

be saved, and would only frighten them a good deal to prevent them coming again. I made a solemn vow, if a prisoner were killed, never to go out with an Indian again. Fortunately all that were taken were mercifully treated except Adjutant Eldridge, who forfeited his life by firing at an Indian while a prisoner. During the whole of the affair the ladies were eye-witnesses from J. and P. Ball's windows.

"We had two Indians wounded. The United States loss was fifty killed and taken prisoners. Our Indians followed them to Butler's meadows. Directly after, the States' men marched out nearly their whole army. We quietly retired within our pickets."

*A BALLAD OF THE BLOCKADE OF QUEBEC  
IN 1775.*

Looking through the pages of my French scrap-book, I recently lit on the following rude, but inspiring lay, on the siege of Quebec in 1775-6, when the rebellious New Englanders, under Montgomery and Arnold, crossed our border—many never to return.

I had been allowed to copy the martial effusion from an antique, dusty, parchment-bound MS. A dear old friend, now no more, the Hon. Louis Panet, Senator, whose sires had played such a manly part in curbing the audacity of the foreign invaders, had been good enough to place at my disposal this prized *incunabula*, as he said, for the benefit of Canadian annals.

It was, I believe, an heirloom from his distinguished father, the Hon. Jean Antoine Panet, first Speaker of our Canadian Commons, in 1792.

My genial, nonagenarian friend (he died 15th May, 1884, aged 90 years and two months), used to take particular pleasure, not only in quoting from memory, but also in singing this war-like ditty, evidently composed when the