

tremendous cannonade, more to the alarm than to the injury of the inhabitants. "It is easy to imagine how our alarms redoubled; when we heard the noise of the cannon we were more dead than alive; every time the combat was renewed the bullets fell on our premises in such numbers that in one day we sent twenty-six of them to our artillerymen to be sent back to the English. Several of us thought that we were killed by them; the danger was so evident that the bravest officers regarded the capture of Quebec as inevitable. In spite of all our fears we prepared different places for the reception of the wounded, because the combat had commenced with an air to make us believe that our hospital would not be capable of containing those who might have need of our assistance. But God spared the blood of the French; there were few wounded and fewer killed. Quebec was very badly fortified for a siege; it contained very few arms and no provisions, and the troops that had come from Montreal had consumed the little food that there was in the city." "The fruits and vegetables of our garden were pillaged by the soldiers; they warmed themselves at our expense and burned our wood." "Everything appeared sweet to us provided we could be preserved from falling into the hands of those whom we regarded as the enemies of God as well as our own. We had not any professed artillerymen. Two captains, M. LeMoine de Maricour and M. de Lorimier, took charge of the batteries and pointed the cannon so accurately as hardly ever to miss. M. de Maricour shot down the flag of the Admiral, and, as soon as it fell, our Canadians boldly ventured out in a canoe to pick it up, and brought it ashore under the very beards of the English." "The Lower Town had been abandoned by its inhabitants, who bestowed their families and their furniture within the solid walls of the Seminary. The cellars of the Ursulines Convent were filled with women and children, and many more took refuge at the Hôtel Dieu. The beans and cabbages in the garden of the nuns had all been stolen by the soldiers, and their wood-pile was turned into bivouac fires." "At the Convent of the Ursulines, the corner of a nun's apron was carried off by a cannon-shot as she passed through her chamber. The sisterhood began a *novena*, or nine days' devotion, to St. Joseph, St. Anne, the angels, and the souls in purgatory; and one of their number remained in prayer day and night before the images of the Holy Family." "The Superior of the Jesuits, with some of the elder members of the order, remained at their college during the attack, ready, should the heretics prevail, to repair to their chapel and die before the altar. Rumour exaggerated the numbers of the enemy, and a general alarm pervaded the town. It was still greater at Lorette, nine miles distant. The warriors of that mission were in the first skirmish at Beauport, and two of them, running off in a fright, reported that the enemy were carrying everything before them. On this the villagers fled to the woods, and by Father Germain, their missionary, to whom this

hasty exodus suggested the flight of the Holy Family into Egypt. The Jesuits were thought to have special reason to fear the Puritan soldiery, who, it was reported, meant to kill them all, after cutting off their ears to make necklaces":

Seldom was a military expedition worse planned and less efficiently carried out. Parkman affirms that the troops were composed of undisciplined Massachusetts fishermen and farmers, ill supplied with ammunition and worse off for artillerymen to point their guns. After a whole week of ineffective siege and furious cannonading, the luckless fleet, on Tuesday, the 23rd October, 1690, disappeared behind Point Lévis and set sail for Boston. The flag of the Admiral's ship, captured by Maricour's boatmen, was borne in triumph to the Cathedral, where it remained until the great siege of 1759; Bishop St. Vallier sung a *Te Deum*; and, amid the booming of the city guns, the image of the Virgin Mary was paraded from church to church, followed by priests, citizens and soldiery. The auspicious day closed with a grand bonfire in honour of Frontenac, the Saviour of Canada, who was idolised more than ever.

*Spencer Grange, Quebec.*

## KING SOLOMON AND THE DJIN.

BY J. HUNTER-DUVAL.

SUNSET befell in Judah's land,  
 And one last ray aslant the heights  
 Of Mount Moriah, threw a band  
 Of rose, and mingled with the lights  
 That with a steady lustre shone  
 From out the many-windowed, grand,  
 High-buidded House of Lebanon  
 That proudly o'er the hill-clefts spanned;  
 And outlined where the Temple stood  
 Massive, gold-domed, a holy rood.

The King went down a golden stair  
 That gave upon the mountain's crown,  
 And standing, with a pensive air,  
 Looked down upon Jerusalem town,—  
 Not in his robes and ermined stole,  
 But in a caftan coarse and spare;  
 When crept a djin out of a hole,  
 Dwarfish and brown and wierd and bare,  
 And stood up with a ghastly grin;  
 And the King said, "What would'st, O Djin?"

Up spake the elf: "Dread Jewerie,  
 Son of the Shepherd King, than thou  
 No king shines more resplendently;  
 No greater crown than on thy brow;  
 Thy caves with wealth flow to the brim;  
 Thy keels plough up the Ophir sea;  
 Thy thousand wives are fair and trim;  
 If thou art happy tell to me!"  
 Sighed Solomon and said, "All these  
 Are vanity of vanities."