

conducted through two gates, which were carefully locked behind us, to a dismal place where were a flight of steps leading down to the water, and here another sentry was posted, whom I pitied; for I should not not myself like to be locked out from the world by three doors in such a place. But what of the man with the keys, who let me in and conducted me round? Does he live in that place? Has he a wife and family any where? Is his life insured; and if so, is it in a fire or life office, and what premium does he pay? Has he ever known the joys of tobacco? Is it lawful for him to feed upon anything more inflammatory than the Rev. lentil Arabica?

I own that I breathed more freely, as, stepping out of the Magazine, and taking my sword, which I had had to leave outside, from the sergeant, I bent my steps back to the guard-room.

The walk had been highly interesting, but I had sharpened my appetite wofully.

I had no books, but my predecessor had fortunately left behind him a plentiful supply of writing paper, with which I proceeded to draw up the report which had to be sent in on the following morning, culling the different parts of it from the various forms which were hung about the room, with a glorious uncertainty about what was for my own private instruction, and what for the official information of my superiors. This whiled away some time, and then an admiral came into the yard, and the guard had to be turned out in his honor; after which it was time to revisit the sentries; and so the day wore away. Night came, and I was left along with two tallow dips, and my own reflections, which were those of a like. Yet I might have set down to a dinner 'a la Russe,' for was it not open to me to devour those tallow dips? True; but I am a man who thinks slowly, and I must confess the idea did not occur to me. I was now tired as well as hungry, which would have been the greatest of boons, could I have gone to sleep, but this I dared not do, for the field-officer might come on his rounds at any minute, and I had made mistakes enough in the morning, without adding to those misdemeanors a lack of vigilance, which would keep a superior waiting at night; so I selected the hardest chair, placed a pebble on it, laid my sword and shako on the table in such a position that they could be caught up at a moment's notice, and commenced a game at tit-tat-toe, single-handed; but finding that this pastime of my childhood was not so exciting as memory had painted it, I exchanged it for the solution of very long and hard sums. The officer I had relieved in the morning had informed me that the F. O. generally came at about midnight, so there was not so much time to kill; and though the hours seemed to be paying me the compliment of approaching in slow time, twelve o'clock came at last. No rounds.

One o'clock. No rounds.

I then remembered that there was a ball going on at the port-admiral's, and that, most likely, the field-officer was there, and would take me on his way home; so, with a sigh at the thought, that at time he was probably sitting down to supper, I began another sum. "If a major who has dined at seven, and danced till one, can eat two rings of a chicken, three ounces of ham, four plovers' eggs, and a roll; how much can a subaltern, who has fasted for thirty hours, eat?"

Two o'clock. The pebble beginning to make itself unpleasant, I unwisely removed it, and almost instantly lost sight of paper and figures.

'Guard, turn out!' cried the sentry.

I jumped up, overturned the table, grasped my sword and shako, which I put on hind-side before, rushed out of the room, and just reached my place in time to receive the F. O. properly.

'All right, sir?' said he.

'All right, sir,' said I.

'All present?'

'All present.'

'Good night;' and he turned his horse's head. At that moment an unlucky marine who had been unable, on first waking, to find his musket, came tumbling out of the guard-room, and took his place in the ranks. The officer turned upon me like a wasp.

'I thought you said they were all present, sir!' said he.

'I did not see'—I began.

'Then you ought to have seen'—mind you are more careful another time.

This was the second time, in twenty-four hours, that I had been told, before all my men, that I ought to have seen; and this time the reprimand came from a man at least five years my junior, for I had recognized an old school fellow who had been my fag. However, I was too sleepy to suffer much from shame or indignation, so I paid one more visit to my sentries, and threw myself on the truckle-bed, where I slept hard until roused in the morning by an orderly who had come for my report.

Alas, alas! in knocking over the table the night before, I had spilt the ink all over that unhappy document, and there was no time to copy it! It was hurried away, like poor Hamlet's father, with all its blots upon it, and was consequently doomed, like that famous ghost, to wander about and haunt me; for, as it turned out, I had by no means seen the last of that orderly, who kept bringing me curt messages a rejected manuscripts all day. However, he went off for the time, and shortly afterwards the new guard arrived, and soon I was wending my happy way to barracks and to BREAKFAST.

For the Volunteer Review.

THE LATE COL. A. M. DESALABERRY,
D. A. G.

The warlike deeds of Col. Chas. Michel De Salaberry, C.B., the hero of Chateauguay, are the fireside traditions of our Canadian homes, and the news of the death, a few days ago, of his much respected son, Colonel A. M. DeSalaberry, has only served to recall some pleasing incident perhaps forgotten, and to brighten our admiration of that man who has been justly designated "the hero who saved Lower Canada."

On the death of Col. De Salaberry, in 1829, Lord Aylmer, who was at that time Governor-General of Lower Canada, offered the subject of this notice, Alphonse Melchoir De Salaberry, a commission in the army, but through the persuasions of his mother he refused it, and turned his attention to the legal profession. At the end of his studies he passed his final examinations, and forthwith commenced to practice, entering into partnership with Mr. R. S. M. Bouchette, the present Commissioner of Customs; but he never was distinguished as a profound legal adviser, nor as an accomplished pleader. Although by profession a lawyer, the spark of hereditary military fire still burned in his breast, and the uprising in 1837, in this country, only served to fan it

He had previously, during his studies, qualified himself as a Militia officer, and so was all the more able to exercise a command if his services were needed. Hearing that the rebels intended to take possession of Fort Chambly, he hastily collected some twenty or thirty men and threw himself between the fort and the advancing insurgents, numbering about 500 men, and at once proceeded to put that stronghold in a defensible state. The insurgents, hearing that they were likely to meet with a stubborn resistance, abandoned their intended attack. Next day he established a communication with Sir John Colborne, who was advancing to punish the rebels. Having obtained an interview with Sir John, De Salaberry prevailed on him to try moral persuasion with them before resorting to extreme measures, and he had the satisfaction of being not only the medium through whom a pardon was offered to his disaffected countrymen, but had the pleasure of seeing them lay down their arms and quietly proceed to their homes, without the effusion of blood.

On the suspension of the Constitution, several of his friends earnestly pressed him to take a seat in the Legislature; and it was only at the urgent solicitation of his friend Lord Sydenham that he reluctantly consented to contest the county of Chambly. Of course he was returned by an overwhelming majority; and while in the House he displayed that sagacity and foresight in the consolidation of the Union of the Provinces, and dignified and courteous manner which procured him in later years the respect and esteem of all classes.

For some years he held the office of Coroner for Montreal, and on the 26th of June, 1843, he was appointed Deputy Adjutant-General of Militia. This appointment he held up to the time of his death; and in him the Government and the citizen soldiery of Canada lose a zealous and efficient officer—one who had the interests of the entire force, Volunteer and Militia, at heart. Although he inherited a strong constitution, he some years ago contracted disease of the heart, which, after a long continued illness, ultimately carried him off, some two weeks ago, at the age of fifty four years.

On Saturday, 30th ult., his mortal remains were conveyed from his residence to the old family burial ground at Beauport, amidst a large concourse of friends and Volunteers, all anxious to testify their respect and esteem for him. We extract from the Quebec 'Morning Chronicle' the following short account of the funeral ceremony:—"From nine o'clock a. m. the square fronting the French Cathedral, and a large portion of John street extending towards the gate were crowded by citizens anxious to view the cortege, or be present at the solemn service for the occasion, announced to be performed in the above sacred edifice. The large and imposing procession reached the Cathedral about ten o'clock, when the coffin surmounted by the hat and sword of the deceased, was borne inside to the usual place, surrounded by lighted candles. At the church there was a perfect jam, thousands struggling impatiently to enter and obtain seats. The building was soon crowded to hear the impressive service, which was sung by Rev. Mr. Casgrain, the choral parts being executed a full choir. The Rifle (P. C. O.) band and firing party proceeded with the cortege to Beauport, and as the corpse was deposited in the grave, the troops formed around the church, and fired three volleys in the air."