



JOURNAL OF EDUCATION.

Volume IX.

Montreal (Lower Canada), August, 1865.

No. 8.

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CANADIAN HISTORY.

A Representative Man.—1758.

M. LUC DE LACORNE SAINT LUC.

If there be an era in the primitive times of Canada, in which the martial spirit of its inhabitants shone forth more brightly than at others, of a verity it is that war-like period which immediately preceded the cession of the country by the French Crown, known to our historians as the "seven years' war." Nowhere in the annals or records of the past, did the Canadian militia and volunteers exhibit greater endurance,—more perseverance,—more stout and successful resistance on many a hard-fought battle field; though after all, it must have mattered little what the French commanders did achieve, having at their disposal merely a handful of regulars, aided by the militia of the country and their Indian allies. France also had in those days its Goldwin Smiths: the colony was voted a bore; and niggardly reinforcements sent out when the whim of the moment prompted—perhaps not at all. Pitt had vowed to plant the flag of England on the summit of Cape Diamond. A gigantic army for those times, 50,000 men—including regulars, New England militia and savages—were to invade Canada at three points: the St. Lawrence,—the lakes,—the interior, under the guidance of Wolfe, Amherst, Haviland, Johnston. Ardent admirers of General Levi, the victor of Murray, have ventured to assert that had this General, who had never suffered defeat, been present at the first battle of the Plains of Abraham, the fate of the colony would have been different; however great the military genius of the hero of St. Foy may have been, at best he could, in the face of the overwhelming forces sent, merely have retarded the fall. At the time we allude to (1758), with much larger armies in the field, a new system of warfare had, to a certain extent, superseded the old desultory mode of attack; the midnight raid and murderous assault of former times—with Indian allies as guides and sharpshooters—still continued for both combatants to be a military necessity in bush fighting; but the large armies of Europeans, to whom the savages acted as pioneers and auxiliaries, in a measure served as a check on the atrocious and peculiar system of fighting of the latter, although a memorable exception to the rule occurred in the Fort George tragedy; this outrage, however, was chiefly traceable to the effects of the ardent spirits purloined by the redskins from the English camp. Could we reasonably hold European commanders—English as well as French—responsible for the nameless horrors perpetrated on our soil by their Indian allies, one would be apt to believe our European forefathers had left their humanity at home to act the savage on our shores. Take for instance the great Lachine massacre. On the 25th April, 1689, during a profound peace, 1500 savages stealthily surround, before day-break, the habitations at Lachine, nine miles from Montreal; the unsuspecting inmates are soon secured, slaughtered in a few minutes; a lurid conflagration alone marks the spot where once stood a smiling, happy village—men, women

LITERATURE.

POETRY.

(Written for the *Journal of Education*.)

OUR SUMMER EVENINGS.

BY MRS. LEPROHON.

The rose tints have faded from out of the west,
From the mountain's high peak, from the river's broad breast,
And silently shadowing valley and rill,
The soft noiseless twilight steals over the hill.
Behold in the depths of blue ether afar
Now softly emerging each glittering star,
Whilst later the moon, placid, solemn and bright,
Floods earth in her tremulous, silvery light.

Hush! list to the Whip-poor-will's soft, plaintive notes,
As up from the valley, the lonely sound floats—
Inhale the sweet breath of yon shadowy wood
And the wild flowers blooming in hushed solitude—
Start not at that whispering, 'tis but the breeze
Low rustling mid maple and lonely pine trees,
Or willows and alders that fringe the dark tide
Where canoes of the red men oft silently glide.

See, rising from out of that copse wood dark, damp,
Gay fire-flies each with its bright, tiny lamp,
Quick gleaming and streaming like meteors swift
O'er hill side and meadow and ravine's dark rift,
Contrasting with ripple on river and stream
Alternately playing in shadow or beam
Till fulness of beauty fills hearing and sight
As we muse through the hours of a calm summer's night.