

our horse the rein. Fate was not pleased, however, to give us the right of way. We very soon overtook a load of hay. The driver either would not or could not move faster than a walk and we could not pass him by. We had simply to tail that procession till we reached the centre of the village. Then we got the road, and in a twinkling were at the depot. Our horse was stabled and we waited the coming of our friends, who came along in ample time to catch the train. The three of us who were bound for Montreal by train saw Mr. McLaurin snugly seated behind his faithful mare, Minnie, and with hearty thanks and a hearty handshake saw him off for Charlemagne. The train shortly after arrived and Messrs. Ross and McIntyre and myself soon found ourselves at the Dalhousie depot, Montreal. We parted company with a friendly grip and went our ways. On my homeward way I encountered at the corner of Craig and St. Denis streets a fragment of a street parade that had been doing honour to the newly elected Mayor McShane—for it was the day of the mayoralty contest, and the *fleur de lys* had been vanquished by the shamrock. Half an hour later I and my ten pound loaf were in the bosom of my family, who had been anxiously awaiting my return. That ten pound loaf was the only souvenir I had been able to carry away from the shanties. I prized it much, but alas! it did not last long, and now I have no souvenir at all.

But I shall always remember that winter journey to the Canadian lumber woods as one of the most interesting of my many tours. Not that others are forgotten. One likes to think, as one advances in years, of the varied scenes of bygone times. I like to think of experiences in Switzerland and on the Rhine, a trip to Montavert, near Chamounix, at the foot of the mightiest of European mountains; a never to be forgotten visit to famed St. Bernard, an enchanting tour through Scotland and the Scottish Highlands, taking in the Caledonian canal, Fingal's Cave, Iona, Loch Lomond and the second Naples—Edinburgh—around which cling so many stirring memories. My latest journey was like none of these, but the new country and the virgin forest have a charm all their own, that needs neither history nor tradition to enforce its claim. In the quiet of the Canadian woods thousands of men are found each winter going through a routine the same or similar to that I have described. It is a healthful life, and one to which they grow attached. It is a simple life, its even surface seldom or never ruffled by the storms that breed and break in the busier haunts of men. To me it was a revelation. Whenever I see the lumber-laden ships go out from port, or see the products of the mills pass by, my thoughts will turn in glad remembrance to the Laurentian forest and the incidents of a trip as interesting as it was unique to me.

[THE END.]

Historic Canada, XIII.

The Old Fort at Chambly, P.Q.

For general interest, and for almost uninterrupted connection with the early history of Canada, Fort Chambly is surpassed by few, if any, military buildings in the country. Its existence as a fortified post dates back to 1665. The Marquis de Tracy had just arrived in Canada as Lieutenant-General of the King's troops, and had landed at the little town of Quebec with all the stately ceremony that could be accorded to the representative of Royalty. A religious man, he at no time permitted his devotional duties to interfere with the work he had been sent out to do, and he followed up and fought the Iroquois with great persistency. For this work the regiment of Carignans Salières was sent out from France; it was the first regular corps of the French army that had yet come to Canada, and its officers and men, taking up land in the colony as they completed their terms of service, have exercised much influence on its history, and have become the progenitors of many prominent Canadian families of to-day. The Richelieu river, on which Chambly stands, has always been the great military route for operations to and from the English colonies or Indian tribes south of New France; and stealing along its reaches and shooting its rapids came the Mohawk and Oneida raiders of 1665 and previous years to terrorize the struggling Europeans who were beginning to fringe the St. Lawrence with settlements. Tracy early saw the necessity of fortifying strategic points along the line of attack. He sent a strong detachment under Captain Jacques de Chambly to build a palisaded fort at the spot now named after its founder; this was promptly effected, and the first Fort Chambly thus came into existence. A garrison was stationed there,—one of tolerable strength, as we find

during the following year mention made of a chaplain being on duty in the post. Captain Chambly became proprietor of a large tract of land in the immediate vicinity of the fort, where he built himself a substantial seigniorial house. As a reliable and courageous officer, he was selected by Frontenac for much service, and at one time was captured by the Iroquois. In 1673 he became governor of Acadia, and in later years governor of Martinique. With the few troops in the colony, and the heavy demands for their services, the garrison at Chambly appear at times to have consisted of but a corporal's guard; and this, together with the poor condition of the post as a means of defence from the Iroquois, resulted in many of the original settlers leaving that seignior. A mill had been erected there which was of considerable service; but the horrors of the Indian war made self-defence the first thing thought of.

By the end of the century the stockades had become so rotten that cross timbers were necessary to keep them in place. At this time the garrison consisted of about 30 men, and six guns comprised its means of defence. The post was of importance and must be fortified, so in 1709 a recommendation for its reconstruction in stone was sent to France for approval. A few years passed and no sign of the permit having come, the colonial authorities took the matter in their own hands, and built the structure from plans prepared by Mr. de Levy, the king's engineer at Montreal, the work being done by both civil and military labour. From the erection of the stone structure down to 1760 Chambly was well garrisoned, and played no unimportant part in the many wars which occurred

during that period; it forming one of the links in the chain of posts along which the expeditions against the English colonies advanced and retired. During the dark winter which followed the fall of Quebec, Chambly and other forts on the Richelieu still remained in French hands, and it was not until the end of August, 1760, that the advance of Haviland's army forced its garrison to retire. From that day down to a comparatively recent date the fort has sheltered a British garrison, with the exception of a short period, during which it was in possession of the American rebels who visited Canada in 1775. Prior to 1812 but two companies of the King's troops formed the garrison of the fort; but during the last war with the United States, its strategic value was so great that a large force was stationed there, amounting, in 1814, to over 6,000 men. The whole vicinity of the fort formed the camping-ground. It was, however, scarcely ever threatened by the invaders, Isle-aux-Noix forming the limit of their approach. Since then it has suffered gradually from the effects of time and climate, and, after the departure of the Imperial troops, from the vandals who stole from it anything that could possibly be carried away, no caretaker having been at the time appointed by the Canadian Government. This, however, has been checked to a great degree by the energy and vigilance shown by Mr. Dion, who has recently been given the entire charge of the building. By his exertions sufficient money has been obtained from the Government to partially repair the damage, and to prevent further hurt from the elements. It is a landmark of our early history, and as such is worthy of all care and attention.



THE MAIN GATE, CHAMBLY FORT.