

British soldiery, as they plant on the Grande Parade, facing the historic Chateau, on the 18th of September, 1759, the day of the capitulation of Quebec, the solitary gun, drawn from the Heights of Abraham through St. Louis gate. Captain John Knox, of the 43rd. Regt., tell us how his brave commander hoisted the English flag, after taking possession of the keys of Quebec from de Ramsay, its late governor. He says: "the three companies of Louisbourg Grenadiers and some light infantry, under the command of Lt.-Col. Murray, preceded by fifty men of the Royal Artillery and one gun, with lighted match, and with the British colors hoisted on its carriage, the Union flag being displayed on the citadel. Captain Paliser, with a large body of seamen and inferior officers, at the same time took possession of the lower town, and hoisted colors on the summit of the declivity (Mountain Hill) leading from the high to the low town." (Knox's Journal.)

But the lordly castle of other days, riddled by the shot and shell of the English fleet, tenantless, uninhabitable, was not thoroughly repaired until 1764-5, when General James Murray, first Governor of Quebec, had his Royal Commission read on the adjoining square, prior to his taking possession of the Castle as his official residence. A decade later, and the occupant (Sir) Guy Carleton, so appropriately named the "saviour of Quebec," might notice, from the Chateau windows, the arrival on the Levis shore, on the 5th November, 1775, of Benedict Arnold's hungry and worn-out continentals, eager to cross the St. Lawrence, and land at Wolfe's cove above. But a wise precaution had induced Lt.-Governor Crauhaie to remove to the Quebec side the Levis canoes and water conveyances before the arrival of the invading host. The wave of invasion, triumphant at Montreal, Sorel, Chambly, Three Rivers, St. John and elsewhere, was hurled back

by the granite rock of Quebec. On the 31st December, 1775, at 9 a.m., the intrepid chieftain, Gny Carleton, could from his parlor windows look down triumphantly, but not scornfully, on the New England soldiery, escorted to the Grande Parade—426 rank and file—marched up prisoners of war, from the Sault-au-Matelot assault, to await, crest-fallen, the orders of His Excellency before being detailed to their respective prisons.*

Might one not unreasonably infer, from the official etiquette that has ever prevailed among naval commanders frequenting our port, that the youthful captain of the sloop of war Albemarle, Horatio Nelson, present here in 1782, paid his *devoirs* at the Castle, to the distinguished Governor-General, Sir Frederick Haldimand, and partook of the hospitalities usually shown to visitors of distinction? At his romantic time of life did Nelson, like many subsequent lovers, indulge in a sentimental promenade on the famed Castle terrace? Did he ever, at the witching hour when the citadel evening-gum culls to barrack military beaux, meet there the adorable Mary Simpson, the girl for whose sake he was, he said, ready to quit the service? Southey, as well as Lamartine, in their biographies of the hero of Trafalgar, state that violence had to be used to tear the smitten Horatio from his Quebec charmer. Miss Simpson, after marrying Major Matthews, Secretary to the Governor, removed to London with her husband who became Governor of Chelsea Hospital. In one of her letters she mentions attending the funeral of Lord Nelson, her first love, whom she had not forgotten. She died in England in 1830 at an advanced age. Is not this a pleasant little episode of Quebec history?

A titled visitor of no ordinary rank entered the portals of the Castle in 1787, Prince William Henry, Duke of Clarence, subsequently William IV., King of England. He was then a royster-

*See old Quebec *Gazette*, 16th Aug., 1766.