

The journal gives a graphic account of the terrible experience met with on this tramp for life. One formidable encounter is mentioned with the enemy near Lake Memphremagog, and various other losses were sustained from hunger and fatigue. At last the mouth of the Ammonsock River was reached, where, instead of the expected stock of supplies, they only found the smouldering camp fire of the party, who had just a few hours previous returned down the river, taking all the provisions with them.

On page 148 it is written:

"Our distress upon this occasion was truly inexpressible. Our spirits, greatly depressed by hunger and fatigue we had already suffered, now almost entirely sunk within us, seeing no resource left, nor any reasonable ground to hope that we should escape a most miserable death by famine. At length I came to a resolution to push as fast as possible towards No. 4, leaving the remainder of my party, now unable to march further, to get such wretched subsistence as the barren wilderness could afford, till I got relief to them, which I engaged to do within ten days. I, with Captain Ogden, one Ranger and a captive Indian boy, embarked upon a raft we had made of dry pine trees."

A footnote by the author states "that before leaving them, he taught Lieut. Grant, the officer in charge, how to make a preparation of ground nuts and lily roots, which will serve to preserve life for a considerable time."

After a perilous trip of five days, during which they had once to construct a new raft by burning down the trees and burning off the logs to proper length, they successfully passed the many dangerous rapids and reached the fort, from which they despatched the much-needed relief, which reached the famishing camp within the time promised.

The Major then made his report to General Amherst, and two days later went up the river again with boats and provisions to bring in the remainder of his men.

They rejoined the headquarters of the Rangers at Crown Point, on the 1st December. The winter was spent in completing the building of the new fort.

The first move in the spring campaign of 1760 was made in the early part of June.

General Amherst then sent Major Rogers with 250 Rangers into Canada, to endeavour, by attacking such places as St. Johns and Chambly, to attract the attention and possibly draw away a portion of the French troops that were then besieging General Murray in Quebec.

The expedition landed on the west shore, about 12 miles south of Isle aux Noix, which was now the only remaining French post on the lake.

The next morning they were attacked by 350 men from the fort. After a brisk bush fight the French were defeated and scattered into small parties, with the loss of 40 killed and 50 muskets captured.

The Rangers lost two officers and 16 men killed and to wounded.

The detachment pushed on, and by a forced march reached St. Johns on the evening of the 15th June. It was intended to try a midnight attack, but on close examination it was found they had seventeen sentries well posted within the works, and the garrison being much stronger than was expected, the attack was not made, but the march was continued down the river to St. Thérèse, a stockaded post, which was surprised and taken at daybreak. Seventy-eight prisoners were captured and the buildings and works destroyed, together with a large quantity of fodder and provisions.

The party then crossed the river, intending to return by the east side of the lake to where their vessels were waiting them. During this march they had a slight encounter with a party of 800 French, but they managed to outmanoeuvre them, and got safely on board the vessels, when the party reached the shore just a little too late.

On returning to Crown Point it was found that General Amherst had gone to Albany and organized a force to proceed by the valley of the Mohawk to Oswego, from which place he was to approach Montreal by the St. Lawrence, having instructed Col. Haviland to complete the capture of the French posts on the Champlain and Richelieu waters.

It was designed that these two armies should form a junction at Montreal with General Murray, who was then approaching from Quebec.

On the 16th August, the final advance towards Canada was commenced by Col. Haviland's division of 4,000 men down Lake Champlain, the flotilla being led by 600 Rangers in whaleboats under the command of their old leader.

The first point of attack was Isle aux Noix, from which the enemy, 1,500 strong, were driven and retired to St.

Johns during the night of the 25th August. Two days later the Rangers were ordered to pursue, and at daylight they arrived at St. Johns, to find it on fire and the French in full retreat towards Montreal.

The closing movements of the campaign are thus described in the journals:

"In the evening Col. Haviland came in sight and landed at St. Johns. As soon as he came on shore I waited upon him and acquainted him with what I had done, and that I had two prisoners for him. He said it was very well, and ordered his troops to encamp there that night, and next day went down the River Sorel as far as St. Thérèse, where he encamped and made strong breastworks, to defend his people from being surprised. I went down the River Sorel to bring the inhabitants under subjection to His Britannic Majesty, and went into their settled country in the night, took all their priests and militia officers and sent some of them for the inhabitants. The first day I caused all the inhabitants near Chambly to take the oath of allegiance; they appeared glad to have it in their power to do so and keep their possessions, and were all extremely submissive. Having obliged them to bring in their arms and fulfilled my instructions in the best manner I could, I joined Col. Darby at Chambly, who came there to take the fort, and had brought with him some light cannon. It soon surrendered, as the garrison consisted only of about 50 men. This happened on the 1st of September. On the 2nd, our army having nothing to do and having good intelligence from both General Amherst and General Murray, Col. Haviland sent me to join the latter, while he marched with the rest of the army to La Pierre. On the morning of the 5th, I got to Longueuil, about four miles below Montreal, opposite to where Brigadier Murray lay, and gave him notice of my arrival. By the time I came to Longueuil, the army, under command of General Amherst, had landed about two miles up the river from the town where they encamped, and early this morning Monsieur de Vaudreuil, the Governor and Commander-in-Chief of all Canada, sent out to capitulate with our General, which put a stop to all our movements till the 8th of September, when the articles of capitulation were agreed to and signed and our troops took possession of the town gates that night.

(To be Continued.)

THE FIRST SWALLOW.

One of my cherished spring visitors is missing, and has failed to put in his usual appearance on St. George's Day at the swallow-box prepared for him for many years past at Spencer Grange. What does this mean? Is he, too, dreading to cross the Chinese wall—erected on the frontier by the McKinley ukase? Is he also under a cloud, like the Great Canadian Hen!

To the lovers of birds, and the numbers are sure to increase whenever the social, winning or mysterious ways of the feathered race get to be better known, there are some individuals whose annual re-appearance is associated with special dates; under that head let us name that fleet, tireless wanderer by land and sea, the swallow.

When the vernal upward flow of the sap has ceased in our hardwood forests; when snow-haunted groves, pastures and moors are just donning their dainty, emerald tints, under the jocund rays of an April sun; when the daisy, the violet, the crocus, the hepatica, are longing to send forth their blossomed fragrance; when the ambient air is alive with the hum of insect-life; when the *Rossignol*, the robin, the hermit thrush, let drop from the swelling, odoriferous maple fronds, or feathery pines, their gushing, soft or metallic roundelay, when, in fact, festive nature seems all aglow with returning spring, there dawns, at Quebec, an auspicious date to Britons passing dear—St. George's Day—April the 23rd.

'Tis then that for the denizens of picturesque though chilly Quebec, arrives circling and twittering a most welcome herald of recurring heat and sunshine, the first swallow of the season. A raw, east wind, 'tis true, or profuse warmth may retard or accelerate the advent of the expected visitor, who comes to set up house-keeping after wintering in Bermuda, Florida, Africa or the sunny south. Observers one and all look out for the garrulous winged messenger at that date, no less than others the writer of these lines, who years ago had prepared an airy cradle for *Hirundo's* hopeful brood. Seldom, in fact, has the lofty structure, the swallow-house, (which the village carpenter, pious man, when erecting, decorated with a church steeple), failed to receive each recurring 23rd of April the visit of the yearly-increasing colony of swallows, which seems to have been attracted to his high church for several seasons, though he is free to admit that so

far none of the congregation have adopted an attire different from that of other right-minded swallows, nor has anything ritualistic been noticed in their ways.

Dr. Elliott Coëns sums up thus the migration, habits and hibernation of the swallow tribe, ever a mystery since the days of Pontoppidan, bishop of Upsal: "Being insectivorous birds that take their prey on the wing, swallows necessarily migrate through the cold and temperate zones of the northern hemisphere. Their recession from the north is urged, as well by the delicacy of their organization and their susceptibility to cold as by the periodical failure of the sources of their food supply. The prowess of their pinion is equal to the emergency of the longest journeys; no birds whatsoever fly better or farther than some of the swallows do, and their movements are pre-eminent in the greatest of ease, of speed and of regularity. These facts are matters of common knowledge; the comings of swallows have passed into proverb, and their leave-taking been rehearsed in folk-lore among the signs of the waning times. Swallows have long been held for weather prophets; and with reason enough in the quick response of their organization to the influence of the atmospheric changes. Swallows have figured in augury; their appearance has been noted among auspicious, and truly their flight is barometric, for they soar in clear, warm days and skim the surface of the ground in heavy, falling weather, perhaps neither always nor entirely in the wake of winged insects on which they prey.

These mercurial birds are also thermometric; they are gauges of temperature, if less precise than the column of the fluid metal itself. It takes but a few warm days, even in our mid-winters, to send swallows trooping northward, from the orange and the cypress of the south; and the uncertain days when a capricious young spring pours delicious balm on the wounds of winter, are sure to lure some swallows on beyond their usual bounds, like skirmishers thrown out before the outcome of the host of occupation. There is concert, too, in the campaigns of the swallows; they act as if by consultation, and carry out agreement under leadership. One may witness, in the autumn more particularly, before the swallows leave us, that they gather in noisy thousands, still uncertain of the future movements, eager for the council to determine their line of march. Great throngs fly aimlessly about with incessant twittering or string along the lines of telegraph, the eaves of houses or the combs of cliffs. In all their talk and argument, their restlessness and great concern, we see how weighty is the subject that occupies their minds; we may fancy all the levity and impulse of the younger heads, their lack of sober judgment, the incessant flippancy with which they urge their novel schemes, and we may well believe their departure is delayed by the wiser tongues of those taught by experience to make haste slowly. Days pass, sometimes in animated debate, till delay becomes dangerous. The gathering dissolves, the sinews are strung, no breath is wasted now, the coming storm may work its will, the swallows have escaped its wrath and are gone to a winter's revelry in a land where winter's hand is weak till its touch is scarcely felt. * * * *

Swallows are prodigious, phenomenal and problematical. Though we know that in certain seasons 'myriads of the swallows are at play in the air in Mexico, in the West Indies and in Central America,' there are yet many points to be cleared up about their habits and migration.

It was gravely asserted centuries ago, and it has been steadily reiterated at intervals ever since, that swallows plunge into the mud, become torpid, and hibernate like frogs. Learned bodies like the French Academy in Paris and the Royal Society of London have discussed the matter, printed the evidence in their official publications, and looked as wise after as before their meditations on the subject. It would take me far beyond my limits to describe fully the peculiar habits, conjugal fidelity, annual migration, and various resting places of the several varieties of swallows who visit us: the bank swallow, the barn swallow, the cliff and eaves swallow, the pretty social swallow known as the white bellied, and the noisy purple martin, who nested for a century, and more perhaps, under the lofty cones of the venerable old Jesuit College at Quebec. Alas! no more!

With the inquisitive French cobbler, who tied a collar to a swallow's neck one fall, on which the following query was inscribed, we, too, on trying a similar experiment might, who knows, get a reply in the spring:

"Hirondelle
Si fidèle
Dis moi, l'hiver, où vas tu?
—Dans Athènes
Chez Antoine
Pourquoi t'en informes tu?"

J. M. LE MOINT.

Spencer Grange, St. George's Day, 1891.