

Towards two o'clock, a boat, bearing a white flag, put out from the Admiral's ship. Four canoes leave the Lower Town to meet it midway. It brings an officer bearing a letter from Sir William Phips to the French Commander.

Let us allow the brilliant biographer of Frontenac, Francis Parkman, to describe this incident :

"He (the bearer of the flag of truce) was taken into one of the canoes and paddled to the quay, after being completely blindfolded with a bandage which covered half his face. Prevost received him as he landed, and ordered two sergeants to take him by the arms and lead him to the Governor. His progress was neither rapid nor direct. They drew him hither and thither, delighting to make him clamber in the dark over every possible obstruction ; while a noisy crowd hustled him, and laughing women called him Colin Maillard, the name of the chief player in blindman's buff : amid a prodigious hubbub, intended to bewilder and impress him with a sense of warlike preparations, they dragged him over the three barricades on Mountain Street, and brought him at last into a large room of the Château.

Here they took the bandage from his eyes. He stood for a moment with an air of astonishment and some confusion. The Governor stood before him, haughty and stern, surrounded by French and Canadian officers, Maricourt, Sainte Hélène, Longueuil, Villebon, Valrenne, Bienville and many more, bedecked with gold lace and silver lace, perukes and powder, plumes and ribbons, and all the martial foppery in which they took delight, and regarding the envoy with keen, defiant eyes. After a moment he recovered his breath and his composure, saluted Frontenac, and, expressing a wish that the duty assigned to him had been of a more agreeable nature, handed him the letter of Phips. Frontenac gave it to an interpreter, who read it aloud in French, that all might hear."

It was a summons to Frontenac, on behalf of their Majesties, William and Mary, King and Queen of England, to surrender the colony, and closed thus : "Your answer positive in an hour, returned by your own trumpet, with the return of mine, is required upon the peril that will ensue."

"When the reading was finished, the Englishman pulled his watch from his pocket, and handed it to the Governor ; Frontenac could not, or pretended that he could not, see the hour. The messenger thereupon told him that it was ten o'clock, and that he must have the answer before eleven. A general cry of indignation arose, and Valrenne called out that Phips was nothing but a pirate, and that his man ought to be hanged. Frontenac contained himself for a moment, and then said to the envoy. "I will not keep you long waiting. Tell your general that I do not recognize King William, and that the Prince of Orange, who so styles himself, is a usurper, who has violated the most sacred laws of blood in attempting to dethrone his father-in-law. I know no king in England but King James." This interview was ultimately brought to a close by Frontenac's proud retort,

"I will answer your general only by the mouths of my cannon"; and he eventually did so, and much to the point. Major Walley, in his journal, republished in *Smith's History of Canada*, has given full particulars of the operations on the Beauport shore—the idea was for the English to cross in their boats or ford the River St. Charles, ascend by the coteau Ste. Geneviève and take the city in reverse, whilst Phips would fiercely cannonade it from the ships : the spot where Wolfe, sixty-nine years later, ascended, at the *ruisseau St. Denis*, was pointed out to Phips, but he would not alter his original plan.

Nothing seems to have been done that day (16th) ; in the evening there occurred "a great shouting, mingled with the roll of drums and the sound of fifes," in the Upper Town, when, in reply to an English officer's question, a French prisoner in the English fleet, of the name of Granville, captured whilst reconnoitring opposite Mal Bay, informed him it was Callières, just arrived from Montreal with 700 or 800 men, many of them regulars. Space precludes my developing in detail Major Walley's operations and repulse at Beauport, where the local militia gave his men a warm reception, though Quebec had to deplore the death of a valuable officer—*le chevalier de Clermont*—and the ultimate loss of Sainte Hélène, who, wounded in the leg, lingered until 3rd December following, and was buried on the 4th, in the *Cimetière des Pauvres*, adjoining the Hôtel-Dieu Monastery.

Let us now take up Parkman's narrative : "Phips lay quiet till daybreak, when Frontenac sent a shot to awaken him, and the cannonade began again. Saint Hélène had returned from Beauport ; and he, with his brother Maricourt, took charge of the two batteries in the lower town, aiming the guns in person and throwing balls of 18 and 24 pounds with excellent precision against the four largest ships of the fleet. One of their shots cut the flagstaff of the Admiral, and the Cross of St. George fell into the water. It drifted with the tide towards the north shore ; whereupon several Canadians paddled out in a birch canoe, secured it and brought it back in triumph. On the spire of the Cathedral of the Upper Town had been hung a picture of the Holy Family as an invocation of divine aid. The Puritan gunners wasted their ammunition in vain attempts to knock it down. That it escaped their malice was ascribed to miracle, but the miracle would have been greater if they had hit it."

A furious cannonade was kept up all this time between Quebec and the Massachusetts fleet. Mère Juchereau de Saint Ignace, a Hôtel-Dieu nun, draws a very dark picture of the interior of Quebec during this dreadful week. The nuns restricted themselves to a daily morsel of bread, and the loaves which they furnished to the soldiers were impatiently devoured in the shape of dough, terror and distress reigned in the city, "for", in her simple but affecting language, "everything diminished except hunger." To add to the general confusion, the English squadron kept