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THE RAVAGES OF PEACE.

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THIRTY years ago. The Old Fort, old even then, was filled with troops ; the port-holes frowned over the Richelieu and the green "common" land forming the Government Reserve ; every tower had its sentry, and soldiers were coming and going in every direction ; the interior of the fort was a mystery to the great majority of the rising generation, for admittance was strictly denied to all save the privileged military and such well-known civilians as the guard was specially authorised by the commandant to admit. It is therefore not surprising that Fort Chambly was a prolific source of story and legend, commonplace enough, no doubt, to the general public, but of thrilling and intense interest to the boys of the village. Here was the great elm against which, so one universally credited but as I now believe apocryphal story related, three rebels were placed and summarily shot during the great Rebellion ; nearer to the fort was the old burying-ground, where a weather-beaten headboard or two

marked the spot where years and years before some more distinguished soldier had been laid to rest among the men he formerly commanded ; but who he was, or how long he had lain there, the oldest man in the village could not say. "That old board ! Oh ! it was just the same when I was a boy ; blackened and bare as you see it now." The paint had worn away, but the solid oak sturdily refused to succumb to time, wind or weather. And when a good-natured sentry was on duty, and we were allowed to approach the outer wall of the fort, we could see on the western side the place where the less time-worn masonry indicated the spot through which the guns of the Americans had knocked a hole when they took the place during the war of 1812. But all inside was a mystery ; we knew that a great many soldiers lived within those walls, but what the inside was like we could only guess. At last fortune and a commandant's pass admitted me to the interior ; the approach was