

grade movement. Twice badly wounded already, with both his second and third in command killed, he still endeavored to stem the tide of evil fortune, but at a spot between the Porte St. Louis and the Batterie Neve he fell under his horse mortally wounded by a grape shot. On his fall the retreat rapidly became a flight, and the impetuosity of the pursuit was only checked at the St. Louis Gate by grape shot from the ramparts, and at the St. John's Gate, by the fire from the hulks and barges protecting the former in the St. Charles.

During the action Gen. Monckton was desperately wounded by a musket ball through the lungs, and the command devolved on Brigadier General Townshend, who finding that his rear and left were threatened by De Bougainville, who was advancing from Cape Rouge with 350 cavalry and 1,500 infantry; suspended the pursuit, and while reforming line to the rear, marched the 35th and 48th Regiments, with two field pieces, to check the enemy's advance, but the latter having learned the defeat of the French army, retreated at once.

The gallant Montcalm was carried from the spot where he fell to the Castle of St. Louis within the walls of Quebec, he ordered the Surgeons in attendance to tell him at once if his wounds were mortal, and being told they were, inquired how long he might survive? was answered—"Ten or twelve hours"—he said "So much the better, I shall not live to see the fate of Quebec;" then addressing M. de Ramosay and the Commandant de Roussillon, he said—"Gentlemen, I commend to your keeping the honor of France, endeavor to secure the retreat of my army beyond Cape Rouge, I shall myself pass the night with God and prepare for death." Being asked by the commander of the garrison for orders respecting the defence of Quebec, Montcalm with much emotion exclaimed, "I will neither give orders nor interfere any further, I have business to attend 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 speedily extricated from your present perplexity." He died early on the morning of the 16th and was buried in the garden of the Ursuline Convent, his grave being a trench formed by the explosion of a shell close to the wall.

During the evening of the battle day the Governor General held a Council of War, at which most of the officers present were of opinion that the army should retire beyond the Jacques Cartier River in order to secure their communications. De Vaudreuil, Bigot and Bougainville were of a contrary opinion, and were for trying the chances of war once more, but the majority prevailed. Montcalm on being applied to said there were three courses open—to attack the enemy—retire as the majority desired—or capitulate for the whole Colony. The second was adopted and de Vaudreuil after reinforcing the garrison and giving orders to its commandant to resist till the enemy were prepared to deliver an assault, and in any case to capitulate when provisions failed. Then fearing his retreat would be cut off he evacuated his lines leaving tents standing with the greater part of his artillery and waggons desfilng through Lorretta and St. Augustine. He reached Jacques Cartier on the 15th.

The British loss in this action was 1 General, 56 officers and men killed; 1 General, 32 officers and 544 non-commissioned officers and privates wounded. The loss of the French were 3 Generals and 1,500 men killed and wounded.

A 6,000-POUNDER GUN.

One of our most successful inventors and engineers has lately patented, and the specification has been published, of an enormous air-gun of 32-inch bore, to throw a 6,000 pound shot. The bore of the gun is to be upwards of 30 feet long, and the inventor asserts that he can compress and retain air at working pressure of 10,000 pounds to the square inch. The sectional area of a 32-inch bore is 804½ square inches, and the total initial pressure would thus be 8,042,400 pounds, or nearly 3,600 tons.

It would, of course, be next to impossible to pump in air fast enough at this enormous pressure to keep up the velocity of the shot, so the high pressure air is to be contained in a huge casing or jacket formed around the bore of the gun, and having the same capacity of say 165 cubic feet. Thus, instead of the pressure being reduced almost to nil at the muzzle, the air would have been expanded but two-fold on the discharge of the shot; and if we disregard the influence of rarefaction, and consequent cooling by expansion, and its effect on the pressure, we should have 5,000 pounds per square inch still left.

If we take the average pressure at 7,500 lbs. throughout the length of the bore, we shall have 2,400 tons exerted through 30 feet, or say 72,000-foot tons, and this, were the air to follow fast enough, would send a 6,000-lb. shot at a rate of more than 1,300 feet per second. As no ordinary valve could be opened quickly enough to admit air under such pressure, and in such quantities, the shot itself forms the valve. The high pressure air in the air casing or jacket enters the chamber of the gun through ports, like those by which steam enters a steam cylinder. The shot—a short cylinder with hemispherical or pointed ends—is so packed as to close these parts while the jacket is being pumped full. To discharge the gun a little high pressure is separately pumped in behind the shot, so as to start it on and past the ports, when the stored up air does the rest of the work.

Although there may be certain practical difficulties in carrying out this scheme, it possesses great interest, and we shall look with much curiosity to its practical realization.—*Engineering.*

THE FENIAN EXCITEMENT IN CANADA.

The Fenian fair at Buffalo, we are told, has proved a great success, and gathered an immense crowd to that city. The Fenians have not abandoned their hostile intentions on the new Dominion. The Canadians are well aware of this. In Fenian and pro-Fenian journals this Buffalo fair has been described as a cover for a Fenian gathering preparatory to a Fenian raid. It is notorious that the wrath of the Fenians against Great Britain has been fanned into fury by the executions of O'Farrell and Barrett. It is equally notorious that General O'Neil boasts of being at the head of an army of thirty thousand men, well drilled and well armed, and ready for action. It is not, therefore, surprising that the citizens of the new Dominion, in spite of their experience of the last Fenian bungling, should be somewhat alarmed. Another Fenian invasion might prove as miserable a failure as the last, but it might also entail upon the border towns and

cities untold misery. Life and property would both be in peril.

We have no means of knowing whether the Buffalo fair is intended only to be a scare. It may or it may not. Certain it is, the time is not unfavorable for a Fenian raid. The Presidential campaign is at hand. Republicans and Democrats are equally anxious to secure the Irish vote. Republicans and Democrats, therefore, though they may not openly encourage the Fenians, will not go out of their way to discourage them. If they do not help, it may be taken for granted that neither political parties will hinder them. In this lies the hope of the Fenians.

We cannot forget that there is such a thing as regard for the honor of this great country. With Fenianism we have no special desire to intermeddle; but we cannot permit Fenianism or any other organisation to disregard our laws, and bring disgrace on the Republic. We cannot allow the Fenians to make of this country a base of operations for carrying war into the territory of a people with whom we are at peace. President Johnson is now, through the failure of the impeachment, in a position which enables him to do the right thing with the Fenians. As the chief magistrate of the Republic, he has heavy responsibilities; but as a politician he is free. His interests do not bind him to either of the great political parties. Duty demands that he protect the honor and dignity of the nation. Unnecessary interference is not called for. Overmuch zeal is as much to be deprecated as overmuch indifference. All that we ask—and we have a right to ask it—is that the President, in the event of another Fenian invasion, will see to it, that the law be promptly and effectively executed. We may have our grudges, but even our grudges must be expressed with dignity. Filibustering is not worthy of a great people.—*N. Y. Herald.*

DEATH OF KIT CARSON.

Kit Carson died at Fort Lynn, Colorado, on the 23rd inst., of rupture of an artery in the neck. Kit Carson was noted as a mountaineer, trapper and guide. He was born in Madison County, Ky., December 24, 1809, and while he was an infant his parents emigrated to the region now known as Howard County, Missouri. At the age of fifteen Carson was apprenticed to a saddler, with whom he continued two years, and then joined a hunting expedition—commencing the pursuit he followed during the remainder of his life. For eight years he was engaged on the plains as a trapper, which he relinquished for the post of hunter to Bent's Fort, where he remained eight years more. Soon after he met Lieutenant (now General) John C. Fremont, who engaged him as guide for his exploration on the Rocky Mountains. To Carson's energy and skill is due the success, in a great measure, of General Fremont's enterprise. In 1847 Carson was sent to Washington as bearer of despatches, and was appointed Lieutenant in the Rifle Corps of the Army. In 1853 he drove 6,500 sheep over the mountains to California, and, on his return at Laos, was appointed Indian Agent in New Mexico. Since this appointment he has been largely instrumental in bringing about the treaties between the United States and the Indians, and on a mission of this kind he visited Washington a few weeks ago in company with a deputation of the red men, and made a tour of several of the Northern and Eastern cities.