

DEATH OF GENERAL BROCK.

(BATTLE OF QUEENSTON HEIGHTS.)

On Queenston Heights the foe was ranged, in battle's dread array.
Full many a heart that ceased to beat, ere closed the autumn day:
While our young country's chivalry, beneath, on every hand,
Stood well prepared to win, or die, defenders of the land.

Why should they fear? their leader stands, a veteran strong of will,
They know and trust his prudent mind, his bravery and skill.
His firm command is heard in tones as calm as zephyr's breath,
And, like a breeze, it waving sets this harvest-field of death.

Oh! gallant Brock, beloved of all, how sad thy sudden doom!
The victor's wreath so nobly earned, but circled on thy tomb.
And Destiny, before so kind, an odious task was thine.
The laurel for thy brilliant son, with cypress to entwine.

"Heed not my death, I am but one!" the noble leader cried,
Unafraid to the last, while war rolled on its reddened tide.
Twas Valour's helpless, last appeal, yet uttered not in vain,
Their hero's soul is with them still—the victory they gain.

Their maddened passions now at rest, with many a hidden tear
And groans suppressed, they gather by their fallen general's bier;
The minute gun now spreads afar the tale of battle ground
And many an echoing hill-top answers that unwonted sound.

But hark awhile! no echo this, that breaks upon the gloom,
From o'er yon wooded summit comes a dull responsive boom.
Its meaning soon they proudly read, a tribute from the foe,
And offered to the honoured dead their aim hath stricken low.

His soldiers mourned; no less his foe was to his memory just,
A people's unavailing tears fell o'er his silent dust;
A towering monument now bears the record of his fame,
And Canada was proud to give her fairest town his name.

Oh, Canada! for cause of thine hath blood been freely shed,
Thy grassy sod hath early closed o'er many a gallant head.
Yet in thy sheltering bosom rests no nobler hero's clay,
Than his who fell at Queenston Heights on that October day.

Montreal.

M. J. WALLS.

MASON AND SLIDELL.

We fancy our readers will be pleased to peruse the following new, authentic and highly interesting account of an historical event which made an unusual stir throughout Canada at the time of its occurrence, and will remain forever memorable for the impulse it gave to our volunteer system. The paper is from the pen of R. M. Hunter, an officer on board the American war vessel *San Jacinto*.

I.

The *San Jacinto* had cruised during the fall months on the west coast of Africa, bearing a roving commission and keeping a bright lookout for the privateer *Sumter*. The cruise had not resulted in anything of practical benefit either in the way of prize-money to the crew or service to the Government, and the 1st of October beheld her steering for the Spanish main, with her crew and officers in fine spirits and eager for adventure. Touching at Cienfuegos, news was received that Mason and Slidell had passed out of Charleston in the blockade-runner *Theodora* and had reached Havana. This was on the 23rd of October, and orders were at once given to coal ship. The order was executed with despatch, and on the 26th of the same month the *San Jacinto* was again in blue water shaping a course for Havana. The greatest secrecy was observed as to the destination of the ship, but a stray copy of the *Baltimore American* had passed among the crew, in which it was announced that Mason and Slidell had run the blockade. The theory that they had gone to Nassau, N. P., and that the objective point of our present trip was to intercept the *Theodora* on her return, was mooted and generally accepted. I am afraid that the honour of suggesting the capture of Mason and Slidell must be awarded to our boatswain, J. P. Grace. On the evening of October 27th this officer, while pacing the lee side of the quarter-deck with another warrant officer, said, in a tone which we distinctly heard in the wardroom, that the two chaps themselves ought to be overhauled wherever they might be, and the ship that did it would get honour that would compensate for the absence of prize-money won during the past four months. Two days afterwards we passed under the frowning guns of Morro Castle and anchored in Havana harbour. No person except officers were permitted ashore, and it was required that they should not appear in uniform. It was street talk at the time that Mason and Slidell had made the hardest part of their journey when they passed through the blockading squadron off Charleston, and the opinion prevailed that they were safe from interference from the United States. All but Capt. Wilkes accepted this view of the case, and he retained his views within himself. Having frequent occasion

to visit his cabin, I saw that he was deeply engaged in the perusal of international law books, from which he was taking copious notes. On the 1st day of November, Lieutenant J. A. Greer, navigating officer, brought word to the ship that Mason and Slidell, with their secretaries and families, were booked for England by the steamer *Trent* to St. Thomas and thence by the regular West India packet to Southampton. The next day we went to sea, touching at Key West on the 3rd. On the 4th we returned to the Cuban coast, and cruising along the northern shore awaited further information as to the movements of the Confederate representatives from Consul-General Schufeldt. It was not received, and orders were given to bear away to the narrow channel of old Bahama, through which the *Trent* must necessarily pass on her way to St. Thomas. The point selected could not have been chosen to better advantage. Between the coral keys the distance across the channel was but fifteen miles, and no ship could pass without being seen by our topsail-yard lookout. Early on the morning of the 8th the ship was cleared for action.

If the *Trent* had left Havana on the 7th she was due at the point where we were waiting on the 8th. The distance was but 240 miles, and the wind blowing a full sail breeze from the south-west, should place the *Trent* under our guns at noon. The calculations were made with exactness, for at 11:40 o'clock the lookout aloft sang out "Sail ho!" Lieutenant K. Randolph Breese, who had the deck, hailed the lookout and asked for her direction. "Off the port bow, sir," came back the reply. The *San Jacinto* was then heading north, and presently the black smoke of a steamer was descried from our decks. When the crew was piped to dinner the messcloths were deserted and nearly everybody remained on deck watching the smoke until out of the base of the ascending blackness came the spars, presently the hull and full shape of the steamship *Trent*. Until that moment probably no one on board of the ship knew what the object of our waiting was, but as soon as the *Trent* hove in sight and her identity was decided there was no doubt of our mission. Then Captain Wilkes called Lieutenant Fairfax into the cabin and gave him his instructions, of which the following is a copy.

UNITED STATES STEAMER SAN JACINTO,
AT SEA, November 8, 1861.

SIR.—You will have the second and third cutters of this ship fully manned and armed, and be in all respects prepared to board the steamer *Trent*, now hove to under our guns.

On boarding her you will demand the papers of the steamer, her clearance from Havana, with the list of passengers and crew.

Should Mr. Mason, Mr. Slidell, Mr. Eustis and Mr. McFarland be on board you will make them prisoners and send them on board the ship immediately, and take possession of the *Trent* as a prize.

I do not deem it will be necessary to use force; that the prisoners will have the good sense to avoid any necessity for using it; but if they should they must be made to understand it is their own fault. They must be brought on board. All trunks, cases, packages and bags belonging to them you will take possession of and send on board the ship. Any despatches found on the persons of the prisoners or in possession of those on board the steamer will be taken possession of also, examined and retained if necessary.

I have understood that the families of these gentlemen may be with them. If so, I beg you will offer them in my name a passage in this ship to the United States, and that all the attention and comforts we can command are tendered to them, and will be placed at their service.

In the event of their acceptance, should there be anything which the captain of the steamer can spare to increase the comforts in the way of necessities or stores, of which a war vessel is deficient, you will please to procure them. The amount will be paid by the paymaster.

Lieut. James A. Greer will take charge of the third cutter, which accompanies you, and assist you in these duties. I trust that all those under your command, in executing this important and delicate duty, will conduct themselves with all the delicacy and kindness which become the character of our naval service. I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

CHARLES WILKES, Captain.

Lieut. D. M. Fairfax, U.S.N., Executive Officer, *San Jacinto*.

As if by common consent the officers had repaired to their state-rooms and presently appeared in full uniform, with side-arms. The officers detailed to go in the boats with Lieut. Fairfax received their instructions, and Captain Wilkes walked forward to the mainmast and gave the order, "Beat to quarters." A few minutes afterwards the officers reported their divisions and the guns were run out, the half-ports triced up and all preparations made. It was 1:15 o'clock when the boats were called away. Mr. Fairfax in the second cutter and Lieutenant Greer commanding the third cutter. Before the boats were shoved off the *Trent* had steamed well up towards the *San Jacinto*, and was in mid-channel when the gun on the top-gallant forecastle, loaded with a round-shot, was fired in a line across her bows. Immediately the red cross of St. George went fluttering to her peak, but she kept her course. "Put a shell in that gun," called out Captain Wilkes, "and let it go across her bows so she may not mistake our intention this time." The shell exploded about one hundred fathoms ahead of the steamer, and immediately her engines stopped and she rounded to within two hundred feet of the man-of-war and under the muzzle of our broadside that would have sunk her at the word "fire." There was much confusion on the mail steamer and the passengers could be seen running about the decks in the greatest state of excitement. As our men were going into their boats Captain Moir, of the *Trent*, hailed us. "What do you mean," shouted he, "by stopping my ship? and why do you do it with shotted guns, contrary to usage?" Lieutenant Breese sang out in reply: "We are going to send a boat on board of you. Lay to."

II.

At this instant the order to shove off was given to our boats, and the second and third cutters went dancing over the blue waves toward the *Trent*. Lieutenant Greer pulled up the port gangway and Mr. Fairfax went to the starboard side and boarded the ship alone. The first officer met him as he came up the side and asked him what he wanted. "Are you the master of this ship, sir?"

"No, sir—first officer."

"I would like to see the captain," and Captain Moir at this instant walked out of his cabin, and coming forward said, in angry tones: "How dare you come on board of my ship? What right have you here? This is an outrage the flag there (pointing at the red cross aloft) will make you pay for."

Lieutenant Fairfax bowed and said, "I have instructions to effect the arrest of Messrs. Mason and Slidell and their secretaries, Messrs. Eustis and McFarland. I have information that they are on board and I would like to see your passenger list."

"For a—impertinent, outrageous puppy, give me, or don't give me a Yankee. You go back to your ship, young man, and tell her skipper that you couldn't accomplish your mission because we wouldn't let ye. I deny your right of search. D'ye understand that?"

"I am sorry," quietly returned the officer, "to say I shall use force to carry out my orders, and thanking you, sir, for your advice, I decline to return to the ship in any such a way as you propose."

The passengers, some forty or fifty in number, had gathered aft around the officer, and the crew also stood about. As Captain Moir made his assertion regarding the right of search the passengers applauded, and a young lady, whom I afterwards learned was Miss Slidell, sprang on to the companionway skylight and said: "Quite right, captain; very right." Lieutenant Fairfax then came to the side of the ship to summon the boat crews, but the tones of the discussion had been highly pitched and his call had a response before he made it. The blue-jackets, twenty in number, and the marines, of whom there were ten, the former with cutlasses and pistols and the marines with muskets and bayonets, sprung aft at once. A detachment was ordered to the lower deck and the rest of the men formed in a line across the main deck, cutting off communication from abaft the mainmast to the fore-castle. During this movement there had appeared on the deck an officer with a parrot-like voice, wearing the uniform of the Royal Navy. Strutting up to Lieutenant Fairfax, he said:

"I am the Queen's representative, sir, and I protest against this unwarrantable action under Her Majesty's flag and on the deck of a British ship." The Lieutenant paid no attention to this speech, delivered with great pomposity of manner, but turned to Captain Moir, and said: "You see I have force enough to carry out my orders," and at this juncture Mr. Slidell and Mr. Mason came out of the cabin and stood in the crowd. Amid cries of "Piracy!" "Did you ever hear of such an outrage?" "They would not have dared to do it had there been an English man-of-war in sight," Mr. Slidell stepped forward and said, "Do you wish to see me?" and Mason, just beside him, echoed "To see me?" Mr. Fairfax vainly tried to induce them to accompany him to the *San Jacinto*; and as they positively refused to go, he said, "Gentlemen, you may as well prepare to go at once peaceably if you want to, but by force if necessary, for in twenty minutes you shall be on board that ship." The excitement was intense, and cries of "Shame!" from the passengers, in shrill crescendo, mingled with the stern tones of the boarding officers as they ordered the men on guard at different points of the ship. In three minutes Mason and Slidell, having the while stood hesitating before the cabin, turned and walked into their state-rooms. Mr. Fairfax followed, and here he encountered an obstacle in the person of Miss Slidell, who filling the doorway, said: "Mr. Fairfax, I met you as a gentleman in Havana on Thursday. You outrage our hospitality by this proceeding, and I swear to heaven you shall not go into this cabin to my father." At this there was more excitement, and the passengers clustered in little groups and spoke in loud tones. From where I stood I saw Mrs. Slidell approach the door and beg Mr. Fairfax to go away. He replied: "Madam, my orders are imperative. I will obey them," and just then Mr. Slidell began a most ungraceful movement out of the window of his cabin, which opened into a small gangway.

III.

It was evident that Mr. Slidell was scared, perhaps excited is a better word, for his fingers twitched nervously, and for a minute or two he was unable to speak. Then Mr. Mason came out of his cabin. Lieutenant Fairfax asked him if he was ready to go on board the *San Jacinto*. Mason was cooler and more collected than his confreere, and replied with moderation in tone: "No, sir, I decline to go with you." Fairfax, turning to his own officers, said: "Gentlemen, lay your hands on Mr. Mason," which we accordingly did. Mr. Mason then said: "I yield to force." Whereupon Commander Williams shouted: "Under protest, Mr. Mason, under protest." "Yes," said Mr. Mason, in the same tone as before, "precisely, under protest," and then walked down the companion ladder to the boat. Meanwhile Mr. Slidell had recovered his equanimity to an extent which enabled him to say: "I will never go on board

that ship." Mr. Fairfax took him by the collar. Engineer Houston and Boatswain Grace taking each one of his arms, marched him to the gangway, Miss Slidell in the meantime being in the enjoyment of an aggravated attack of hysterics. Other lady passengers were similarly occupied, while the gentlemen on board the ship had retreated in sullen silence to the taffrail, where they scowled defiance at the boarding party. There is no doubt in my mind that had the *Trent* been an armed ship she would have manifested a resistance of no small energy. The spirit prevailing on her decks may, without any stretch of truth, be called warlike. Captain Williams, Royal Navy, who was in charge of the Central American and Mexican mails, now came out of his cabin, and passing to Mr. Charles B. Dahlgren, master's mate, handed him an unfolded paper, which Mr. Dahlgren declined to receive. Lieutenant Fairfax was on the lower deck, and Captain Williams finding no officer who would accept the note, finally shoved it in his pocket. Subsequently it fluttered to the deck and a marine stationed inside the cabin door secured it, and after reading, handed it to me. I presented it to Captain Wilkes, but after consultation we agreed that, as the letter had no signature and the manner in which it had reached us was unofficial, we would consider it as never having been written. Among my papers I found this redoubtable letter recently, and the following is an exact copy thereof:

"In this ship I am the representative of Her Majesty's Government, and I call upon the officers of the ship and passengers generally to mark my words, when, in the name of the British Government, and in distinct language I denounce this an illegal act, an act in violation of international law; an act, indeed, of wanton piracy, which, had we the means of defense, you would not dare to attempt."

Mr. Eustis, one of the secretaries, was more violent than either of the principals and made a demonstration in the direction of striking Lieutenant Greer with his fist. He passed into the boat *sans cérémonie*. McFarland had previously taken his seat alongside Mr. Slidell in the stern-sheets of the boat, and our object having been accomplished, we bade the *Trent* good-by, first bringing the personal effects of the prisoners to the *San Jacinto*, and we were soon headed north, our mission in Bahama Channel being *un fait accompli*.

THE GLEANER.

THE Emperor of Austria, the King of the Belgians, and the King of the Netherlands are all expected to visit Paris next month.

IT HAS been discovered by Minnesota farmers that two acres of sunflowers will supply a family with fuel through a long winter. The wood of the stalks and the oil of the seed make roaring and cheerful fires.

TOURGUÉNEFF says:—"In a century there won't be a king in Europe, except, perhaps, in England, and even there nothing but a pageant—a political mummy shown to the populace at so much a head."

A PARTY of fifty American women are making a tour through Europe without any male companion, in order to demonstrate the independence of woman, and her ability to travel without the assistance of the rougher sex. They do not object to be spoken to.

MISS HELEN SAYLER will stand for the borough of Southwalk at the coming election, and, if successful, will attempt to take her seat in the House, but will, without doubt, be removed by the sergeant-at-arms. She will thus, by a practical protest, impress the fact of the political disabilities of woman.

PRINCE Bismarck is becoming corpulent. When weighed recently at Kissingen he tipped the beam at two hundred and forty pounds. The former gracefulness of his movements, so conspicuous when he was Prussian Minister in St. Petersburg and Paris, has given way to portly unwieldiness.

MR. CYRUS W. FIELD has offered a prize of \$100, or a silver cup of that value, to the person residing on Broadway, Irvington, who shall within one year make the greatest improvement on his own grounds and on the street in front of his house by planting shade trees and by trimming and cutting down trees in front of his house.

PROF. EDISON was presented to the Association for the Advancement of Science, holding its sessions at St. Louis, and on the same morning the association received a telegram from the Paris Exposition "that the grand prize at the Exposition had been awarded to Mr. Edison for the most wonderful inventions of the age."

The French Government has just published statistics of the entries into the Exhibition during the months of May and June. In May, 1,666,679 entered; in June, 2,555,523. The receipts during these months amounted to 3,232,963 francs—that is, 650,842 francs more than the amount received during the corresponding months at the Exhibition of 1867.

NOTICE TO LADIES.

The undersigned begs respectfully to inform the ladies of the city and country that they will find at his Retail Store, 196 St. Lawrence Main Street, the choicest assortment of Ostrich and Vulture Feathers, of all shades; also, Feathers of all descriptions repaired with the greatest care. Feathers dyed as per sample, on shortest delay. Gloves cleaned and dyed black only. J. H. LEBLANC. Works: 547 Craig St.