. This question admits of no difficulty with regard to the fish frequenting the Gulf of St. Lawrence and its coasts, as the operatives engaged in splitting and curing salmon invariably find their stomachs gorged with caplin and young herrings.

The advantages resulting from the artificial propagation of salmon over the natural way, are also remarkable; it is estimated that not more than one ovum in a thousand naturally deposited in a river becomes a marketable fish, while one in each hundred placed in a hatching-box be-

* Since the Jacques Cartier has fallen into the hands of private individuals, the catch of salmon, in 1863, attained the unprecedented figure of two hundred fish. The pools of the Ste. Anne were swarming with fish last year, and fresh salmon on the Quebec market was, from its abundance, as low as two pence half-penny per pound, one season.--(J. M. L.)

comes a perfect salmon. The superiority, therefore, of artificial breeding, in re-stocking rivers which have become barren, is obvious, and it is not by any means an expensive operation; the original cost of the ponds at Stormontfield, which annually send to sea 200,000 salmon, was only £600, and the yearly expense does not exceed £50.

Recent discoveries in the natural history of the *Salmo Salar* have also served to elucidate many points which were subjects of controversy among naturalists, as well as practical fishermen. It is now ascertained that the ova of salmon are only fecundated after leaving the fish, and the fecundation may be effected not only by the milt of the full-grown male, but also by that of the grilse and the parr.*

About one-half the ova hatched become smoults, which descends to the sea during the first year of their hatching, the remainder continuing in their native river till the following season, and in a few instances some of the latter remain in their nursery until the third year, before they are ready to migrate. Salmon ova are never hatched in the sea, nor can parr live in the salt water before assuming the smolt scales. All the smoults that have migrated to the sea do not the same year return to their native river as grilse, one-half returning the next year as small salmon. It appears to be a law of these fish, to descend to and return from the sea by double or divided migrations.†

A few breeding salmon do not suffice to re-stock an exhausted river, or to augment the supply in a productive one, as the waste which occurs in the ova is enormous; much is lost from not coming in contact with the vitalizing milt of the male—from not having been properly covered with gravel by the fish. The ova also are devoured by the larvæ of aquatic insects and water fowl; the young fry, too, are destroyed in great numbers by other fish.

None of our exhausted rivers have yet been re-stocked, nor has any determined effort been made by the government staff to restore any of them; twenty months sufficing to produce marketable salmon from the ova, several of these barren rivers, had they been subjected to active management, would now teem with fish.

No marked increase of trout affecting the smaller rivers and inland lakes has yet been observed, as the law affords no protection to these fish during the spawning time nature assigned to them. The proper close season for trout ought to commence on the first of September and terminate on the first of January.

In August, 1858, it was by law enacted that a fish-way should be attached and maintained to every dam or slide where fish might ascend. The present Act enjoins the same thing, and directs the Superintendent of Fisheries to see that such fish-way is maintained.

Your Committee regret to add that, notwithstanding that more than four years have now elapsed since the passing of the first law, there are yet salmon rivers in Lower Canada barred by mill-dams and slides, which

* *Brown's Natural History of the Salmon.* † *Ibid.*

have no fish-ways attached to them. There are also mill-dams having suitable fish-stairs, which, during the run of the salmon, are suffered to remain so encumbered by drift and mill rubbish as to be perfectly useless.

Mr. Fennell, the Irish Fisheries Commissioner, in his evidence given before the committee of the House of Lords in 1860, states that salmon can ascend any height by means of these stairs. A fish-way has been recently constructed in Ireland two miles long.

Authentic information from different sources reached your Committee last season, that the spearing of breeding salmon was indulged in as usual by the Indians. This practice, so long as it is persevered in, must neutralize all the efforts of the government to increase these fish. If it be deemed a hardship to deprive the Indians of this privilege, it would be an act of wisdom to substitute, in the autumn, such a moderate supply of other food as would aid in their support, while engaged during the winter at their hunting-grounds, as spearing the salmon destroys the seed, and devastates the seed-ground of these fisheries.

No provision is yet made for communicating by steam with the fisheries of the Lower St. Lawrence; until this be effected, the revenue from them must ever remain inconsiderable.

The Act now in force does not protect the fry of the salmon during their stay in their native rivers. The young fish are destroyed in great numbers in waters flowing through populous districts. To capture or have in possession at any time young salmon, under a certain weight, should be prohibited. The young of trout ought also to be protected. The practice of setting fixed or stationery lines in the inland lakes ought also to be forbidden.

F. W. G. AUSTIN,
Secretary-Treasurer.

Quebec, 2nd February, 1863.

Annual Report of the Montreal Fish and Game Protection Club, for 1864.

THE Annual Meeting was held at "Dolly's," on the 5th March, 1864.

HENRY MCKAY, *President.*

JOHN OGILVY, *Vice-President.*

A. MURRAY, *Secretary and Treasurer.*

COMMITTEE.

A. HOWARD,

GEORGE HORNE,

L. M. DUVERNAY,

FREDERICK RAY,

ALFRED RIMMER,

L. BÉTOURNAY.

Mr. Henry McKay, the President, in the chair.

The Secretary read the following Annual Report :—

The Committee of the Montreal Fish and Game Protection Club have to report that during the past year every effort has been made to secure the enforcement of the law, in so far as it provides against the improper destruction of fish and game.

A reward of ten dollars offered to any one securing a conviction, was extensively advertised throughout the city and in country places, and the markets here have been so carefully watched that it has become a matter of more danger than profit to buy or sell at the prohibited seasons.

As large quantities of black bass and doré were openly exposed for sale as late in the season as April last, the Secretary prosecuted one of the dealers, but failed to secure a conviction, as evidence was brought to show that the fish in question had been taken before the 15th of March. The prosecution had a good effect, however, as the sale was at once put a stop to. Your Committee would recommend, that on the 15th instant, notice be given to all dealers that ten days will be allowed them to dispose of the stock on hand, but that after that time an information will be laid against any one having them in his possession.

A well-known trader from Verchères, who has been in the habit of supplying the markets and hotels with game, both in and out of season, was detected on one of the market boats in May last. His bag of game was confiscated, and himself convicted in ten dollars and costs. In this case, the Club reward was divided between the informer and the police constable who effected the capture.

On the 10th of June last, the reward was claimed for the conviction of one Ives, of the Township of Bolton, for having shot three partridges on the 25th April. A certified copy of the conviction before H. S. Foster, Esq., J. P. for Bedford, having been received, as also a letter from that gentleman, stating that the penalty awarded (sixteen dollars) had been enforced, the sum of ten dollars was remitted to the party who prosecuted.

It having come to the knowledge of the Committee, that fish and game, out of season, had been served at the St. James Club House, this was at once brought before the managers, and a letter was received from the secretary stating that the matter had been one of inadvertence, and that instructions had been issued that any fish or game which may be out of season should not again enter the Club.

The attention of the principal hotel and restaurant keepers has been, from time to time, called to these laws, and their observance of them, and co-operation with the Club generally, asked and promised.

The Committee are sanguine that by a steady perseverance in the course followed during the past year, one great object of the Club will be attained in the closing of all markets, here at all events, for the prohibited articles. It is really in the markets of large cities that the battle has to be fought, for it is almost impossible, for many reasons, to reach the first offender in country places. Stop the sale of his illicit wares, however, and you will do much to cure the evil.

For this reason, the Committee would express an earnest hope that organizations similar to this and the Quebec Club, will soon be found in every town in Canada. The object appeals not alone to the interests of sportsmen. In a country like ours, so recently wrested from the hands of nature, and blessed by Providence with such magnificent preserves for the finest of fish and game—preserves that, by proper management, could be made almost inexhaustible, and from which might be drawn a large and valuable portion of the food of the people,—it is surely lamentable to see a war of utter extermination so ignorantly and recklessly carried on,—to see that while other countries are, at great expense, carefully fostering both foreign and home fisheries—that while the people of Australia, for instance, are bringing the ova of salmon and trout twelve thousand miles to stock their barren streams, we, whose every inland creek once abounded with these fish up to the very foot of Niagara, have nearly succeeded in destroying all within our reach.

Mill dams and mill ofal, stake nets, and the villanous spear upon the spawning ground, have all but done their work; and unless the efforts now being made are successful, and both government and people give themselves to the simple work of seeing that the *feræ naturæ* get common fair play, a few years more and we shall indeed have killed our goose for the sake of its golden eggs.

As the Club are aware, Mr. Price, M.P.P., has had before Parliament for several sessions bills to amend the Fishery and Game Acts. Your Committee have been in communication with that gentleman on the subject, and have pleasure in acknowledging the prompt attention which these suggestions received at his hands.

The Committee have recommended the following amendments to the present laws:—

GAME ACT.

Sect. 3.—This clause declares it unlawful to kill certain game by snaring, but it is defective in not providing against the buying, selling or having in possession game that has manifestly been killed by snaring. It is only by the enforcement of such a clause as this that the evil can practically be reached.

Sect. 4.—Referring to the killing of wild geese, ducks, &c., should be amended so as to prohibit their destruction between the 1st April and the 20th August, in every year. It would be better still to prohibit spring shooting altogether.

Sect. 11.—That it is highly desirable to prohibit altogether, and at all seasons, the destruction, carrying away, &c., of the eggs of wild fowl in all parts of Canada, or at least west of the River Saguenay—incalculable injury being done in this way every spring, especially on the Lakes St. Francis and St. Peter, and the marshes adjacent.

Sect. 13.—That in the opinion of the Club it has become of importance to consider how far it is right or necessary any longer to draw the marked distinction now existing between the Indians and all other

of Her Majesty's subjects, especially in parts of Canada where the former have to a great extent adopted the habits and pursuits of civilized life, and where the practices complained of are carried on, not for sustenance, but pecuniary gain. There can be no doubt, for instance, that the great destruction of the eggs of game fowl perpetrated every year in the neighborhood of Lake St. Francis, is principally the work of the St. Regis Indians, and that there, and in other parts of Canada, the injurious consequences of the peculiar privileges granted to this class are becoming every day the more manifest.

FISHERY ACT.

One effect of the amended Act now before Parliament will be, if it passes, to shorten the present fence time for trout and lunge, substituting the 20th of September and 10th of December for the present dates. This the Committee regret, and have represented their desire that these fish should be kept out of market till at least the 1st January, and later if possible.

Your Committee also recommended that clauses similar to sections 10 and 15 of the Game Act should be inserted in the Fishery Act, providing that it shall be the duty of clerks of markets, &c., to seize and confiscate all fish exposed for sale, or otherwise, in contravention of the Act; and, also, that Custom-house officers should be invested with similar authority, as much of the fish killed at improper seasons, or in an improper manner, is carried for sale into the United States.

Your Committee have also recommended that a clause be introduced into the Act prohibiting mill offal, saw-dust, or tan bark, from being thrown into the rivers and streams. It is true the Agricultural Act provides for this to a certain extent, but saw-dust is not specified in the clause; and, in any case, it would be well to have this matter, which so particularly affects the fisheries, provided for in the Fishery Act.

The above suggestions have, with but few exceptions and alterations, been adopted by Mr. Price, and either have, or will be introduced into the bills which he has before Parliament. Whether they will become law or not, or if so, when, it is of course impossible to say. They have already been before the house for two sessions; perhaps during the present one a little time may be spared for the business of the country.

Among other suggestions which your Committee felt it their duty to press on the Legislature of the country, was one urging for the protection of the smaller insectivorous birds.

It is now well understood that the wanton destruction of these birds, which too commonly prevails, especially in the neighborhood of large cities, does much injury to the agricultural and horticultural interests of the country; and your Committee obtained from a gentleman of this city, who has devoted much attention to these subjects, a very complete list of the ornithology of Canada, discriminating between the birds injurious and those useful to the most important interests. This list was sent through the Hon. Mr. Rose to Mr. Joly, M.P.P., and the latter gentle-

man has introduced a bill which embraces the suggestions of your Committee, and which they trust may become law. This bill prohibits the destruction of the birds protected, *except at certain seasons*. It would be better to prohibit it altogether. There is no use in shooting them at any season; on the contrary, much evil.

Your Committee had in view the publishing in both languages of a full synopsis of the Fishery and Game Acts, accompanied by an appeal to the community in general for countenance and aid. This they intended to circulate widely throughout country places especially, and they hoped thus to be able to interest the influential and enlightened in their favor. They have delayed doing so, however, until it be known if any amendments to these acts are to be made. This will probably be ascertained in a few months, when the Committee would recommend to their successors to carry out the proposed publication.

Notwithstanding all the penalties that can be attached to the improper destruction of game, the practice will be carried on so long as the evil consequences are not evident to the people, and while, therefore, no general opprobrium attaches to the offence. Interest the multitude, however, in the matter,—create an enlightened public opinion as to the propriety and necessity of these laws for the general good,—and their infringement to an injurious degree, in any settled part of the country, would soon be an impossibility.

The Committee have been in communication, during the year, with a gentleman residing in Chateauguay county, who had taken a warm interest in the removal of the numerous obstructions to the ascent of salmon which exist in the river Chateauguay. The required orders for the erection of fishways on the dams have been given by the proper authorities, and if these orders are complied with—if edging slabs, sawdust and other injurious rubbish be kept out of the stream, and especially if the inhabitants on the banks of the of the river can only be induced to give the fish fair play, your Committee would strongly recommend that the attempt be made to stock it again with salmon.

This will not cost a large sum, as even under all the present disadvantages several were killed there last season. Doubtless a number of the public-spirited among the inhabitants of the county will contribute to pay the expense, and if successful, and there is no reason why it should not be so, salmon may in a few years be nearly as numerous in that river as was the case thirty or forty years ago.

Salmon River too, which flows into Lake St. Francis, and which derived its name from the abundance of that noble fish once found in its waters, might, were proper care observed, be re-stocked without much difficulty.

Your Committee would recommend this matter to the attention of the Club during the ensuing season. The re-establishment of several good salmon streams in the neighborhood of Montreal would be an object worthy of their efforts.

While on this subject they regret to have to say, that it is within their

knowledge that over two hundred salmon were killed of the scoop-net last season at Brompton Falls, St. Francis River, near Sherbrooke. It seems that the fishway there is insufficient, and that the fish are captured with ease while attempting to ascend the dam. This is known to almost every man, woman and child in the neighborhood, and such things happening in one of the few streams that the salmon yet frequent, augurs ill for the success of such experiments as have been recommended.

They have also to report that Lake Memphremagog was given over in toto to the torch and spear last fall. During the preceeding year, some good was done by the presence and exertions of Mr. Nettle, the Superintendent of Fisheries; but during last October every lunge found on the spawning grounds, became sport and profit to the barbarians of the spear. Many of the respectable among the inhabitants on its shores deeply regret this, and would do all in their power to prevent it, short of running the risk of having their houses and barns burned by the vagabonds who follow this nefarious trade, and who do not hesitate to threaten this as the result of taking any steps against them. It would be well did the law provide for the taking of the most notorious of such depredators to some distance, say to Sherbrooke, for trial; and your Committee would strongly recommend to their successors to urge upon the Crown Lands Department the necessity of sending to that locality a force of three or four special constables during the next spawning season. The laws are openly defied there, the local authorities quite inadequate; and the preservation of the black trout or lunge, in that noble lake, is well worth the small expense it would entail on the government.

With regard to general sporting interests during the past year, your Committee would observe that game of nearly all kinds has been somewhat more plentiful. Ducks of the different varieties were numerous. The partridge, or Canada grouse, appear to be increasing in number, the destruction by snaring seems to have been somewhat lessened of late years, and if the amendment to the bill asked for were passed, and snared game could be seized in the market, there is no doubt that this practice would soon cease, and this fine bird become exceedingly abundant.

Snipe have visited us in great numbers during the past year, and woodcock were very abundant during the breeding season; about the beginning of August, however, and earlier than usual, they took their accustomed flight to parts unknown, and did not return in September in numbers, by any means, as large as usual.

Deer appear to have been abundant, especially in Canada West, but the Committee is credibly informed that great numbers were wantonly slaughtered last spring, in the vicinity of Ottawa, at a time when neither carcase nor hide is of any value. The angler has had less reason to congratulate himself. There can be no doubt but that the black bass, the game fish *par excellence* of the waters in our immediate vicinity, are year by year diminishing in numbers. A few

years ago they could be taken in plenty with the rod very near Lachine, now they are getting scarce even at St. Anns and the Cascades. Whatever the reason of this,—deficient protection at the spawning season, netting in the St. Lawrence and Ottawa, or the constantly increasing disturbance of the waters by our constantly increasing trade, all but the last reason is to be regretted; for whether as sport to the disciples of Isaac Walton, or food to the hungry, there are few finer fish in our waters than the bold and agile bass.

Your Committee have, in conclusion, to congratulate the Club on the large accession to its number since the beginning of the last year and the interest which has been taken in its objects.

Success, say we, to a cause so ably advocated and in whose favor we see enlisted many of the leading men of the great commercial metropolis of the Canadas.

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ERRATA.

- Page 18, line 8—Read “la” instead of “le.”
- “ 118, line 19—Leave out “the.”
- “ 133, note at foot of page—Read “Wood” instead of “Woods.”
- “ 136, “ “ “ —Read “the *elite* in the commercial world” instead of
“the *elite*.”
- “ 138, “ “ “ —Read “until last year” instead of “last year.”
- “ 181, line 2—Read “eddying” instead of “edding.”
- “ 188—The Sand-hill Crane is erroneously inserted amongst the Gallinacious, instead
of amongst the Waders.
- “ 190—The note at foot of page applies to all the birds.
- “ 214—The Montreal Game Club Report is for 1863—not 1864.

MAPLE LEAVES.



CONTENTS OF FIRST SERIES.

	Page.
I. The Grave of Cadieux.....	1
II. Château Bigot—The Hermitage.....	8
III. Crumbs of Comfort for Lawyers.....	19
Ghost of Spencer Wood.....	24
.....	29
.....	33
.....	41
.....	45
.....	54
.....	62
.....	68
.....	75
XII. An Episode of the War.....	75
XIII. De Brebœuf and Lalemant—Lake Simcoe.....	85
XIV. Fin and Feather in Canada.....	90
XV. Acclimitization of Birds and Animals.....	100
XVI. A Parting Word.....	104



CONTENTS OF SECOND SERIES.

Augustus Sala on Canada.....	1
Champlain's Career reviewed by McGee.....	3
A "Green-back" of the last Century.....	17
Ex-Councillor Estebe on Colonial Matters.....	20
What was the old Noblesse composed of?.....	24
U. E. Loyalists.....	29

	Page.
THE BATTLE FIELDS OF CANADA	40
The Sieges of Quebec, 1629.....	41
Phipps before Quebec, 1690.....	47
Abortive Expedition of 1711	51
Defeat of Washington at Fort Necessity, July, 1754.....	53
De Beaujeu's Victory over Washington and Braddock, 9th July, 1755.....	57
The Fort George Massacre, 9th Aug., 1757	66
Battle of Carillon, 8th July, 1758	97
Engagement at Beauport Flats, 31st July, 1759.....	104
The Battle of the Plains of Abraham, 13th Sept., 1759.....	109
The Battle of Ste. Foy, 27th and 28th April, 1760.....	118
Ste. Foy Monument Festival.....	120
Arnold's and Montgomery's Defeat—1775.....	131
Battle of Queenston Heights, 13th Oct., 1812.....	142
Battle of Beech Woods—1813.....	145
Battle of Chateauguay, 26th Oct., 1813.....	146
Reminiscences of 1812 and 1813.....	153
Battle of Chippewa—1814.....	156
Battle of Lundy's Lane, 25th July, 1814.....	158
Siege of Fort Erie—1814.....	160
Capture of Fort Niagara—1814.....	162
Salmon and Trout Rivers of Canada.....	168
Salmon Fishing in Canada.....	172
Professor Hind on the Fisheries of the St. Lawrence.....	175
Deep-Sea Fisheries of Canada.....	177
Whitcher on the Spawning of Salmon.....	180
Amendments to Fishery Legislation.....	183
The Birds of Canada	186
Fauna and Flora of the extreme North-East.....	207
APPENDIX—	
Report of the Quebec Fish and Game Protection Club, for 1862.....	209
Report of the Montreal " " " for 1863.....	214
List of Members of Montreal " " " " 	229

