

the barrier. After listening a moment or two, he returned to the body; and they instantly dashed forward at double quick time to the attack of the post. This was what the Guard expected: the artillery-men stood by with lighted matches, and Captain Barnsford at the critical moment giving the word, the fire of the guns and musketry was directed with deadly precision against the head of the advancing column. The consequence was a precipitate retreat—the enemy was scattered in every direction—the groans of the wounded and of the dying were heard, but nothing certain being known, the pass continued to be swept by the cannon and musketry for the space of ten minutes. The enemy having retired, thirteen bodies were found in the snow, and Montgomery's Orderly Serjeant desperately wounded, but yet alive, was brought into the guard room. On being asked if the General himself had been killed, the Serjeant evaded the question, by replying, that he had not seen him for some time," although he could not but have known the fact. This faithful Serjeant died in about an hour afterwards. It was not ascertained that the American General had been killed, until some hours afterwards when General Carleton, being anxious to ascertain the truth, sent an Aide-de-Camp to the Seminary, to enquire if any of the American officers, then prisoners, would identify the body.

A field officer of Arnold's division, who had been made prisoner near Sault-au-Matelot barrier, consenting, accompanied the Aide-de-Camp to the *Près-de-Ville* Guard, and pointed it out among the other bodies, at the same time pronouncing, in accents of grief, a glowing eulogium on Montgomery's bravery and worth. Besides that of the General, the bodies of his two Aides-de-Camp were recognized among the slain. The defeat of Montgomery's force was complete. Colonel Campbell, his second in command, immediately relinquished the undertaking. and led back his men with the utmost precipitation.

The exact spot where the barrier was erected before which Montgomery fell, may be described as crossing the narrow road under the mountain, immediately opposite to the west end of a building which stands on the south, and was formerly occupied by Mr. Racey as a brewery. It is now numbered 58. At the time of the siege this was called the Potash. The battery