

NOVEMBER.

SONNET BY HENRY PRINCE.

Thou foul NOVEMBER,—ill begetting dog!
 Leagued with rash Æolus and his vengeful train,
 To fret the earth with tortuous sleet and rain,
 And ague damps, and fever-breeding fog,
 Thy *avant courier*, the bleak east wind.
 In gusty sobs and lamentable moans,
 Now troopeth thro' bald trees with dismal tones
 That leave a sense of death-like awe behind.
 With darksome clouds obscurest thou the light
 Of dwarfish days, eclipsing sun and moon,
 So weary mariners but guess the noon;
 And shivering kine anticipate the night.
 And thou,—black sheep of all thy kindred dear,
 Rejoicest in thy fell and pitiless career.

JOTTINGS FROM THE KINGDOM OF GOD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "QUEBEC PAST AND PRESENT."

THE SHIPWRECK OF SIR HOVENDEN WALKER'S SQUADRON ON EGG ISLAND, LOWER ST. LAWRENCE—ATTACK ON PLACENTIA PROJECTED—RETURN OF FLEET TO ENGLAND—PERSECUTION OF THE LUCKLESS ADMIRAL—HIS DEATH IN 1725, IN SOUTH CAROLINA.

(Continued.)

We next follow the Admiral up Gaspé Bay, within a harbor, where a French ship from Biscay lay unrigged, waiting for fish for a cargo to go to Europe. "I sent in," adds the Admiral, "and seized her, intending to rig her out."

On the 19th (August), the *Montague*, *Leopard* and *Sapphire* cruised off Gaspé; the two latter were to go to Bonaventure Island to destroy or bring away the fish-boats of the place; a calm prevented them—the work of disaster fell solely to the brigantines and sloops previously sent.

The French ship captured in the Gaspé harbor was fired, the channel (of the Basin?) being too intricate to fetch her out. "I, therefore," says he, "ordered her to be burned, as well as the houses and stages ashore," and the men to be brought on board prisoners." This would have taken place, according to the entry in the Admiral's journal, on the 20th August. A Biscay fishing craft burnt—the cinders of a dozen of fishermen's huts—a few boats destroyed on the Gaspé shore; such were the only traces left at this spot by the great British Admiral of the White, Sir Hovenden Walker, Knight Commander-in-Chief of Queen Anne's Armada. A stiff breeze brought the fleet out of Gaspé Bay, but a calm and thick fog supervening, the Admiral issued strict orders to keep his vessels together in the fog and drizzly rain. This weather lasted all that day, the 22nd August; gusts of wind came on at night; and the fog grew thicker; the lead gave no bottom, and as no land had been seen for two days it was thought that the north shore was far off. At ten that night "we found ourselves," says Walker, "upon the north shore, amongst rocks and islands, at least fifteen leagues farther than the log gave, when the whole fleet had like to have been lost. But by God's good providence all the men-of-war, tho' with extreme hazard and difficulty, escaped, and eight transports were cast away, and almost 900 men—officers, soldiers and seamen—lost; and had I not made the signals as I did, but continued sailing, it is a great question whether any ship or men had been saved." (Page 45.)

The *Edgar* had, indeed, a narrow escape. Captain Goddard, by his timely wearing, was mainly instrumental in saving the whole fleet. Paradis, the French pilot, was asleep below, but on reaching the deck he ordered every inch of canvas to be spread on the yards, and the *Edgar*, filling on the opposite tack, escaped the breakers by a few ship's lengths. The *Edgar* wore ship some time after and rejoined the squadron in the morning, meeting the *Swiftsure*. Soon Captain Alexander, of the *Chatham*, communicated the details of the disaster. Eight heavily laden transports, representing 2316 tons, the *Isabella-Anne-Catherine*, *Samuel and Anne*, *Nathaniel and Elisabeth*, *Marlborough*, *Chatham*, *Colchester*, *Content* and the *Smyrna Merchant*, had been stranded during that night of the 23rd on Egg Island. Captains Richard Bayly, Thomas Walkup and Henry Vernon were drowned. Eight hundred and eighty-four corpses strewed the beach of the Island and the Labrador shore. The *Windsor*, *Eagle* and *Montague* had escaped shipwreck by running into an anchorage near by. By that disaster the regiments of *Cola*, *Windresse*, *Kane*, *Clayton*, as well as that of General Seymour, entirely composed of the veteran troops of Marlborough, were nearly destroyed, and, says Charlevoix, two complete companies of the Royal Guards were identified amongst the dead on the beach by their scarlet coats. It is difficult to get at the real figure of the dead and missing. On the Admiral's arrival at Boston he had sent in requisitions to Governor Dudley for four months rations for 9,385 men he had brought from England; and again, at the council of war, held after the wreck on Egg Island, when it was debated whether it would not be advisable to attack Placentia, he declared his frigates had but 3,802 and the transports 3,841—a total of 7,643 seamen and soldiers.

According to the official report of Admiral Walker* 320 men embarked on board of the *Isabella-Anne-Catherine*; 102 embarked on the

*"No commodore is to suffer any ship of his division to go ahead of him, and in case any do to fire at them; and the men-of-war in his division, or next to that ship that goes ahead, shall make up sail to get up with her and cause the shot to be paid for by the master."—*Additional Signals and Instructions*, given by Admiral Walker, p. 272.

Chatham; 150 on the *Marlborough*; 246 on the *Smyrna Merchant*; 354 on the *Colchester*; 188 on the *Nathaniel and Elisabeth*, and 150 on the *Samuel and Anne*: total 1,420. All these transports, together with the *Content*, not entered in his return, were stranded on Egg Island; and with loss of men by death and by desertion, it does not seem unreasonable to fix at 1,100 the figure of those who failed to answer to their names when the roll was called the morning which dawned on the dreadful night of the 22nd August, 1711.

Twenty-one years previous, Admiral Phipps had lost over 1000 men and 38 vessels in an expedition against the same Quebec.

Dumfounded by this fearful marine disaster, Admiral Walker instructed Captain Coah, of the *Leopard*, to cruise round the island to save life and property, himself doing the same in the *Edgar*.

Next day the *Monmouth* was sent to discover a safe anchorage for the fleet, but none having been found, and his pilots declaring their inability to take the fleet inside of the Bay of Seven Islands, the Admiral ordered that the survivors should be divided among the other ships of the fleet, and assembled his council of war on board of the *Windsor*, on which he hoisted temporarily his flag. The officers present were: Captain Soans, of the *Swiftsure*, Captain John Michel, of the *Monmouth*, Captain Robert Arris, of the *Windsor*, Captain George Watton, of the *Montague*, Captain Henry Gore, of the *Dunkirk*, Captain George Paddon, of the *Edgar*, Captain John Cockburn, of the *Sunderland*, and Captain Augustin Rouse, of the *Sapphire*. Angry words were first exchanged; some of the commanders took occasion to remonstrate with the Admiral for his having failed to consult them prior to sailing from Boston. Captain Bonner, pilot on board the *Edgar*, and Mr. Miller, pilot on board the *Swiftsure*, urged the dangers which the narrow passage at *Isle aux Couderes* presented. The other pilots successively acknowledged their incompetency. It was then unanimously resolved to abandon the expedition against Quebec, and to steer for Spanish River, at Cape Breton, whilst the *Leopard*, in company of a brig, the *Four Friends*, and of the sloop *Blessing*, should continue to cruise in the vicinity of the spot where the transports had been stranded. At Cape Breton delays and hesitation recommenced. Walker was determined not to return to England without making an attempt on Placentia; this place being also mentioned in his instructions. Several of his captains sided with him, but General Hill opposed the project. A council of war was again resorted to, and as there were remaining provisions but for eleven weeks—the men being put on half rations—it was decided to return. But before leaving, the Admiral thought it his duty to take possession of the land, in the name of Queen Anne, and to replace the arms of France by a Latin inscription cut in the form of a cross.

Thus ended this formidable armada, equipped in so costly a manner, and on which the Queen and Ministry had built such hopes. Desertion of the men—insubordination on behalf of the officers—incompetency of the pilots—the want of foresight on behalf of the Admiral—want of patriotism of the Boston people, always ready to instigate an attack on Quebec, but unwilling to submit to the smallest pecuniary sacrifice in order to help their Sovereign to prosecute such an undertaking—such were the leading causes of the disasters of a campaign which, far from weakening New France, rather contributed to enrich her.

"It was considered," says Mère Juchereau, "advisable to send persons to Egg Island to bring back what had been cast ashore there. Mr. Duplessis, receiver of the admiral's dues, and Monsignat, agent of the crown, freighted a vessel and engaged forty men, whom they provided with a pastor and provisions, to go and winter at Egg Island, so as to be able to save all the property possible by the spring. They left in 1711 and returned in June, 1712, with five vessels loaded. The spectacle which met their sight was awful to contemplate; over 2,000 naked corpses, in every posture of anguish, strewed the shore; some appeared as if gnashing their teeth—others as if tearing out their hair; some were half covered with sand—others joined in a deadly embrace. One group was composed of seven women, holding one another by the hand—they had met death together. It may look strange that women should have been in this expedition, but the English seemed so sure of taking the place that the offices, high and low, had been distributed beforehand; the future incumbents had brought their children and wives, so as to be in readiness to settle. The French prisoners in the fleet saw many women and children, following their husbands or fathers, and a number of families went to reside in Canada.

The sight of so many dead bodies was awful, and the stench arising therefrom unbearable; though the tide carried away each day many, there still remained enough to breed a pestilence. Some before death had secreted themselves in hollow trees, others had sought protection under high herbs. The footsteps of others could be followed for six to nine miles; it is thought some of the latter had walked to rejoin their ships lower down. There must have been old retired officers among them, as some commissions were found signed by James II, who had taken refuge in France in 1689. Some also were Roman Catholics, as images of the Virgin Mary were found on their clothes.

* See page 190—Appendix to Walker's Journal.

Heavy anchors, cannons, balls, iron chains, warm clothing, coverings, rich horse gear, silver swords, tents, numerous guns, plate, every kind of iron ware, bells, rigging for ships, and a multitude of other things were brought from the Island—£5,000 worth was sold at auction; every one rushed to the sale to obtain a souvenir of the English armada.

More goods were left behind than were taken away; they were so deeply immersed in the sea that it was impossible to remove them.

Two years subsequently £12,000 worth, exclusive of what had been previously taken, was conveyed to Quebec. "It was enough to make us hope that our enemies would not again attack us, and to increase our confidence in God," adds the good nun who wrote the account.

In Quebec the effect produced was very great. The news of the disaster had reached there on the 19th Oct., 1711. M. de la Valtrie, on his return from Labrador, had announced it the first, and our forefathers seeing that the colony had escaped from certain loss, were loud in exultation. The title of the small lower town church, *Notre Dame de la Victoire*, was altered to that of *Notre Dame des Victoires*.

Every one talked of the miraculous incident wrought to save us; the poets rhymed couplets in its honor. Grave historians narrated the English campaign; satirists pointed their shafts at the mode of death of the enemy. Mount Parnassus was climbed by all; even the ladies became poetical; the gentlemen of course followed suit; the clergy and friars had their turn; each day a new piece of poetry on the shipwreck was written.

We are told that the result "of the expedition to Canada has made a great noise in London, almost as if the fate of Britain had depended on it." (*Walker's Journal*.) Mourning in private families and at court ensued. Calamity followed the steps of the unfortunate Admiral. Scarcely had he arrived in London when a messenger brought him the terrible news that the *Edgar*, his flag-ship, of 70 guns, with a crew of 470 men, had blown up at Portsmouth. Not a marine—nor officer—nor document" had been saved; no vestige to indicate that the English navy once owned a magnificent line-of-battle ship called the *Edgar*.

The luckless Admiral had not yet exhausted his cup of bitterness. Hunted out of London, ridiculed, maltreated by the Lords, Board of Admiralty, some of whom had been his comrades when in the navy, we find him, on the 4th December, 1714, at his house at Somersham, in Huntingdonshire, explaining to Secretary Burchett the items of ship expenditure incurred for the Royal cause three years previously at Boston, in order to free himself from charges of extravagant expenditure brought against him by the Admiralty. His twenty-eight years service in the navy, his captivity in France as a state prisoner, all seems forgotten. A London journal, the *St. James' Post*, announced that while at his London residence, Newington St. Mark, the Admiral had been arrested by order of the Queen. Finally—though his services might have been readily accepted in the Venetian or Russian navy—he sought a refuge against malice and calumny on a plantation in South Carolina. All this time his colleague, General Hill, was enjoying the favor of the Court; he had one advantage, however, over Admiral Walker, he was the brother of Madame Masham, the favorite of Queen Anne.

Walker, on returning to Boston after the Canada expedition, was assailed by swarms of pamphlets and printed libels much to his surprise. He had expected some reward, some kind of acknowledgment for having saved the rest of the expedition. Governor Dudley and Col. Nicholson took a delight in attacking the unhappy Captain, even in his South Carolina home; and he, who at one time thought to eclipse in glory Drake by the conquest he meditated of Quebec, was compelled to flee to Barbadoes. Finally, calm was restored to this perturbed soul. In 1720, Sir Hovenden Walker succeeded in having an account or journal of the expedition published, and this document, now very scarce—and for the use of which I am indebted to my antiquarian friend, Christopher O'Connor, Esq.—placed the matter in a more favorable light. In close communion with the Muses, and especially so with his favorite author, Horace, from whom he had selected the motto for his defence,* Sir Hovenden Walker expired peacefully, in his American home, in the year 1725.

"Rebus angustis animosus atque
 Fortis appare: sapienter idem
 Contrahe vento nimium secundo
 Turgida vela."

—*Hor. Lib. 2, Ode 10.*

VARIETIES.

ROMAN REMAINS.—At Trier fresh excavations have been made near the so-called Roman Emperor's palace. A great number of marble slabs turned up, as well as a marble torso which once belonged to a life-sized draped figure. Near by, one half of a sculptured female head, and a fragment of drapery which may have belonged to the figure, were dug up. Fragments of a wall covered with fresco paintings were also laid bare. Excavations made by way of trial near the city wall produced surprisingly rich results, such as the sculptured head of a satyr; a very expressive head of a winged Morpheus, with closed eyes; the head of a woman and of a youth; a great many fragments of arms, various torsos,

* Amongst the documents destroyed was the original of the Journal kept by Sir William Phips, in the Quebec expedition of 1690, and presented to him by the French Minister.

and pieces of drapery. Other antiquities are expected to come up. Trier, the *Augusta Trevirorum* of the Romans, was one of the places longest held by the latter, until the German Franks obtained possession of it. In the neighbourhood of that town there may be seen the so-called Igel column, a colossal Roman family-grave monument, seventy-two feet in height.

WOMEN AND BUSINESS.—A solicitor of very large practice in London told a writer in *London* the other day that, whereas out of every twenty men who have £200 a year and upwards, or who happen to inherit a sum of money, nineteen open an account at same bank, not one woman in twenty can ever be persuaded to do so. The weaker sex almost invariably distrust banks; or else they like to have their money with them, so that they can muddle it away at their pleasure, and no one be the wiser. Of every twenty male clients to whom my informant has had to pay sums of £25 and upwards, nineteen will request to have their cheques crossed. But women seem always to believe that there is in those who cross a cheque some sinister idea of plundering the payee. With tradesmen he says this is particularly remarkable. If a shop is kept by a man, the latter is almost certain to have an account at a bank; but if kept by a woman, she rarely, if ever, has anything of the kind. And the result is that for one man who is robbed, there are at least a score of women. The London thieves know that the latter almost invariably keep their money on the premises, and regulate their operations accordingly.

A MUSICIAN'S AMUSEMENT.—Paganini was not merely a musician. He was a magician in music. He could make all voices speak from his violin, from the thrill of an Æolian harp to the braying of a donkey. It is related of the great violinist that, arriving at Frankfurt one night at an unseasonable hour, he stopped at an inn outside the city gate. Finding himself unable to sleep, he took his violin, went to the open window, and commenced playing one of his wonderful medleys. Feminine sighs and groans, then the crying of an infant, and then joyous outbursts of laughter, issued in rapid succession from the strings of his magical instrument. The whole neighbourhood was aroused. Nightcaps peeped out timidly from upper windows, worthy burghers in scant undress reconnoitred stealthily behind half-open doors. At length the more adventurous guests of the inn, rushing up-stairs and knocking violently at Paganini's door, with a view of ascertaining the cause of all this hubbub, were quietly informed by the artist that being unable to sleep, he was simply amusing himself with his violin.

THE CZAR.—The probability of the Czar's abdication, says the correspondent of an American paper, is again privately but generally discussed. Although he has passed the fatal date at which, according to an ancient superstition, the Romanoffs should die, his mind is haunted with the idea of a tragic death, and the doctors urge him to quit a climate where fever and dysentery have begun to make fearful ravages in the ranks of the army. His withdrawal from the theatre of operations would be hailed with satisfaction, his relinquishment of the cares of State with something more than indifference, for he is a nuisance to his Generals, whose plans he thwarts on all occasions, and the Russians rather reverence the abstract idea of sovereignty than cherish any particular respect for the person of him who is its incarnation. There are two or three scandals among the grand dignitaries of the Empire, but except as regards the decreasing influence of Prince Gortschakoff and the removal from office of the late Governor of Bulgaria, *in partibus*, Prince Tcherkasky, the rumours do not seem to rest on sufficiently authoritative grounds for their reproduction.

THE COURAGE OF THE TURKS.—Once more in the course of this exhausting campaign, says the *London Standard*, the Turks have astonished the world by the vigor of their resistance to a Power which they had been accustomed to regard as overwhelming. In spite of a strategy which almost deserved the contempt which military critics were wont to shower upon the Ottoman mode of warfare, the Turks have more than held their ground against the armies of the Czar. Whatever may be the ultimate issue of the war, they have vindicated, to a degree which must have surprised even their warmest partisans, their ancient renown in arms. They have confounded even experts by a series of victories which, when we regard the odds against them, must be reckoned hereafter as some of the most astonishing which are recorded in military history. Errors which might have been fatal to any other army have been marvellously retrieved. Disasters which might have overwhelmed the bravest nation fighting for its liberties have been remedied with a patience, valor, and fortitude which must surely compel the admiration of the bitterest foes of their religion and race. For nine days a hastily entrenched position has held out against the most strenuous attacks of an enemy superior in numbers, in organization, and in guns, directed by all the skill and science which may be supposed to be at the service of one of the greatest of the European military Powers.

FECHTER AS A FARMER.—A correspondent of the *Boston Sunday Times* recently paid a visit to Quakertown, Pa., the home of Charles Fechter, the actor, and records his impressions in an "Interview," from which we make some extracts:—"In this picturesque home, Fechter leads an ideally happy life from July to Octo-