

spot through which the guns of the Americans had knocked a hole when they took the place during the war of 1812. But all inside was a mystery ; we knew that a great many soldiers lived within those walls, but what the inside was like we could only guess. At last fortune and a commandant's pass admitted me to the interior ; the approach was over a drawbridge, which crossed a small dry moat and when drawn up fitted into, and closed the doorway. The doors were of oak, studded thickly with iron bolts, and when these were opened the visitor found himself inside a bomb-proof vaulted passage leading into a square court yard, all round which were barrack-rooms, gun sheds, stables, and prison cells. Into the three former our pass admitted us, under the guidance of a soldier who took us in charge at the gate, but no one was suffered to explore the vaults used for places of confinement. However, there was plenty to be seen without them. Even in the rooms where the troops were quartered the guns were mounted ready for use, and the thick walls of primitive masonry were pierced at regular intervals with perpendicular narrow openings, through which the defenders might discharge their muskets in case of need, and, walking through the bare and scantily furnished rooms, it needed no great exertion of the imagination to fancy that an immediate attack was imminent, although the most complete peace and quietness prevailed throughout the land.

Passing through a dark vaulted passage rather than room, intended, as the soldier told us to put women and children into when the place was besieged, we ascended a narrow stairway to the north-east angle of the building, where the flag-staff was. Here we looked over into the turbid water at the foot of the rapids of the Richelieu, which flow close to the foundation, and were glad to get safely away from the rather giddy height.

A year or two afterwards neither a soldier nor a gun remained. Windows and openings of all kinds were closed,