

THE RICKELIEU.

III.

ST. JOHNS

There are few places in Canada of more historic interest than St. Johns. Though it was not the theatre of any great battles to which its name is attached, it is connected with nearly every expedition of any note that took place in the great wars which the French, English and Americans waged for the mastery of New France.

Its situation at the head of navigation in the direction of Lake Champlain pointed it out to the early French engineers as a proper place for the erection of defensive works. Accordingly, so far back as 1758, Montcalm built fortifications there, during the campaign rendered memorable by the victory of Carillon (Ticonderoga), the surrender of Fort Frontenac and the evacuation of Fort Duquesne, situated on the present site of Pittsburg. The remains of these ancient works are still visible, a little in the rear of the present barracks and adjoining the railway line.

The next year, 1759, Quebec fell and the country passed into the hands of the British, who made no use of Fort St. Johns for over fifteen years. But at the out break of the American Revolution, the importance of this frontier post was immediately recognized, and Sir Guy Carleton, then Governor General of Canada, rebuilt and enlarged the fortifications of Montcalm.

In the autumn of 1775, St. Johns offered the first serious resistance to the American forces that had been despatched by Congress to invade and capture Canada. Gen. Schuyler, at the head of a considerable army of Continentals (as the American militiamen were then called), appeared before St. Johns, in September of that year. Being deceived by scouts as to the strength of the fort, he fell back to Isle-aux-Noix, where he was replaced by Gen. Montgomery, who on the arrival of reinforcements, immediately resumed the campaign. He led his advance guard boldly in face of the northern front of the fort. Here he had a skirmish with a detachment of the garrison, which was just returning from a successful sally. From the position of Montgomery's troops this first action must have taken place on the present site of the peaceful town, probably quite unimpaired at that time. The place was thickly planted with forest trees and the ground damp and marshy, so much so, indeed, that the American Commander, a few days later, shifted his position to the north-west of the fort on a higher plateau, in the neighborhood of the ridge that leads up to Bernier. Here he threw up regular breast-works and began siege operations. A few days' experience soon convinced Montgomery that he had to do with a valiant garrison, and that nothing short of a bombardment could make him master of the fort. This he was unable to effect, for want of siege ordnance, and he would most probably have been obliged to withdraw on the approach of the winter, but for two fortunate circumstances.

The first of these was the capture of the garrison of Chambly, which furnished him with much valuable war material. We shall relate this episode in full, in our next paper. The second was the failure of Carleton to reinforce the St. Johns' garrison. When the Governor learned the fall of Chambly, he left Montreal with a considerable force and attempted to cross at Longueuil, on rafts and bateaux. Here he was met by a detachment of Americans who lay in wait for him. Just as he was about to land, they opened on his boats with grape and canister, capturing one and driving the others across the St. Lawrence. News of this success was immediately despatched to Montgomery, who communicated it to Major Preston, the valiant commander of the besieged garrison, along with a summons to surrender. Preston demanded four days of armistice, to decide upon his course. This was refused by Montgomery, who declared that he was willing to grant honorable terms to an enemy that had displayed so much fortitude and bravery, but that he was in a position to prosecute the siege with renewed vigor, and command an unconditional surrender. The fact was that the Americans, besides being emboldened by their successes at Chambly and Longueuil, had erected a powerful battery within 700 feet of Fort St. Johns, and also a strong block house on the Iberville side of the river, bearing direct on the works and mounted with one gun and two mortars.

Major Preston, feeling his helplessness and complete isolation, at length consented to capitulate. He obtained honorable terms. The place where his troops laid down their arms was the open plain between the fort and the American breast works, now traversed diagonally by the railway to Montreal.

The siege had lasted six weeks, and the garrison which surrendered consisted of five hundred regular British troops and one hundred Canadian volunteers. There were a few civilians, too, included among these, whether residents of St. Johns or its environs, I have not been able to ascertain.

The Americans captured 39 pieces of cannon, from two to twenty-four pounders, 2 howitzers, 7 mortars, 800 stands of arms and a scanty supply of ammunition.

The fall of St. Johns created much anxiety in Montreal and Quebec. It opened the way for the march of the American invading army, and supplied it with an excellent base of operations.

Carleton had tried hard to prevent the advance of Montgomery and had not succeeded. Nothing now prevented this officer from proceeding to Montreal. Carleton's own hope was the approach of the cold season, and the insubordination in Montgomery's camp would give him time to concentrate his forces.

The St. Johns' garrison surrendered, November 1st, 1775. The Americans took immediate possession of the fort and retained it just six months, till May, 1776, when they were driven out of it by Burgoyne.

The block house built by Montgomery on the other side of the river was still visible up to a few years ago.

We have described a first chapter in the military history of St. Johns. There remains as much more to be related, which, for want of space, we shall lay over till next week.

JOHN LESPERANCE.

GEN. RICHARD MONTGOMERY, 1775.

Amongst the most recent contributions to Canadian history, may be noticed a *brochure* of some 32 pages dated "Montgomery Place, Nov. 10, 1877" and containing together with a quaint memorandum penned by the late Mrs. R. Montgomery, more original letters addressed by the General, to his then beloved young wife, Janet Livingstone, the daughter of Judge Robert Livingstone, also a transcript of the Will of Richard Montgomery, dated Crown Point, 30th August, 1775, and authenticated by the signatures of Col. Benedict Arnold and Col. Donald Campbell. The following epistle exhibits some of the trials the youthful and handsome commander was subjected to on his taking possession of Montreal in November, 1775:

MONTREAL, Nov. 13th.

My Dear Janet:

"This morning the Bostonians have marched into town; the Governor with his small garrison, having abandoned it two nights since, and retired towards Quebec where he will run some risk of being caught by Col. Arnold, who is arrived in that neighbourhood.

"I am summoning all my virtue against the legion of females soliciting for husbands, brothers and sons taken prisoners.

"You may depend upon it, I will return home the instant I have put matters on such a footing as to be able to retire with propriety. I am very well and very anxious to see you.

Farewell, my dear Janet.

RICHARD MONTGOMERY.

The next letter, amongst others, is not particularly complimentary, if true, to the manner in which the city was defended:

MONTREAL, Nov. 24th, 1775.

My Dear Janet:

"I wrote to you by Harry, and hope you have some days ago had the pleasure of seeing him. I long to see you in your new house. If the winter set in soon, don't forget to send for the lath to fence the garden, and also to have chestnut posts cut for the same purpose. I wish you could get a stove fixed in the hall—they are the most comfortable things imaginable.

"The other day General Prescott was so obliging as to surrender himself and fourteen or fifteen land officers, with above one hundred men, besides sea officers and sailors, prisoners of war. I blush for His Majesty's troops. Such an instance of base poltroonery I have never met with! and all because we had half a dozen cannon on the bank of the river to annoy him in his retreat. The Governor escaped—more's the pity. Prescott nevertheless is a prize. He is a cruel rascal. I have treated him with the sovereign contempt his inhumanity and barbarity merit.

"To-morrow I hope to set out for Quebec, to join Col. Arnold, who is impatient to see us. His little army has undergone inexpressible hardships, and entered the country half-starved and half-naked. Should fortune continue her favor we may perhaps bring that business to a happy issue. In the meantime, adieu!

Believe me most affectionately yours,

RICHARD MONTGOMERY.

P.S. — I have no time to write to your father. I have been overwhelmed with business, and am out of all patience at being obliged to spend so much of this precious season in this town.

My most affectionate respects attend the old gentleman and lady. My love to the girls. Do they go to town? No husbands this winter. Adieu!

I live in hopes to see you in six weeks."

With the permission of our kind readers we shall furnish some further tidbits of those genial, fire-side effusions, which the grim warrior certainly never intended for the eye of a cold, unsympathizing public—now published for the first time.

J. M. L.

Quebec, 17th March, 1877.

THE GLEANER.

IN one house in England five generations are residing, the oldest eighty-five, the youngest a few weeks old.

FROUDE, the English historian, thinks American common sense insufficient for all dangerous emergencies.

THE great Café of Venice—Florian's, on the piazza of St. Mark—has never been closed, night or day, for one hundred and fifty years.

THE Prince and Princess of Wales and a great number of the English nobility are expecting to spend Easter week in Paris. There will be a series of balls, dinners, and other entertainments at the Elysée, Marshal MacMahon and his wife having to enact the host and hostess to the royal personages.

UNTIL near the middle of the last century there was an officer of the Court of England styled "the King's Cock Crower," whose duty it was during the whole of Lent to crow instead of cry, as watchmen did, the hour. The intention of crowing the hour seems to have been to remind sinners of the effect of the third crow of the cock on Peter. The first Ash Wednesday George II., then Prince of Wales, passed in England, on his sitting down to supper, a person advanced before the chaplain said grace, and crowed "past ten o'clock." The astonished Prince mistook the ceremony for an insult, and was about to rise from the table in a rage, but he was informed that what he misconstrued as an affront was nothing but an act of etiquette practised from the time of the Tudors to that of the Stuarts. This absurd practice was long since discontinued.

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

IT is the glorious privilege of the fair sex to leave a car door open.

How should love come to the door?—Certainly with a ring, but not without a rap.

"WHOM do you like best, Aunt Jane or Aunt Mary?" was asked of a little miss. "Oh, Aunt Mary, of course, because she keeps the cookies on the lower shelf."

A STUDENT in a poem in the Bowdoin Orient inquires, "Why do I love my lassie?" Without the least desire to appear ostentatious, we should say because her father owns sixty thousand dollars in government bonds.

"WHAT would you do if mamma should die?" she pathetically asked of her little three-year old daughter. "I don't know," remarked the infant with downcast eyes and a melancholy voice, "I thouse I should have to thpauk mythelf!"

WHEN last year Mrs. Fawcett gave a lecture in a Scotch town, she read the following the next morning in the local newspapers: "Although Mrs. Fawcett has contributed to magazines, and even written a book, she is by no means repulsive in appearance."

"Put out your tongue a little farther," said a physician to a fair invalid. "A little farther, still, if you please."—"Why, doctor, do you think a woman's tongue has no end?" said the gentle sufferer. "An end, perhaps, madam," replied the Doctor, "but no cessation."

"WHY are you like a crazy man, my dear?" asked a wife, seating herself by her husband. "Don't know," replied the husband, scratching his head. "I give it up."—"Why," replied the wife, hitching up closer to him, and putting on one of her sweetest smiles, "I am your other self, and you are beside yourself."

AN Englishman says:—"The attractions of French women born from French parents, as a rule, consist of a graceful movement of the body, small feet and well-shaped hands; a sometimes fascinating expression belonging to irregular features and a facility for conversation which often makes you forget they do not belong to the Phryne ideal. They dress better than any other ladies in the world."

GENUINE Enthusiast (to his betrothed)—When we wed, Saecharissa, we will shun the West-end, and dwell in some old, old wainscoted house in the heart of Soho. We will have no friends that are not fine old English gentlemen, all of the olden time; no books that have not got nice long "esses," like "efs," our only newspapers shall be those of the last century, and we will laugh at no jokes that are not at least of a hundred years ago. When the gloaming comes, we will carol quaint old canzonets in early French, to a bag spinet that I have my eyes upon (quite a bargain in Wardour street). And see here, Saecharissa! When the candles are lit, we will snuff them with this exquisite pair of old silver-gilt snuffers, which I picked up to-day for half a crown in a small court near Saint Martin's lane! Dost thou like the picture? Saecharissa (whose real name is Sarah, doubtfully).—Ye-e-e-s.

VARIETIES.

PRESENCE OF MIND.—A *propos* of the Brooklyn catastrophe, the anecdote is told that a year or two ago, at the Grand Theatre at Vienna, on a great gala night when the Emperor and a brilliant staff and the *élite* of the town were present, a cry of "Fire!" confirmed by an ominous smell of smoke, was heard early in the evening from behind the scenes. A panic almost immediately set in. Emile Devrient, the well-known actor, was fortunately on the stage at the moment. He took in the situation at a glance, signalled at once for the curtain to be lowered, then stepped in front, and, in a ringing voice that commanded instant attention, spoke as follows:—"The Emperor has been robbed of an aigrette of diamonds. No honest person will object to be searched. You will pass out one by one at each entrance, and be searched by the police stationed at the several

doors. Any person attempting to go out in order will be arrested." So cool and composed was the actor that the crowd were half taken in by his story. Each person slackened his pace, and on reaching the door was told to hurry on at once. Just as the last row of the gallery was passing out the curtain burst into flames, and in half an hour the building was a ruin. But, thanks to Devrient's wonderful coolness, not a life was lost.

MUSIC AND COLOR.—There was a striking analogy between music and color; the rate of vibration in sounds gave rise to the gamut, and in colors the rate of vibration in like manner gave rise to the notes forming the spectrum. The colors of the spectrum showed a sequence analogous to the sequence of pitch in the gamut. Newton thought there might be a correspondence between the length and the spectrum colors and the vibrations of musical sounds, but the true relationship was between the vibrating pitch of color and the vibrating pitch of sound. The extreme limits of the spectrum embraced an octave in music. Calling red 100, the proportionate vibration of orange was 89, that of yellow 81, that of green 75, that of blue 69, that of indigo 64, that of violet 60, that of ultra violet 53, and an obscure or extreme violet 50. The vibration of C in music corresponds to that of red in color, and taking C as 100 the vibration of D was 89, that of E 80, that of F 74, that of G 67, that of A 60, that of B 53, and that of C 50. The vibration of unison rendered visible produced on a screen the figure of a circle, that of an octave formed a figure resembling 8, and combinations of figures formed by the visible reflections of intervals of a fourth, a sixth, &c., were proportionately complicated. By means of tuning forks and sensitive flames the professor proved the correctness of his theory, and it was noteworthy, says an observer, that the figure of a discord was as perplexing to the eye as the sound was objectionable to the ear.

A LESSON IN THE ART OF SAVING.—Guy, the founder of the noble hospital in London which bears his name, was a bookseller. He was so complete a pattern of parsimony that the famous miser Vulture Hopkins once called upon him to crave a lesson in the art of saving. On being introduced into the parlour, Guy, as it was in the evening and dark, lighted a candle. Hopkins said, "Sir, I always thought myself perfect in the art of getting and husbanding money; but, as I am informed you far exceed me, I have taken the liberty of waiting upon you, to be satisfied upon the subject."—"Oh, sir," responded Guy, "if that be all your business, we can as well talk it over in the dark." Having thus spoken, he put out the candle. This was enough for the Vulture. He took his leave at once.

HUMOROUS.

M. OFFENBACH complains because a Yankee puts on a white cravat at six o'clock in the morning and wears it all day.

AN editor wishes no bodily harm to his subscribers, but he hopes that some of them in arrears will be seized with a remittent fever.

A PREACHER who arrived at the kirk wet through, asked an old Scotch woman what he should do, to which she replied, "Gang into the pulpit as soon as ye can. Ye'll be dry enough there."

IF the mild weather keeps on much longer the man with the Ulster overcoat will turn benevolent, give his bulky garment to the heathen, and see how the poor benighted pagan likes it himself.

GRANT ruled 8 years atrociously. The 8 had men suainted, threw out 8 thousand ballots, thus electing a third-story stonewall to the Presidents until 1883. Such is the 18er history of these United States.

STATISTICS as to causes of insanity are made frequently, but no one, we believe, has ever computed the number of people driven into madness every year by the utter impossibility of getting an overshoe that won't make a foot like an overgrown flour barrel.

IN an Italian restaurant in this city, Giacomo Sporeogambi made a wager with Signor Nonpouse Bevere that he could eat one hundred yards more macaroni than the latter. Mr. Sporeogambi ate his first mile in twenty-one minutes, leaving his opponent 214 yards behind. The stakes were handed over to him.

ONE of the saddest things in life is, that we so soon forget. Even those who have stood by us in the days of our trouble, sometimes fade from our memory ere the effects of our trouble is over. Tis so all through our checkered existence, and this brings the thought that many a snow shovel is to-day standing solitary and alone in a corner of the cellar as if it had never been, or that its glory had forever departed.

THERE was a boy on N..... street the other morning, trying to raise a kite. There were four dogs in a garden close by looking through a fence at the operation. The boy worked hard for fifteen minutes to make the kite go up, and then seeing that the task was hopeless he lost his temper, tore the cap from his head, threw it into the dirt, and jumped, hysterically upon it. Then the four dogs, as if animated by one impulse, dropped their tails, and flew from the scene with the speed of the wind. It is a very ignorant dog that can't tell a mad boy when he sees him.

"No need of having a gray hair in your head," as those who use *Luby's Parisian Hair Renewer* say, for it is without doubt the most appropriate hair dressing that can be used, and an indispensable article for the toilet table. When using this preparation you require neither oil nor pomatum, and from the balsamic properties it contains, it strengthens the growth of the hair, removes all dandruff and leaves the scalp clean and healthy. It can be had at the Medical Hall and from all chemists in large bottles 50 cents each. DEVINS & BOLTON, Druggists, Montreal, have been appointed sole agents for Canada.