

Caldwell's Letter, it will appear that, 1st, Richard Montgomery was not a captain in 1759; 2nd, That he was not at Quebec in Wolfe's time; serving during all that summer under Amherst, at the reduction of the forts on Lake Champlain.

Now for Richard Montgomery's career. Major General Richard Montgomery was the youngest son of Thomas Montgomery, M.P. for Lifford, and brother-in-law of Charles 4th Viscount Ranelagh. He was born on the 2nd December, 1736, at Convoy House, his father's seat, near Raphoe, County of Donegal, Ireland, received his education at Trinity College, Dublin; entered the army as ensign in the 17th Regiment of Foot on the 21st August, 1756, and landed at Halifax, with that regiment, on the 3rd June, 1757. In the following year, he served under Wolfe at the siege of Louisburg, and with such distinction that he was immediately promoted to a Lieutenantcy on the 10th July, 1755. After the fall of that place, the 17th Regiment formed part of the forces sent in 1759, with Amherst, to reduce the French Forts on Lake Champlain, and Montgomery became adjutant of his regiment on the 15th May, 1760, in which year it formed part of the army that advanced from Lake Champlain against Montreal, under the command of Colonel Haviland. He served in the West Indies in 1762, on the 5th of May of which year he was promoted to be Captain. After returning to New York, he went back to Ireland in 1767. Capt. Montgomery retired from the service in 1772, and returned to America in January, 1773; in July following he married Janet, the daughter of Justice Livingston, and settled at Rinebush, Dutchess Co., N. Y., where he devoted himself to agricultural pursuits. In April, 1775, he was elected one of the delegates from his county to the first Provincial Congress at New York, and set out at the head of an expedition against Canada. After reducing St. John, Chambly and Montreal, he effected a junction with Arnold before the walls of Quebec, where he fell, at the head of his men, in the 40th year of his age, having been shot through both his thighs and through the head. On receiving intelligence of his death, Congress voted a monument to his memory, and in 1818 his remains were taken up and conveyed to New York, where they were deposited with the highest honours in St. Paul's Church.

Col. Caldwell's letter would seem to indicate that the Brigadier had a brother at Quebec, in 1759—but does not say that Richard Montgomery was there. If any one should possess documents throwing additional light on the controversy, it would be rendering a service to the cause of history to make them known. I think from the above there can be no doubt that Richard Montgomery is guiltless of the Ste. Anne and Chateau-Richer atrocities, and that Canadian Historians have been unwittingly libelling his memory for half a century.

J. M. LEMOINE.

Literary and Historical Society,
Quebec, January, 1866.

MOUNT HERMON CEMETERY, QUEBEC.

In this sequestered, lovely place,—with nought
To break the stillness, save the gentle wind
Murmuring through leafy branches overhead,
Or trill of woodland songster, or the sound
Of distant labour borne upon the breeze,—
I love on summer days to walk and muse.
No lack of food for profitable thought
I see around me. 'Neath each sodded mound
There lies the casket that once held a jewel
Passing all else in value. 'Tis the house
Once tenanted by an immortal soul;
But slowly now dissolving into dust.

Here the rich man's grave
Is covered by his costly monument,
There, 'neath the shadow of yon noble pine,
Lies one whose nameless grave would seem to be
Forgotten by all those he left behind,
Save that it bears a wreath of *immortelles*
But lately placed there by some faithful hand.

Here the white marble bears upon its face
Only the name of him who rests below,
While on the neighbouring plot no stone is raised,
Though seamed with mounds. 'Tis overspread with
flowers,

Carefully tended by the love of friends.
Amid these sheltering trees, rests one, a youth*
Fresh from his college studies. He had come
Home to his father's house, his pride and hope,
In health and strength to meet a sudden death.
Here rests the soldier, by his comrade's hand
Shot down unwarned, while there another sleeps,
Who in his youth fought in his country's cause;
But spared to sheath his sword, he dwelt with us
Till old age met him, and he died in peace.
This winding path that leads me through the grove,
Brings me at last to long, straight rows of mounds
Where victims of a sad disaster lie.
More than two hundred of her children left
Old Scotland's shore, to seek a distant home,
Passed the wide ocean, reached the wished-for port
And reached it but to fill a stranger's grave.
Longings to see the husband or the friend;
Anticipations of the future, bright
With hope, and strong resolves to win their way;
The loves of father, husband, wife, and child,—
All were cut short, and crushed in one short hour.
In this secluded spot, with trees around,
Almost in hearing of the mighty stream,
Which rolls below—but far from home and friends
Is laid the captain of some foreign ship.
His tomb is sculptured with strange mystic signs,
The square and compasses, the clasping hands,
And butterflies, old emblem of the soul,
Denote a Brother of the Ancient Craft.

There is much to sadden,
While I walk and muse among the dead;
But higher, nobler thoughts are swift to rise,
And lift the mind to higher, nobler themes.
As the revivifying spring succeeds
The cold bleak reign of winter, so shall these
Now resting here, awake. Ah! yes, this is
The City of the Sleeping, not the Dead;
For Christian Faith marks well the Promise,
And Hope looks forward to the better day,
When those who die in Christ shall rise again,
To live forever with their risen Lord.
This is God's acre, where he sows his seed
To spring up into immortality.
Amid the charms of Nature, trees and flowers,
The waving grass, the song of birds, the hum
Of insects, busy in the sunshine, here
They sleep meanwhile. A lovely scene like this
Robs death of half its gloom, and gilds the grave.
Quebec, Dec., 1865. H. K. C.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

THE whole of Lord Brongham's works are to be issued in London in monthly shilling parts.

MR. ANTHONY THOLOPE'S new novel of "The Claverings" will be commenced in the next number of the *Cornhill Magazine*.

THE London Reader states that there is no foundation for the report that Mr. Delane has resigned the editorship of the *Times*, in consequence of a misunderstanding with Mr. Walter.

THE anniversary dinner of the "Société de Géographie de Paris," of which the Emperor is the patron, took place about a month since. There was an unusually large attendance of members present, and the Japanese Ambassadors were there as guests. M. le Marquis de Chasseloup-Laubat was in the chair. The curiosity of the hour was a toast proposed by one of the Japanese in his own language, and interpreted by the Count de Montblanc, "Au prompt établissement des relations scientifiques et commerciales entre la France et le Japon."

AN edition of M. Proudhon's "Commentaries on the Gospel," which had been prepared for publication in Paris, in the belief that a market would result from the numerous notices in the public prints after his recent decease, has just been seized by the police there.

* Mr. John Head, son of Sir Edmund W. Head, drowned in the St. Maurice River.
† The burning of the steamer "Montreal."

MRS. EMMA HARDINGE, better known as "Belle Boyd," who recently published two volumes of adventures in the Confederate and Federal States, in the prisons and in the camps of both sections, now announces herself as "the celebrated extemporaneous lecturer" at St. James's Hall, London. The style introduced by Mr. John B. Gough, of terming his lectures "orations," has been adopted by Mrs. Hardinge. A London contemporary wants to know if this lady is not "identical with a pretty actress of the same name who played at the Adelphi some dozen years ago, and was said to possess considerable powers of authorship?"

AN English literary Journal points out that with strange inconsistency our American contemporary, the *Round Table*, denounces a book of the vilest character, published with the second title of "A Tale of and for Women," as "a vile, infamous book," a "series of illustrations of the violation of the Seventh Commandment, strung together by some moral leper," &c., and finds fault with the New York *Commercial Advertiser* for "admitting a lying puff" on the book into its columns, and yet inserts an advertisement of this book of "inconceivable filth," in the most conspicuous column of its last page.

THE decease of Miss Frederica Bremer, the accomplished Swedish novelist, is mentioned in the Stockholm papers. Miss Bremer was born in Abo, in Finland, in 1802. After spending several years in Norway and Stockholm, as a teacher, she devoted herself entirely to literary pursuits. Her first novels, "The President's Daughters" and "The Neighbours," had a great success, and were translated into most of the European languages. Miss Bremer travelled a good deal, and visited Germany, France, England, America, Italy, and the East. No less than twenty-eight different works from the pen of this lady have been translated into English, and, of these, fifteen have been translated and edited by Mary Howitt.

THE ravages of the Cattle Plague is causing considerable alarm in England and much attention is being devoted to the sources of food supplies. A new work is announced entitled "The Food Supplies of Western Europe," being letters written in reply to the question, "Where is England to get Meat?" during a brief tour in France, Switzerland, Belgium, and Holland, in the autumn of 1865, by Joseph Fisher; to which will be appended a paper (by the same author) on the "Production of Food," read in the Department of Political Economy, at the International Social Science Congress, at Bern, 1865.

THE celebrated Gustavus Doré, to whose illustrated Bible we referred in our last issue, has undertaken to illustrate Tennyson's "Idylls of the King." Mr. Doré is not sufficiently acquainted with our language to read this poem in the original; and possibly the translation which is being prepared for him may fail to impress the artist with all the beauties and subtle meanings of that fine work; but if the translator executes his task well, there can be no doubt that the clever French illustrator will find abundant matter to inspire his prolific and wonderful pencil.

MR. GEORGE CATLIN, the well-known traveller, has prepared a new and, we believe, final work upon the living tribes of North-American Indians. The title is to be—"Souvenir of the North-American Indians in the middle of the nineteenth century—a numerous and noble race of human beings, fast passing to oblivion, and leaving no monument of their own behind them. The results of eight years' travel and residence amongst sixty-two of the wildest and most interesting tribes in North America. By George Catlin, of Wilkesbarre, Valley of Wyoming, State of Pennsylvania, United States." We believe no part of the printing of this work has yet been commenced, but it is proposed to place the material in a printer's hands directly a sufficient number of subscribers shall have been obtained. It is intended to issue the work in three large folio volumes, with many hundred illustrations. The author is, we believe, at present residing in Europe, in circumstances not very favourable for the production of so large and expensive a work.