

amounted to 200, that of the French to 54 men.

It is to be regretted that the same fatuity which appears to have pervaded the councils of the British influenced their conduct in all their relations during this war and led to an event which has been a fruitful theme for discussion, and is emblazoned in history with song and story. Cooper, the great American novelist, founds one of the most touching incidents in his "Last of the Mohicans" on it, and our Canadian poet, W. P. Lett, Esq., City Clerk of the City of Ottawa, illustrated an incident connected with it in a beautiful and pathetic poem—wherever the English language is spoken the massacre of Fort William Henry will be narrated in the same direful list of suffering as the Black Hole of Calcutta and the massacre of Cawn pore.

Late on the afternoon of the 9th of August, Montcalm took possession of the Fort, the Garrison of which joined their comrades in the intrenched camp. At sunrise on the 10th the English began their march and were instantly assailed by the savages who hovered around them brandishing their tomahawks and uttering their war whoops. If they had even at this time manifested common firmness and presence of mind all would have been well, they were superior to the savages in numbers, had ammunition and bayonets and their escort of 500 French troops did their duty, but they seem to have been abandoned by their officers and losing all control of themselves they fled down the road in wild confusion throwing down their baggage, arms and even their clothes, this conduct increased the rage of the savages—who now boldly attacked them scalping many and taking others prisoners. Montcalm was in his tent when his attention was attracted by the firing of the escort, and on being informed of the state of affairs hurried with de Levis and his chief officers to the scene; by threats, entreaties and actual force he succeeded in rescuing those who had not escaped to the number of 500 and sent them into the Fort supplying them with new clothing and everything necessary and sent them under a strong guard to Fort Edward. About 30 Provincials and a great many women and children were massacred, and 200 carried prisoners to Montreal where they were ransomed by Vaudreuil and sent with other prisoners redeemed in the same way to Halifax. It has been the practice to impute this deplorable occurrence to the punic faith of Montcalm and the innate cruelty of his character; but nothing can be more false, and it is time history should do full justice to that noble, talented and gallant soldier. Immediately after the surrender he warned the English officers to give no liquor to the Indians and advised them to stave their rum casks, those warnings were disregarded, the savages unable to obtain the means of intoxication from the French begged it off the English who willing to propitiate them gave a supply of rum sufficient for a grand debauch, one of those drunken scoundrels loitering about the baggage observed a sergeant's wife with a bright parti-colored shawl which he seized, the woman unwilling to part with her finery exposed her baby and the savage unable to force her to unloose her hold of the shawl snatched the child in the struggle, he dashed its brains out against a tree and buried his tomahawk to the handle in the mother's head; this was the true commencement of the massacre. The English soldiers looked on like frightened sheep, the French escort fired on the savages and had over 30 of their own men killed. Montcalm called on the English soldiers to defend themselves, but

they were incapable of resistance, and it was not till he had a division of the French troops marched down on them that the savages under a threat of annihilation were reluctantly forced off the field, and to mark his disapprobation of their conduct he compelled two chiefs of each nation to accompany the escort to Fort Edward. Both here and at Oswego Montcalm's conduct was that of a brave and humane man, and if posterity is to affix a stigma on the memory of any of the actors in these scenes, let it be on that of the cowardly imbecile who with ample means at his command, within fourteen miles of the Fort, allowed its defenders to become the victims of such barbarity.

It was no part of the French General's purpose to retain his conquest, accordingly having levelled the walls of the Fort and burnt all the magazines and stores he fell back to Ticonderoga, having inflicted a fearful blow on the British and effectually defended Canada. Upon the fall of Fort Wm. Henry Webb seemed to be completely paralysed, whatever wits he had at once forsook him and he sent all his personal effects to Albany, on which post he was on the point of falling back when Lord Howe, who had arrived on the 7th August with reinforcements, calmed his fears by demonstrating to him that there were no danger of the advance of the French, and soon after ascertained that they had retreated, whereupon 20,000 militia soldiers who had been concentrated at Fort Edward a few days after the surrender were sent home. The morale of the army was destroyed—the militia, willing to fight but declining to be led to slaughter by incompetent leaders, deserted by platoons, and while the Lieutenant Governor was trying to ascertain "what were the motives for this scandalous desertion of the militia," Lord Loudon proposed to "encamp on Long Island for the defence of the continent."

Another and more fatal proof of the incapacity of the British officers was to be furnished before the close of this campaign. The rich and populous settlements on the Mohawk, known as the German flats, had been peopled by refugees from the Palatinate of the Rhine, driven from their home by Turenne's ravages in the Campaign of 1675. Peaceful and industrious they had lived as good friends and neighbors with the Six Nations, but the fall of Oswego and Fort William Henry had laid the settlements open to the incursions of the Iroquois and French Canadian Bois brule or half breeds: these settlements were defended by a few inconsiderable block houses which were garrisoned by regular troops whose discipline was negligent and conduct unruly and arrogant.

Early in September Sir William Johnson wrote a letter to Major General Abercrombie in which he told him that the regulars stationed in the Forts were not only very arrogant and self-sufficient, but that they were of no use in protecting the Germans: what was wanted there was a force similar to that employed in gaining intelligence called "rangers," who might be constantly employed in scouring the country in search of scalping parties: at the same time it would be advisable to have the garrisons increased so that effectual resistance might be made in case of attack, and that these precautions should be immediately taken. To these warnings Abercrombie gave no heed, and while he was loitering at Albany the blow was struck. At three o'clock on the morning of the 12th November, the Palatine village, consisting of 60 dwellings and five block-houses, was aroused from its slumber by the war whoop; 300 Canadians and In-

dians, under Belletre, advanced in divisions on each block house; they were received at first with volleys of musketry, but the French advancing boldly on the principal block house the Mayor of the village in command unbarred the door and asked for quarter—the remaining block houses surrendered and were immediately burned; while the destruction of these posts was going on the savages had fired the houses in the village and stationing themselves at the doors tomahawked the wretched inmates as they rushed out to avoid the flames: it ended by the murder of 40 people, 150 taken prisoners and carried into Canada, the capture of a large quantity of grain, money, 3000 head of cattle and 3000 sheep. The whole Mohawk valley was thrown into confusion, people left their homesteads and carried their effects into Albany and Schenectady. These unhappy people had received far warning from the Chief Oneida Sachem, who had also warned the Commandant of the Garrison of Fort Herkimer, under whose very eyes the massacre was committed but who could render no assistance from the smallness of his force.

Loudon was in Albany when the news of the massacre arrived and with his usual stupidity wanted to declare war against the Six Nations, because they were unable to prevent a disaster brought on by his own want of judgment and the cowardice and imbecility of his Lieutenants. If he had been permitted to carry out his purpose, the conquest of Canada might have been indefinitely postponed, as the savages held the balance of power between the contending parties, and the Six Nations remaining true to British interests prevented the preponderance of force being sent against them. One more episode before closing this account of the campaign: the English fleet under a commander who merited, but did not get the fate of Byng, while cruising fruitlessly off Louisburg was caught in a severe gale on the 24th September, by which the *Tilbury* line of battle ship was driven ashore on Cape Breton and 225 of her crew drowned, others were obliged to throw their guns overboard, while many were dismayed—Admiral Holborne collected as many as possible and sailed for England, leaving a small squadron at Halifax, under command of Lord Colville, for the protection of trade and to watch the movements of the French.

Thus ended the Campaign of 1757, the most disastrous and disgraceful in its results of any on record as well as the most costly, foiled, beaten and plundered, by a foe inferior in numerical strength and resources, it is no wonder that statesmen and people should concur in the opinion that "there was a determination amongst the officers of the army against any vigorous prosecution of the service of the country."

13TH BATTALION.—The Thirteenth Battalion, headed by their fine band, marched to Dundas, throwing out advance and rear guards in the usual style. At the outskirts of Dundas they were met by the Dundas Company, commanded by Capteiu Wardell, and the Waterdown Company, under Capteiu Glassco. The whole force then marched to the drill shed, when after a short rest, they proceeded to the baseball ground and went through the usual drill, marching past, &c. The battalion left Dundas at 5 o'clock and reached Hamilton at about 7 o'clock. The Dundas and Waterdown Companies turned out in good strength, and the entire command presented a most creditable appearance.—*Hamilton Spectator*.