

Let the subject be discussed fully and fairly. There is time enough, and yet it is quite time the preliminary arrangements were being made.—*Syracuse, N. Y. Courier.*

2. FORT NIAGARA IN THE OLDEN TIME.

The proposed centennial of the surrender of the old Fort Niagara by the French to the English, is attracting considerable attention. The plan is for the Yankees and the Canadians to unite in the celebration. The *Niagara Falls Gazette* says that General Burroughs, M. C. from that District; General Duryea, President of the State Military Association; Col. Slocum, of Syracuse; Major Scholesfield, of Oneida, and other military gentlemen favor the idea of an extensive military parade on the occasion.

The old fort in question was established by La Salle, in 1668, as a trading post. In 1686, Gov. Dongan, of the Province of New York, protested against the erection of a fort at that point. This point was regarded as a desirable possession both by the French and the English. In 1687, the French formally took possession of the spot where the fort was. The document which describes this act, says:—It reiterates anew for, and in the name of the King, the taking possession of the said Post of Niagara, several establishments having been formerly made there many years since by the King's order, and especially by Sieur De la Salle having spent several years two leagues above the Great Fall of Niagara, where he had a barque built which navigated, for several years, Lakes Erie, Huron, and Illinois, and of which the stocks (*les chantiers*) are still to be seen. Moreover the said Sieur De la Salle having erected quarters (*logemens*) with settlers at the said Niagara in the year one thousand six hundred and sixty-eight, which quarters were burned twelve years ago by Senecas, which is one of the causes of discontent that with many others have obliged us to wage war against them, and as we considered that the houses we thought fit to rebuild could not remain secure during the war, did we not provide for them. We have resolved to construct a Fort there in which we have placed one hundred men of the King's troops to garrison the same under the command of Sieur de Troyes, one of the Veteran Captains of His Majesty's Troops, with a necessary number of officers to command said soldiers."

The fort was then abandoned in 1688, and remained deserted till 1725, when the French began the old stone building. The fort was finally surrendered July 24th, 1759—which date this year falls on Sunday.—*N. Y. Com. Adv.*

4. CENTENARY OF THE TAKING OF QUEBEC.

The 13th of September, 1859, will be the hundredth anniversary of the capture of Quebec, one of the brightest achievements of British valor and British generalship, and at the same time one of the most important events with respect to the subsequent rise of the British Colonial empire. There are few who will fail to appreciate its influence in this respect, but none can, without having personally visited the scene, fully realise the brilliant genius which prompted the attack and the daring valor with which the conception was carried out. It has often been narrated, but the following description, which we believe we are not wrong in attributing to a distinguished Nova Scotian (Sir Fenwick Williams) who visited Quebec last summer, breathes so deeply of the *religio loci*, and is so impressive in the reflections which it naturally creates, that we make no apology for giving it at length:

"Looking northward from the citadel, only a few hundred yards back from the shore of the St. Lawrence we see a continued village, with a single longitudinal street, almost perfectly level, extending for six miles in length, or all the way from St. Charles River to the Montmorenci,—this is Beauport. Where this village stands lay the principal part of Montcalm's force, when in September, 1759, Wolfe made his appearance in the St. Lawrence. It was at the farthest extremity of that village, near the falls of Montmorenci, that he landed and made his first dash at the French intrenchments—and was repulsed. How he re-embarked his troops; how, as a *ruse de guerre*, he sailed past Quebec, nine miles up the river, and then when night came on dropped silently down the stream again in boats, until within about two miles of Cape Diamond; how he landed there, and gained the heights of Abraham, by clambering and dragging cannon up an almost perpendicular bank 200 feet in height, which it was supposed could not be climbed by man; how Montcalm, angry at being outgeneralled, marched round from Beauport, and made a rash and impetuous attack upon the British force, and was signally defeated; and how Quebec, and with it Canada, became the prize of the conquerors; all this is, or ought to be familiar to every reader of British American history. This was a great battle. It was not so by reason of the quantity of blood spilled or the magnitude of the armies engaged, for there could not have been 20,000 men in all on the field on that day. But it was a battle to bring about

which a very able and difficult strategical movement was made on one side, and in which the most extraordinary bravery was exhibited on both; it cost England a Wolfe, France a Montcalm. It was one of those "decisive battles" which determine the fate of nations and which leave their impression upon history for all time. On yonder heights, on that memorable 13th of September, was finally and effectually decided a question which had been pending for two centuries. On that day the power of France upon this continent went down, never to rise more. It was then decided that Britain should reign paramount on the continent of North America. West, as yet the first of American painters has made a scene in this greatest of American battles the subject of his *chef d'œuvre*, "The Death of Wolfe," and the engagement must possess a deep interest for every student of history. What might have been the state of America now? what might have been the position of Britain relative to France and to the world, if Montcalm and not Wolfe had been the victor? And yet we are probably only beginning to see the more grand results of that victory. The events of the present day show that a new, large and powerful empire is rapidly growing up around that nucleus formed by the blood of Wolfe and his victorious comrades on the soil of the Plain of Abraham, and the spot made famous by their victory, is, say we, the most fitting place for the capital of that empire."

Our first excursion about the environs of Quebec is to the battle-field on the heights of Abraham. Between Cape Diamond and these heights there is a broad valley of moderate depth. On the farther or western side of this the land rises to a greater elevation than any part of the surface of the surrounding country except Cape Diamond. From this elevation, still proceeding westward, we reach, by only a very slight descent, the lofty plateau, which may be more properly called the Plain of Abraham. On this plain and about this elevation the battle was fought. On what is the most elevated part of the heights, or nearly so, stood a redoubt, forming, on the day of battle, a support to the French left wing; and here, it is said, Wolfe received his death wound. On lower ground a few yards westward of this, out of view of Quebec and its citadel, is the spot where he breathed his last in the now famous words—"God be praised—I die happy." The spot is marked by a neat, substantial stone obelisk, bearing the inscription—"Here died Wolfe victorious." A walk farther on brings us to the top of the river bank up which Wolfe and his little army climbed. Men will never cease to express their wonder at, and admiration of that feat when they see the spot where it was performed.

The centenary of such an exploit, so glorious and so important, is one which justly deserves to be held in high honor, and we sincerely trust that the movement which, it will be seen, has been commenced to celebrate it in an appropriate manner will be cordially responded to, not only in England but in British North America. The former can hardly be slow to mark one of the brightest passages in her annals, which the sagacity of the great Chatham conceived, which a Wolfe so nobly carried out, and in which the valor of her English and Highland regiments stands so conspicuous. By the latter it may be regarded as the foundation of the great empire which is destined to spread civilization over the north of the American continent. To our French Canadian fellow-countrymen, it can come with no feelings of regret or of dishonor. The same monument which records the success of Wolfe, does honor to the heroism of Montcalm. In the freest enjoyment of their liberty, their religion, and their ancient usages, let them consider the vicissitudes which they have escaped by their severance from France, and from this epoch let them regard with feelings of honest pride and gratification their influence and weight in the community of the United Canadas.—*Canadian News.* [NOTE.—The *Montreal Pilot* first called attention to this subject. *Ed. J. of E.*]

4. A FRENCH CONSUL IN CANADA.

Precisely one hundred years after the cession of the country, the French Government renews its connection with Canada, by appointing a Consul to reside at the port of Quebec. As the diplomatic relations between England and Rome ceased at the time of the Reformation, so all sort of connection between the French Government and Canada ended at the time of the conquest. The severance of the connection between parent and offspring, was at one blow, much more complete than the mere breaking off of a national connection has been in some other not dissimilar cases. Not only did Canada cease to be a French Colony; it also ceased to be the home of French emigrants. Many, who occupied particular positions in the Colony, even quit the country when it fell under British dominion. It would be almost literally true to say that no Frenchman sought it as a future home; for it is doubtful whether, during the last hundred years, as many emigrants from France have come to settle in Lower Canada. The recollection of the French Canadians of their mother country has become a tradition, dimmed with the mists of time; a thing which the fathers of the present generation know only as a tale