



# JOURNAL OF EDUCATION.

Volume VIII.

Montreal (Lower Canada), November, 1864.

No. 11.

**SUMMARY.**—CANADIAN HISTORY: The Fort George Massacre, (concluded).—Education: Arithmetic, by John Bruce, Esq., Inspector of Schools. (continued).—The Study of English Grammar.—Manliness and Success.—OFFICIAL NOTICES: Erection of School Municipalities.—Appointments: School Commissioners.—Trustees of Dissident Schools.—Diplomas granted by Boards of Examiners.—Situations wanted.—EDITORIAL: Meeting at Montreal and formation of an Association for the promotion and protection of the Educational interests of Protestants in Lower Canada. (concluded).—Extracts from the Reports of School Inspectors for 1861 and 1862.—Table of the distribution of the Superior Education Grant for 1863, as between Catholic and Protestant Institutions.

## CANADIAN HISTORY.

### The Fort George Massacre.

(Concluded.)

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. Fontbranc, was the bearer of this letter. The English officers, several of whom he knew, received M. Fontbranc 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 Abnauquis, 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