



ANTOINE GOBEIL, Esq.,  
Deputy Minister of Public Works, Ottawa.



GEO. HADRILL, Esq. Jr.,  
Secretary Montreal Board of Trade

Then he had to meet the intrigues of the French commanders, who tried to seduce the French Canadians and gain over the Indians. As the year closed the prospects grew darker. Boats could not be obtained to bring up provisions; the reinforcement promised did not arrive; 3,000 Indians (men, women and children) had to be fed, as there was dearth in their own villages. Against this defenceless post and Detroit three armies were reported to be on the march—two by way of the Seneca Country and Presqu'Isle against the one, the third by Sandusky against the other. The only hope was in Butler's successful resistance in the field. The cheering news at last came that Walter Butler had checked the enemy's advance; this, with the faithful services of the Indians, had, in the meantime at least, averted the danger of an attack on the posts.

The winter continued the work of destruction on the defences of Niagara. In the spring of 1779 it had become a ruin. The pickets on the land side were rotten; the connecting parapets had burst from alternate frost and heavy rains; the heavy surf from the lake had rendered the water front useless; neither men nor means could be found to repair the damage. Even the most desperate courage held out no hope of successful resistance to a well appointed enemy, for there was not a musket flint in the garrison; that is, the men were practically without arms. Yet Bolton held on with grim determination, fighting against disease and struggling to keep his forces effective. Racked with rheumatism, with violent cramps, with agonizing pains in his chest, he issued orders from his bed, to which he was now frequently confined, or limped round to see that every man was at his post.

That summer passed without attack; a reinforcement had arrived, and so well was the additional force employed that the enemy never

could get near the posts, although the greatest efforts had been made by Congress to collect an army to force a way to reach and capture this feeble outpost. An almost despairing appeal was sent by Bolton to be relieved of duties far beyond his strength, but the answer was that his services were too valuable to be dispensed with.

Endurance has its limits. Struggling under a load of disease, scarcely able to write, so crippled was he and so reduced his strength, in 1780 he made another appeal for leave of absence, in which the pride of the soldier contends with the feebleness and debility of the worn out man. Whilst waiting for the answer everything seemed to combine to add to his responsibilities and duties. Quarrels at the outposts must be settled; detachments to be furnished for an important expedition under Sir John Johnson, which must not fail; the safety of the fleet off Oswego, these and other duties multiplied as his weakness became more pronounced. Hope deferred made his heart sick. At last, on the 7th of October, 1780, the anxiously expected leave arrived, with the prospect of obtaining the needed rest; the hope of a return to health and of once more seeing his old friends—a pleasant vista for the worn-out soldier. Three weeks of incessant toil to leave everything ready for his successor, and on the 31st of October he left Niagara in a fine new vessel, the Ontario. That day she was seen repeatedly off the north shore, making her way down. A sudden squall hid her from view. She was never seen more. She had gone down with all on board, 70 souls; but the wreckage, picked up on the south shore near Oswego, told too clearly that all was over—that the brave soldier had gained his rest, but it was a rest beneath the waters of Lake Ontario, where the sound of mortal struggle would never reach him.

So Bolton perished in his forty-sixth year. Was

his life a failure? It would seem so, judged by the test of worldly advancement; but the example of a life's devotion to duty is never lost, and those who served under him felt the influence of the example he set before them, making them better men and truer soldiers. It cannot in this light, therefore, be looked on as a failure, though his name has not been preserved in the *Gazette* as the winner of great battles, or his death recorded in the official obituary notices of those entitled to be so honoured.

DOUGLAS BRYMNER.

#### Literary Items.

SCOTT'S OWN ROMANCE.—In a note to the newly published Journal of Sir Walter Scott is published the name of the lady whom Scott loved as long as life lasted; the name he cut in Runic characters on the turf beside the castle gate at St. Andrews. She was Williamina Belches, sole child and heir of a gentleman who was a cadet of the ancient family of Invermay, and who afterwards became Sir John Steuart of Fettercairn. In 1827 the name "still agitated his heart."

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GOETHE often set down on paper during the day thoughts and ideas which had presented themselves to him during his sleep on the preceding night. Coleridge is said to have composed his fragment of "Kubia Khan" during his sleep.

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It is stated that only forty copies were printed of Whittier's "At Sundown," which he had privately printed to send to a few friends.

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BISHOP LICHFOOT's theological library, one of the finest private collections in the world, was bequeathed by him to the Divinity School at Cambridge University, and has just been arranged there. It consists of nearly two thousand volumes, weighing four tons.